

**DRIFTING AND FLOATING
TOWARD MU**

Laura V. Cavanaugh

LauraCavanaugh.com

The First in a Series

Laura V. Cavanaugh

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Laura Cavanaugh is available for private or group hypnosis sessions on a variety of goals. Sessions are especially helpful if you are wishing to complete your goal of publishing your book. Call or Text (808) 264-8643 for booking information.

Why Read This Book

Do you like to read? Do you enjoy fading away into the scenery of the words and characters on a page or screen? Do you want to follow a character's journey of using past life regression hypnosis to find her soul mate? Yes? If so, continue reading and enjoy what fiction can do for you.

At one time, reading fiction was considered not only something fun to do but also a necessity for strengthening your intellect and brain functioning. Lately science has been setting out to show why reading fiction is important lest it be abandoned altogether.

I am quite positive the list is endless but here are a few of the reasons scientists have come up with as to why reading fiction is important.

Reading Fiction: Increases Empathy, Improves Pro-Social Behavior, Increases Awareness of How Others Think, Enhances Overall Mental Ability and Improves Ability to Handle Complex Situations.

**Written by a Leading Expert
with
48 Years' Experience in the
Art of Reading Fiction**



Laura V. Cavanaugh is a Hypnosis Motivation Institute Graduate, Licensed Massage Therapist and an expert in walking the pineapple fields of Maui. Hypnosis and the idea of past lives have been fascinating Laura ever since she read the books of Dr. Brian Weiss twenty-some-odd years ago and more recently those of Dr. Adrian Finkelstein. By using hypnosis and self-hypnosis for herself, she has finally completed writing a

book which she hopes you will find entertaining,
thought-provoking and fun to read.

You Are Invited!

*Stay tuned for Part Two in this series which is
titled
“Mu Again”*

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PROLOGUE

MONTANA WINTER 1976

“Imagine if I were to tell you that Lemuria and Atlantis were thriving continents of advanced civilizations existing at the same time.

It’s a curious thing which not everyone knows about...some may even disagree and argue the point. But, in actuality, there may have only been a period of roughly hundreds of thousands of years between the obliteration of Lemuria or as is also called Mu and the final submerging of Atlantis. These two separate continents were above water at the same time.

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We know that time was an entirely different construct during the existence of the Lemurian and Atlantean races. You must realize that what may have been 100,000 years during time spent on the continents of Mu and Atlantis may simply be seconds, according to our modern-day time delineation.

The individual land masses of Atlantis and Lemuria were no doubt called something different to their inhabitants during their time above water but, for our purpose with the cards, we will use the terms Atlantis and Lemuria. You will learn of the lost continent Mu and its interchangeability as Lemuria. You will learn of the sunken land masses about which elaborate fanciful stories are written.

Some people confuse the two races and refer to them as one and the same while others confuse the two land masses of Lemuria and Atlantis, but this is not so.

The land masses were very much distinct and separated by the North American continent on one side and the European and Asian continents on the other.

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These two highly advanced civilizations made homes for their physical incarnations on two very distinct land masses. Situated as a continental landmass in the Atlantic Ocean, the Atlantean civilization was in its infancy while the long-standing, highly evolved Lemurian civilization on the continent of Mu, situated in the Pacific Ocean, had achieved a level of evolution and mastery only ensuing civilizations would simply dream of and long for, even to this day.

This separation was quite meaningless during this time, for the inhabitants were able to travel vast distances in their ethereal bodies without any sort of concern about time or distance. Well, at least the Lemurians could time travel and shapeshift. The Atlanteans struggled a bit and for this they became envious and curious to learn and steal all knowledge of the Lemurians by copying their DNA.

And, as you study these cards, you will learn the difference. You will learn all the secrets of Mu and what knowledge the Atlanteans were so desperately seeking to steal from the Lemurians who called Mu their earthly home.

Not everyone knows that the Atlanteans played a part in the demise of Lemuria and not everyone

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believes it to be true either but this is what I have channeled and bring to you through these oracle cards. The Atlantean jealousy was the main contributor to the downfall of both civilizations but that is another tale entirely and one which is written and repeated over and over again throughout history.

Once the Atlanteans began to allow greed, jealousy and envy into their systems, they were led to deeds of espionage and destruction which ultimately led to the demise of both continents. The submerging of the continents came hundreds of thousands of years later but it was very much rooted in their growing greed and envy.

Jealousy infiltrated the Atlanteans' way of life as they slowly, over the years, began to learn of the highly evolved Lemurians. Once the Lemurians began to travel by boat, word got out that they were much more advanced and evolved than the Atlanteans were. The people of Atlantis grew envious and devised ways and means to learn the secrets of the mind that the Lemurians possessed. Select Atlantean scientists were bred to learn how to discover the secrets of the Lemurians brains. When the Atlanteans were at their zenith of strength and courageousness, the boldest and

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most physically fit mercenaries were sent out to kidnap the cream of the crop from Lemuria, so they could learn their mind power and make it their own by studying and copying their DNA.

Remember, time was counted differently during these ages so much of this took place over hundreds of thousands and thousands of years. The time and space these civilizations traveled has become incomprehensible to our basic brain capacity today but these cards will lead you back to the way you once knew.”

Nichole set down her pad of paper, took a deep breath and continued, “What do you think, Sarah?”

Nichole had been working for years on a deck of oracle cards which she believed would help people remember where they came from and how to use all their hidden talents. She believed she could channel information from these past - now lost - civilizations. Nichole had finished designing, illustrating and explaining her complete deck of sixty-seven cards and was now putting the final touches on her written introduction to the cards.

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She had discovered she could channel information when she became pregnant with Sarah.

Anytime Nichole would be working on her cards, Sarah was right there with her. Sarah had grown up with these cards, hearing Nichole tell her about them while she was drawing and creating them.

Once Sarah was old enough to hold a colored pencil, crayon or paintbrush, she would color right along with her.

Nichole would recite in her own words and understanding as she channeled the history of the lost civilizations of Atlantis and Lemuria to Sarah. She would draw and explain maps to Sarah showing her where Mu was believed to have once been and where the remains of it exist today.

Sometimes the story would change but for the most part the basic ideas stayed the same.

“But who was Jophiel again, mama?” Sarah would always ask this question once she had learned to speak. This game was Sarah’s favorite to play with her mom, coloring her cards and being told about Lemuria, Atlantis and Jophiel.

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“Ah, Jophiel is your extra special guardian angel, Sarah. She is an archangel who is most powerful, she will always guide and protect you, no matter what. Jophiel will always bring you joy when you are sad and love when you are feeling lonely. You will always be happy because you have Jophiel. You are very special and talented which is why Jophiel picked you out of all the other little girls to be your archangel AND guardian and to love and protect you forever. Jophiel has helped us create these cards and every time we create with joy and love we are being inspired by Jophiel and all the beauty and creativity she helps us see in the world. Whenever you are wanting to create something or trying to solve a problem, Sarah, ask Jophiel to guide you - she is always there by your side.”

Nichole would continue on with her stories of Mu and Jophiel, including Sarah in the stories, and explaining how it came to be that Jophiel chose her out of all the other girls.

These were the most vivid memories Sarah was able to remember of her childhood and of her mother.

CHAPTER 1

“But what if I were to tell you our love never existed...?”

“Are you telling me you never really loved me?” wretched sobbing ensues. “I trusted you despite everything...wh...” Agatha shrilled at the same time the director knocked his chair over and yelled “CUT!!”

“HOW IS THIS SADDNNNESS? You are distraught. The thing which you had never thought would happen has happened. Your beloved soulmate, who you have struggled to be with over land and sea, has mysteriously turned back into the dragon he once was. YOU ARE SAD! You are our sweet, innocent heroine and YOU ARE SOBBING SWEETLY!” the director

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screamed as spit from his mouth went flying everywhere and all the grips and PAs went scattering.

“Nothing can console you but you are still committed to loving him. You are certain he is your destiny.”

At this point the special effects makeup geniuses were furiously cooling the dragon with fans as all the cracks in the paint they had used were beginning to slowly show no matter how hard they had worked to disguise them. These were the final scenes of the movie being filmed that day and nothing had been good enough to call it a print. The story line was lousy, the very B-list actress was beyond help and everyone on set was completely disinterested in the project anymore, most of all the director.

Since the beginning of the day the director had been repeating the same thing over and over. He begged, he screamed, he caressed, he shrieked “Your beloved lover who is, without a doubt, always to remain a dragon, is telling you he is denying your love BECAUSE HE LOVES YOU and wants you to be free. He knows he is dying and will never return to you in the flesh. YOU ARE SAD.”

“SAD....how else can I say it?....SAD”. At this point the director was near to tears and all the crew was furiously buried in their phones trying desperately not to erupt with giddy laughter which all of them were suppressing. It had been a long-drawn-out film shoot for this movie and today was the end of it. It had reached a point for all the crew where it was unbelievable and all they could do was laugh, laugh at everything, uncontrollable laughter - the kind which circles through a group like a tiny wind tunnel drums up dirt whirling and whirling a tornado of laughter.

Unfortunately, this set was meant to be somber so keeping the laughter a secret was even harder. Imagine a time when you are not supposed to laugh and you find yourself laughing harder and harder, tears run out the corners of your eyes as you eventually have to excuse yourself from the situation. This is what it was like on set.

“OK, I KNOW!” No sign of tears as Agatha screams at the director and throws her empty Kombucha bottle. I TOLD YOU I need less people on the set. There is no way I can expose myself like this to EVERYONE here. I need some privacy!” Agatha growls as she plops down in the makeup chair for some more fake tears to be

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deftly applied by Kathy. If there is anyone who can make fake tears look authentic it's Kathy.

"Darling, it's a simple line...." As the director sidles up to the starlet he pets her shoulders and he whispers the lines in her ears.... "Are you telling me you never really loved me?... " The director actually sheds a few real tears. Perhaps he's crying because he sees what fragments remain of his dying directorial career crumbling to pieces, just as the dragon's prosthetic costume is in this extreme heat. He squeezes her shoulders as he showers Agatha with more praise about her looks and strong acting skills.

He whispers gently, "I know you can do this, once more and I'll clear the set."

Agatha, doe-eyed, demurely replies, "Yes...I'll need a few minutes to regroup into character now."

Covert eye rolls and much head shaking circle the set as the director quietly storms back to his chair which has neatly been righted by his assistant AD.

Patiently everyone waits again. Patiently waiting is a skill which all who have worked on set have

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cultivated to the most supreme level. Perhaps even beyond the most patient of Tibetan monks.

The director is a perfectionist and the lead actress is an undeserving pain in the ass.

Sarah had been so bored and hot she had just begun to fade off into a daydream as the director had yelled cut. Sarah had a whole system set up for daydreaming on set so no one would ever suspect her of it. Sarah deftly used the corner of the script binder to prop her chin up behind the script that she was meant to be supervising. She was so good at this no one could see that she was actually sleeping and not paying any attention to what was being filmed.

Today the filming wasn't going anywhere anyway. They had already moved location twice, due to the fire and now the director and actress had been discussing motives for the past 30 minutes while the PA had been furiously relaying messages to the assistant AD regarding the fire.

The director and Agatha still couldn't agree upon or understand what they were saying to each other. It was as if watching two people speaking two different languages without the use of Google

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Translate so the same thing was being repeated over and over again ad nauseam.

Sarah was still very much poised to drift into her daydream again while keeping her eyes open and looking very alert, which was another skill developed very adeptly while working on production sets. This skill Sarah has perfected so well that she can quickly bypass the settling-down part of daydreaming and, almost like a light switch, jump right into a very vivid dream.

Sarah, a well-seasoned script supervisor slash unpublished screenplay writer, regularly daydreams as if she were directing a movie.

Suddenly, the director whips around in his chair and pointing to Sarah and Kathy, who is perched beside her, dramatically mouths, “Stay. Stay.”

The remaining crew members, who were waved off set, are quietly and most likely gratefully, turning their backs to the scene and creeping outside.

“OK here we go again, positions.” Agatha is back next to the soul-mate-turned-dragon and looking as awkward as ever.

“Quiet on the set, everyone settle....3, 2, 1. Action...”

Sarah begins her daydream again, as she so often does, as a better version of herself, living happily with her lifetime soul mate, who she has been with for over twenty years. They know each other inside and out and nothing could be more perfect than her life with him (this is how her daydreams always begin...wishful thinking).

The scene that is appearing in the daydream for Sarah today is that she is married and at a huge festive gathering. Her smiling and laughing brother, Brenden, is introducing everyone and making sure that the food and drinks are getting served. Sarah is laughing with her husband who is actually her long ago real-life high school boyfriend, who had asked her to marry him but she had declined. Her mom and dad are there (even though they died a very long time ago). She asks them why they're there and they tell her 'because everything is different now because of the choices you have made, Sarah.' Her best friend comes up to her and she calls her Kathy, but her name in the daydream is Maria. No one knows who Kathy is and everyone looks very confused when she says the name Kathy.

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Sarah is beginning to get confused in what she is supposed to be doing in her daydream and begins asking people her lines. No one knows her lines. They just shrug and walk away from her, laughing and drinking margarita glasses full of Kombucha.

“Why won’t anyone answer me?” Sarah tries to shout but she’s lost her voice, no sound is coming out, how is she supposed to make her living now?

Suddenly the music is getting louder and louder. Brenden walks up to her and tells her this is how it all could be, Sarah, why won’t you WAKE UP, Sarah?! Brenden keeps repeating this over and over, WAKE UP, SARAH! WAKE UP, SARAH!.... and there is a buzzing as she feels her body vibrating. Now Brenden is poking her with a cattle prod he actually uses with his cattle....

Sarah’s head jerks up with a start because her phone is vibrating in her shirt pocket. Thankfully no one on the set heard it, she thought it was turned off. The director had called cut again and was back soothing Agatha, again, who was screaming at the top of her lungs that it was IMPOSSIBLE for her to work like this with so many people on the set.

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Sarah had somehow fallen deeply asleep instantly while sitting in an extremely uncomfortable chair and holding her head up with the tip of the binder containing the script she is meant to be supervising.

Kathy is whispering in her ear, "WAKE UP, SARAH!" Kathy gives her a sharp look and then silently laughs hysterically as the director, for the fifth time, asks Sarah what the line is?

Somehow, Sarah manages to guess correctly and gives him the line. It's the same line they've been trying to get through for the past 45 minutes. "Are you telling me you never really loved me?" says Sarah for the thirtieth time today.

It wouldn't have mattered which line she gave them though because by now NO ONE was paying any attention to what was going on, including the director. It was extremely hot, Santa-Ana-winds-Southern-California-hot and everyone was on edge and irritated, not to mention worried about the fire. Every year, about this time, fires seem to ravage through Malibu Canyon and the movie set was right in the middle of Malibu Canyon.

Everyone was tense and on edge, knowing how fast these fires can spread. The crew had already

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relocated twice, at the direction of the fire chief, but now it was clear no more warnings were going to be given. The director was trying to stay under budget and get this film done. Today was the last day of filming and nothing was getting filmed. In the past he had been somewhat famous but one wrong step and now he was only allowed in the B movie circuit... that's how it goes in Hollywood. Turns out the land of broken dreams and shattered stars was a very accurate description of Hollywood life. Everyone was worried and irritated except for Kathy. Kathy is the makeup artist who never gets upset about anything and sees comedy in life no matter what is happening, for the most part anyway, unless it involves lying or cheating and then she is a terror to deal with.

Kathy is amused at Sarah for falling asleep but amusement turns to frowning as she watches Sarah check her phone and shove the text in Kathy's face to read. Billy was laying the groundwork again for his late night booty call. He was predictable. Usually he waited until after the bars closed to text, he must be sensing Sarah getting to the end with him so he drips on the charm to reel her back in. Usually it works, he's good at what he does.

Neither Kathy nor Sarah want to mess up the take which has just begun filming again lest they would be forced to stay on set even later than they already are. So they stay quiet even though they're both sick of Billy. They would like to scream at each other about it. They stay still and Kathy shoots a text to Sarah "For one really subpar B movie this director is sure doing a lot of takes for minor scenes with the hot D-list actress....will Billy come for your bday?. what are we doing for your birthday?...." "Yup. Oh screw Billy. Claudie has some plan, will lyk. I just had the weirdest dream – I was married! Back to reality and the nothing fling which has gone on years too long. I need to put a stop to this crap."

Surprisingly, this take seemed to be working out and might be called a print when suddenly the fire chief walks in once again. Without waiting for the scene to end and on the verge of being spiteful, the chief uses his bull horn and simply speaks calmly into it with slow enunciated words, "Ten minutes, everyone receives a ticket."

"FUCK! I had it that time, you asshole!" Agatha yells as she clumsily lurches herself up off the dragon and marches out to her trailer.

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Not waiting for the director to shout directions anymore, the crew hurriedly gathers all their gear. Everyone was already close to being packed up and ready to go at a moment's notice. They had already moved a couple times from location spot to location spot so everyone was two seconds from getting ready to bolt. Everyone except the director and Agatha were taking the fire threat seriously.

Once again, Malibu Canyon was being ravaged by September wildfires and in the midst of it all a very, very B movie was being filmed.

Sarah had dreamed of being one of these stars long ago when she had been accepted to the USC film school. She had been ecstatic and thought of nothing else other than becoming a big Hollywood writer and director. Completing one Oscar-winning film after another. Sarah used to write constantly when she was growing up. Short stories, poems, tiny movies and extravagant fantasies. Now her writing dwindled as work dragged her in and she found herself following everyone else's writing by supervising scripts.

She never factored into the equation that everyone coming to Hollywood has exactly the same dreams. So much unsung talent went

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wasted in Hollywood that Sarah quickly learned she needed a marketable skill to survive the cutthroat race to the Oscars, so she easily slipped into the role of script supervisor. It was a role that not many realized would always provide steady work if you were good, patient, reliable, responsible, on-time and had a high tolerance for dealing with direction given with a large dose of arrogance. Sarah was one of the busier script supervisors in Hollywood but it took her a long time to develop all the relationships she had and the network she used to stay hired consecutively from job to job.

Kathy had been one of the friends Sarah made early on in her career. In fact, they had met on the first film set either of them had ever worked on. It was a student project and neither one of them got paid but it was a good film and gave them credibility to get hired for the paying job which came next. They continued to create their resume list together, each of them recommending the other when jobs came along. I guess you could say they worked as a team but not officially. It was like that in the film industry. You work job from job and network to keep your connections up, and when you're in, you're in. When you're out, you're out, though. One wrong step and you

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could see your career trail fade into nothingness and suddenly no one wants to hire you for anything.

But so far Kathy and Sarah were doing well. People liked working with them. They knew how to keep the peace on set and do their jobs, besides the fact that they were both great at their jobs. Kathy had been nominated several times for her makeup work and Sarah was able to handle irate directors with seamless ease as well as keep things organized so as not to waste time which ultimately avoids wasting money. Anyone helping a shoot stay under budget is always an MVP.

After Sarah graduated USC and settled into her script supervisor role, she slowly stopped writing as much and eventually her dreams of greatness began to fade. They began to fade so much so that she began to forget what she had ever dreamed of in the first place. She was top speed ahead towards her career and working, and keeping everyone she worked with happy and content so that she began to feel like one of the wax figures at the wax museum on Hollywood Blvd – the behind-the-scenes one that no one ever saw though. No fame.

No fortune. No glamour.

As Sarah and Kathy gathered their things and made their way to their cars, you could see the fire growing more and more as the smell of thick smoke began to invade the little valley where they were filming. Panic seemed to be growing among the crew as people started to make a dash towards their cars and speed out of there following the direction of the cops who had now showed up.

“What a jerk, this guy,” Kathy said as she started to run towards her car and called back over her shoulder to Sarah, “Call me later about your birthday plans....”

As Sarah began to drive home she began to think back over her days in LA....she began to cry a little but that may have been simply because of the ambulance which passed her. Sirens and ambulances always made her cry a little. ‘Hang on, help is on the way’ silently floated through her mind every time she heard sirens.

The PCH had been closed for hours now so Sarah braced herself for the long way home. Kanan road – 101 – the 405 parking lot. It was a long shot but silently she prayed that she would get home in time to run the beach.

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Los Angeles had been her dream for so long. Sarah had been ecstatic to be able to leave her small hometown in Montana that had seemed so stifling to her. Nothing happened there. Everyone knew everyone which also meant everyone knew everyone else's business.

Looking back now regret was creeping in upon her spirit. It seemed to Sarah like she had spent time with all the wrong guys as she made her way through Hollywood. Did she make the wrong choice moving to LA to pursue making movies? She could have stayed home in Montana, married her high school sweetheart and lived happily ever after as most all of her MT friends had done.

Before she had moved to LA to pursue the movies, she had a loving boyfriend who wanted to marry her and have a great life. Sarah loved him but was not in love with him, she was wanting to find her real soulmate and she believed he was in Hollywood.

Seeing all the smoke as she drove through along the canyon to the 101 was reminding Sarah of the time she had a bonfire and burned all her stories and tales she had written over the years, all up in smoke. She had dragged all her notebooks, binders full of loose papers and journals - all

burned on a pile of wood on the beach in Playa del Rey.

Her car was now full of the putrid smell of smoke causing her eyes to water even more, and putting more drops of aromatherapy on her air vent seemed only to make matters worse. It was lavender. Sarah hated the smell of lavender but it was the only vial in her car. So now the smoke and the aromatherapy were bothering her and she was still miles away from the Santa Monica exit. She had been crawling along and was yet to see the Getty Center.

What in the actual world was Sarah doing with herself these days?

She snapped herself out of her depressing reverie just in time to avoid hitting a white Smart car which had miraculously entered her lane without her noticing.

Please Jophiel, let me get home in one piece. The word Jophiel always made Sarah feel good, it reminded her of her mother.

The only clear memory Sarah has of her mother is of herself sitting on the floor of her mother's closet rifling through her mom's Angel cards

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while her beautiful mother tried on clothes and rearranged her closet. This memory had slowly begun to fade over the years but when Sarah noticed the details fading, she began to make a point of remembering it clearly every month and taking out the card of Jophiel and looking at it. Sarah's mother was beautiful and full of kind words for Sarah, always telling her how pretty she was and what a wonderful life she would have. Sarah was only six years old when her mother died but she continued to speak with her and of her on a regular basis until the third grade when people began to make fun of her, so she stopped. That's when Sarah began writing and making movies – her movies were made of photos or cutouts from magazines or dress pattern catalogues she would paste onto cardboard and set up as movie scenes throughout her room. Once video cameras came about, she filmed as much as possible often driving her brother crazy by following him and his friends around without them knowing it.

The ringing of Sarah's phone through the car stereo startled her out of her memories. Sarah was shocked as she fiddled around to find the answer switch on her steering wheel. Her Bluetooth rarely worked but because she had

been parked so long on this particular stretch of highway it was working just fine.

“Hello, hello, hello...”

“Mrow Sarah how are you?....”Claudi trilled excitedly. Claudie had the most charming way of interjecting odd cat or alien sounds into her speaking that you could not help love her for it, it always made Sarah laugh.

“Hi Claudia, hey, how are you, has this fire affected you at all today? We finally got let go from Malibu, this director is bonkers.”

“Oh no. I’ve been home all day, actually went to the beach, it’s my day off chirp chirp... I have your birthday dinner all planned – how’s about James Beach Saturday night? You like it there right?...you should ask Billy to come.”

“Oh, I dunno, I’ll ask but probably he won’t come, but you’re right, he does seem to go there a lot. Hey, thanks for planning everything, you’re so nice, that sounds awesome. I’ll tell Kathy.”

“Excellent honey, mrp mrp...I have a surprise for you... love you and

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And just like that the Bluetooth went out as traffic began to clear and Sarah started to move again.

CHAPTER 2

Sarah was always so relieved when she would finally put her car in park and shut off the engine. Once again safe in her very tiny, very coveted, reserved parking space at her much sought- after miniature rent controlled apartment. Sarah lived in the tiniest of spaces but it didn't matter at all to her because she was mere blocks away from her favorite part about living in Los Angeles. Venice Beach. This was where Sarah went to be at peace and feel okay about herself, no matter what was going on in her life at that moment in time.

Venice never failed her. It was probably one of the only things, besides her job, which kept her living in LA. Sure the job Sarah did was sometimes glamorous and provided her a comfortable income but Venice Beach provided her SOUL

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with replenishment and that creative spark which, unfortunately, was getting more and more elusive for Sarah and had dwindled drastically over the twenty plus years since college.

There was a fantastic tarot card reader who periodically set up shop on the boardwalk and Sarah always felt her spirits lift a little when she was able to have her cards read by him. It was hit or miss the days he was there and Sarah was hoping today would be one of them. After all, it was her birthday. Forty-nine just had to be a better year than the last few years and Sarah was hoping to hear the tarot cards affirm this bright future year ahead for her.

Sarah tossed all her things to the rear of her SUV and then slowly began to inch and squeeze and roll herself out of the driver's side door. Once again, the neighbor's boyfriend with the much-outdated Hummer had intruded himself into Sarah's parking spot leaving her only inches between the wall and her door. She almost didn't make it and had to crawl out the rear hatch but after sweating and struggling to make herself as paper thin as possible, she made it.

"Well, at least someone's getting some love out there," Sarah thought silently to herself as she

grabbed her stuff out of the back of her car and rushed through the complex. It really was a pretty little space, one of the old-style Spanish architecture buildings. The tiny complex of only twelve apartments was quickly becoming one of the last remaining of its kind. More and more people had been remodeling upwards, and creating tall McMansions rather than moving out to the valley or other suburbs. Venice was now more for the elite rather than the starving artist type.

There were at least two and a half hours left before sunset, Sarah thought, as she tore into her apartment peeling her work clothes off as she went. Realizing she was hungry, Sarah shoved a banana into her mouth as she quickly put her running gear on and grabbed the fanny pack which was always packed and hanging ready to go by the back door. She had been hoping today she would get home early and be able to have a quick run on the beach followed by a session with the tarot reader and feel the sunset on her back as she would make her way home right as darkness set in.

Sarah scooped some peanut butter into her mouth with a knife being careful not to slice her

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tongue and two minutes later she was out the door, running down Ashland Ave towards the beach. This is when Sarah felt free and alive - when she was outside, in fresh air, running at a steady pace while all the tensions of the day dripped out through her feet. Her favorite days were when she had time to run on the sand down to the boat channel below Washington Blvd, sometimes she'd go even further and run through Marina del Rey and even on to Playa. But not today, she was going to the end of the sand at the boat channel and then back up to Muscle Beach and take in all the sights and sounds of the boardwalk while she stretched and cooled down. After that she'd wander the boardwalk, watch some street performers and find the tarot reader, if possible.

Her plan was in place, now all she had to do was focus on the run.

It was a glorious day at the beach which made it even more weird to see the Malibu fire clearly when Sarah arrived at the boardwalk and turned to the right. Great billowing clouds of smoke were being quickly blown out from the Malibu canyons where she had just been, and being thinned out to the sea. Watching all the deep

gray smoke from the fires billowing up and moving so quickly through the sky amazed her. She stood still for a moment just watching in awe and comprehending how just three hours ago she was in the midst of the fires raging around her and now she had almost time-traveled and was in an entirely different dimension where the air was clean and all you could hear was the surf lapping against the shore and the salt air brushing against her face.

The Santa Ana winds were blowing the smoke out to the sea and, while the smoke was thinning out, it was getting brown and burnt-orange in color as it began to thin out into fingers of smoke vaporizing over the ocean. Sarah never understood the mystique about living up in Malibu with the fire threats being so predictable and on time every year. She had had a chance to move up that way once with an old boyfriend and now she was so glad she stayed put in her tiny Santa Monica haven. The guy turned out to be a jerk anyways so maybe that was the real reason she had said no.

Sarah turned back to the beach and did a few stretches before running south on the bike path towards Venice. Sarah knew one thing for sure,

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the sunset was going to be either very peculiar or simply spectacular.

As Sarah ran, she began to let her mind wander, this was one of her favorite parts of her runs. Running and letting all the random thoughts come to her. She began to pick up the pace a little as she stretched out her not-as-long- as-she-would-like legs and set into a nice rhythm.

Her birthday was coming up, she would have her tarot cards read and see what the Universe was trying to tell her. Claudi planned a dinner, that was going to be fun. Billy sent her an early text - she was excited a little, maybe he wanted to take her out, finally, on a real date. Kathy was one of her most honest friends and she was so lucky to have her around. Work was OK but she couldn't wait until this stupid B movie was over. Jophiel....he was always helping her. "Who's Jophiel, mama?" "Some people don't always believe in mystical things, Sarah, remember that before you start speaking these things to others, they may not always be so kind to you". Sirens started to sound, someone is calling her name, there was a fire, someone is screaming, "Sarah, you must learn to speak with your mom in different ways now that she is an angel," "Aunt

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Rosemary coming to stay with them”, sirens again.....

Sarah was surprised to find out she had run to the channel wall and back and was now standing at Muscle Beach watching some extremely muscular guy do pull-ups. How did that run go by so fast? It was if she was in a trance.

“I suppose that’s the zone people search for,” Sarah silently mused.

Sirens again, someone screaming.

Sarah shook her head a little, beginning to think she was going crazy. When she turned to look up the boardwalk, a little way away she saw that there really was a fire truck and ambulance. A few paramedics were trying to help what looked like a woman who may have been having a psychotic breakdown. Sarah felt bad for the whole situation but, unfortunately, it was kind of a common experience down here.

The good thing was Sarah wasn’t going crazy hearing sirens when there weren’t any.

“That could easily be me...” she thought.

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Sarah began her search for the tarot reader as she made her way up the boardwalk towards Santa Monica. It was a Friday at the beginning of October so there weren't the usual summer tourists hanging around the boardwalk but it was busy with people nonetheless because it was Friday and it was Venice.

As she wandered along the semi-crowded strip of vendors, Sarah wondered how slowly the original artists had begun to disappear as the vendors were now merely vendors. Several tables would be set up selling similar things with lots of inventory whereas it used to be that it was the artist who would set up the art, usually with limited quantities or one-of-a-kind pieces and sell it themselves. You could actually have a real conversation with the artist and talk about art or anything really. The artists would talk to people about what they had created, while perhaps painting or drawing something for purchase on the spot.

Everything along the boardwalk was beginning to look more and more uniform and more of a shopping mall sort of experience. More and more generic things were being sold by hired help with no attachment to the products. The table after

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table of incense was still a constant, which was good, Sarah thought as she purchased some Nag Champa.

The vibe was definitely changing as more and more people began to see the tourist market that would be convinced to buy anything with 'Venice Beach' printed on it.

Sarah missed the days of her conversations with the artists. She remembered the photographer who had pointed out to her that the trick in photography was to capture the light. The pen and ink artist who had drawn her hands once, telling her that even though faces will fade from your memory the hands of someone you love or perhaps have even hated but have known, will be forever etched in your memory bank. The picture of her hands that he had drawn for her was framed and still hanging in her bathroom.

Things had changed throughout Venice but still Sarah loved it and wouldn't trade it for the world. Every time she mused about leaving LA, especially when her brother began his rant about having her move back to MT, she always thought of Venice and told him 'No, I belong here in LA.'

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As the sun was getting closer to beginning its descent into the ocean, Sarah was almost at the end of the row of vendors and ready to make her way back up Ashland to her home. She still hadn't seen the tarot reader.

"Oh well," Sarah sighed out loud. 'I got my incense, though,' she thought as she took onelast look towards the ocean and one last stretch, she always sprinted home to try and beat the sunset.

She turned around to start running and saw a tiny woman sitting at a table around the corner from where she had been about to run. She was hidden a little back from the boardwalk so Sarah hadn't seen her before.

As their eyes met the woman said in a heavily Scottish accented voice, "Pick a pile. Go on then, pick a pile and I'll tell you yer birthday fortune. Come on then, choose quickly before the sun sets."

Taken aback more by the accent than the fact that the woman apparently knew it was her birthday, Sarah said, "OK, but how did you know it was my birthday?"

This must have been terribly funny. The woman could barely stop laughing as she said, “Oh, I didn’t at all know it was yer birthday, the cards do, though. Now sit down, sit down and choose, we haven’t got much time left you know.”

Sarah half sat half kneeled on a very odd stool which was missing its third leg. But Sarah was fine. It was fate. She was thrilled to be having her cards read. Sarah closed her eyes, took three deep breaths, made the sign of the cross, opened and closed her fingers a few times before choosing one of the three piles laid out on an aquamarine tapestry on top of a cardboard box. Behind the cardboard box the small woman sat cross- legged on a neon pink folding chair.

All the while Sarah was preparing to pick her pile, the pixieish woman was drumming the fingers of her right hand on the palm of her left hand while carefully studying Sarah’s very fair, very blonde features.

Finally, Sarah picked the pile on the left after almost picking the center pile. The tiny woman sprang to life screaming, “Ah! So!” Sarah almost fell off the two-legged stool while the woman grabbed the pile and began drumming the fingers of her left hand on the pile Sarah had chosen.

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Both women stared at each other while now the woman quietly and delicately laid the cards out in a configuration Sarah had never seen before. Some of the cards she recognized but a few she didn't, must be different decks or something. Sarah balanced herself on the stool and settled in to listen to her reading.

"When is yer birthday, dear one?" The Tarot reader leaned in and barely whispered to Sarah, "and yer full birth name?"

"October 4, 1970. Tomorrow's my birthday." Sarah whispered back, "Sarah Marissa Thompson."

"Ah, you are a very different kind of Libra girl. You uphold the pillars of romance, when others have given up you continue to go to all ends necessary to maintain a relationship....

We shall see now...." The reader clapped her hands loudly again, startling Sarah as she jumped a little inside.

"Pick two cards and we shall see what the future holds for you, dear one."

With her left hand Sarah carefully drew two cards out of the fanned cards on the table.

“3 of Cups and Queen of Cups, beautiful, very blue, very emotional, very much, very much Lemurian energy we see here...” began the woman who Sarah just noticed was wearing a tiny crystal ball as a ring. “You can be very stubborn and somewhat rebellious at times but these cards are showing otherwise for you now. You belong to a greater whole which you realize is connected to everything and everyone and every object. You are no greater than a tree and you have this deep knowing that all are welcome and related. At one time you were able to shapeshift and you still can, dear one, if you begin to remember who you truly are and where you once came from.”

The woman who was looking more and more like a fairy continued to tap her finger on the remaining cards in her hand before she arranged them in a careful square.

“From whence you came is Lumeria which was destroyed by a series of natural cataclysmic events. From there you learned the power of shapeshifting. You were able to shapeshift and become a mermaid easily back and forth which is why you are so at peace in or near the ocean. The

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Shekinah, your sacred self, needs you to express your talents and gifts. Now you are not to hide in the shadows any longer. You must be more EXPRESSIVE and use your talents.”

Sarah shifted on her stool as she was waiting for the good part of the reading to begin, she had long ago given up her efforts to express her waning talents.

The woman continued. “Because you were able to shapeshift, you were able to escape the submerging of Lumeria. You survived! Once as a mermaid you were able to make your way to Atlantis and live out many lives there...you are a sacred part of the whole loved one. You are of the first of the human civilizations. You are the first to receive all the learning from the star seeds. You are very POWERFUL.” The reader spat out the word ‘powerful’ as she stared intently at Sarah, almost as if she was trying to change Sarah’s blue eyes to a different color with the strength of her stare.

“You have much learnings inside of you and you must express your talents. Yer Lumerian nature is what you long for. You are part of a most wise and complete culture with knowledge of ‘all is one and one is all.’ Triangles hold the future for you,

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use the power of the triangle by opening your third eye. You are one of the few because you are Lemurian who can communicate through telepathy. You have just this knowing without words which is a communication. Ah, the unbound releasing patterns, contracts. Rose quartz will guide you. You have this strong connection to others through love. Your lightworker being is all about love and beauty and having that connection. Ah, new or renewed romantic love is here for you.”

Finally, the good part, Sarah thought.

“Who do you love?” the reader demanded.

“Uh, I, don’t have, not really...Billy...?” Sarah mumbled.

“No. He is not love. Who do you love? Do you love anyone....ah, I see love coming,” the reader spoke as she fanned out more cards “...coming or is already here.”

“Your love life is beautiful and about to grow even stronger. You are clairvoyant and can begin to have all that you desire once you harness the power of your third eye and increase your clairvoyant power. You must clear your chakras

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on a regular basis. Daily bathe your chakras in the morning light and in the light of the stars on the moon.”

It was beginning to get dark as the reading seemed to keep going on and on. Normally Sarah enjoyed the long readings but she was getting cold and still needed to run home and the news that Billy was no good was absolutely accurate but still disappointing to her.

“What am I still doing hanging out with this guy?” Sarah wondered to herself for the millionth time.

The final card was laid down, the turtle card from a deck Sarah had never before seen. The woman with her eyes closed continued her channeling, “Beautiful. Again, you have this strong connection with the ocean and dolphins, dear one. You can communicate like the dolphins because you are clairvoyant. Be joyful and trusting, you have strong mental telepathy and you must be trusting of your intuition. You are far more powerful than you realize. Spend time by the ocean. You are being asked to work with your chakras regularly. Work on that wisdom, the ancient star seed learning you have encoded in your DNA. You must draw from the wisdom of all your thousands of years of learning on

Lemuria. Thousands and thousands of years you spent on Mu, which is another word for Lumeria. You can have heaven on earth here, dear, once again if only you would be consistent in working with your chakras. It is up to you. And so it is.”

The woman leaned back in her chair as Sarah slipped two twenties into the wooden box sitting on the table with rates etched into it.

Sarah rose quickly and thanked the woman. She even bowed a little which was curious to her, “Thank you, that was great. I gotta hurry home now before dark. I’ll see you again though...”

Before starting the run home Sarah checked her phone to see what time it was but mostly to see if Billy had texted her. His earlier text was the typical “Hey – what are you doing later?” Noncommittal, no depth or real conversation at all yet this dumb little text had the capacity to throw Sarah into a frenzy of anticipation that she just may see him later in the evening.

There was, in fact, a text and she thought she saw the word birthday in it so she grabbed her reading glasses out of her fanny pack and once she could see clearly her heart dropped a little when she saw it was from her brother wishing her a happy day

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before her birthday. Brenden was a great older brother although rather bossy at times. He always wanted to be the first to wish someone happy birthday so he sent his wishes the day before. Good ol reliable Brenden. She'd respond later, the sun was gone and she needed to sprint home.

As Sarah sank into bed a couple hours later, replaying the card reading, reviewing her love lives over the years and the promise of big love on the horizon, she checked her phone again to see if there was something she had missed from Billy. No, still the same. She checked the text thread to make sure she had responded to him, yep, there was her response.

“Hi Billy, howr u – no plans tonight, do you want to get together and do something?” Sarah had sent her text around 3pm and no response yet from him. This was normal for Billy though, he would usually text or call Sarah when his evenings were ending and he wanted to come by for sex, or if he needed somewhere to post up while he was out and about between whatever it was that he was doing.

Sarah turned her phone off and tried to do some shapeshifting....she was done with Billy.

CHAPTER 3

James Beach was a fun place to have a party and, ironically, one of Billy's favorite places to haunt. Sarah was excited as she was getting ready to head to Venice for the birthday dinner Claudi had arranged.

Sarah loved celebrating her birthday especially with the friends that were going to be there. Sarah was social and very friendly but tended to limit her good-friend list to a handful. Sarah reviewed who was going to be there tonight: Claudia and her husband, Kathy and her current beau, Dawn and Mandy from ages ago at film school and Sarah. This was a perfect group to celebrate her birthday, Sarah thought, as she

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crawled through the back of the SUV to get behind the wheel. The outfit she had on was too risky to try to slide in by the wall like she did yesterday.

All set. Sarah headed towards the beach without giving another thought to the fact that she still hadn't heard from Billy. He must have found someone else to hook up with last night.

Sarah's birthday day had been wonderfully quiet and full of creativity. She had actually taken time to cleanse her chakras and work on her mental telepathy. She felt powerful today and she was going to stop entertaining Billy's late-night calls and pathetic booty calls.

"Sarah! Mrp mrp....you look beautiful. Happy Birthday! Yay, I love your hair." Claudi sprinkled her with compliments and praise as she hugged her and dragged her into the bar. Claudi was Italian and the perfect hostess, making sure everyone was always feeling good about themselves and, more importantly, eating and drinking only the finest.

"Claudia! Thank you for setting this all up, it's all so wonderful and you even reserved a table on the patio. This is great! Hi, everyone." Sarah was

happy. She loved the days when she was happy and could just be feeling good with everyone around her and not worrying about anything.

Slowly the patio was beginning to fill up. This was a most casual sort of atmosphere but also full of intrigue because you never knew who would be gliding in at the last minute under cover or who would be blatantly arriving in true VIP fashion.

Sarah saw her old neighbors, Rachel and Sue. Before she sat down, she went over to say hi, grabbed a cocktail from the bar and came back to sit amongst her friends at the table.

It was a gorgeous evening with just the perfect chill and light wind in the air so that you could smell the clean ocean air, reminding you of the constant waves against the sand not more than a few football fields away.

As everyone was choosing their chairs to sit down, Claudi leaned into Sarah and said, "I reserved a table for eight – is Billy coming?"

"Oh, wow, no....I don't think so," Sarah mumbled and tried to move quickly away from this conversation.

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“Did you ask him? What did he say?” Claudi wasn’t giving up. She could never understand why Sarah didn’t have a proper boyfriend, or husband for that matter, by now. Sarah was beautiful. Not Hollywood Starlet beautiful. But she had the most lovely face, and a curvy body that guys adored and the kindest, gentlest, loving nature about her. Claudi was puzzled at Sarah’s singleness and why for years she had been hearing about this on-again off-again fling with Billy that never amounted to anything.

Sarah was completely enamored with Billy and simply could not resist him no matter what a player he was. And Sarah knew he was no good for her and really wasn’t interested in anything more to do with her than sex when he wanted it. Or anything else he could get her to do which he simply didn’t want to do. Sarah was Billy’s doormat and for some reason she kept going back to him. Once in a while Sarah would meet someone else and start dating them and when that happened all contact with Billy would end. Then when the dating scenario ended, somehow, like some sort of sonar, Billy would start sniffing around again and Sarah would be back in the sack with him and analyzing every sort of interaction

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with him and ruminating whether he was the ‘one’ or not.

Sarah was not dumb, but in love she was hopeless.

“Sarah, what did Billy say when you asked him to come out tonight?” Claudi honestly wanted to know.

“Uhm, I didn’t ask him. He wouldn’t come anyways, you know it’s not like that. But thanks for asking. I think I’m done with him for good now. I’m just done and gonna hope someone better shows up in my life,” Sarah replied, trying not to go into too many details or get too bummed out about the whole thing.

“Chirp, I’m sorry but I think you’re absolutely right. Good idea. Where did you meet him anyways?” Claudi sang as she began to pass the appetizers around to everyone.

“THROUGH YOU! You gave him my phone number, “ Sarah laughed as she said, “remember that one Halloween party you had at Lisa’s and you gave him my number after I left, you told him he should take me out.”

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“What? I don’t remember THAT,” Claudi replied wide-eyed.

“Yeah, remember he had just moved back to town? You guys went to the Palisades together so somehow, he ended up at your party. I think he had met Lisa at a bar and she invited him. You were trying to help him meet new people now that he was back in town.” Sarah was laughing, telling Claudi the story she had told many times to her over the past seven years.

“Oh, I kinda remember....yeah, he was in my sister’s class, I think....he’s so good-looking, though, right?” Claudi said offhandedly. She was waving to someone at the bar by this time and they were walking over to join them in the eighth seat which had been meant for Billy.

“And I can tell you Billy does NOT need help meeting people,” Sarah said to no one except her Cranberry and Ginger Mojito.

The dinner was fun. Everyone was talking and laughing and having a great time. A few people that Sarah and Kathy both worked with wandered by to talk for a little bit and, of course, Claudi and her husband knew a bunch more people hanging out at the bar.

The new guy Claudi had asked to join them for dinner turned out to be hysterical. His name was Max and for some reason everything that came out of his mouth made Sarah laugh until she snorted. The whole table was having a blast. Sarah had even forgotten about Billy and the nonsense she entertained with him.

There was a huge cake that was brought out to Sarah with candles and everything. Soon the whole patio was singing happy birthday to Sarah and she was grinning from ear to ear. This is what Sarah loved about Venice. People were friendly and if you were hanging out at a spot like this everyone became your friend and entertained each other. Once you went closer inland to Hollywood things began to get a little different.

Forty-nine was going to be a good year after all, Sarah could feel it.

Soon the party was over and everyone started making their way to the door, the restaurant had stopped serving food by now and only the bar was to remain open for a couple more hours for the next shift of patrons to show up. The night owls, late-night-drink-after-a-date crowd or the singles looking to pick up someone to make their evening

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less lonely were the standard of the rest of the Saturday night here.

Sarah and the birthday crowd were finished and everyone was about to part ways. Sarah was thrilled with her birthday celebration and was looking forward to heading home so she could get up early and cycle the boardwalk the following morning.

Just as the group was walking out the door, Billy ambled in surveying the scene. He was alone but clearly looking for his late-night mark. His eyes passed right over Sarah and her group as he then began to lap the bar with his eyes.

Claudi walked right past him without recognizing him. Kathy and her beau were long gone. It was just Sarah who had the pleasure of walking within inches of him. He didn't even see Sarah or if he did he was really good at pretending he didn't. Sarah was about to turn and say "Hey, Billy." But the words got stuck in her mouth as someone rushing out the door to catch their ride shoved Sarah quickly out the door and almost to the ground.

Sarah caught herself from falling as she tripped down the small set of stairs and decided against

going back in to say hi to him. The night was good, why ruin it with Billy? Sarah shook her head thinking as she ran a little to catch up with Claudi. 'Who at age forty-seven still calls himself 'Billyyy' anyway? Shouldn't it be Bill or William by now?'

"Thanks again, Claudi, for the best birthday," said Sarah as she squeezed Claudi from behind and handed the valet her ticket.

While they were standing waiting for their cars, Claudi suddenly gasped "OOOSh I almost forgot your present....here, Sarah, this is for you, I hope you enjoy it. Happy birthday!"

Claudi handed a purple envelope to Sarah while at the same time her husband kissed Sarah on the cheek, grabbed his wife and swept her away to the car.

The valet process was hectic this time of night. There was no time for dillydallying here.

"Thank you, Claudi!" Sarah waved as she put the envelope in her purse and was the next customer to be ushered to her car and out of the way.

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The drive home for Sarah was short and uneventful and her luscious bed was calling her name.

She threw her purse on the kitchen table not even opening the birthday card from Claudia as it slid out and landed on the mess of papers and unopened mail lying neglected on the table.

Sarah took a shower and crawled into bed to dream of the new love the tarot reader had promised would come her way.

Just as Sarah had hit the point right before the deep drop off to sleep, her phone rang. She cursed herself for forgetting to turn it off when she had set her alarm to get up for her much- anticipated Sunday morning bike ride.

“Hella...” a sultry, tipsy voice said.

“Hello.....hi, Billy....” Sarah cursed herself for answering, knowing she was not going to be able to say no.

“You up?” Billy, the man of few words on the phone, who never said her name in case someone else was ever listening.

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“I am now....what’s up?” Sarah had already decided she was going to lose this one and she would have to start the whole ‘I’m done with Billy’ scenario tomorrow.

“Can I come over....” Billy uttered the four deadly words with such precision.

“Sure, come on over.” Sarah sighed as she turned off her alarm.

CHAPTER 4

“So how was your weekend, Sarah?” asked Brian, the sound guy, as he nonchalantly eased himself into the vacant chair next to her.

Back on the very B movie set, Agatha the starlet was having another serious meltdown. The director had told everyone to take ten while he walked her back to her trailer for a ‘re-group session’, as he called it. They were two tiny scenes away from calling it a wrap and the end of filming was still far from everyone’s sight.

The crew was lounging and trying to pass the time without losing their minds. Most of them had new gigs about to begin shooting in a couple days and to go from film to film without any days off in

between was not something anyone wanted to have to do.

“Hey, Brian....when is this ever gonna end, huh?” Sarah replied as she continued to scroll through the dating app she was debating whether or not to join.

“Haha, never. We’re going to be filming Agatha making love to a dragon over and over and over...haah, the film life, eh?” Brian was the well-seasoned sound guy who Sarah had worked with many times over the years. He was one of the better sound guys around and seemed to never stop working. Basically, everything on this film was top notch except the acting. The producers behind this movie were anonymous to the crew but the rumor was someone filthy rich connected to Agatha was doing this as a way to keep her busy after she just got dumped from a very famous Hollywood ‘it’ guy. The ‘it’ guy had managed to use Agatha’s connections to get his career started and then dumped her. Apparently this starring role of hers was meant to make him jealous. The idea of this made everyone on the set roll their eyes.

“Hmmm...” Sarah obliged.

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“Big bucks producing this gig, the bankroll could go on for years,” Brian growled and held an imaginary cigar. Sarah often wondered if it was because Brian was a sound guy that he liked hearing the sound of his voice. Whenever he would speak, he would change the tone, the pitch, the accent, the volume - everything would change as if he was experimenting with decibels in his own head. He would usually walk around while he was talking to ‘test the sound of the room’ he would always say. He wasn’t walking around today though, he was sitting still, staring intently at Sarah while apparently bouncing off sound from the left side of her face.

Sarah glanced at Brian, quizzically as if to say “YOU know who the producer is?”

Brian knew what she meant, it had been the common puzzle throughout the entire shoot. By now no one talked about who the money behind the film was anymore, everyone just wanted to be finished with it. Brian replied with a very dramatic “sssshhhhhhh. I do. But I’d have ta kill ya if I told ya.” He said in a very mobster-like tone.

Sarah sighed and shrugged “Suit yerself...ah, a shooting on the set, how ironic,” as she continued

to scroll through the profiles, every once in a while, clicking on the photos and enlarging them to see the minute details in the background.

Brian laughed and then began practicing several different cartoon character laughs.

Brian was weird but in a comfortable sort of way, he was always good to have around to pass the idle time with and Sarah was happy to have him sitting here next to her right now.

Quickly, all the crew were making their way back to their places as the second AD began signaling to everyone. Everyone was trained by now, all the AD had to do was stand on the low stool next to the main camera, whistle once and twirl her hand above her head in a tornado-like manner and everyone would scurry back to their spots. Except, of course, Agatha. Getting Agatha to return to the set required someone going and begging her to come out of her very high-end trailer and carefully lead her by the hand back to her mark.

Irritation was now flowing freely through the veins of the crew almost in equal measure as the caffeine and junk food from the crafts service table. By now all the healthy snacks were gone

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and just the delicious junk was remaining. Even the healthiest of eaters had given into the temptation of the junk food causing them to swear off the snack table at the beginning of whatever film they went on to next.

“See ya later, alligator,” Brian quacked to Sarah as he made his way back to his sound haven.

Sarah smiled and waved cheerfully with her left hand as she continued scrolling with her right.

“What about him?” Kathy said as she took Brian’s spot. Kathy was referring to Brian but she had happened to say this at the same time Sarah landed on Billy’s very single, very enticing dating profile.

“Very funny.” Sarah said as she shoved the screen of her phone in Kathy’s face.

“Oh God. No! I meant Brian.” Kathy shook her head as she grabbed the phone and continued to read Billy’s profile.

“Single. Good-looking and looking for same.”

“Wow, don’t you think he went a little overboard on the description. I mean, really, he leaves nothing to the imagination, just spells it all out,

don't ya think?" Plain and simple Kathy thought Billy was a player and why Sarah was so hung up on him she could never understand. Sure, he was good-looking but definitely not the type of guy Kathy ever thought was attractive, too full of himself and a first-class user.

Kathy saw that Sarah was getting tears in her eyes so she said quickly, "C'mon, let's make you a profile. There are way better guys out there, Sarah, I know there are, you just aren't meeting them, that's all. Bad luck. Let's help cupid out."

"Like Brian?" Sarah said.

"Well yeah, you know, like Brian. You never know, he may be great at the whole love thing." Kathy started to crack herself up. "Haha, it'd be like a different lover every night, maybe spicy, I dunno, haha."

Everyone loved Brian but he definitely was not one of those most lusted after guys.

Sarah sat gloomily looking through the script making sure she was ready for the take they were about to shoot. If they were ever going to shoot it again. She closed her eyes and thought, "Why

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bother?” Referring both to prepping for the take and partaking in online dating.

“Here.” Kathy handed Sarah her phone. “I got you started, now let’s get your profile set up, add all the secret stuff now.”

“I dunno....” Sarah sighed and shifted in her chair, “what do I say, over the hill, dumb, fake blonde-haired chick that’s been hooking up with the same hot asshole for years looking for a better guy?”

Kathy laughed, “Yes! That’s perfect. Haha, throw them all off guard.”

Sarah began to look a little less gloomy as she went through the motions of setting up her dating profile.

“Here, lemme take your photo, an action shot on set.” Kathy tried to grab her phone as Sarah pulled away, “NO. God, no. No actors. Absolutely no reference to a film set, please,” Sarah said emphatically as she began to look a little more interested in setting up her profile. “I have a picture from my birthday, I’ll use that....at least I’ll look happy then and not miserable like right now.”

“QUIET!!!.....“ The second AD had stepped down and was now motioning for everyone to settle. The quieting and settling on set were instantaneous the past few days as everyone was using all their positive vibes and lucky charms to manifest the wrapping of this film. You could almost hear the silent prayers and affirmations being said as Agatha trudged ungracefully back into the room.

Kathy leaned over and whispered silently to Sarah, “And you’re letting me set you up on some blind dates, too.”

Sarah in the same silent whisper, “OK, but NOT Brian.”

“You know he has a huge crush on you,” Kathy texted Sarah just as the marker was set.

Sarah rolled her eyes and turned to look intently at the script in her lap.

Just then a floral delivery guy arrived on the set soundlessly, to everyone’s amazement.

“CUT. Makeup.” The weary director motioned for Kathy to go do something. Anything, some sort of magic that would improve Agatha’s acting ability.

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This take was horrible, too.

Turns out the huge bouquet of roses and lilacs was for the starlet. Sarah could hear the director tell the AD, "Go on, give 'em to her now, maybe they'll help get her in the mood or something, I just don't know."

Sarah was feeling sorry for the director while at the same time feeling sorry for herself and the absence of a huge bouquet of red roses and lilacs for herself on her birthday.

Turns out receiving the flowers did not put Agatha in 'the mood' - it merely set her off on another meltdown. Upon receiving the beautiful flower arrangement, Agatha promptly stood up and trotted off the set dumping the bouquet into an empty garbage can which was merely meant for sound buffering, not trash.

"Take ten." The director sighs as he goes outside to smoke a cigar which is not a good sign from him. He had been trying to quit the entire shoot and had made a huge speech at the beginning of filming that if anyone were to see him smoking they should remind him he is a non-smoker. "And no one bother me." the director's voice bellowed clearly through the megaphone.

“Good, let’s finish your profile.” Kathy rubs her palms together as she sidles up to Sarah.

“Be right back, do my description,” Sarah says as she hands Kathy her phone and goes to rescue the flowers from the empty bin.

Sarah grabs a pitcher of water and a bowl full of snack-size individually wrapped chocolate candies, the delicious kind you give out for Halloween and always regret eating too many of afterwards. The rest of the crew had swarmed the craft service table too, as if eating the rest of the junk food would help get this film to the finish line.

“We may as well all go off the wagon today,” Sarah says as she returns to her chair putting the flowers in the water pitcher and placing them on the small table in front of them. Sarah hands Kathy a few of the candy bars while settling in with her own stash of plain M&M’s.

CHAPTER 5

“Wat’cha doin’, Sarah, merp?” Claudi sang in her delightfully cheerful voice when Sarah answered her phone. Sarah was getting ready to go on her second blind date that Kathy had set her up on. Sarah was really hoping that this was going to be better than the one she went on last night.

Kathy was using all her connections to try to find someone for Sarah to date and fall in love with. Kathy was determined to help Sarah once and for all get over Billy. It turns out Kathy was having a difficult time finding someone with any sort of substance for Sarah. Forty-nine was a tough age for single women in Los Angeles especially if they were looking for someone with any sort of integrity left in them. Hook ups and flings were

easy but anything beyond that took some serious digging.

Kathy and Sarah were quickly finding out that their ideas of the dating scene for the late forties was actually accurate. First of all, men in their forties or older who were single were looking for the twenty year olds to make them feel younger. Or they were married and cheating on their wives. Or they had kids and really should be spending time raising their kids. Or they were players like Billy who simply never knew how to grow up. Or they were living in a big house in the valley, partying with a bunch of roommates, still trying to figure out what happened when high school ended.

It seemed to be true that when you are forty-nine in Los Angeles all the good guys really are taken.

“Clauuuudia! How’s your kitties?....I’m just getting ready to go out on a date. What’re you doing?” Sarah spoke probably too loudly on the speaker phone as she continued putting on her makeup over the sink.

“Yay! I just love that you’re dating, who’s the guy hrmmm?... OK, I’ll be right there, Sarah’s going on a date, can we meet up with her?” Claudi was

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speaking to her husband and Sarah at the same time so Sarah just kept putting on her makeup and waited for her turn to speak.

“Where you going for the date?” Claudi asked Sarah.....

”Sarah? Where are you guys going?”

“Oh, sorry.” Sarah had lost track of whose turn it was to speak and was going overboard now with the eyeliner which she rarely wore. “...the date, right. I’m not sure exactly. Kathy said to be ready to go somewhere ‘upscale’ and that he’d pick me up at eight o’clock tonight.”

“Right, I know but maybe we can meet up with her after dinner, don’t you think?....but still we might have time after the dinner...” Claudi was talking to her husband as Sarah decided to take all her eye-makeup off, wash her face and start over again. As Sarah was washing her face, she didn’t hear Claudi say she would call her right back so she just kept talking on and on to no one.

Sarah went on to tell Claudi how the blind date she went on the other night was a big dud. They had met in Hollywood outside her favorite Thai restaurant which was closed for a private party so

they had spent the next sixty minutes trying to figure out where to go eat. They had walked to a few places but none of them were okay with Sarah's date, Greg – they all reminded him of his ex-girlfriend who he was inconsolable about over their breakup.

Finally, after walking up and down Hollywood Blvd and Sunset Blvd, Greg had agreed to get in Sarah's car so they could drive somewhere they could both agree upon. The problem was this guy could not agree on any place and by now he was in tears and clearly was not going to be able to go inside and eat anywhere.

Sarah was starving. She hadn't eaten any lunch and had gone for a run before the date. She knew she was going to pass out if she didn't get any food in her quick. While listening to her date ramble on and on about his ex-girlfriend, Sarah slipped into one of her most beloved things about Los Angeles and all of Southern California really, the Mexican Food drive-thru.

Sarah's date just waved his tear-stained hand 'no' when Sarah had asked him if he wanted anything to eat, she got him some rolled tacos and a drink anyway.

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The date wound down to a close as Sarah drove back to Greg's apartment to drop him off, he had walked to meet her. The good thing was Greg had stopped sobbing but was still pattering on about his ex.

As Sarah parked in the loading zone, she looked at him and realized he was not stopping his explanation of how he had poured out his heart and soul to his former love anytime soon. Sarah expertly opened up her recycled paper carton of deliciousness, and reveled in the magic of how a greasy cheese quesadilla with guacamole, sour cream and a few strands of shredded iceberg lettuce can transform any situation into pure bliss.

While Sarah savored every mouthful of her meal, she nodded, hmmmmed and ahhhhed along with Greg's dips in tone and vowed to herself that by the last swallow of her meal she was going to politely but firmly encourage him to say goodnight and exit her car.

Thankfully Greg's phone rang as Sarah was one quarter triangle away from being finished with her quesadilla. Without even barely saying goodbye to her, Greg perked up and hopped out of Sarah's car. And that was the end of the date.

Sarah didn't even mind that he had been rude, she was just glad he was out of her car and she was free to go home. Sarah secured her takeout container and placed it on the passenger side floorboard next to the container of rolled tacos which she hadn't bothered to give to Greg and was now looking forward to eating when she returned home. There is no problem big or small that good drive-thru Mexican food cannot solve.

Sarah had finished cleaning her face and telling her story to Claudi. With a freshly scrubbed face, which was also now very red, Sarah looked at her phone to see her phone call with Claudi had ended several minutes ago and there was a text from her saying "Love you! Had to run. Maybe we'll see you guys later." Heart heart heart heart cat face with heart eyes.

Sarah crossed her fingers and made a silent prayer for this date tonight to be good, if not fantastic, or at least better than the last one.

Sarah read Kathy's text next which had just come through, "Sar – have fun tonite, text me tomorrow (wink wink) LMK details."

Sarah smiled to herself and hoped that she would indeed have some good details to tell her friend.

CHAPTER 6

“Hi! You must be Jimmy,” Sarah said fresh-faced and genuinely visually pleased to see who had just rung her doorbell.

Jimmy was handsome and he looked dashing on her doorstep. He stood tall and muscular. In his left hand he held a huge assortment of lilacs, lilies and a few roses in, what appeared to be, a very pretty hand-painted vase, while his right hand brushed a few strands of blonde hair off his forehead. Sarah normally didn’t find blonde guys attractive. However, she found this blonde one very good-looking. Sarah was very impressed.

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She couldn't remember the last time anyone brought her flowers. Maybe it was never.

"These are for you, and may I say, I am pleasantly surprised at what I see before my eyes." Jimmy piled on the compliments.

"Oh....thank you, please come in," Sarah heard herself say in a strange girly voice which she hadn't used in a long time. Clearly, she was falling for the charming blind date which looked to be starting off wonderfully.

Sarah almost skipped as she set the vase of flowers on her coffee table, grabbed her purse and white leather jacket and turned towards her handsome date for the evening. As Sarah re-entered the living room, she noticed Jimmy was checking himself out in the mirror she had hanging on the left wall. He was flipping his hair off his forehead again, an action Sarah would begin to loathe as the night wore on.

A few months back, Claudia had used feng shui throughout Sarah's apartment and placed this mirror to keep the energy flowing through where loving relationships were supposedly represented. Sarah never looked in this mirror herself and she had thought it was kind of odd to

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put a mirror here but at this particular moment she thought it was cute that Jimmy was taking the time to use the mirror and make sure he looked good for her on their date.

“Shall we?” he oozed sexuality and charisma as he swaggered to the door holding it open for Sarah.

“Why, thank you.” Again, this strange girly voice had somehow hijacked Sarah’s authentic voice as she had high hopes for the night ahead.

Sarah had chosen to wear her cornflower blue, crocheted skater dress. She paired the dress with her four-inch-high heel nude peep toe pumps which showed off her tanned, toned legs quite nicely. The bodice of the dress was high neck, crocheted and very sheer so Sarah wore her best sheer, lacy, black bra underneath. Sarah had tried all week to put together an ‘upscale’ outfit and this is what she had come up with.

She carried her matching cornflower blue, fuzzy, crystal clutch which was a pretty good knockoff of Judith Leiber’s Couture one. On her left arm she wore a very sparkly and bedazzling silver upper arm band with four silver five-petal flowers at the end of each strand of silver. The flowers were etched marcasite with a white diamond-like

crystal in the center of each flower and each petal. On her right arm she wore all the silver bracelets she owned. The bangles, the chains, the blue evil eye ones, the charm ones, she even wore the delicate red thread bracelet which closed with a silver clasp and dangled a tiny turquoise hamsa pendant from it.

Sarah considered her hair passable and didn't fuss with it too much. She was growing it out after she had taken it upon herself to prove to the world that not everyone looked good in a pixie cut.

Jimmy had a sleek, silver, very shiny, very well-cared-for Infiniti coupe-like sedan which sat very low to the ground. Sarah steadied herself as she slowly lowered into the soft, black, leather interior while Jimmy stood by flipping his blonde hair off his face waiting to close the door for her.

The drive to the restaurant was uneventful and pleasant despite the fact that Sarah was remembering why she never wore this dress or bra. Lace made her itch.

When they arrived at El Coyote, Sarah was surprised. El Coyote was known for its delicious Mexican food and for its even more delicious and strong margaritas. Although this was one of

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Sarah's favorite places, she would hardly call this restaurant upscale. Sarah began to wonder why Kathy had told her to dress for something upscale. El Coyote was pretty casual and often a place you went to have great grub and to most likely get a little drunk on tequila.

Jimmy was dressed casual but still looked stunning. He had been a professional baseball player for a few years, minor league but his physique showed all the results of long hours of physical training and athletic prowess. Jimmy was, in a word, if anyone used it anymore, hot. Basically, Jimmy could be wearing any sort of clothes - grubby, dirty, unkempt or even a plumber's uniform and he would still look fashionable and trendy. He was one of those guys who was good-looking no matter what the circumstances and he looked fantastic in anything he ever wore.

Jimmy seemed to know and said 'hi' to at least ten people on the short walk they took from the entrance of the restaurant to the bar. As they had drinks at the bar waiting for their table, Sarah noticed he knew the bartender really well.

Sarah was still sipping her first mango margarita as Jimmy swallowed the last gulp of his second

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margarita on the rocks, unsalted, as they were asked by an overly chipper hostess to follow her to their table.

The glamour of the vase of flowers being given to her by a handsome blind date slowly began its descent into oblivion as soon as the food server arrived and Jimmy ordered another margarita with a side shot of tequila.

“No, thanks, I’m good, still working on my mango,” Sarah said and grinned out of half of her mouth as Jimmy asked if she was ready for another round and a shot. Sarah buried herself in the menu despite the fact that she knew what she was going to order already, a cheese quesadilla with extra guacamole.

Sarah tried not to look at Jimmy disapprovingly but ‘Wow!’ she thought, ‘three margaritas and a shot of tequila all within an hour...definitely not letting him drive me home tonight.’

Sarah sighed and was thankful that she had Mexican food to rely on once again to get through this night with. Jimmy began to prattle on after their food orders were taken. Of course, he ordered the attention-grabbing flaming fajitas

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which always made everyone's head turn as they were paraded through the restaurant.

Sarah filled up on tortilla chips and salsa while occasionally putting her margarita straw to her lips but not really drinking any of it. Sarah was not a big drinker and one margarita was her limit, she always preferred to enjoy the food than fill up on booze.

Jimmy was going down the standard 'Muscle and Fitness' first date conversation starters. Sarah had coincidentally, just read these conversation starters the other day. The magazine had been at the hair salon she was at hoping to get some magic potion in the form of hair dye to make this pixie cut go away. The gray, which was slowly streaking her head in a weird circular pattern, merely accentuated the fact that she looked like a twelve-year-old boy with this hairdo. While she was waiting to get her hair done, she had read through the twelve best date conversation starters.

She had answered the questions truthfully at the hair salon but now that she knew this date was to be the first and last one to ever occur with Jimmy, she batted the answers back to him like a Wimbledon player. Did Jimmy notice any

sarcasm in her tone? Absolutely not, he was on his fifth margarita now and really not paying any attention to Sarah, just wandering the room with his eyes.

“If you could hop on a plane right now and go anywhere, where would you go?” Jimmy slurred a little mid-sentence.

“Mexico,” Sarah shot back.

“Hey, that’s funny, we’re in a Mexican restaurant.....Now, suppose you were told you were to be stranded on a desert island and could only bring two things, no, three things with you, no...two things, what would they be?” Jimmy leaned back in his chair grabbing his margarita as the fajitas and all the fanfare that goes with them arrived along with Sarah’s magical quesadilla.

“Chips, salsa and quesadillas,” Sarah managed to get out before the melting, cheesy, delicacy touched her lips and gave her renewed hope in her life.

“That’s three things,” Jimmy said as he arranged all his plates and drinks, “two, jus two.”

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“Quesadillas and chips, then,” Sarah said with her mouth full of melting cheese. She was no longer trying to impress Jimmy so talking in her normal voice and with her mouth full didn’t matter anymore.

Jimmy was lost for a few minutes as he did all the work involved in creating a soft fajita taco out of a menagerie of plates, platters, side dishes, a tortilla warmer and a grill. Fajitas were far too much work for Sarah.

Jimmy reoriented himself to the conversation starters once again, determined to make it through all of them, Sarah supposed. “What do you like most about living here?” Jimmy asked as he motioned to their food server across the room that he wanted another margarita.

‘Good grief,’ Sarah thought as she wondered just how many cocktails could Jimmy drink in an entire evening. “The men,” Sarah said dryly as she scooped up some red sauce with a tortilla chip.

Jimmy ignored or simply did not hear this answer as a couple of his friends stopped by the table. They even sat down with them in the two other empty chairs at the table and joined the meal as all three boys ordered another round of

margaritas along with an additional pitcher of margaritas. Turns out these two guys who called themselves Robert and Bob liked to play the conversation starter game too. Sarah now had three, very buzzed men sitting with her asking questions they weren't even interested in knowing the answers to.

Sarah kept answering the questions obligingly and relishing every bite of her quesadilla. Sarah knew where this night was headed. Sarah asked a few questions herself and soon learned that no one would miss her if she decided to head back home and leave these three to drink the El Coyote out of tequila.

Sarah quickly created a story about having just received a text from her neighbor that her apartment building was on fire and she should get home quick. As she was telling the story she realized that not one of the three men at the table were listening to her at all, it may as well have been that she was on fire for all they cared or could comprehend at the moment.

Sarah gathered her things and just left the table. It was the greatest escape she had ever made and no one even noticed she was gone. 'Isn't this called the Irish Sneak or is it the Irish Goodbye?'

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Sarah thought as she made her way to the bathroom. She turned around for one last look at the table she had been sitting at and saw that a couple of new guys had joined Jimmy, Robert and Bob along with a couple more pitchers of margaritas.

Sarah rolled her eyes and turned back towards the bathroom bumping right into Brian, the sound guy from set. Brian deftly spun his beer bottle around to keep from spilling it on her.

“Oh, my God, Brian! Am I glad to see you!” Sarah gasped as she fell into Brian’s chest.

“Likewise, as always, Sarah,” Brian said in a surprisingly deep and normal tone of voice as he helped right Sarah back onto her feet. “Too many margaritas? Eh?” he winked.

“Haha, not me but my blind date has sure had too many. I’m on my escape route now as we speak, do you think there are a bunch of taxis out there right now?” Sarah asked.

“Who’s the date, lemme see...” Brian began to tease, still using his very normal and kind of sexy voice which Sarah had never ever heard before.

“No, c’mon, don’t draw any attention, besides, I’m trying to sneak away right now. Guess I’ll use Uber which I hate or maybe I should just look outside.” Sarah was thinking out loud now.

“Ah, you’re no fun, I wanna see the one that got away,” said Brian as he reached past Sarah to put his empty beer bottle on the bar.

Brian offered his crooked arm to Sarah in a very chivalrous manner, bow and all. “Come, I will be your UUUUber,” he said in the most Bollywood sort of voice he could muster.

Sarah laughed and was relieved to hear one of Brian’s corny accents, it brought a sense of normalcy to her evening which had been going downhill fast.

“Are you serious!” Sarah linked arms with Brian thankful not to have to use Uber, she hated even saying that word, or to haggle with a taxi driver. “But don’t you live in Burbank? I’m all the way in Santa Monica.”

“Not a problem. I am headed that way,” Brian replied in his normal voice again.

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Sarah was not going to argue or turn down this generous offer. Maybe the night was about to be saved.

CHAPTER 7

The drive to Sarah's apartment from El Coyote was the sort of drive Sarah was expecting to have with Jimmy after the date they were meant to have at the upscale place like Kathy had suggested. But none of this had happened.

Brian and Sarah laughed and joked around while they each learned things about one another that they had never known. Turns out the two of them had a lot in common. When Brian wasn't talking in all sorts of experimental tones and accents, he was quite a normal guy.

Brian was genuinely impressed that Sarah was originally from Montana while Sarah was delighted to find out that Brian was a huge country and western music fan like she was.

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‘Maybe we should go out line dancing sometime,’ Sarah thought. It was trending again and there was a great spot out in Burbank where he lived.

Their conversation flowed effortlessly, while there was an easy calm that was felt between them. Brian had even commented that she looked lovely, albeit a bit over-dressed for El Coyote.

“Thank you,” Sarah said, “I know! Kathy set this whole blind date up. She told me to be ready to go at eight o’clock and dress to be taken to an upscale spot.” Sarah laughed.

“Has Kathy not ever been to El Coyote?” Brian laughed. “We should take her there and remind her of the dress code,” Brian replied laughingly. Sarah noted that Brian had used the word ‘we’.....’what does that mean?’ she wondered with a tiny smile and a glimmer of hope beginning to build inside of herself. Maybe tonight wasn’t going to be a total loss after all.

Sooner than she knew could be possible, they had arrived at her apartment. Sarah had meant to ask Brian if he wanted to stop for a drink on the way home but she had been having so much fun talking to him on the drive that she didn’t notice

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they were exiting the ten freeway and heading towards her apartment.

“What’s the address again?” Brian asked as they drove down Ashland.

“Oh, wow, here already. Amazing how little time it takes to get anywhere in LA when there’s no traffic, huh?.....4878, just a couple blocks more, on the left,” Sarah said, sad that the time with Brian was about to end.

“Hey, do you want to come in for a drink or something to eat? I feel bad you drove all the way out here but am sure glad you did,” Sarah said as she made a feeble attempt at flirting.

Sarah’s flirting was horrible. She never learned the dark art and felt weird when she made any attempt to try it.

“4878.....got it.” Brian was looking at address numbers as he slowed the car down a little to find her place. “Hmmm? What? No, thanks. Told you I was coming out here anyways.”

Sarah couldn’t imagine why someone who lived in Burbank would be at El Coyote and then voluntarily agree to drive all the way out to Santa

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Monica. She preferred to always stay in her tiny routine loop so as to avoid getting stuck somewhere in the unforgivable LA traffic. Work, home, beach was Sarah's main activities so she rarely ever drove across town anymore. She had when she first moved to LA but after college and getting settled into the grind of working, her driving habits had definitely changed a lot.

"Why ya coming all the way out here....got a hot date?" Sarah blurted out in another feeble attempt at flirting.

"Ah, here it is. Your castle awaits, me lady." Brian was back to accents this time with a British flourish to this sentence.

"Can I give you gas money, at least?" Sarah said hoping this would make him answer why he was coming out here.

"Ah, that's nice, nah...I'm going to my girlfr....I mean, fiancée's tonight," Brian finally replied to Sarah's relief and utter confusion.

"YOUR FIANCEE!" She hadn't meant to shout but she did and was now embarrassed, she could feel her cheeks begin to flush.

“Fiancée, right, fiancée not girlfriend anymore....keep messing that up.” Brian said with a French accent, “you sound surprised.”

“I am! And soooooo happy for you!” Sarah was trying to downplay her shock into being the sheer joy that she felt whenever she heard that people were engaged. “I just love hearing about people getting engaged and the upcoming wedding plans.” Sarah began to hear herself blabber on and on about weddings and engagements while her bracelets jingled and Brian just sat there nodding.

“You must be so excited to be getting married! I can’t wait to hear all about it back on set. Will you be moving out here, too? OMG, we’ll be neighbors then!” Sarah couldn’t stop speaking and with each word she said she despised herself more and more.

As quick as she could, she gathered herself while still yammering about weddings. She got out of the car, shut the door and bent down to look through the window saying, “You’re a lifesaver, Brian! Thanks for the ride, see ya next week and you’re gonna tell me all about your fiancée and the wedding!” Sarah clapped her hands together followed by making tiny air guns out of her hands

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which she pointed towards Brian in a waving manner, saying, “I want all the details, mister!” ‘GOD shut up already, Sarah,’ she thought, as she turned to walk towards her apartment. She heard Brian toot the horn ‘goodbye.’

Sarah trudged towards her neglected mailbox itching her chest and trying not to step too hard with her right foot, which was getting a huge blister on the back of her heel. She tossed all the junk mail in the garbage can, leaving one greeting card envelope and one bill remaining in her hand.

Sarah opened the greeting card as she unlocked her door and entered the safe haven of her apartment. Relieved to be home even though she would rather have some company right now, she always felt better when she was home.

Sarah ripped off her shoes, threw her jacket and clutch on the couch, pulled her bra off from underneath her dress, grabbed a coffee mug of water and sank into her favorite chair at the kitchen table.

The greeting card is a belated birthday card from Brenden – he always liked to be the first and the last to wish her ‘happy birthday.’ Sarah smiles at the funny joke on the card but then feels her smile

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turn to a gloomy frown when she reads the writing Brenden has included on her card. “Wouldn’t it be great if forty-nine was the year you move back to the Ranch where you belong...”

“No,” Sarah says aloud, as she tosses the card onto her kitchen table on top of a pile of other papers she needs to go through. Sarah was tired of Brenden always trying to get her to move back to Montana ‘where she belongs’. Ever since she graduated college, he had been periodically bugging her to move back, jokingly at first but for the past few years he had become a downright nag about it.

He was constantly reminding her now, by either email, text or voicemail, of how great it would be if she came back to live and work on the ranch.

Suddenly, Sarah begins to cry. Slowly at first, the tears leak out but to her horror it turns into a huge weeping fest as she feels her face crinkle up into a hideous scowl in order to let more tears drain out from her eyes. Moving back home to MT is like a huge failure for Sarah. She always wanted to prove she could make a good life on her own in Los Angeles, returning home would be the opposite. But she was a failure either way in

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Brenden's eye. This train of thought brought a whole flood of new tears.

After a solid fifteen minutes of hideous crying and sobbing, Sarah starts shuffling through the pile of papers and mail on the table finding the unopened birthday card from Claudia.

"Claudi. How did I forget to open this?" Sarah said aloud to the air. "Hypnosis?."

Sarah reads the card and is intrigued beyond belief at the gift of a series of past life regression hypnotherapy sessions. Claudia had generously given Sarah a gift of a six-session series with a hypnotherapist in Century City.

"That's weird," Sarah thought "why Century City, why not Venice with all the other Tarot readers?"

Sarah was fascinated but also skeptical. Tarot cards and astrology were fun things to play around with but hypnosis? Isn't that when someone makes you bark like a little dog or run around in circles or something like that?

She pulled up the hypnotherapist's website on her iPad and began to read a little more about

hypnotherapy and just what past life regression was all about.

Sarah realized she was exhausted as she sat staring at the past life regression page and re-reading the same paragraph over and over again.

She switched off her tablet, placed the birthday card from Claudia, along with the gift certificate for the sessions in the basket with her car keys and decided to go to bed. Gathering all the junk mail along with the birthday card from her brother, she walked over to the trash can in the kitchen, turning lights off as she went, and shoved the papers in the bin letting her foot off the lever quickly allowing the metal lid to slam shut with a definitive zing.

“Move back to Montana, hrmff.” Sarah showered and was in bed before she knew it but still ruminating about Brenden’s increased pestering for her to move back to work with him on the ranch in Montana.

When Sarah had finally been able to clear her head, calm herself down and relax to an easy state where sleep was right around the corner, she began to fantasize about making movies again, which was always a good sign for her. Why she

‘Forgotten’ but not really forgotten. Unless Sarah had a super early call time, she always left her phone on the nightstand on vibrate in case Billy called late night.

Sarah rolled over and grabbed her phone but did not answer it, she just stared at the screen watching the name Billy flashing on her screen.

It was, indeed, Billy.

Sarah rarely answered his phone calls and was always curious as to how he decided to leave a voicemail or simply text, or even why sometimes he did both.

Sarah waited to see if the voicemail icon would pop up. When it didn’t, she decided he was going to continue down his list of women or maybe even go home. ‘Two am was even a little late for Billy,’ she thought.

Just as she was putting the phone down, she saw a text come through so she had to read it. “U up?”

Sarah stared at the text for at least two minutes while trying to bring back the image of the Andalusian horse and the snow.

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No horse image was coming back. All she could think about was Billy and why he wasn't into her like she was into him. Sarah lusted after him but also actually like him a lot. They laughed and had a great time when together and the physical connection was beyond belief compared to anyone else she had ever been with.

Sarah typed out her response and stared at it. "Not really." After another minute of staring at her phone, Sarah erased her response, just in case she would accidentally send it.

She turned on her phone flashlight and made her way down the hall to the kitchen table. Without even sitting down, she grabbed the hypnotherapist's card out of the basket and began to write an email.

"My name is Sarah Thompson, I have a gift certificate for six Past Life Regression Hypnosis sessions. When is your first availability? Do you have any this coming week? Thank you."

Sarah turned her phone off completely and left it on the kitchen table. She was going to use her alarm clock from now on to wake her up.

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Sarah made her way back to her bed and snuggled in under the covers loving the feeling of the cool sheets on her skin.

Sarah opened and closed her eyes three times, picturing the dreamy snow and standing next to the warm Andalusian as she said softly, “No, I am not. I am not up. You gorgeous jerk.”

CHAPTER 8

“Did I miss something?” Kathy teased Sarah as they made their way to the set for the final glorious wrap day of this atrocious B movie. Everyone was relieved that this job was now in the rear-view mirror.

“What?” Sarah fumbled to put her phone in her bag and adjust her dress which kept falling off her shoulders. It was still Santa-Ana-hot in LA and Sarah was glad she had decided to wear her white, flowy shift dress but had forgotten how much it actually shifted around on and off her shoulders.

“You’re very bohemian today, just wondering if the wrap party was some sort of theme that I missed hearing about,” Kathy grinned as she said this.

“Oh, crap!” Sarah stopped short and exclaimed loudly. “I TOTALLY forgot about the party tonight,” she sighed.

“How could you forget? The flyers have been up for months now. You do know that today is the last day of this tedious job, don’t you?” Kathy looked at her quizzically.

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I remember THAT, not that looney, yet,” Sarah laughed. ‘It’s just that I have an appointment at five o’clock tonight so I can’t go to the party. We’ll be wrapped by then, won’t we?” Sarah was getting nervous now, she hated to schedule things too close to each other and she hated even more being late for things.

Sarah wanted to tell Kathy about the hypnosis session but she knew exactly what Kathy would say and she did not want to hear it right now. Kathy would say she was being ridiculous and instead of spending all her time and money on tarot readers, psychics and astrologers, Sarah should simply just live. Just live and date more. Kathy didn’t believe in any sort of New Agey stuff at all. She was a straightforward common-sense kind of girl who believed hard work and concentrated effort always paid off in the end.

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“You have to go, though!” Kathy exclaimed. “That mysterious producer Brian has been telling us about is going to be there. You don’t want to miss out on that gig, do you? It’s actually going to be a real film with real actors. Actors who really know how to act!”

Kathy was on a roll now. If anyone had been the most irritated on this set with Agatha, the spoiled ‘actress’, it had been Kathy. It was understandable because Kathy had to do her makeup all day every day and deal with her frequent tantrums and outbursts, the most. Sarah let Kathy rant about Agatha as they continued walking, thankful for the diversion from having to tell her what her appointment was for. She was going to have to make something up and Sarah hated to lie.

“I know...oh, I can’t believe I did this, so stupid but I really need to make this appointment tonight. Do you think it’ll still be going on after?” Sarah anxiously said as her dress slipped off her shoulder again.

“Dunno....” Kathy murmured as she stared at Sarah struggling with her outfit. “Where do you have to go? Is IT a costume party?” demanded Kathy.

“Costume party? What are you talking about?” Sarah whined as she crouched down to re-tie her right lace-up, knee-high sandal which had come undone.

Sarah had dressed in one of her most favorite and very bohemian outfits for her hypnotherapy session. She had carefully crafted her look, trying to fit the vibe of what she imagined the hypnotist’s office to be.

Sarah’s flowy three-quarter length sleeved shift dress was made of deliciously white, soft cotton and rayon and looked fabulous with her camel colored, suede, knee-high, lace-up sandals. She rarely wore these sandals and today she remembered why. The intricate white embroidery on the dress is what made it extra special. Sarah chose to wear her waist-long, silver, chain necklace with one eighth inch coins spaced ten inches between each other along with her eighteen-inch long turquoise beaded necklace with a matching cross pendant on the end and her silver choker with two-inch-long bars of silver in the shape of leaves fanning out from her collar bones.

Sarah had continued to adorn herself with all her amulets this morning as she put her beaded

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chakra bracelets on her right arm and her lucky leather watch from Montana on her left wrist. The final touch was her tiny diamond earrings which sat in her second piercings behind her dangling two-inch-long slivers of cobalt red turquoise, which curved delicately to outline her face and threaded through her first piercings with sterling silver.

One final look in her mirror this morning had made Sarah think she was dressed perfectly for her past life regression session. She had slicked her short, platinum blonde hair back once more, grabbed her straw cowboy hat and indigo blue and olive-green hooded tunic jacket and headed for work feeling good about what she was wearing.

Sarah was positive the experience of going to a hypnotherapist's office would be very similar to going to a gypsy's coven, which her imagination had run wild thinking about. There would be beautiful tapestry, crystals everywhere, burning sage and lots of burning candles. Sarah loved crystals, especially any which were blue or rose quartz.

Sarah was unsure whether this hypnotherapist was a male, female or perhaps they were just a

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very androgynous being - with the name M. Coffey it was difficult to determine.

Sarah had received a response to her email request for an appointment early this morning saying only: "M. Coffey has had a cancellation and will see you this evening. Your session will begin five pm promptly. You are to arrive fifteen minutes beforehand to fill out paperwork. Please confirm this appointment by ten am today. Sincerely, Trevor Diamond, Assistant to M. Coffey".

Sarah had breathed a huge sigh of relief when she had received this email and immediately confirmed the appointment.

Another crew member had joined Kathy as she had continued to walk towards set. They were on the Sony lot now so there was a lot of hustling and bustling going on. Sarah nearly got clipped by the security cart as she was bent down tying her sandal, adjusting her dress and losing the grip on her jacket which she had brought, just in case the air-conditioned set was freezing, like it usually was.

Sarah tried to pull herself together and stood. She gathered herself and managed to hitch a ride on

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the next maintenance cart going by so she didn't have to worry about her sandals coming untied for a few more minutes. She'd tie them up somehow later, maybe the costume designer could help her, she thought, as she entered this set for the last time.

The day on set was uneventful. Agatha was a no-show to everyone's relief. All her scenes were in the can and the only thing left today was a few shots of the dragon, which was falling apart by now. The mood on the set was fun and light and even the director was joking around, he was like an entirely new person who was most likeable now.

Everyone was talking about the wrap party and excited to go. The party was going to be at a huge private mansion in Bel Air and everyone was eager to see what it was like. The rumor was it was owned by the producer who had bankrolled this pet project for Agatha but no one really knew for sure.

Sarah was trying to figure out in her mind how she could go to both the party and her hypnosis session without looking like a jerk showing up late for the party. She was always trying to make

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a good impression and keep her work reputation intact.

Sarah was holding Kathy's makeup bag as Kathy applied a little powder to the dragon's face for one last final shot. They stood back in the shadows again as the film rolled once more.

The crew erupted in applause, cheering and laughter as the triumphant words rang through the megaphone, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's a wrap!"

It was barely three o'clock and Sarah had plenty of time to make it to her appointment on time so she volunteered to help clean up a little before heading towards Century City.

The crew was all helping each other and one by one going over to shake the director's hand and thank him for the opportunity to work with him and what a fabulous experience it had been. Sarah shifted into her best bohemian-outfitted, networker persona and followed suit.

Brian was the first to be packed up and ready to leave. It was as if by magic he did this. He had a ton of gear and yet he was always the first to be

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packed and ready to leave. Sarah marveled at this skill he had. Kathy was always the last.

“Sarah, see you at the party later?” Brian asked both her and Kathy at the same time.

“Yes! I hope so. I have an appointment at five but it’ll still be going around seven, right?” an anxious Sarah asked.

Sarah had been to thousands of these parties and knew full well that it would still be going at seven it would still be going at ten no doubt. It was her nervous nature which had kicked into gear making her think she would miss the party, miss meeting Brian’s producer friend, miss getting hired for the next job thus making her unemployed, penniless, living on the streets or, even worse, be forced to ask Brenden for help. Her mind always went down this same tunnel when she was nervous about something.

“Now about this producer, Brian,” Kathy was all business now. “How is it that we do not know him or have not heard about this high budget period piece coming up?” Kathy loved period pieces and usually always knew about the next big one coming up and prided herself on being in the know.

“Of course, it’ll still be going at seven. What are you, new here?” Brian said in his best surly voice which Sarah wasn’t so sure if it was pretend or not. “Just come when you can. I can’t say the producer I want you to meet will still be there but just come.”

And there sent Sarah over the edge on another nervous tangent.

“Can you please beg him to stay until then? I promise I will be there by then,” Sarah gasped as the trio began to make their way outside and towards their cars. “I’ll owe you, Brian.”

“What’s his name? What else has he done?” Kathy persisted to Brian’s deaf ears.

“You already owe me, Sarah.” Brian winked as he dashed away to meet up with the AD, saying over his shoulder to Kathy, “SHE is fantastic, you’ll see.”

“I hate when people do that,” Kathy growled. Sarah did too but she was more concerned about getting to the wrap party on time than Brian’s withholding of information.

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“I told you he has a crush on you.” Kathy grinned as she nudged Sarah.

“HA. Brian is engaged. For your information,” Sarah said nervously as she was still thinking about the party.

“Whhhhaaat ? Tell me, tell me,” Kathy chimed, as she always loved a good story.

“I will. Later. Crap.” Sarah looked at her lucky watch and saw that she had twenty minutes to get inside the hypnotherapist’s office in Century City. “Text me the address for tonight, please,” Sarah begged as she made a sprint for her car, sandal laces flying every which way.

CHAPTER 9

Sarah was relieved when she made it to Century City in time to be fifteen minutes early for her appointment. As she stood waiting for the elevator in one of the tallest office buildings on Avenue of the Stars, watching all the high-powered, smartly dressed executives rush around her, she felt like a complete idiot.

And this feeling only grew as she found herself standing in the lobby of M. Coffey's very chic office. The outfit she was wearing was fine for a very B movie film shoot but it was definitely out of place walking around office buildings full of high-powered suits and designer shoes.

Sarah, in which she now thought were her stupid gladiator sandals and flowy tent-like dress,

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entered the lobby of ‘M. Coffey, Hypnotherapist’. She cleared her throat timidly to indicate her presence in front of a very tall, very intimidating, white reception desk behind which she sensed someone was sitting but was quite not certain of it.

Sarah could not see if anyone was seated behind the reception desk because of the high-tech computer screen which was acting as a shield between her and whoever was behind the desk.

“Sarah Thompson,” a voice stated, as a beautiful model-like young man in a very designer three-piece suit and gold signet ring with a tiny emerald, floated around the desk to stand next to her.

“Uhummm, yep, that’s me,” Sarah muttered as her dress tried to fall off her shoulder again. “Hi, are you Trevor Diamond?” Sarah liked saying the name.

“Yes. Assistant to M. Coffey,” Trevor replied curtly as he quickly directed Sarah to follow him and sit on the single lime-green couch lining the side wall of the lobby.

Sarah sat as Trevor instructed.

This was turning out to be much different to what Sarah had expected. She almost felt like leaving and rushing to the wrap party where she would feel more at home. She needed to text Kathy to remind her to send her the address for it. She would do that before her session.

As Trevor handed Sarah a set of silver headphones and one of the newest, slimmest, sleekest tablets on the market he said, “Now, Sarah, place the headphones on and once you tap the screen there will be instructions for you to follow. Once you are finished with the intake process, simply take the headphones off and I will return for you.”

“OK. Thank you, Trevor Diamond,” Sarah said to no one. Trevor was already behind his desk before she could utter the words.

Sarah took another look around the lobby which was decorated very sparsely. The office of M. Coffey was nothing like Sarah had imagined. There were no hanging tapestries. No crystal balls or incense and definitely no sage being burned anywhere. There was a gigantic resin/gel painting hanging on the wall behind the receptionist’s desk with only abstract images on it that didn’t appear to resemble anything. The lime couch was

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very stylish but not comfortable at all. It was flat and hard, not unlike sitting on a church pew without a back. Sarah mindlessly put the headset on and continued to look around the room without listening or following the directions at all.

Sarah admired the high-tech lighting, the silver coffee table with nothing on it, the chocolate brown wood floor and finally allowed her eyes to rest on the seamless waterfall flowing down the rear wall as if the water was inside the wall itself. The sound of the water was calming and created a hush in the entire entrance way. Sarah was so engrossed in the water of wall that she hadn't noticed the directions coming from her headset. When she tuned into what was being said to her, she realized the headset was telling her to fill out the confidentiality form and hit done. She hadn't even tapped the tablet yet to get started.

'Great,' Sarah thought, 'Trevor Diamond is going to kill me.' Sarah tapped the screen and waited for it to load as the headset began to tell her 'congratulations, you're almost done.'

As Sarah looked up and sighed, she was startled when a very tall, seemingly well-dressed man walked through the exit lobby of the office. There was a frosted wall between the entrance and exit

lobby of the hypnotherapist's office so that no two clients would cross paths and you could only make out the outlines of each other without any distinguishing features being recognizable. As Sarah was positioned on the uncomfortable lime-green couch, she was peering through the frosted wall in front of her wishing she could see better as to who was apparently just leaving the hypnotherapist's office.

"And now you should be all finished with your intake process. Please take off your headset, stay still and seated."

Trevor was standing immediately before Sarah as she blurted out without knowing he was there, "Oh, crap."

"You're finished, Sarah," stated Trevor as he held his left hand, with the signet ring on it, out towards her.

"Uhhmm." Could she lie and say yes, Sarah wondered. "No, I screwed up. Can I go back through it?"

"Where did you stop?" Trevor said in a not so pleased voice.

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“Where did I begin?” Sarah said, although not meaning to say it aloud. “Can I start it over again, please, I think I put some wrong information in.”

Trevor thrust his hand out again towards Sarah waiting for her to release the tablet to him. When she finally handed him the tablet, he had a look at it, raised his left eyebrow and said, “I see. Yes, you may begin again.”

“Now, Sarah, place the headphones on and once you tap the screen there will be instructions for you to follow. Once you are finished with the intake process, simply take the headphones off and I will return for you,” said Trevor, exactly as he had said before, although this time he stood by her making sure she was completing the intake properly.

‘Great start,’ thought Sarah. She felt like a child and didn’t even bother to pull her dress back on her shoulder anymore as she sighed and followed the questions asked of her by the very ominous voice coming through the headset.

Trevor saw that Sarah was finished and simply grabbed the tablet and headset saying, “Come,” as he waltzed her through the office which consisted of a series of halls with at least ten or so closed

doors, Sarah had lost count after five. The walls were a pale blue color, the floor was green and brown mixed carpet squares mimicking the colors of grass and dirt. Each door was painted a different muted pale color with a very unique door handle and no other form of marking or identification on the doors.

When they arrived at the door Sarah was to enter, Trevor opened it with professionalism while he stepped in first to show her where she was to sit and what she was to do.

Sarah was told to and did sit in the straight-back, very expensive yet ordinary lime-green armless chair which was sitting sideways adjacent to the sleek, see-through desk. The desk curved out from the left wall in a perpendicular fashion making a grand arc down to the lush, white carpet. Sarah thought the position of the chair was a little odd but simply sat down and kept her mouth shut for once. As she sat staring at the white carpet under the desk which was on top of a lovely camel colored bamboo flooring, Sarah smiled as she noticed she actually matched the décor of this room in her silly outfit after all.

“Everything is OK, Sarah,” Trevor stated as he turned to indicate that he was about to leave.

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“Yes. Yes. Thank you, Trevor Diamond,” Sarah said as she wondered if Trevor even knew HOW to ask a question of anybody.

The tiny room was very similar in design to the entrance lobby. Minimalistic. The clear desk was without drawers and was only holding a dark chocolate-brown desk pad, a matching brown pen and pencil holder with three pencils and pens standing at attention ready to go to work. A tiny white reading lamp with a very bulbous top stood brightly at the top right corner of the desk.

Nothing in this office Sarah had seen so far was of poor quality. The chair behind the desk was a beautiful white leather office chair with a very high back having silver grommets holding the leather down while creating a diamond-like design pattern. The chair had armrests and an elaborate height adjustment lever. It looked like something the King of Diamonds would sit in, Sarah imagined.

Against the left wall was a matching clear, sleek sideboard which held a tan bamboo mat under a solid white pitcher which matched the tiny lamp on the front desk. There were four clear water glasses on the bamboo mat standing near the

pitcher, eager to be filled, as well as a pastel shade of lime-green box of tissues.

The room was tiny but in no way claustrophobic. It had a calming feel to it perhaps due to the soft sound of waves coming from the tiny white sound machine Sarah noticed on the side-board behind the water pitcher.

To the right of the desk was the most unusual looking reclining chair Sarah had ever seen. Like everything else in this office, including Trevor Diamond, the reclining chair was chic and fashionable. It was thin, flat and curved in such a way that Sarah could not imagine how it could possibly be comfortable. The recliner was a powder blue, buttery, leather color with a pale lime-green throw hanging strategically off the right armrest. The recliner base was hidden but Sarah was certain it was some sort of silver color while she noticed the reclining lever to be a sparkling stainless steel.

Just as Sarah was about to get up and try out the blue recliner, the door opened quickly and in walked a stunning auburn-haired woman. She was dressed in a very expensive designer light-gray pencil skirt with a matching belted,

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collarless, peplum, button-up jacket and fabulous three-inch heeled deep purple pumps.

“M. Coffe, and you must be Sarah Thompson,” said the woman in what could not have been a more kind or warm voice. Sarah breathed a huge sigh of relief and said, “Hi. Nice to meet you.”

“It is a pleasure to meet YOU, Sarah” and so began M. Coffe and her introduction speech to Sarah on what to expect from today’s session which was to serve as Sarah’s entrance into the new world of hypnotherapy and the helpful tool which hypnosis can bring to you in your life.

“Today we will begin the learning and in your ensuing sessions we will go deeper and deeper to find the help you are seeking and which you have had inside you all along. I will teach you how to access your greatest powers, Sarah, and you will always be in control.” M. Coffe spoke in her very professional yet kind voice. Sarah was already beginning to feel better in spite of her bohemian outfit. Sarah was super relaxed just sitting here listening to M. Coffe speak to her.

Sarah was enjoying sitting in the hardlime-green chair listening to M. Coffe and memorizing how her makeup looked. M’s makeup was flawless and

accented her blue eyes so they looked like never-ending cycles of water streaming back inside her head.

‘Crap,’ Sarah thought. ‘I forgot to text Kathy for the address of the party.’ So she interrupted M. “Sorry, do you mind, I have to text someone, I forgot to do it before I came in...”

“Yes. Please do that now and then you may wish to turn your phone off entirely so you will be free from any interruptions during your session.”

“Yes. Yes, of course,” Sarah said as she hurried to send her reminder text to Kathy. “What’s the address? Don’t let the producer leave. I’ll be there by seven!”

Sarah powered off her phone as she saw M. make some notes in the file folder she had brought in with her.

“Good. We are ready now,” stated M. “If you do not have any questions, we are ready to begin. I am going to ask you a series of questions and from now on you will not use your voice. You will simply nod up and down for yes or side to side for no and simply keep looking straight at me if you do not know the answer, OK?”

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Sarah nodded yes.

“Do you have any questions?”

“Nope.” Sarah blurted out, “Oh, sorry.” Sarah shook her head no.

“Good. Yes, you will remain silent now and I will be the only one speaking from now on. You will just listen to my voice. Are you ready for some hypnosis?” Sarah nodded yes and M. continued. “Now, remember there are no right or wrong answers to this test. It is merely a test to determine your suggestibility,” M. said as she readied herself to begin administrating the questionnaire and Sarah cleared her throat.

The whole process was so different than what Sarah had expected. M. had Sarah move the lime-green chair she was sitting on several times until it was just perfect and then instructed Sarah to sit a certain way and place her left arm on the clear, sleek desk, which Sarah did. And then she had her move her arm a little bit forward, which Sarah did and then she had her move it backwards again, which Sarah did. It was all a bit militant and not creepy at all. Sarah was confused but continued to follow directions as she was told and

nodded yes or no to the questions and kept staring at M. Coffey.

Soon Sarah lost track of following what M. was saying. The questionnaire was finished and now Sarah had her eyes closed and could feel her left hand rising up off the desk to meet her face just as M. was telling her it would do. Sarah wasn't even moving her hand at all, she was just sitting there completely relaxed and comfortable feeling like she was going to sleep.

"Good. Now open your eyes and look at me," Sarah heard M. say from somewhere far away.

Sarah could barely open her eyes but she did and followed M.'s instructions to move over to the reclining chair. Without thinking about how she was going to move, Sarah found herself easing herself onto the seat of the recliner.

She melted into the pale blue, soft, buttery, leather chair as M. moved the lever to bring it to a fully reclined position and covered Sarah with the soft lime-green blanket.

Sarah was so relaxed she found herself thinking of nothing else but being completely and utterly comfortable and relaxed. She was amazed at how

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incredibly comfortable this reclining chair was despite its strange design.

From somewhere far away Sarah heard the voice of M. Coffey speaking to her and saying, “Get comfortable, Sarah, feel your back fully supported by the chair. And uncross your legs. Close your eyes. Now begin breathing five deep breaths; and each exhale will make you more deeply relaxed, with every breath you exhale you will relax deeper and deeper on the exhalation.”

Sarah heard herself exhale and could feel herself relaxing and sinking deeper into the deliciously comfortable reclining chair. She wanted to open her eyes and look at M. but she couldn’t get the muscles of her eyes to work. No matter how hard she tried to make them open she couldn’t open her eyes so she gave up and just kept listening to M’s voice.

“Good. You’re doing perfectly, Sarah. Now after the fifth exhalation bring all your concentration to the weight of your feet. You will notice your feet become very heavy, your feet are very heavy as you bring all your attention to your feet. You begin to feel your feet growing very heavy, and this heavy relaxation in your toes to your heels to your ankles will become very pronounced. You

don't even need to try to be relaxed, your body knows exactly what to do."

Sarah felt her feet twitch a little as she really did feel her feet get heavier and heavier just as M. was saying.

"And now you are feeling this deep, heavy relaxation flow from your ankles up into the calves of your legs, feeling this heavy wave of relaxation flow from your toes through your feet and up into your legs. And you feel the heavy weight of your legs pressing down heavier and heavier into the chair as you feel your body sink deeper and deeper into the soft cushions of the chair."

Sarah could no longer hear M. Coffey's voice. She had drifted off and was now floating on a cloud. She was no longer listening to what was being said to her but she felt herself drop deeper and deeper into a state of relaxation the likes of which she had never experienced before. She felt as if she were floating on a cloud. She was floating on a cloud looking down at the top of M.'s auburn head looking to see if she had any gray hair and now Sarah was looking at herself lying next to M. on the pale blue recliner covered by the lime-green blanket. 'Why all the lime color?' she

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thought as her mind drifted and floated and heard M. speaking to her again.

“Heavier and heavier, feeling your body relax deeper and deeper...and feeling your legs relaxing deeply...deeply relaxing...and this heavy relaxation moves into the knees, as you concentrate only on my voice. You’re doing very well, Sarah. You do not even need to try to listen to my voice. And even if your conscious mind does not hear me, your subconscious mind is listening and learning and following along. As you find this deep, heavy wave of relaxation flow through your body from your feet up into your legs, heavier and heavier, flowing upwards into your thighs, pay no attention to any outside sounds, except my voice. For these outside sounds are everyday sounds of life and cannot distract or disturb you but will help you to relax more and more with every sound you hear and allow you to go even deeper into this deep, heavy relaxation.” M. Coffey continued.

Sarah was drifting away and unaware of anything going on and yet all at the same time very aware of every tiny sound and the wave machine was getting louder and louder as M.’s voice began to fade into the background. Sarah wondered if she

had fallen asleep. Was she messing up the entire session now that she could no longer hear M.? And then Sarah began to hear the sound of her breathing louder and louder as her breathing became deeper and more rhythmic.

Sarah once again began to hear the voice of M. speaking to her, this time saying, “OK, now you have an image of yourself. The finger has lifted. Now the finger will go down.”

Sarah felt her index finger of her right hand slowly move back down to rest on the armrest again. ‘That’s weird,’ Sarah thought, ‘I don’t remember raising my finger, when did that happen?’

M. continued, “Now, this is the image you have of yourself. If you have any desires to change this image, the index finger on your right hand will lift again. If you have any idea of changing this image, adding, subtracting, changing this image to anything at all, anything that you desire, your index finger on your right hand will rise and stay lifted. As soon as that index finger lifts, you’re going to create an image of how you WANT to see yourself. Very good, Sarah. Your finger is lifted, it’s indicating you want to change.

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Now, visualize and imagine exactly how you want that image to be. If you want to see yourself with more creativity. If you want to feel loved. If you want to see yourself freer. If you want to see yourself full of fun and adventure. Whatever you want to see you put into that image. You're kind of molding that image on top of the staircase."

'What staircase?!' Sarah thought. 'What have I missed in this entire session. Did I fall asleep? How is this going to work if I'm not paying attention to anything?' Normally, Sarah would start to panic a little if she was having all these thoughts but she was so relaxed and felt so comfortable and safe that she just kept relaxing and hearing her rhythmic breathing.

M. kept going on. "Because when we go down the staircase counting backwards from twenty, each count begins to represent a new suggestive idea that this is your new image. And it begins to fixate itself very deeply into your memory. And that your mind will work toward arriving at this image both subconsciously and consciously.

And now we start moving down at TWENTY, NINETEEN, EIGHTEEN, SEVENTEEN, SIXTEEN, FIFTEEN, FOURTEEN, THIRTEEN, TWELVE, ELEVEN, TEN, NINE, EIGHT,

SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE, ZERO.”

Sarah twitched a little when there was a loud noise near her head which sounded like fingers snapping, or a door unlocking or an elevator landing...she wasn't sure what the sound was but when she heard it she felt a whole new wave of relaxation and a sensation of letting go wash over her. ‘Maybe I’m dreaming and am just falling asleep deeper,’ Sarah thought, as she turned her head to the right and let out a little sigh.

“And now we’re taking it deeper,” said M. as she carefully watched Sarah to monitor her eye movements under her eyelids. The session was moving along beautifully, she thought, as she carefully paced her words and continued the patter for the remainder of the sixty-minute session.

Twenty minutes later.

“THREE. You should begin to feel yourself becoming more and more alert,” M. continued counting Sarah out of the hypnotic state.

Sarah began to hear M. counting upwards.

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“FOUR. You begin to become very aware of your eyelids, your eyes. AND FIVE is always WIDE AWAKE. EYES WIDE OPEN, WIDE AWAKE.

Just rest here for a couple of seconds before rising up,” M. concluded and sat still in her chair making a few final notes in the client folder she had created for Sarah.

Sarah was grinning widely as she opened her eyes and stretched her arms above her head. ‘What just happened?’ Sarah thought, as she said aloud through a big yawn, “Thank you.”

“Thank YOU, Sarah,” M. said in a very we-are-finished-with-the-session-now-so-we-will-both-go-our-separate-ways tone. “I was able to accommodate your request from your intake form so I will see you here two weeks from Saturday at two pm for session number two,” M. said as she made her way to the door, holding it open for Sarah to clearly get up and exit the room.

Sarah got the hint and regrettably got out of the comfortable chair, gathered her things and followed M.’s directions on how to leave through the hallway to the exit lobby. She was to follow all the arrows saying ‘exit’ and only turn left which was the way to the exit lobby.

“I’ll see you next time, Sarah,” M. said warmly as she turned on her spiked heels to make her way towards the entrance while Sarah, who was still grinning said, “Yes. Bye.”

Sarah sauntered to the left making her way towards the exit while pausing to look at each door handle and listening to hear any sounds from behind the pale painted closed doors.

As Sarah left the office, she remembered to turn her phone on so she could check her text messages by the time she got in her car.

Kathy had texted her the address to the party so Sarah replied, ‘b there in 15’.

Sarah was so incredibly relaxed that she wasn’t even nervous about missing the producer at the wrap party. It was only six thirty, of course they would still be there, why wouldn’t they be? Sarah laughed a little to herself figuring she was probably going to be one of the first to arrive at the party anyway. She was freaking out about nothing. Brian was friends with the producer, no doubt he could get Sarah and Kathy hired on for the shoot.

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Why was she always worrying so much? Sarah was relaxed and full of calm energy for the rest of the night. She was actually looking forward to what new challenges would be coming her way in the near future.

Sarah was strangely positive in a newfound kind of way.

CHAPTER 10

WEDNESDAY OCT 22

Brian's mystery producer friend had turned out to be his fiancée. Sarah and Kathy both loved her instantly upon their meeting. She was a tiny, dark-haired, feisty girl from Japan named Keiko, who seemed to adore Brian. Keiko immediately hired Sarah and Kathy at the wrap party where they had all met. The pre-production for this new, hot film was drawing to an end and Keiko was cutting it close on hiring some of her crew. Keiko hadn't worried about finding a script supervisor or makeup artist since Brian had been telling her that Sarah and Kathy were on board for them.

This new film that Sarah and Kathy were now working on was indeed a high budget blockbuster

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full of big names, big gunfire, and an onslaught of blood and killing. It was Sarah's least favorite kind of film. Kathy, however, was in her element anytime she got to work with blood and trauma-related makeup.

The film was in pre-production and the crew was getting ready to set up the shooting schedule and begin filming after the Thanksgiving holiday on November 27.

Sarah, with her superb organizational skills and extreme nervousness, did not let anyone or anything prevent her from doing her job in less than half the time like most script supervisors did. This deadline was not a problem for her. Sarah had a strong work ethic and overwhelming need to always over-prepare and follow through on things, which is the reason why she always had work plus the fact that she was a workaholic.

Sarah's job in pre-production was to use the script to create reports and a one-line continuity sentence for each scene, such as time of day, day in the order of the story and a synopsis of the scene. Sarah found herself writing 'blood splattered everywhere' over and over again for each scene. Which meant she was going to have to be very accurate in taking notes and precisely

diagramming where each splatter of blood was to be for each scene.

Once Sarah came on board and started putting together all her reports and script notes which would end up being in her production book, the days seem to fly by and soon they would be shooting. Pre-production was when complete organization and focus were needed, so that production would go smoothly. Sarah was a whiz in pre-production and her reputation was strong in the film community.

Thankfully, the editing for the very B-movie film which just wrapped was going to be done by the editor, and the director himself. This was odd since usually Sarah's job with a film wasn't completed until the editing was done but she didn't even ask why. She just gladly handed over her very thorough production book to the director. The director thanked Sarah and asked her if he could call her if he had questions. She had said sure and thought at the time that he looked like he was being punished for something by being made to work with the editor on his own. "Good luck, call me anytime," Sarah had said at the handoff of the notes meeting. "Thanks. I wish I could have you help me," the director said sadly,

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and lit his cigar as he waved his hand at Sarah muttering, “don’t say anything, I KNOW, I’m not supposed to be smoking.”

The new film Sarah was hired for was a Western period piece with lots of horses and gunfights and an odd twist to it. Sarah kept trying to get a handle on how this film was meant to work as she continued going over the script and memorizing it. It was a weird movie, not something Sarah would ever want to see. She figured it was going to gross millions though, because of the names attached and, of course, all the killing and blood involved.

Sarah never understood how Hollywood was able to get away with putting out gun-based movies when there was such a problem with senseless gun killings in the world these days. She liked to believe there was a better way to live, where people cultivated their brain power more than their fighting power. In Sarah’s perfect world, people honored the natural world full of nature; animals and humans recognizing that everything belonged to everything. If Sarah had her way, everyone would respect one another with true compassion and love and try to live in a graceful manner every moment of every day. Well, this

had been what she attempted every New Year and by September she always found that she was failing miserably, along with the rest of humanity.

Sarah sighed as she kept rereading the script to fill out her forms, seeing that the main continuity she was going to be keeping track of during this film were gunshots, explosions and blood patterns, lots of blood patterns. This was going to be a tough but fulfilling gig and no time for napping, like the last B-movie she did.

A new hot-shot screenwriter, fresh off a film festival winning high, had modernized Sam Peckinpah's 1969 'The Wild Bunch'. For its time, this film was notorious for breaking the ceiling for violence on film and slow-motion slaughter, yet it was tame in today's world. This remake was going to break the ceiling on violence even further.

Sarah was grateful to be working on the film but it was the very kind of film style that she really disliked. Sarah was a Romantic Comedy kind of girl and not at all into blood, guts and gore. The bright side of this film was that there were horses on set almost every day and lots of 'cowboy' actors, which she was looking forward to. It would remind her of Montana, she thought. Sarah loved the pre-production schedule and the

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fact that she could ride her bike to the production offices in Santa Monica which were just a few blocks away from her place on Ashland. Every night, after work, she rode down to the boardwalk to watch the sunset and then cycled home. She never did see the Scottish accented tarot reader again. ‘Just as well,’ she thought, ‘the reading never came true. Where is this new love she had promised me?’

“I wouldn’t say this is exactly the type of period piece I was hoping for but I do love the gallons of blood it looks like we’re going to go through,” Kathy said to Sarah as they ate their lunches. They were sitting out under the trees on one of the concrete tables and benches they had grabbed while the crew broke for lunch.

“What were you wanting? More Victorian? Or, lemme guess, you love the twenties, right?” Sarah said as she picked all the sprouts out of her tuna fish sandwich making it half the size of what it was.

“Why don’t you like those?” Kathy said with a mouthful of yogurt.

“The twenties? No, I do, not so much the hairdos, though.” Sarah bit into her sandwich.

“YOU have a hairdo from the twenties,” Kathy laughed, “No, the sprouts. You always order the same thing and then just sit there and pick them out. Why don’t you just try to eat them and save the hassle. Or say ‘no sprouts’.”

“I know. I hate the hair. I hate my hair. I even bought some Rogaine the other day hoping it will grow faster,” Sarah said between chews, “yeah, you’re right, I don’t think I’d like them though, and it’s relaxing picking them out...”

“You never told me where you went the other night before the wrap?” Kathy interrupted.

“...kind of like saying grace or something,” Sarah finished her thought about sprouts.

Sarah continued pulling out the last of the sprouts, ignoring Kathy.

“Where’d you go?” Kathy asked, pointing at Sarah with her spoon.

Sarah took a huge bite of her sandwich and motioned with her fingers that her mouth was full and she was, therefore, unable to answer.

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Kathy rolled her eyes. “Hey, Saturday you’re coming to play golf with me ‘n Roger and his friend. It’ll be fun and don’t say no.”

“Errrm, I dunno, golf? Really?” Sarah swallowed and sighed then took another bite and kept eating. They only had a few more minutes of lunch and she was hoping she could get out of telling Kathy about her hypnotherapy session by the end of it.

“Yes. Golf,” Kathy said emphatically. “It’s something we can all do as we grow old and rickety. I think you’re really going to like his friend. Now swallow that and before you take another bite tell me where you went the other night. I need to know if you’re dating on the sly and not telling me.” Kathy grinned, hoping this was the case. “Oh, god, you didn’t go see Billy, did you?” Kathy’s grin immediately faded when she said this and dramatically set her empty yogurt carton and spoon down on the concrete slab table.

“Oh, so you’re setting me up again, I dunno, two strikes already,” Sarah teased. She was actually liking being set up on these dates by Kathy. Even though they turned out to be duds, she was actually forgetting about Billy. “What’s his name?

If it ends with an 'ie' or 'y', I'm not going," smiled Sarah. "No, it wasn't Billy."

"John. His name is John. How's that for nice, strong, reliable and grown up?" Kathy said as she gathered her stuff and stood up to throw her trash away. "Please tell me."

"I had a hypnotherapy session," Sarah murmured. "Claudia gave a few to me." Sarah shoved more sandwich into her mouth followed by one sprout to see what it tasted like.

"What? Hypnotherapy is that the same as hypnosis? Why can't you just meditate or something, Sarah? Or yoga?" Kathy started to head over to another table after saying, "You're going Saturday and that's the end of it. I'll see you back inside and hear more about this hypnosis stuff. Golfing, Saturday!"

"I dunno, you guys don't want to play with someone who doesn't know how to golf, do you?" Sarah said to her remaining bite of sandwich as Kathy had run off to talk to art department guys that she would be working closely with this shoot. "I do yoga," Sarah kept murmuring as she began putting sprouts back in her sandwich.

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With her mouth full, Sarah saw that her phone was ringing silently on the table in front of her. When it fully registered in her brain, she saw that it was Brenden, who rarely called her but maybe once or twice a year. Nervous that something may be wrong she answered the phone with her mouth full. “Uhuhm,” Sarah murmured and began to swallow unchewed food. “Sarah? Are you trapped underground somewhere out there in Smell A?” Brenden said jokingly.

“Hey, Brenden. Nope, just finishing eating lunch. What’s up?” Sarah good-naturedly replied with food still in her mouth.

‘Oh, nothing, just wanted to call my favorite sister and see how everything was going out there.’

“Your only sister,” Sarah corrected him. “How’s Ryan?” she said, hoping nothing bad had happened to her nephew.

“Good. Good. Good. Everything’s good, just calling to see when you’re coming back home,” Brenden said nonchalantly.

Sarah rolled her eyes as she finished her iced green tea and noticed the rest of the crew heading back inside. “Oh, that’s good. Hey, listen, lunch

just ended. I gotta get back inside, we got a production meeting starting up.”

“Hollywood smollywood,” Brenden murmured. He hated Hollywood and all the glitz and schmaltziness that went along with it.

“I gotta go. Thanks for the birthday card – I’ll call ya later, Bren.” Sarah hung up and rushed back inside irritated that she had answered Brenden’s call and tired of him bugging her to ‘come back home’.

“I am home,” she thought.

The crew settled back in around the huge table in the big conference room with a view of the ocean. Sarah slides into her seat next to Kathy and hands her a generous bag of yogurt-covered pretzels she had brought from home.

Kathy leans over and says, “I don’t understand why you put yourself through all this New Age stuff, Sarah. Just get out there and live, Sarah. Keep dating.”

Sarah pops a yogurt-covered pretzel in her mouth from the bag she had brought for herself and sips

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her coffee to avoid answering. Sarah looks at Kathy and shrugs.

“You need to learn how to flirt. That’s the problem,” Kathy says, as she places her bag of yogurt pretzels next to her giant canteen of water and gets ready to take notes.

“What’s this hypnosis stuff supposed to do anyways?” Kathy genuinely asks.

“I’m not sure, really. Claudi gave me a package of six past life regression sessions,” she says as she shrugs again, less information given to Kathy was always a good policy. Thankfully, the meeting was about to begin so everyone was slowly stopping talking and getting ready to focus.

“What was it like, though?!” Kathy squeezes Sarah’s arm.

Sarah leans in and speaks very mysteriously as the lights are being turned out for the PowerPoint presentation they are about to watch begins. “It was the most relaxed I have ever been. In my entire life.” Sarah leans back with a smile and a nod.

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“Six sessions?” Kathy repeats and shakes her head laughing as the presentation begins, “...to be relaxed.”

CHAPTER 11

SATURDAY OCT 25

“Sarah. You can’t golf in those,” Kathy gasped as Sarah walked towards her in the parking lot of Westchester Golf Course.

Kathy, Roger, John and Sarah had agreed to meet up and play a round of golf. They were to start play at the Super Twilight hour which was four thirty pm and then go grab something to eat afterwards at the Prince O’Wales pub down the street. The guys were inside settling up and getting the carts and scorecards while Kathy stayed in the parking lot wanting to prep Sarah once again before meeting John.

Kathy also wanted to double-check Sarah's outfit since she had a feeling it wasn't going to be golf course code approved. Kathy was right, it wasn't.

Sarah had golfed once before but had forgotten all about the strict dress code. She was dressed perfectly for the pub afterwards but definitely wrong for the round of golf. She had decided to wear her dark olive, denim-like cargo pants with pockets and ties everywhere. She picked her wide, chestnut brown belt which she thought looked gorgeous with her matching distressed pair of brown three-inch heel leather wedges which could pass for boots.

On top, Sarah had thought since it had been warm all day, she could get away with a light crème colored, cotton camisole and her brown and crème cashmere button-up sweater vest with the huge faux fur foxlike collar. The vest was very low-cut so Sarah was happy to be able to wear four of her favorite necklaces.

She had placed her long twenty-four-inch silver necklace with the silver hawk and turquoise stone first, followed by her chunkier eighteen-inch silver chain and big silver, etched, sundial pendant next. A more delicate sixteen-inch silver necklace with a tiny Grecian coin hanging from it

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was next, followed by an even more delicate - barely there - thirteen-inch gold strand with a miniscule single diamond dangling from it. The diamond necklace matched her delicate gold diamond earrings.

On her left arm Sarah wore a collection of about thirteen leather bracelets mixed in with some turquoise and silver cuffs and gold bangles. On her fingers she wore an index finger turquoise-stoned silver ring which was not unlike the ring she wore on the middle finger of her left hand and thumb. She had decided to keep her right arm and hand bare in case she had to wear one of those golf gloves she had vaguely remembered wearing the time she had golfed before.

In case she got cold, Sarah had thought to pop an army green cap on her head and had made sure her hair was dry, which made it frizz a little. Sarah hung onto the strap of her light cognac colored sling bag which she had slung over her right shoulder with the bag part riding on her backside.

Sarah looked like she had just walked off the set of a Mad Max movie, minus the weaponry.

Shaking her head and muttering to herself, Kathy hurriedly dug through the bag of clothes she had

brought along just in case Sarah had dressed like she normally dressed.

“Hey. What’re you doing?” Sarah said a little out of breath since she had to park further away from the entrance than Kathy and Roger had.

“Getting something for you to wear!” Kathy said hurriedly as she handed Sarah a pink collared golf shirt and grey plaid capri golf pants. “They won’t let you on the course in that, c’mon hurry up, no one will see you change your pants, just hurry.”

“Oh, no. Are you serious?” Sarah sighed.

“Take your fur off, too. Just put this shirt over all that,” Kathy waved circles around all Sarah’s jewelry, “and take off all the jingly stuff,” she said. Looking at her wedge boots, “I DO love those wedges but you’re going to kill yourself if you make it two steps on the course in those, do you have any running shoes in your car? Gimme the keys, I’ll go get them.”

“Yeah, in the back.” Sarah obligingly stood between Kathy’s open front and rear car door as she handed her car keys to Kathy and began changing into the golf capris which turned out to

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be big long pants on Sarah. Kathy was tall and Sarah was very short.

Sarah looked ridiculous in the golf outfit, now that she had her bright orange running shoes on with the pink shirt, grey plaid pants cuffed up and Roger's forest-green fleece jacket tied around her waist and her army green cap. Sarah was thankful that Kathy had brought something for her to wear especially the jacket part because the twilight hours turned out be chilly, the fur vest would never have been enough.

Sarah and John seemed to hit it off nicely despite the clown suit that Sarah felt like she was wearing. She actually did okay playing the game and everyone was having a good time.

Kathy was relieved and even commented, "This is great, now we can all golf together and do tournaments!" Kathy was keen for competition and an avid golfer.

John was nice. He was similar in looks to Sarah - if someone didn't know better they may even think they were related. They even had the same sort of gray hair patterning going on - Sarah had noticed but didn't mention. Kathy had filled Sarah in that he was a couple of years older than

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Sarah, had never been married but had one grown son who lived and worked in Japan. John was a co-worker of Roger's. They both worked in the tech industry doing programming and consulting - whatever those jobs really meant. And he was loaded because of some sort of invention he had made when he was in his thirties but as Kathy didn't understand what it was, she had told Sarah that she could figure that one on her own.

The golf game was uneventful and by the time they had finished the round, the sun had set and they were all ready to eat.

Finally, when they had all found parking by the pub in Playa del Rey, they headed in and immediately ordered burgers and baskets of French fries.

"Nothing better than good greasy pub food," John said as all their food arrived.

"Quesadillas. Quesadillas are better but this place is a very close second," Sarah said happily.

Sarah was surprised that the day had turned out so fun and that she was having a good time. She liked John. He was very handsome but definitely

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not the type of handsome that she usually got all wound up about. She liked him though. It felt like she was hanging out with an old friend she had known for a long time, very easy to be with. He was nice.

So, Kathy had set her up on a good date, Sarah thought, 'Maybe third times a charm, after all.'

It was a Sunday night and all the televisions in the bar were set to different channels so all the sports fans could get their fill of the last-minute recaps of the weekend's sporting events. Roger and John were glued to the screen above their table which was on the golf channel. They were avid golfers and turns out pretty good teachers of the game, too. Sarah was looking forward to possibly seeing John again and improving her golf playing ability.

Sarah and Kathy were talking to each other about the upcoming film they were working on and how weird it was that Brian had never mentioned anything about a girlfriend and now, all of a sudden, he had a fiancée.

From the outside looking in, it seemed as if these two couples had been going out together for years.

Sarah and John said goodbye to Roger and Kathy in front of the pub as the couples went in opposite directions to their cars. As John walked Sarah to her car, he told her how great it was to meet her and that he'd love to see her again.

"Do you like to cycle the boardwalk?" John asked, as their arms brushed each other's comfortably.

"DO I?!" Sarah said, much too eagerly. "THAT is my absolute favorite thing to do on Sundays." She didn't know why she threw in the word Sundays, now it sounded like she was fishing for a date tomorrow. 'Way to be coy,' Sarah mentally berated herself.

"Yeah." John laughed, hopefully thinking she was humorous and not desperate. "Well, tomorrow's Sunday. Let's ride," he continued cheerfully.

Sarah marveled at how easy this entire day had been with him. No nervousness, no uncertainty or timidity on Sarah's part, wondering if he liked her or not or if she was good enough for him. He was nothing at all like Billy.

At Sarah's car they exchanged phone numbers and Sarah gave him her address. John was to meet at her place on Ashland tomorrow at noon

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(they had laughed saying high noon) with his bike in his truck and they would ride together from there to the beach.

“It’s a date then,” John beamed and kissed Sarah’s cheek lightly as she blushed and got in her car saying, “See you tomorrow.”

“Hummmmm,” Sarah sighed, as she drove up Lincoln to her apartment. That was lovely and tomorrow will be fun. She was looking forward to it and actually felt a tiny stream of happiness begin to seep inside of her.

As Sarah was ready for sleep, she decided to see which Angel card was presiding over this meeting with John. ‘Or maybe I should ask which Angel John is to me,’ she thought, as she began to confuse herself as to what to ask.

Sarah sat upright in her bed and took three deep breathes and said aloud, “Now. Which Angel will help me with the new relationship with John?”

She shuffled and cut the deck of cards over and over again getting all her energy in the cards and focusing on her question, repeating it over and over again aloud.

“Which Angel will help me with the new relationship with John?”

“Which Angel will help me with the new relationship with John?”

“Which Angel will help me with the new relationship with John?”

Sarah had given up trying to find the Oracle deck she had played with when she was young with her mother. About fifteen years ago she had tried looking for them again by going into every occult store on the Westside and had settled on the Angels of Atlantis Oracle Cards by Stewart Pearce. She liked the cards and took them out every so often when she felt like she wanted to connect with her mother. Reading the Jophiel card always made her feel better.

“Which Angel will help me with the new relationship with John?” Sarah said for the last time as she fanned the cards out on her bed and pulled a “Zaphkiel....Compassion”.

“Hmmm, I never get this card. Maybe I’m getting more compassionate,” Sarah laughed as she read the description.

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“Zaphkiel is aware of the deep level of compassion that radiates from your heart at this time. The Oracle of Compassion is one of the highest vibrational influences in the forty-four card representations, and is only chosen when there is a notion currently formulated within the individual who beseeches something from the Oracle. Is this because you sense the depth of compassion exuding from yourself at this time, as you elevate the suffering of others? Or are you in need of developing this soulful quality in relation to self or other? Wherever you may be, whatever the myriad situations of your life may be revealing, know that the Angel of Sacred Love is supporting you and drawing the cosmic ray of unconditional love and compassion through you. This is a high calling, and only occurs when the individual is duly ready for the accruing of blessings, or for feeling compassion as a blessed virtue. Look at the lives of the Holy Ones. For example, what does his Holiness the Dalai Lama teach you through his compassion? Chant Om Mane Padme Hum while identifying compassion in your heart as it radiates throughout the world.”¹

¹ Angels of Atlantis Oracle Cards by Stewart Pearce

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Sarah put the cards away in their box and slid it under her bed as she chanted Om Mane Padme Hum a few times.

‘Hmm. So, what does all that mean? Is John compassion or am I to show him compassion?’

“I just want to know if I should be going out with him or not,” Sarah said aloud as she picked up her phone to turn it off and saw there was a text from Billy, “U up?”

Sarah turned her phone off, turned out the light and slid further down into her bed as she thought of Billy and why John couldn’t be Billy.

John was nice but Billy, well, Billy was Billy and she was still hooked on him.

Without any warning Sarah began to cry and she just let the tears come until they decided to stop and sleep took over.

CHAPTER 12

THURSDAY NOV 6

“So, how are you and John doing?” Kathy says, as she eagerly awaits details of Sarah’s love life which she feels responsible for saving, by setting her up with John. Kathy thinks John is a great catch and that he and Sarah are perfect for each other. John is handsome, rich, reliable and loves to golf. What more could a girl want?

“Good. Hey, thanks for introducing me to him,” Sarah replies tonelessly. It’s Thursday and they’re still at the production offices in Santa Monica. Today there is lots of downtime because it is a casting day. Casting days are fun, not only is it interesting to see all the eager potential actors show up for their auditions but good for Kathy

and Sarah to have some low-stress workdays like today.

From Kathy's point of view, she was hoping to catch up with Sarah about this hypnosis nonsense and hear some juicy details about John.

Sarah was quietly hoping she could practice the self-hypnosis technique that M. Coffey had taught her at her second hypnotherapy session and avoid Kathy's questions.

"Well, it doesn't *sound* great," Kathy said with her enquiring eyes wide and eyebrows raised. "How many times have you gone out now? You like him, right?"

Sarah made a few notes on her iPad before saying, "Oh, yeah, he's great. Really. Yeah, I like him. He's really nice."

"Well, that's not a good sign, when someone is really nice, is it?" Irritated with Sarah, Kathy kept prying. "Why don't you like him? You DID go out again, right?"

"I DO like him, Kath," Sarah said with as much earnestness as she could muster. Kathy was always able to tell when Sarah was holding

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something back, no matter how hard Sarah tried to pretend otherwise. “Sunday we biked the boardwalk and had something to eat.”

“You have to tell me. I don’t understand what you could possibly not like about him,” Kathy challenged. These two had been friends for so long that Kathy knew when Sarah wanted to tell her something but would only do so when Kathy demanded the information from her. It was weird, Kathy knew this, but it was one of Sarah’s many quirks. “What is it?”

“Oh, it’s nothing really.” Sarah carefully looked for the words to explain and then just blurted out, “I pulled the Zaphkiel, Compassion card for him.” As she showed Kathy the Zaphkiel card from the deck of cards she had been holding and shuffling for the past fifteen minutes.

“Oh, c’mon. You can’t be serious,” Kathy half laughed but was more irritated than amused as she took the card from Sarah’s outstretched arm. “Lemme see this, look, it’s a great card. Very red and full of lust and passion. There’s a man on the card so that’s a good...,” Kathy was interrupted by Sarah. “Yeah, but he’s some kind of priest or monk or something and the interpretation doesn’t say anything about new love, it just talks

of being compassionate. It indicates nothing about lovers or new love,” Sarah whined as she took the card back and shoved it in the deck and continued shuffling them slowly and methodically.

“YOU are being ridiculous. You like him, right? That’s all you need to know and just keep going out with him,” Kathy chided, “and stop playing around with these whacky cards all the time. And that hypnosis stuff, what’s happening with that? Is it screwing you up, too?”

“I know, I know, I’m not saying I’m not going to keep going out with him, it’s just I don’t know.” Sarah had drifted a little so was now just in the mood to ramble on about things. She rarely was a nonstop talker but sometimes when she got on a roll she just kept going, and this was one of those times.

“The hypnotherapy is really great, nothing like the tarot you know, you would probably like it, too. A lot of elite athletes use it. Hey, you may want to try it for golfing, I hear it’s great for that.” Sarah kept talking without waiting for Kathy to say anything. Kathy was listening but at the same time staring out the one-way window facing the hall which was giving her a perfect view of all the

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‘talent’ squirming before they were called into the casting room to audition.

“My second session was even better than the first one. I actually experienced a few past lives. M. gave me a recording of it. I need to listen to it again,” Sarah said and stopped talking.

Kathy sighed, knowing she was going to have to demand the rest of the story be told before it actually was. “What happened? What is an M? Can you tell me what happened in the session or do I have to drag it out of you? What sort of past life did you experience? Now, this is sounding good.” Kathy tried not to tease knowing that would stop Sarah from telling her what had happened.

“Really? You really want to hear it?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, yeah, c’mon, tell me, go ahead. I won’t interrupt or say anything mean, promise.” Kathy grinned.

“OK. So, M. Coffer is my hypnotherapist,” Sarah began and was immediately interrupted by Kathy.

“Male or female?” Kathy quizzed.

“M is a she. So, she took me through the beginning hypnosis part and it is so relaxing you really must try it some time.” Kathy nodded a couple times but stayed quiet so Sarah would finish and stop stalling.

“So, first she had me go back in time in this lifetime. Oh but first, I forgot, before we began the session, she told me a little more about past lives and how they work.” Sarah paused to remember what M had told her while Kathy resisted the urge to smack her and get her to get on with the story already.

“Oh, right, so M said once our soul separates from the energy of creation it goes through many incarnations and numerous lifetimes, some of which we may remember and some which we may never recall. During these lifetimes we may interact with the same souls over and over again until we each learn the lessons we must learn from each other. And sometimes we may carry past wounds or traumas from a past life into our current one and this may cause problems or hold us back in some way or another. By using past life regression therapy, we may be able to sort out these traumas or lessons and free ourselves up to live a more pure life in our current incarnation.

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And when we have learned all our lessons or lived all our lives, we eventually all return to the energy of creation. Or something like that, I don't remember exactly what she said but that's the gist of it." Sarah paused again waiting for a response from Kathy.

"Oh, I see. OK. So what happened in your session? What lifetime did you experience?" Kathy tried to say calmly and seriously.

Sarah began at the beginning again. "So, first she had me go back in time in this lifetime, to something simple like a birthday party, playing with the horses in Montana or something I remembered clearly and then she had me go back to a time many lifetimes ago. Now, this was when I was hypnotized so I can't really tell you exactly what she said or what I said, I'm just summarizing.

So, I was to just let myself go wherever without planning for it and I was just drifting and floating around until she told me to go to a lifetime many years before my current lifetime. I was to simply allow it to come without trying to force anything, just allow the images to come. And once I was there I would know it and I was to look down at

my feet and tell her what my feet looked like and what was on my feet, if anything.

It was really weird because I didn't think I was going to be able to speak but when I looked down at my feet I saw that I had very white slipper-like socks with the big toe and second toe sewn separately so they could fit comfortably in my flip-flop-like wooden sandals. Now she had me tell her everything about myself and who I was with. She asked me a bunch of questions but I'll just tell you what I remember now."

"Yes, do that please." Kathy smiled at Sarah as she finally seemed to be getting to the point and continued.

"So, apparently I was Japanese! It was a Japanese lifetime from ages ago. I never did figure out the time period but I was very young, maybe twelve or thirteen, and was being forced to marry my cousin who was fifteen and I hated him. He hated me too and wanted to marry another girl who he loved but it was forbidden. I don't know why we were being forced to get married, something to do with money or land, it wasn't very clear. We lived in some sort of huge castle, the name of which began with an O. I was unhappy to marry him also because that would mean I could never fall in

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love with someone on my own. Everyone was miserable and very sad. When I started saying how sad I was, M asked me if I recognized anyone from my current lifetime in this lifetime. I didn't at first but then I kind of recognized Brenden as being my younger sister in that lifetime. Her name was Karu. She was trying to find a way to change my father's mind and let her marry our cousin instead because she didn't want me to be so sad but he refused to consider her idea - it had to be me to marry him in order for the money to be exchanged.

And that's all for that one. Then M guided me back to drifting and floating and to go back even further to a past lifetime which may be impacting my current love situation in this lifetime.

Oh, I forgot to tell you I had told M I wanted to clear out any old problems which were preventing me from having a healthy, loving relationship in this lifetime, and wanted to find out who Billy was in a past life if I could find him."

"Naturally. Good idea, continue," Kathy said as she nodded her head up and down becoming interested in the weird story which was unfolding but not at all believing in any of it.

“So, I was to just let myself go wherever without planning for it and I was just drifting and floating around until she told me to go to a lifetime many years before my current lifetime. I was to simply allow it to come without trying to force anything, just allow the images to come. And once I was there, I would know it and I was to look down at my feet and tell her what my feet looked like and what was on my feet, if anything.” Sarah repeated the same thing again. She felt it important to have Kathy experience how it was that she would go back and find each lifetime.

“When I looked down at my feet, I couldn’t see them because I was wearing long, ground-length white and blue robes covering them. I was shocked when I heard my voice which was so different from what it is now normally. It was kind of high-pitched and somewhat ethereal. It was all very strange. So, M told me to lift up the robes and look at my feet and tell her what was on my feet. So, I lifted the robes and saw that I was wearing a very primitive sort of sandal but not even a proper sandal, just some sort of leather on the sole of my foot with a kind of leather strap around the top of my foot and tied around my ankle.”

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“Now THAT sounds exactly like something you would wear,” Kathy couldn’t resist the urge to say something.

Sarah ignored her and continued. “It was me but it wasn’t me, you know. I was gorgeous and didn’t look anything like I do now but it was me. I was really tall too, my legs seemed to go on forever. I was wearing a long, white, silky, sleeveless gown with this really beautiful lilac gauze type of fabric draped as a big cape in the back which wrapped under my arms and tied in an elaborate knot near my belly button and then flowed down to my feet in two five-inch wide sashes which fluttered when I walked.”

“Again, sounds like something you would wear. Not so much the long dress but the flowy sashes. Yes, I can definitely see you in something like that.” Kathy was trying so hard not to interrupt but she couldn’t help it.

Sarah sighed loudly. “Then, I had a beautiful sapphire blue sash around my waist with a gold pin of some sort. I think it was some sort of serpent which attached another piece of the same sapphire material which looped down to my right knee and wrapped around my back, up under the lilac material and was attached on top of that with

another gold pin, which was in the form of a dolphin. I was really beautiful and I had long, dark red, shimmering hair with translucent white skin and pale, turquoise-blue eyes. It was me but I looked nothing like myself in this life.” Sarah paused and Kathy stayed silent.

“It was really weird. M said to tell her what my age was but I had no idea. It was like I was very old but at the same time ageless.”

Kathy blurted out, “Kinda like you are now.”

Sarah laughed, “Yes, exactly as I am now, ha. My name was Rithescel in this lifetime and I was Atlantean, from Atlantis, living as a very strong woman of nobility. I don’t even know if there was such a thing as nobility during that time but it was millions of years ago and I was living in that lifetime as Rithescel for thousands of years. Ageless.”

“Atlantis. You were Atlantean, like those little cards you keep messing around with? But don’t you think it’s just because of those cards that you’re thinking you had a past life during that time?” Kathy regretted saying this as soon as she saw the dejected and forlorn expression spread across Sarah’s face. “No. You’re right. I’m sorry.

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Continue. You probably have those cards today because you are from that lifetime anyways. OK, continue.” Kathy could speak New Age with the best of them when she wanted to but she was definitely a non-believer.

Sarah cheered up a little at Kathy’s last sentence and continued. “I was alive, or as in this lifetime we simply said am or part of all that is, for 200,000 plus years. I was to exist through all the periods of time on Atlantis as we went through all our various periods of resetting ourselves. I was lucky enough to be part of the original Atlantean beings but did not survive through to the fifth and final stage, which has been coined the Golden Age of Atlantis. I don’t know what happened to me or how I ended this lifetime. The part which was most vivid and which I saw during this hypnosis session was with my father. He had fallen out of accord with source and connection to our God creator. He was attached to prestige and all the surface trappings of royalty which is why he was called away, leaving me to follow out his dying wishes of marrying for wealth. I don’t know how I knew all of this. I just blurted it all out in a very strange voice. I need to listen to the recording of it again to remember more. Anyways, I looked it

up and supposedly Atlantis lasted from 250,000 BC to 10,000 BC.”

“No idea,” Kathy said in fascination of how ardently Sarah believed what she was saying, obviously she had been reading too many books about Atlantis, “and then what happened?”

Sarah continued in a wistful voice. “I was so happy in this past life in Atlantis until my father’s illness and subsequent death. I was a strong girl of nobility who loved and was loved back by her soul mate.”

Kathy noted silently that Sarah had already said this once.

“The feeling was incredible, to know that I was completely enraptured in love with my soul mate who I adored and who showered me with returning love and kindness. We had been lovers since we were toddlers and allowed to play together. He had been my nanny’s child so we were inseparable. His name was Tolbe. We repeatedly told each other over and over again how much we loved each other and would be together forever.

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We grew up loving each other and telling each other that nothing could ever break us apart from each other. We believed this and grew up happy without any sort of restrictions or fear of ever being unloved or lonely.”

“That really IS beautiful.” Kathy was unknowingly being lulled by the story.

“As Rithescel, or as I became an adult, I was forced by my family to marry someone else in order to keep our royalty, land and power. My father was dying and since he had no sons, he forced me on his deathbed to marry this other man with land and money so my mother and younger sisters will be cared for. If I do not marry this older noble man from a neighboring island, we will lose everything when my father dies. Sad, right?” Sarah asks Kathy. Sarah was repeating parts of the story again but Kathy didn’t point that out to her.

“Terribly. What island? Where were you?” Kathy nods and agrees hoping Sarah will get to the point and finish the story soon because she’s going to have to go back into the casting room in a few minutes. “Then what?” Kathy motions to her watch when saying this.

“Atlantis. The island I was on was called Poseida. Then, turns out, Brenden is actually my father from that lifetime. Always ordering me around and keeping me from finding love in that lifetime and in this one too.”

“How... never mind, keep going.” Kathy is beginning to lose interest but still wants to hear the end of the story. How in the hell is Brenden keeping her from love when she barely sees him and he’s miles away in Montana? Kathy always thought Brenden was super supportive and nice to Sarah whenever she had gone back to MT to visit with her.

“So, you see, I obviously have unresolved issues with Brenden from this past life time which I must resolve in order to move on with freedom and clarity in this lifetime,” Sarah rationalized. “And, hopefully, I will be able to deal with him now in a more constructive manner. But I don’t think it’s working yet. I ended up yelling at him the other day on the phone when he called to me about coming home for Thanksgiving. You see, Brenden has an extreme need to be in control.”

“Is that what this M woman told you?” Kathy asked.

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“No. Oh, no. I just googled some info on what to do with traumas from past lives,” Sarah replied.

Kathy covertly rolled her eyes and said, “Ah, gotcha. So, what happened next? Does this lifetime have an ending to it?”

Sarah took a moment to remember what else happened and continued on. “So my father, who is about to die any second, tells me everything will be fine. He tells me I will learn to love the assigned husband as much as I have loved my playmate all these years. You must leave your childhood playmate and must grow up and not believe in fairytales. He goes on to say I must be responsible and do the right thing. He tells me not to resist. I will have many other lifetimes to be with my playmate and if it is true love, we will be reunited when the time is right. And then my father dies and I am set to marry the assigned man. And then this lifetime disappeared. It just vanished so M guided me on to the next lifetime. I was moving quickly floating and drifting through time and next I am in a country setting in the beautiful moors of Ireland, herding goats.

YOU were with me and so was Brenden. We were all brothers around the same age - in our teens - who worked together raising goats.”

“A goat herder, fantastic!” Kathy was excited a little to hear she was in this lifetime. “And what happened?”

“That’s it. The next thing I knew, M was counting me back up and out of hypnosis. I wonder if there’s more that I’m not remembering. I need to go home and listen to my recording tonight,” Sarah said in a wondering sort of voice.

Sarah was thinking aloud now and probably should have stayed silent but she volunteered. “See, in this Atlantean lifetime I was so in love and full of feelings of love toward Tolbe that I want that in this lifetime. I don’t feel any of that with John. I feel some of that with Billy but not really because he’s not in love with me. But I would think I should feel some of that with John...” Sarah was cut off by Kathy saying in a stern voice, “You just met him, Sarah. You can’t be serious. Have you guys even kissed or had sex? What have you done? Played golf and biked the boardwalk.” Kathy wasn’t able to hide her irritation with Sarah now.

“Oh, I know, shhhh, I know. I was just talking out loud, that’s all. Sorry. I like him. I really do like John, Kathy.” Sarah was so sorry she had said

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anything and braced herself for the rest of the scolding to come.

“You’re comparing a real-life person who you can actually touch, to some mythical fairytale from a hypnosis session?! Unbelievable. This doesn’t even make sense, Sarah. Can you hear yourself right now?”

“I know, I know. I’m just trying to explain to you how I feel. I’m still going to go out with him. I like him. I really do like him. He’s nice. Just forget I said anything, OK, please?”

“Stop saying he’s so nice, his ears must be ringing by now.” Kathy laughed, “Start saying he’s so handsome, which he really is, you know.”

“I know. He’s so handsome.” Sarah smiled and started shuffling her cards again.

The PA tapped Kathy on the shoulder and told her the casting director wanted to see her.

“Real life, Sarah. Focus on the real-life guy, Sarah,” Kathy said as she got up to head towards the casting room.

Sarah was glad Kathy was called away by the casting director. She was tired of talking.

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She needed some sort of positive reinforcement so she decided to text Claudia. Claudia was always positive and good for a boost of self- confidence whenever Sarah needed one.

She sent Claudia a series of texts:

“Clauuuudiiii! Thanks so much for the fantastic birthday gift of the past life regression sessions. I absolutely love them!”

“I have another one next Saturday. I’ll let you know what happens in it.”

“Oh, and I started dating someone Kathy set me up with, he’s teaching me to golf!” Widemouthed shocking emoji followed by two red hearts and a cat face with heart eyes.

Claudia responded immediately:

“I’m so happy for you! I want to hear all about it, call you ltr.”

“Love you! You deserve a great guy. I can’t wait to hear all about him.”

Sarah smiled. That made her feel better even though ‘call you ltr’ could mean hours, days or

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weeks from now but it still felt good to hear something positive from her old friend.

CHAPTER 13

SATURDAY NOV 08

Sarah had woken up far too early for a Saturday. She had gone for a long beach run, prepared and eaten breakfast with coffee, cleaned the bathroom, showered, started a load of laundry and it was only 8.30 in the morning. She had even turned on the ringer on her phone in case John wanted to be spontaneous and do something tonight. So far, the dates with John were nice. She had a good time. They were nice, very planned and not romantic or passionate at all. Maybe that would come in time, Sarah hoped. As Sarah turned her phone ringer on, her heart skipped a couple of beats as she eagerly opened the text from Billy which said, “U up?”

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“Yep, sure am. Are you?” Sarah responded with a tiny glimmer of hope that maybe he would want to take her out on a real date tonight.

“I’ll be right over,” Billy wrote back immediately, which was weird. Usually there would be hours between texts with him.

“OK,” Sarah texted excitedly as she put her phone in her rear jeans’ pocket and started to check on her appearance again and changed into something sexier.

It was rare but sometimes Sarah would receive a day visit from Billy and this always would throw her into a tailspin of what ifs since, in her opinion, someone who merely wanted to hook up for booty calls would rarely spend time during the day with you. She began to fantasize about Billy and how it would be to be his girlfriend. What would they do? Would they have other couple friends who they would do things with? She was lost traveling down the well-worn path of what ifs with Billy.

Sarah stood in her closet surrounded by clothes on the floor which she had hurriedly been trying on and taking off. She was sweating now despite the chill fall air. Billy’s text came through, “2 min”.

‘Crap,’ Sarah thought, as she tossed on a low-slung, light grey, cashmere, infinity shawl to top off the ensemble she didn’t love but also didn’t have time to change. She had switched into her uncomfortable skin-tight, faded, blue jeans which had various holes but not skin-baring holes in them. They were distressed to the point of white thread showing but no complete holes. Over the jeans she had slid her legs into her black, suede, over-the-knee, four-inch-high heel boots which clicked when she walked on the various parts of her hardwood floors which were uncovered by carpet. The wide, black gold, buckled belt she threaded through the belt loops of her jeans was barely seen as it was hidden by a tunic-style, taupe, gauze T-shirt which allowed one to see the lacy, beige, camisole she was wearing underneath, if not for the infinity scarf. Sarah carefully chose long double-hoop silver earrings which lightly brushed the infinity scarf when she walked and simply wore every sterling silver ring band she could grab on the various fingers they fitted on - some had to double up.

Her hair was still growing out so she had tousled more pomade in it.

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As Sarah heard the knock at her front door, she realized she was shivering, so she grabbed the nearest thing, her black, cropped, leather jacket which completed her ensemble and made her look like she should be on the back of a motorcycle.

“Hi!” Sarah beamed as she opened the door wide to let Billy in.

“Hey....Where are you going?” Billy said as he sauntered in looking her up and down.

“Oh, nowhere really, I have an appointment this afternoon.” Sarah stammered as she felt nervous and tingling and all wrapped up in Billy and his oozing good looks, sensuality and faint smell of a night spent drinking till dawn.

“I like the boots, though. You eat breakfast yet?” Billy said casually as he made his way to the kitchen.

“Uhm, a little, you want to go get something?” Sarah hoped. ‘I can eat again,’ she thought.

“Nah, nah, you got any eggs?” Billy said looking through her refrigerator.

“Sure, yeah, do you want me to make you breakfast?” Sarah asked eagerly. She always jumped at the chance to do something a girlfriend would do for him so maybe this would be the day something would change with her and him.

“Yes. Please. I’m a use your bathroom.” Billy stretched as he disappeared down the hall and was gone for as long as it took Sarah to cook him eggs, toast and some coffee. As she had placed the plate of food on the table, her infinity scarf had brushed through the butter on his toast getting butter all over it. She threw that piece of toast away, took her scarf off and buttered another set of toast and still no Billy out of the bathroom.

Sarah walked down the hall to grab another infinity scarf and as she passed the bathroom door could hear Billy on the phone, “I’m a be there, just finishing breakfast now, I’ll be there in about twenty minutes, ahhhright.”

Sarah scurried into her room trying not to click her boot heels on the floor as she heard the bathroom door about to be opened.

“Sar...,” Billy said unable to ever say her full name, apparently.

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“I’ll be right there, your breakfast is on the table, help yourself.” Sarah attempted to sound cheerful.

Billy was eating as Sarah came back into the room with her black, leather shoulder bag and car fob in her hand this time. “Can I get you anything else? Want some jam or jelly, ha?” Sarah tried for levity by saying jam or jelly which resulted in a tiny laugh from Billy. “Hey, I’m sorry, it’s later than I thought. I have to get going in about five minutes or so. Do you want to just hang out and lock the door or something?”

“Nah, nah, I’m done,” Billy said and miraculously he was, as he stuffed the last of the toast in his mouth.

Billy and Sarah walked out the door together and said an awkward goodbye as they went their separate ways to their cars.

Sarah drove down to the beach and directly back to her apartment. She tried to think of something positive as she then clicked her way back into her apartment and down the hall to change clothes for her hypnotherapy session which she would head out for in a couple of hours. She had decided to stop at the mall before her session and cheer

herself up with some new accessories and was hoping the promise of going shopping would save her from crying over Billy.

It didn't - the tears came later. But she was too irritated right now.

Later that day, at the hypnosis session, Sarah looked and felt awful which did not go unnoticed by Trevor Diamond or M. Coffey.

"No, I'm fine," Sarah lied to M "It's just that I don't know why he keeps coming around and why I'm so hung up on him. I mean if we weren't meant to be together wouldn't he simply disappear from my life? I dunno." She concluded telling about her morning as M was about to begin Sarah's third hypnotherapy session. This session was to uncover lessons from Sarah's past lives to help her navigate her current incarnation.

"Well, we shall see, Sarah, what we can learn from your past life that you can use today. It is believed that sometimes we bring lessons, learning and sometimes even trauma and wounds from our past into our current moments. And by studying and learning from the past we can change our current situations for the better. Now, are you

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ready to begin, Sarah?” M repeated herself from the last hypnotherapy session.

“Yes, thank you.” Sarah sighed with relief. She was ready to disappear into the oddly designed, magically comfortable, easy chair once again.

“Good, now eyes open, stare at a spot on the wall or the ceiling and concentrate all your attention on this spot as you bring your awareness to your breathing.

And inhale 1-2-3-3-4 – good. Exhale 1-2-3-4-5- 6-very good.

And inhale 1-2-3-3-4 – good. Exhale 1-2-3-4-5- 6-very good.

And inhale 1-2-3-3-4 – good. Exhale 1-2-3-4-5- 6-very good.”

M continued saying this for eight repetitions.

“Good, now close your eyes down.”

Sarah was dropping deeper and deeper into this now familiar state of relaxation as she was aware of everything being said to her. The self-hypnosis practice Sarah was doing on her own was helping her get more in tune with relaxing her physical

body and conscious mind so that she could access her subconscious mind. M was going through the very relaxing process of guiding Sarah systematically through her body and allowing each and every muscle to relax deeper and deeper. Sarah stood at the top of a staircase and descended from twenty to zero and heard the familiar thud at the bottom.

She followed along as she was guided down a beautiful path in nature to her familiar door which only she knew how to open. And then Sarah was in her special place. And it was beautiful and she felt so good. She didn't even need to try to relax anymore - her body knew exactly what to do. Sarah was planting wishes in her wishing garden and adding and subtracting animals and other beautiful things of nature in her special place.

And Sarah was relaxing and renewing her sense of self so that she was no longer sad about Billy, in fact she was realizing how little he actually meant to her.

“Now, Sarah, you're doing very well, even if your conscious mind cannot hear me your subconscious mind is listening and learning and we are going down to a state which is very

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comfortable...very safe and your subconscious mind is very open and easy for you to access. And the suggestions which are given to you at this time are very safe and only for your highest good...and for your benefit, for you to achieve your goals which will be only for your benefit.

And you simply relax and continue to listen to my voice and you will be able to answer my questions and you will remember. And it will be easy for you to remember, because the subconscious mind always hears....you may notice your conscious mind begin to ebb and float and drift and you may even begin to wonder if you are hypnotized at all....and your subconscious mind is listening and learning as you begin to feel yourself relax even more. Every time you exhale you may allow yourself to double your relaxation....” M. Coffey continued the hypnotic patter and led Sarah further into the trance state while monitoring the fluttering of her eyelashes and the movement of her eyeballs below her closed eyelids.

“Now reach in with your left hand, Sarah, and remove any blocks which may be preventing you from remembering your past lives. Imagine what this block looks like. Maybe it is a brick, maybe it is a crystal or maybe it is a very thin veil of tissue

paper. Now, physically remove that block with your left hand. You now have total recollection of your past lives whenever you chose to remember them. Know that everything you need to remember is easy for you to recall. You remove the 'I can't remember' phrase. If remembering ever becomes difficult again simply take a deep breathe in and exhale while removing the block again with your left hand. But you will find it is not necessary for you to try to remember, you simply ask and you will remember, your memories are accessible and easy to recall of any past life you wish to recall," M continued to guide Sarah along her path in her special place.

Periodically M would ask Sarah questions and Sarah would reply and sometimes M would ask Sarah to lift and lower a finger and Sarah would do so.

Sarah could hear M. Coffey speaking to her in a very soft relaxing voice. "And when you are home later today you will remember everything you have learned in this session. You will write with pen and paper perhaps on plain white sheets of paper or perhaps in a special journal book you have specifically purchased for recalling your past life regression journeys. And you will remember

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everything from this session and you will write it down effortlessly and continue to learn the lessons as you sleep and vent out any reasons or emotions which are preventing you from reaching your goals in this lifetime. And you will vent out these reasons or emotions in your early morning venting dreams.”

Sarah was relaxing deeper and deeper and responding to M when she was asked to and experiencing her past lives. Sarah was able to recall several past lives during this session. She was also able to see some people who were present in her current lifetime in these past lifetimes.

She continued through the hypnosis session, following along and listening to M’s voice and experiencing many things and she was so incredibly relaxed it was almost unbelievable to her.

Just as Sarah was experiencing a very vivid past life with someone she was in love with and had loved throughout lifetime after lifetime, she began to hear M say that it was time to return to this current lifetime but that she could return to this past lifetime any time she wished and continue the learning.

Sarah didn't want to leave. She wanted to stay in this past lifetime and learn who this person was. She wasn't getting a clear name for him but she was certain he was her ultimate soul mate throughout all her incarnations. Sarah was sad to be leaving and coming back to this present lifetime as she was being instructed to do but she followed along. Sarah was listening to M's voice as she heard her say, "And in a moment I will begin counting from zero to five and you will be wide awake, fully energized, back to a non-suggestive state."

And just like that, at the count of five Sarah found herself stretching, grinning widely, opening her eyes and saying "Thank you."

Sarah was completely relaxed and felt renewed with a new sense of quiet excitement for her life ahead of her. She was amazed, as she was the other two times she had experienced her hypnotherapy sessions, at how incredibly relaxed she was, yet full of some sort of creative energy and positive outlook for the days ahead.

She decided to do some more shopping on her way home. She purchased a special journal to record her past life regression sessions in. It was blue and green with a beautiful, fantasy-designed

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picture of mermaids, dolphins and all sorts of underwater sea life on the glossy front and back cover. She also found a fabulous pair of sea foam green, calf high, serpent-like leather boots with ties and buckles all around the calf and a deep purple infinity scarf with a different shade of purple pattern of seahorses on it.

By the time Sarah was tucked away at home it was dark and she was ready to journal and go to bed.

She spoke with John on the phone to reconfirm the plan for tomorrow's date. He was to pick her up at eleven and then they were going to play golf and maybe get some dinner. She was trying to drum up some excitement for this. Hopefully, there would be some sort of romance. Sarah was looking forward to journaling about her hypnotherapy session so the conversation with John was very short. She figured she was going to see him tomorrow anyways so may as well save some talking for then.

Sarah showered, got in bed eager to journal what she had remembered from today's session. She was worried that she hadn't followed directions properly and waited too long to journal and should have done it within a couple hours after

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the session, like M suggested. Sarah had been lost in all the bargains at the shopping mall.

“What if I don’t remember any of it?” Sarah said aloud. She remembered that M would be sending her the audio recording of the session on Monday to relisten to if she wanted to but M had suggested journaling first before listening to the recording and then, if she felt so inclined, to journal after listening to the audio. Sarah promised herself silently she would journal every day when M had told her that journaling may be one of the truest ways to be in touch with the subconscious mind.

M had also suggested Sarah write sometimes with her left hand to quiet the conscious mind even more and really connect with her subconscious.

‘Here goes,’ Sarah thought, as she began writing with her right hand.

PAST LIFE REGRESSION SESSION NUMBER
THREE

THE FIRST PAST LIFETIME I EXPERIENCED:

Sarah printed and then remembered that it was also advised to write in cursive to, you guessed it,

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get more in touch with her subconscious mind. Sarah begins cursively writing her journal entry:

Today in my third hypnotherapy session I remembered a few lifetimes which will help me to find love in my current lifetime incarnation.

A few minutes passed as Sarah said aloud, “Crap. I don’t remember what happened.”

Sarah closed her eyes and tried harder to remember. She tried telling herself to drift and float and allow the images to come. After several minutes she opened her eyes and began to write again.

I was female on a very small island with only women living on it. I wore my long, dark black hair down my back tied with a small, black silk ribbon in a low ponytail at the nape of my neck. My name was Shaoka. I was in charge of breeding and taking care of special breeds of horses on my island. I had given birth to many children but only the girls remained on the island to live with me.

The name of the island I kept hearing in my session was ‘Woman Island’ but I think it was called something different when I lived there.

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That's all I could get during the hypnosis session but later when I googled it, I found that Yonaguni Island off the westernmost tip of Japan was also called 'Woman Island'. So, I guess I was Japanese again this lifetime or I'm not really sure because the year was 1771 and my island was still part of a kingdom. I may have been Chinese too, I'm not sure. We spoke our own language on this island but could understand the language all the different men spoke when they came to visit. If we could not communicate with them in words, we used the universal language of the body and sex which was the sole purpose for their visits, along with resting and eating what we prepared for them.

Every year we held rituals to worship a famous woman of our group who had passed on and was fabled to be superhuman. We worshipped her yearly to continue protecting us from being overtaken and destroyed.

The year was 1771 and I was in my thirties. I was very plain and rugged looking but still appealing to the men who would visit the island. I was a warrior but still very feminine. We were all very powerful women on this island.

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We all had our favorite visitors but mine in particular was one warrior who came from the mainland to the west of us. We didn't search for love while we lived on this island. We knew there would always be another man to take the last one's place. We were consumed with the daily tasks for day-to-day survival and the upkeep of our beautiful island. This island was a type of paradise run by women and we all worked together to ensure our safety, health and prosperity.

We had all we needed for growing our food, taking care of the animals and raising our daughters that were left behind, which we did collectively. Sex was not taboo during my incarnation on this island. We welcomed it, enjoyed it and then moved on with our day-to-day existence and we were all very happy. I had many male visitors but I always looked forward to my visits with Guowongthai who turns out he is Billy in my lifetime now.

Guowongthai was a fierce warrior who spent his days traveling and conquering lands and people. He had a warrior air about him. It felt like his eyes were looking right through me when we first met and each subsequent time we spent with

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each other over the years. He never stayed on our island for a full twenty-four hours. He would arrive after sundown and leave as the dawn was breaking. I only ever saw him in dim light but his eyes shone like flames. His hair was long and jet black, like mine. He wore it fastened to the back of his head, held there by two whittled twigs while wispy tendrils fell exhausted around the outline of his face.

I bore him many sons over the years and when they were old enough, they made the canoe trip back with him wherever he went to and I was never to see them again. I had borne daughters with other men and they were allowed to stay on the island with me but I was only given boys with him.

Women were vital to the survival of this island. We held all the energy needed to plant and harvest while men were merely around for procreation.

Without warning, in spring of 1771, on a day that Guowongthai had just left the island, a ferocious tsunami took shape causing tidal waves to desecrate my island and the ones surrounding us. Very few of us survived the destruction and those that did suffered severe

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famine for the following sixty or so years . I did not survive. I ended up drowning trying to save some of the horses from being washed away to sea. I wonder if Guowongthai survived? That was the end of that lifetime.

THE NEXT LIFETIME I EXPERIENCED WAS:

This lifetime was very strange and very short but I had a very vivid image and strong feeling of someone I loved very much, so I will write about it anyway even if it doesn't make much sense.

This was a lifetime when I lived in a place where we were allowed to find the very best in ourselves and in each other. We were allowed to cultivate all our gifts and talents without fear of being oppressed or fear of harm from any of our fellow beings. We were all focused on bettering ourselves without using or abusing anyone else in any sort of power struggle. I was on an island again. The name of the island easily came to me, it was Poseida. It was idyllic here being surrounded by beautiful, warm turquoise and sapphire blue water. The ground of the island was very red. We often referred to it as the Red

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Island or the Red Land. I wasn't from this island but had been brought here by my lover of all lifetimes who was from this island. His name was hard for me to get clearly. It began with a T or that kind of sound. I didn't have time to find out my name in this lifetime or what I looked like.

When I looked down at my feet, I saw that I was lying in bed covered by a sheer, white, linen cloth. I had not been on this land for very long and I was very weak. It seemed as if I may be dying. I needed to be taken away from this island in order to survive. When I said this M had quickly taken me out of this lifetime and guided me to go back further in time to a very happy and safe lifetime - one in which I may find my mother from my current incarnation.

I was happy to be going back further to find my mother. I miss her.

THE NEXT LIFETIME I EXPERIENCED WAS:

This particular lifetime was very clear to me and I was able to be in it for what seemed like a very long time. I feel like I can close my eyes right now and still be in it. I loved this lifetime. I wasn't always in a tangible physical form during this lifetime but could take on a physical form at will.

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I guess you could say I was ethereal unless I wanted to be in a physical body. I existed for hundreds of thousands of years in this form and was happy and completely content. I was with my mother for hundreds of thousands of years here in this lifetime of existence. We were happy to be together lifetime after lifetime. We made great plans to continue all our lifetimes together when we were scheduled to leave this one.

We were the most highly evolved of all civilizations ever to exist or dream themselves into existence. We knew we were endless and lifetimes would never cease until we were ready to have them end and move on to our next evolution.

When M had me look at my feet, I had to force them to become physical. When they did, I noticed how long and delicate my bare feet were. I was trying to tell M where I was and I kept hearing the word Mother or Moo. I was excited hoping that I was going to be reunited with my mother soon but also a little confused, not knowing what Moo meant. Now I know, though, because I was able to look it up. I was on the continent Mu not Moo which also can be called the Mother Land. But then I kept hearing the

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word Lemuria and got even more confused. Apparently, Mu can also be called Lemuria and the people inhabiting the land can be called Lemurians but not Muians. Confusing. I just wanted to find my mom.

Again, I was very tall. I guess I used up all my height in my past lifetimes and am now left being short. I was tall and very lithe in my musculature and movements when I chose to be in my physical body. My skin was a beautiful roasted brown coffee color allowing me to spend hours upon hours in the sunshine without burning like I do now if I stay past fifteen minutes without shade or layer upon layer of sunscreen. The sun was even more intense and hot on this island of Mu or Lemuria so my darker skin was definitely an advantage. There were a few beings during my incarnation who suffered terribly with their lighter pale skin.

My mother was stunning in this lifetime. When I finally met her I started crying with relief and joy. M handed me a tissue and said emotion was good, just keep breathing and relax. My mother in this lifetime was one of the most revered Lemurian high priestesses. Everyone at one time or another on Mu would be taught by my

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mother. All Lemurians learned from her and showered her with layer upon layer of love. My mother and I rarely spoke in audible language. We communicated through telepathic means. We didn't even need to try to do this, it simply happened as we merely thought of it.

This island existence on Mu was millions of years ago and we existed for millions of years. My mother and I were so happy during this existence and we wanted it to last forever but we both knew that was not to be. We did not dread anything, though, or live in fear. We were focused on learning, evolving and creating beauty everywhere we went. We on Mu were a thriving civilization with millions and millions of creatures living in pure harmony and joy. We created massive structures and highly advanced electrical devices using crystals as the source of all energy. We were even more advanced than today's modern inventions and creations.

We loved and took lovers but not in the way which is thought to be normal in today's world. We were able to recreate ourselves because we had both female and male sources to create with within ourselves. If we chose to procreate in physical form with another of us in physical

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form, we could do that, too. There was no jealousy or rage or undue strife during our millions of years of existence.

We were able to shape-shift. Most of us learned this at an early age. We changed into creatures of the ocean - mermaids and mermen, seahorses, dolphins and whales. Mu was like the Garden of Eden - here anything you wanted you simply had to think it and it was given.

We stayed connected with our Creator source during this lifetime by encasing ourselves in Gold Light. We were always protected. Lemurians were very different than all the human forms on the planet at the time. We were the most highly evolved and sophisticated, even more so than the Atlanteans who eventually led to our peril.

While my mother and I were Lemurians we were ethereal until we chose to take physical form. We were easily able to shape-shift. We could travel to the spirit worlds, to other dimensions, galaxies and all the other realms which I have no recollection of at this time. We were able to do all this while still being in command of our physical form and able to rejoin it whenever we chose to.

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My mother and I had so much enjoyment during this lifetime while being together. We never wanted it to end.

Since my mother was the most revered high priestess, we were given the most decadent castle to live in. It was white with pure gold leaf spires on the top of each domed building. There were over three hundred buildings which made up this castle and it was filled with all other forms of Lemurian beings and the different talents they were known for. I was given the talent of caring for animals of all kinds. I could speak the language of every animal and heal their wounds if they were ever injured. I used herbs and plant medicine to do the healing as well as crystals. I was proficient in using crystal wands as a sort of magick. I had garden upon garden of herbs and plants within the walls of this palace and all my fellow herbalists and I experimented constantly with alchemy and the mixing of various plants and other elements. Our castle was tucked far away near the northernmost tip of Mu just where the dropping-off point was for when someone would choose to ascend and move permanently to a different realm. The palace was situated on the top of huge waterfalls which flowed down on either

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side of our castle to lush gulches and ravines where more herbs and plants grew wild. This is where I would go to harvest new plants when I was needing a new potion of some sort.

My mother was the most beautiful being to have ever existed on Mu. She was tall and chiseled in all her bones and musculature yet soft and malleable at the same time allowing her to move with the strength and fluidity of water. She had long, dark maroon hair which hung straight and silky down her back. She always wore it straight and unadorned unless she chose to wear her rose quartz forehead piece which was used for ceremonies and initiations. She wore her long, white, silky dress which had one strap over her right shoulder leaving her left shoulder bare. Her arms were adorned with solid gold cuffs and arm bands which glistened in the sunshine. Her skin was luminously pale and translucent when she was indoors but when outside her skin turned all the colors brown necessary to protect her from the sun. Her eyes were the most captivating eyes I have ever seen. They were violet with tiny flecks of gold and turquoise blue. Her eyes sparkled and changed depending on what she was looking at. When she was looking at me, they usually turned gold with tiny flecks

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of violet. She said it was because she loved me for all eternity.

My looks paled in comparison to my mother's but I was extraordinary, nonetheless. I, too, was tall and lithe but was given the gift of dark skin. My hair changed color depending on how much time I spent in the sun and sea. Sometimes it was deep black and other times it was streaked with maroon or light brown and golden highlights. I liked to wear my long hair piled high upon my head and adorned with flowers or leaves. Sometimes a bird would choose to liven up my hairdo and stay perched on my head while I went about my day playing with my plants and herbs. I usually wore leaves as earrings and some sort of vine or branch woven around my neck or arm as my form of jewelry. Often, I would paint symbols on my body and draw with colored powders on my cheeks around my eyes. I would draw circles, triangles or diamond symbols on my forehead to accentuate my third eye.

When M asked me to recognize people from my current lifetime in this lifetime, I found my Lemurian mother as my mother in this lifetime easily. It took me a while to find anyone else. I

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had to walk around the place and through the forests, to the beaches to finally recognize anyone else. I never found Brenden or Kathy this time. Claudia was one of the many who lived in the castle with us but I rarely saw her because she was always in the far end of the palace tending to all the ceremonial aspects of our daily lives. John was nowhere to be found.

When I finally found Billy, I was surprised that he would be in this lifetime too. He was one of the many men that we used on Lemuria when we chose to procreate in the more common human way of creating new life. He was just used for his body and then discarded until he was needed again. I'm not sure how much interaction I had with Billy in this lifetime, I don't even know what his name was. He must not have been too important to me but he was definitely there. I wanted to explore who he was in this lifetime more but M was telling me it was time to leave but to know that I could return here at any time I wished.

M asked me what the lesson is from this lifetime that I must understand and I said, "I must trust what I know and what I feel. This is the most difficult thing for me which I should work on - to

do what I most care about in the world. I must share and give it to the world.”

Sarah closed her eyes to see if she could remember anything else that she should be writing in her journal from her session. She held her pen in her hand and let the journal fall onto her chest as she began to try to see who the man who had appeared at the end of her session was. For some reason she knew his name sounded like it began with a T. As hard as she was trying to see who he was or what he looked like, no image would appear for her. And then she began to think of her mother again as the high priestess. She remembered her mother's name had been Enlena Tishtar and Sarah's had been Kirarae Seira.

Sarah fell asleep talking to her mother in her dreams.

CHAPTER 14
FRIDAY NOV 14

“So, tell me about the guy? Mrmmmm,” Claudia whispered immediately when Sarah answered her phone.

“Hey, I’m so glad I have a chance to talk to you, it’s been ages. How are you, Claud?” Sarah tried to change the subject immediately.

“Forget about me. I wanna hear about the guy. Is he fantastic?!”

“Yes. Yes, he is fantastic. He’s great. He’s a friend of Roger’s,” Sarah replied, hoping she would be called back into the office due to some dire emergency with a script page or something.

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“What’s his story? What’s he look like?” Claudia said with less enthusiasm.

“He works with Roger. Loves to golf, which is fun, he’s a good teacher,” Sarah said in a monotone voice as she began to pace the covered courtyard next to the pre-production office. “Ya, he’s about my height, blonde hair, well, not exactly, he has gray hair but so do I, ha. Sure, he’s cute.”

“You don’t sound super excited about him, why not?” Claudia asked in a very non-intrusive voice.

“Oh, I am. I am. I guess I just don’t know him very well, yet. We’ve only seen each other a couple of times, that’s all. I like him. He’s nice.” Sarah realized she was rambling so stopped.

“So, are you golfing a lot now?” Claudia was getting bored with questioning. It was obvious to her that Sarah wasn’t very interested in this guy, so pretty soon he would end up not being around anymore and Sarah would go back to pining away for Billy. Everyone, including Sarah, knew Billy was clearly never going to be anything more to Sarah than a hook-up at best.

“A few times. We biked the boardwalk once and then golfed a couple times. Well, once with Kathy

and Roger and then last Sunday on our own. He's VERY into golf." Sarah was trying to be enthusiastic about John but really there wasn't much there with him that made her excited but she knew he was the kind of guy that she should be dating so she was trying not to complain. "Thanks again for the hypnosis sessions – I have my fourth session tomorrow and I LOVE them!"

"Well, now you sound excited! I'm so glad you like them, isn't M wonderful? Melissa used her to lose weight years ago. Can you believe she used to weigh three hundred something pounds," Claudia enthused.

"Melissa! What? That's crazy. Yes, I love M! Hey, are you guys going to Cabo soon?" Sarah asked hoping Claudia would run with the topic of Cabo and move away from the topic of her love life.

"WE ARE! And I am soooooo excited." Claudia was off and running with the topic of Mexico before ending the conversation in a flurry of 'I love yous' and 'have fun with John, Sarah, talk soon.'

Sarah wandered back into the offices and plopped herself in her chair at the conference table waiting

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for the afternoon group production meeting to convene.

Slowly more crew began filling up their seats around the table as Sarah organized her notes, looking and being very prepared. She continued to shuffle her Angel cards under the table and pulled card after card trying to figure out some things.

Sarah set about to interpret the cards in her own way and find the answer to why she was not attracted to John very much. According to the cards the answer was to be found through her dreams. She had no powerful reaction to the first card she pulled so she kept pulling card after card getting more and more confused.

The card for why she was still thinking about Billy had to do with him giving her a sense of security. This made complete sense to her. The fact that sex with Billy was phenomenal was her own addition to the card explanation. It was suggested she chant 'Hoh' and be on the lookout for flower symbols to become evident in her life in order to clarify the answer to her question. This card made her feel a little better and Sarah immediately began to chant Hoh under her breath. Her chanting sounded somewhat like an audible sigh.

Most importantly, Sarah was asking the cards for clues as to who this mystery person from her past life whose name began with T or Th was. She wanted to know if she could or how she could find him. The card Sarah pulled for this question immediately made her feel happy, peaceful and expectant all at the same time. She even gasped a little when she saw it.

The card she pulled was 'Hanael' with the word 'Willpower' written on the bottom but the most impressive part of the card was the whale tail which was beginning its majestic descent into the vast ocean it was swimming in with empty mountains rising in the background. The red crystal orb on the card with the golden halo and white stars shimmering around it was impressive, too. Sarah was most captivated by the whale. Sarah loved the ocean and all that lived in it. She had often fantasized of sailing around the world to nowhere in particular but she didn't know how to sail and was leery of getting seasick.

Sarah sat staring at the image of the whale, getting lost in its tail movement and the water flowing off it in a frozen splash onto the sea.

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“Whatcha doin?” Kathy had arrived and was busy organizing all her snacks and drinks on her tablespace in front of her.

“Uhm...huh?” Sarah jumped a little as she brought her awareness back into the room. “Hey. Oh, nothing. Just waiting to start,” Sarah said as she made her cards more hidden from view and tried to read the card explanation without Kathy seeing what she was doing.

Sarah set about to interpret what the card was trying to tell her. She needed to chant Om three times to clear herself and to see clearly. Developing her willpower was going to be the key to finding this love of hers who she was missing. She would continue to look for clues and the whale would prove to be a huge sign that she was on the right track.

After Sarah had come to what she felt was a complete understanding of the card, she decided to do a quick search on her phone to find out who the Angel Hanael was. Turns out he was the ruler of one of the heavens and was given the charge of delivering requests to the higher heavens. He is a sacred warrior who is often depicted as female.

“Huhmm. Did you know that there are two heavens?” Sarah asked Kathy as she turned from her phone to face her.

“Well, no. No, I did NOT know that, Sarah.” Kathy took a huge swig of her green iced tea as she leaned back in her chair satisfied that she was ready for the meeting to start.

“All true. And if you are asking for something to be given to you, you should call upon him to deliver your request to the higher up. Here, pick a card,” Sarah said, as she fanned her deck of oracle cards out on the table between her and Kathy. “Go ahead, any card, pick a card, any one. Just remember to use your left hand.”

“Oh boy. Don’t try to drag me into your witchery.” Kathy laughed as she reached out nonchalantly, picked a card and handed it to Sarah without looking at it.

“Don’t you want to see what it is?” Sarah said with disbelief in Kathy’s flippancy with the cards but happy that she had chosen one, nonetheless.

“Only if it’s a good one,” Kathy replied as she began to eat her sour cream and onion potato chips.

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“Ahhhh, Zadkiel....See, Security.” Sarah turned the card around to face Kathy. “This is the same one I just pulled for what Billy means to me. Very interesting.”

Just then the rest of the crew came barreling into the room and the noise level magnified by about ninety percent.

“You’re gonna have to explain this to me later. I gotta pee before we begin.” Kathy disappeared as Sarah continued to read about Hanael on her phone while everyone else settled down for the busy afternoon ahead of them all.

‘Interesting,’ Sarah thought, as she continued to browse the plethora of sites devoted to Angels, Angel oracles and everything else Angel related.

Sarah interpreted all that she read about Hanael to mean the following:

Haniel, which was apparently another way to spell Hanael, could also be called ‘The Grace of God’. He or she - as he was sometimes depicted as female - could also be referred to as the pleasure or joy of God. To be childlike in pure joy and pleasure as it relates to God can be a sign that the presence of Hanael is near.

Laura V. Cavanaugh

Hanael, when asked, will help bring a sense of purpose to your life.

An appearance of Hanael in card readings or from an oracle can indicate a navigation was to take place. Navigation can occur over land and sea or through the perils of one's daily life. Hanael is there ready and willing to help you when called upon to navigate through a situation or time and space which you are requiring help in. He is most often associated with the planet Venus.

'Hey! That's one of my patron planets!' Sarah gleefully thought aloud.

Sarah read on and on about Hanael and came to the conclusion all on her own that she was due to navigate and go on a journey over land and sea very soon.

Just as Kathy returned and the meeting was about to begin, Sarah came upon a meditation for summoning Archangel Haniel. The directions for the meditation were that she needed to face to the north along a body of water at three o'clock in the afternoon on a Saturday and then do some hand and arm movements while reciting the phrases which were laid out for her in the instructions.

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Sarah emailed this meditation to herself and set a reminder in her calendar to do this tomorrow at three pm.

CHAPTER 15

SATURDAY NOV 15

Sarah was relieved to be going for her fourth hypnotherapy session today.

She felt like she was making a lot of progress in her love life by moving on from Billy and dating John. She was in a real adult relationship. She just wished she felt better about dating John or even wished she felt anything about dating John. He was nice but, to be honest, she felt like she was going through the motions with him and if she never went on another date with him that would be just fine with her.

Today in her hypnosis session Sarah was hoping to find out who this T or Th character was and

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why she could not get the image of him out of her mind. She was even dreaming about him. Real actual night- time dreams and not the numerous daydreams she created on her own.

Sarah arrived in Century City in record time. She parked, grabbed her light pastel grey cashmere blend coat with matching leather bucket satchel bag and made her way towards M. Coffey's office. Sarah had tried to dress a little more sophisticated for today's session but now, as she made her way towards the elevator, she wasn't so sure about her outfit. If Trevor Diamond was to say something complimentary about it then maybe she had succeeded.

She wore a mid-thigh, lighter shade of pastel gray acrylic cotton blend tunic dress with a huge low-slung cowl neck. Her coat was slightly longer than the dress so it fell to a little above her kneecaps when her quads were flexed. The two buttons of the coat were pale rose quartz crystals and were Sarah's favorite part of her entire outfit, besides the wide, wing-like collar and smart belt waiting at attention to be tied. Her leather satchel bag matched the color of her dress exactly. For jewelry, Sarah wore her tiny gold chain diamond solitaire necklace and matching diamond stud

earrings. She had forgotten to put on any rings or bracelets and she was feeling a bit naked as a result.

For the first time Sarah was wearing her new purple boots which she had bought after her last hypnotherapy session. They were not as comfortable as when she first tried them on to buy but she was dealing with the breaking-in process. The deep blue purple shade of suede was intoxicating to Sarah. The boots had a safe two-and-a-half-inch heel on them which helped in the comfort department. They came up to her knees in the front and then scooped around the back tapering down in a very seductive V shape about four inches below the top of the back of her knee. There were two shoelace holes on either side of this V-shaped opening and a matching colored velvet shoelace string obediently made its way through the two holes and the ends joined together in a tight knot. At each end of the velvet strings was a single three-inch matching purple drapery tassel which brushed back and forth against each other and her calves as she walked. From her knees up she could have easily been mistaken for a low flying cloud.

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Sarah made her way into the office. Without any sort of commentary about her outfit, Trevor Diamond marched Sarah down the hallway leading her in his usual distracted way.

As Sarah sat in the office waiting for M to arrive and begin the session, she began to think about the T/Th character that she was eager to find today in her session. She was hoping she would get more information and be able to figure out how to find good love in her current lifetime.

Sarah could hardly wait for M to come into the room and start the session.

“Good afternoon, Sarah,” M. Coffey smiled brightly as she entered the room and gracefully took her place behind her desk.

“Hi. M,” Sarah beamed back, happy to be here and not think of anything else for the next hour.

“So, tell me about your week. How is everything progressing?”

“Oh, it was OK. Work is good, nothing eventful. I am dating John but not too thrilled about it. I mean, it is nice but just not too thrilling. I really want to find out who the person was in my last

session whose name began with a T or Th. I feel like I need to sort that out in order for me to move forward in my life. Do you think we can focus on that today?" Sarah implored.

"We can certainly see what comes up for you in this session," M replied in her standard noncommittal way and continued. "I will remind you, Sarah, that these past life regression sessions can help you tremendously to uncover and heal old wounds and scars which are preventing you from seeing clearly your current life and, sometimes, love situations. You will be led on a journey which perhaps will lead you to finding the true love you are desiring."

What the hypnotherapist meant and was hoping Sarah would understand was that often, to find the love from another which you are so longing for, you must first travel within your own being and find this forever love within yourself and then perhaps you will be able to experience this love with another.

What Sarah heard LOUD and CLEAR was that she must listen to all the signs and symbols and be willing to be led on a physical journey to find this true mate she was yearning for.

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M asked Sarah a few more questions such as how she was feeling and if there were any sort of new desires, goals or emotions which had surfaced since their last meeting. Was she spending time meditating or practicing her self-hypnosis? How was the journaling going? Was she listening to the audio recording M had sent her? And a few more similar type questions.

And then, finally, to Sarah's great relief M said the magic words and invited Sarah to take her place on the weird reclining chair with her outstretched arm, "Are you ready for some hypnosis, Sarah?"

"Yes!" Sarah said as she almost flew across the tiny office into the chair.

Sarah quickly settled and made herself comfortable staring at today's chosen spot on the ceiling.

M leaned over and placed her outstretched hand about two feet away from the front of Sarah's face. Sarah saw that M was holding a shiny silver pen in her hand and she began to hear M speak.

"With your eyes wide open stare at the pen I am holding in front of your face.

Laura V. Cavanaugh

As you keep your eyes fixated on the pen, draw your attention to your breathing and take a few deep breaths.

Good. You don't even need to try to focus on your breathing as you find your breathing becoming more and more rhythmic.

Keep breathing more and more rhythmically.

Listen to the sound of my voice.

Perhaps you will find your eyelids begin to get very heavy.

Almost as if they have a heavy weight attached to them.

And as you stare at this pen, your eyelids get more heavy and you blink, and they have a feeling like something is pulling them down, as if they want to slowly close, and you feel drowsier and sleepier and heavier.

And you are relaxing deeply. Every exhale takes you deeper down into this wonderful hypnotic state of relaxation.

Relaxation is so good. You know how good it is for you to relax.

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And you begin to feel your eyelids getting heavier and heavier, as if they are closing down...slowly heavier and heavier, slowly closing down in slow motion, and you're getting drowsier and more tired, and you know how good it will feel when you finally do allow your eyes to close all the way down.

It's as if a dark veil of relaxing sleep begins to whisper down over your eyelids as you feel drowsy, heavy, pulling down, down, down,

slowly closing, getting harder and harder to keep your eyes open, the harder you try the harder it becomes to keep your eyes open and you feel so good and so very relaxed.

You are trying very, very hard to keep them open, you feel the drowsy heavy feeling of your eyelids getting stronger knowing that very soon they will close tightly,

almost tightly closing, almost tightly closing, tightly closing.

Now your eyes are tightly closed, you feel good, you feel comfortable, you are relaxed all over, just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable relaxed state.

What would it be like if you allowed yourself to double this deep relaxation and relax deeply into hypnosis?

Just pretend you are drifting and floating and you listen only to my voice. You are listening as well as learning as you drift deeper and deeper into this deep sleep.”

Sarah heard a loud noise next to her ear and the familiar thud she usually felt at the bottom of the staircase as she continued to listen to M and heard her say, “You can continue right on relaxing and you will find that your head will get heavier, your head tends to nod to the right some, and you just let yourself drift in an easy, calm, relaxed state.”

Good, you are doing perfectly now, Sarah. Now keep drifting and floating and when you arrive at a lifetime you would like to explore, the index finger of your right hand will lift and rise. Now, I want you to imagine yourself flying in the sky up onto a white, fluffy cloud and you imagine yourself lying comfortably and safely on this soft, fluffy, white cloud.”

Sarah smiled a little as she realized she was dressed as a cloud; how perfect.

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“Imagine drifting and floating, relaxing and floating until you begin to see the lifetime you would like to explore.

Allow yourself to access all your past life information now. Begin to realize that all the information of all the lifetimes you have ever experienced is always available to you. You could learn many things, couldn't you?

Your subconscious mind remembers everything which means you have all the access to all your past lifetimes ready and available for you to learn from.

The more you listen to my voice the more you will relax and the more you relax, the more past life information will be available to you. Everything you have ever felt, seen or heard in this lifetime or past lifetimes of your choice will be ready for you to learn from.

You don't even need to try to remember, the information is freely available to you at your will, your free will.

You are a human being and human beings have free will which means you have access to all your past life memories because of your free will.

Laura V. Cavanaugh

I wonder if you realize that you have access to all your past life memories yet?

Begin to relax a little deeper as you allow your subconscious mind to make all your past life memories available to you.

I need to tell you that you are doing very well and you are very safe, you are in control at all times as you relax deeper and deeper.

Notice your breathing get a little deeper and a little more rhythmic and you may begin to notice your head turn a little to the right, just a little twitching and turning slightly to the right and this is very normal.

You really should discover for yourself that relaxation brings about all the feelings of love, peace and tranquility. So you really should discover for yourself that everything you have ever learned and created, all the memories of this lifetime and past lifetimes, is ready for you to recall and experience and learn from and grow ... and you continue to relax in a very peaceful way.

Relax to the point where remembering is effortless and spontaneous. You do not even need

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to try to remember your past lives, the recalling of them is effortless and peaceful and safe.

Realize that everything is changeable. The present is changeable which means that the future can change as well.

I want you to take a deep breath and recognize that you may choose to remember and realize many different things about your current life and any past life, which you may have forgotten.

I know you are wondering how you will recall these memories. Sooner or later the memories will come and you may choose to realize many different aspects of yourself and your past lives.

Allow the memories to come and know that you are safe and secure and in a moment you could use these memories and aspects in a positive and healthy way to learn and grow in a very constructive and healthy manner.

Now continue drifting and floating on the fluffy, white cloud.....and then float around the world and pick a place among the ones that would be calling out to you...you do not even need to try to decide...you will find yourself at the past lifetime that you are wanting to explore.

Laura V. Cavanaugh

Choose a place to experience a past life, where the images are most vivid, a place toward which you feel emotionally drawn, a place where perhaps you can find this person who has a name beginning with T or Th.

And when you have found the lifetime you would like to explore, the index finger of your right hand will lift and rise.”

After a few minutes the index finger of Sarah’s right hand lifted.

“Good, now your finger is lifted indicating there is a lifetime you would like to explore in depth. We will be looking for information which can help you in this lifetime. Perhaps you will be able to find who this person is with the name which begins with a T or Th or perhaps something more relevant and significant for you to learn from today will become clear. I do not know what we will find but you are safe and in control at all times, able to leave the lifetime and return to the present time if you wish, you are always safe and in control, Sarah.

As you drift and float allow yourself to double your relaxation on the next exhale.

Drifting and Floating Toward Mu

You will experience this past life completely...drifting and floating...

Drifting...floating...completely relaxed now looking down at your feet you drop into your past life.....”

Sarah heard another loud click next to her ear as she felt herself relax even more than she had imagined she could.

“Look down at your feet, what do you see?”

Sarah heard herself from very far away say,

“I am barefoot. I am lying down covered with a white linen gauze sheet. I am cold and feeling very weak but am warming myself in the sunshine.”

“Now, I want you to know that you are safe and nothing can harm you. You are secure and well taken care of, tell me what you see around you.”

“I am in a green meadow filled with green grass and white and yellow wildflowers and tiny cornflower blue flowers. There are many animals here...deer, horses, grey rabbits, sheep, goats and there is a large white dog with black ears and a black tail. There is a beautiful, tall man standing

next to the dog and reaching out to let a white bird land on his outstretched hand. He is golden and shimmering in the light. He has long, thick, blonde hair and a matching beard and he is wearing a long, aquamarine robe. He is the man I know from many lifetimes. And he has green and blue eyes, which change back and forth from each color.

“Why are you here in the meadow?”

“We are preparing to go on a journey.” Sarah smiles.

“Who is going with you?”

“The man.”

“Do you know his name?”

“I don’t know it.”

“What is your name?”

“Kirarae Seira.”

“Tell me more of what you see around you. Do you know where you are or what time period you are in?”

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“Golden Atlantis? I don’t know for sure. More and more animals appear. They are coming to help me. They are all sitting around me and making soft noises. I am watching the man who is saying special words in a language I do not understand. It’s like he’s chanting or something. I am deeply in love with him and he loves me back completely. Behind the man I see a large pool of crystal-clear water which is being filled by a waterfall that I can hear and see rushing down the mountain. There are beautiful trees and animals everywhere as I hear the water and the quiet sounds the animals are making - it is as if they are singing to me. And the wind is so gentle and calming. I just love the peaceful wind.”

“Where are you?”

“On an island, Atlantis, but it’s called something else, something like Poseidon. No, it’s Poseida. We escaped here from a different island because I was losing all my energy. It’s all confusing. First, Thoun kidnapped me but now he is saving me. I dunno. Someone hurt me but I don’t know who. A group of people hurt me.”

“Why are you lying here?”

“There is a tiny brown dog sitting next to me, staring at me with loving attention. I have been very weak so I must rest and relax here while all the cells in my body recharge and rejuvenate. The more relaxed I am the stronger I will be. Every minute I lie here in deep relaxation surrounded by all this love and healing energy, I am feeling better and better and getting stronger and stronger. I am supposed to be visualizing golden light all around and inside myself. I am gaining new psychic powers and abilities as I lie here in this healing garden with Thoun chanting over me. They were doing experiments on me on the other island and slowly taking all my energy.”

“Who is Thoun?”

“Oh! Thoun!! Thoun is my lifelong soul mate of lifetime after lifetime. I found him again. I am even stronger now as I am reconnected with Thoun. Thoun is his name. This is who I have been trying to find again. Oh!! I know his name now. Thoun.”

A few tears crept out of Sarah’s eyes as she came to the profound realization that she had finally found her lifetime soul mate after years of being separated.

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“Look around, is there anyone else there with you?”

Sarah was quiet as she looked around in her hypnotic state to see if anyone else was there.

“Sarah? Sarah, is there anyone else there with you? If so, describe them, do you know them?”

“There is a woman sitting next to me. No, it’s a man. Oh, I can’t tell, it looks like a man and a woman. But looks more like a man right now, so a man, I guess. He is dressed in long robes with crystals all around him in a circle which then become a circle around me. He has a large, rose quartz crystal somehow coming out of his forehead. The priest is the one instructing us on our journey and why we must go on it. The priest is very old and very wise. He will not go with us but will continue to guide us through telepathy once we have started our journey. He will show us the way and keep up focused on our end destination. Oh my gosh, he is Kathy in this lifetime. That’s funny, she never ever believes in this stuff. The priest is one of the oldest and wisest Atlanteans. The priest’s name is something-Ra and he is eleven feet tall and reflects light similar to how a crystal does. Crystals are around me everywhere beaming

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energy into my body and I can feel the currents rejuvenating and healing all my wounds.

Oh – he is Thoun’s uncle. I hear Thoun say his name, it is Conroy-Ra. He is one of the most revered Atlanteans and founding members of the ‘the Law of One’.”

“What is the Law of One?”

“It is the highest evolved spiritual group ever to exist on Earth. Conroy-Ra is one of the founders of it and is deeply saddened by what is happening to Atlantis. Especially since it is mostly his brother’s fault for causing great destruction on the Aryan island. I don’t understand. His brother is Thoun’s father but I think Thoun is good. I love him and he loves me but maybe he is bad?

Conroy-Ra is trying to save me from all the evil they did to me on the other island. Conroy-Ra is in charge of the island I am on now – Poseida - but he is slowly losing control of it as his brother, Samael begins to take over. Samael is ruining Atlantis with his greed and jealousy so the island is headed for destruction.”

“Who is ruining Atlantis? Do you know them? Do you know them in this lifetime?”

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Thoun's father, Samael, is ruining it. He tried to kill me. Oh no, and Thoun tried to kill me, no, he tried to save me? I don't understand, I thought Thoun was good, is he bad?

"You are safe, Sarah, remember you are in control. This recall of your past lifetime will help you and no harm will come to you. Why is Conroy-Ra helping you? Is Thoun helping you now?"

"Oh yes, they both love me very much and are using all their energy to save me. Conroy-Ra and Thoun are part of the Law of One group which stays closely connected to the one true energy of creation and holds the highest levels of light and energy to vibrate in. This is why Conroy-Ra is so disappointed with what all the other smaller Atlantean groups are doing. They have lost the connection with the true creator God and have fallen under the temptations of power, lust, material gain, greed and self-gratification in excess, to name a few, rather than the law of love which is what The Law of One maintains as their focus.

Thoun's father, Samael, had tricked Thoun into helping him bring me here from Lemuria. Samael has a very strong, powerful hold over Thoun.

Thoun fell deeply in love with me and was able to build up enough strength to take me here to Poseida and have Conroy-Ra heal me. Thoun and Conroy-Ra speak telepathically to each other and this is how Thoun was able to escape his father and bring me here. Conroy-Ra has been guiding him.”

“Do you know what time period you are in?”

“I think 10,450 BC.”

“Is Conroy-Ra telling you anything?”

“Yes. He is telling me and Thoun where we can go to escape and how we can do it. We must leave Poseida and all of this part of Atlantis or we will disintegrate into the ocean along with the island landmass. Thoun has been one of Conroy-Ra’s students all these thousands of years. When Thoun was forced by Samael to kidnap me and perform DNA mapping experiments on me, Conroy-Ra was very disappointed in him. Conroy-Ra was sad because it was his brother, Samael, who had tricked Thoun. Conroy-Ra knew that Samael was actually fighting him through his son, Thoun, and this made Conroy-Ra very sad. The Aryans, who Samael is the leader of, were outsmarting the Law of One. Conroy-Ra vowed to

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win his brother back over to the Law of One once and for all but time was running out.

He is telling me the story of what happened between me and Thoun.

When Thoun met me on Mu he instantly fell in love with me and I with him, it was destined. Thoun brought me back to the island, Aryan. He fell in love with me even more and could not follow through with the experiments so he telepathically communicated with Conroy-Ra and he helped him figure out how to outwit his father and the other Aryans and return to Poseida with me. Someone else helped him escape but I don't understand this part of what Conroy-Ra is saying to me.

Thoun and I escaped but not before some tests were performed on me and I was severely depleted of nearly one hundred percent of my energy source. I almost died or, as they say, disintegrated but the crystals along with Thoun and Conroy-Ra are healing me now.

The Aryans are trying to steal all the crystals and use them for their material, lustful, political gains but Conroy-Ra was able to hide some and he is using them on me now. He wants us to take them

with us when we leave this continent. Thoun and I want Conroy-Ra to come with us but he is refusing to leave Poseida. He says he will return to the ocean as his motherland shall. Conroy-Ra is in possession of the most powerful crystals of Atlantis which most of the power structure of the island continent had been based on. He has one very powerful crystal which Samael is desperately trying to steal from him. It is sometimes referred to as ‘Tuaoi’ stone or firestone. He will have us take this large crystal called Tuaoi with us when we leave.”

“What lesson is Conroy-Ra trying to help you learn which can help you in this life?”

“I’m not sure. He keeps talking about the destruction of Atlantis. About the misuse of power by his brother Samael and the other Aryans and those of the other island which is called Og, I think. All the negative ways they are using technology and crystal energy will lead to a series of massive explosions over a period of several months which will cause the island mass to retreat back down into the sea. Once the continent has sunken back to the sea it will reorganize and in time re-emerge as the ‘Law of One’ chooses to live in divine accord with the

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Creator Source. I don't understand what this means. The Law of One group has remained true to the belief of one god creator of the universe and of all mankind while the other Atlantean groups have become atheistic and only worship themselves and power. Samael is the leader of the most corrupt Atlantean group who has been trying to steal the DNA code of Lemurians for hundreds of thousands of years.

Samael's group is full of jealousy and greed and will eagerly destroy each other for more and more power. All of Atlantis has become highly advanced beyond compare but Samael's group is not happy with what they have, they want more and more and more.

Oh – they were copying my DNA. That's why all my energy has been removed but I am slowly gaining it back by the use of the crystals. Conroy-Ra has always been against this stealing of DNA codes. He has been trying to warn the Lemurians for centuries of the impending doom and what his brother was trying to do. The Lemurians only see the good in all other beings and all other creations since we are all from the same source so they never believed him and continued to live in their loving ways. The Lemurians ignored his warnings

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and continued welcoming all creatures to their island and treating them with love and respect.

There will be some parts of Atlantis which will remain above the ocean but will no longer be called Atlantis and will be long forgotten as such. Only some will remember. This is where he is advising us to go, so I may continue to recharge and rejuvenate.”

“Where are these remaining land masses he is advising you to go?”

“I don’t understand all of them but places including the lower pacific coast of North America in the southwest desert part, some area of Ireland, parts of Central America, the Yucatan, areas around Peru and Europe - around the Pyrenees area of Spain and France. A huge, powerful group of Atlanteans made their way to what is now known as Egypt. And some parts of Arkansas was another area he mentioned saying the mountains of Arkansas were large islands. How weird, so Atlantis is everywhere now it seems”

“How will you escape and get to your new destination?”

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“Oh, Thoun has a spaceship. The Atlanteans have highly evolved technological advances which are playing a huge part in their demise and destruction. Samael and the Aryan group have begun using all these highly advanced devices for feeding their egos rather than for the glory of source and creation like the Law of One has been doing. Their greed is their ruin. Our escape route and plan are still being formed by Conroy-Ra and Thoun. I do not know it. I must rest, relax and repair my energy system to at least seventy-five percent before we can leave.”

“What does Thoun have to tell you, is there any message from him?”

“I am trying to speak but because I am receiving all the crystal healing I am unable to say anything. Conroy-Ra is telling me to stay silent and rest and relax, that this should be my focus right now. Thoun is busy praying over me and chanting while interacting with all the animals, so I have not been able to get his attention but I know for sure that he is my lifelong soul mate, who I am meant to be with. I am here to heal before our journey. Thoun is healing me before we leave. I am going in and out of the waterfall and the pool of crystal-clear healing water, in order to recharge

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all my cells and make myself stronger for our journey – this is what I hear when I try to get a message from Thoun.”

“Look around where you are again and see if you see anyone else you recognize?”

“No, I don’t.”

“And continue to relax, as you ask if there are any more messages to be revealed to you today. See if you can ask Thoun or Conroy-Ra anything you would like to?”

“Yes. I am asking Thoun how I can find him again. Is he in my life today?”

“Does Thoun answer you?”

“No,” Sarah replies in a very sad and rejected tone. “Oh wait, he is saying something but I don’t understand it. No, nothing.”

The session is almost finished so M begins to slowly bring Sarah back out of her trance state and into the room again.

“And as you continue to write in your journal on a daily basis and practice your self-hypnosis, you will begin to remember more and more about all

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your past lifetimes. All that you would like to learn and remember is available to you as you write effortlessly in your journal and pay attention to your dreams.

Furthermore, when you sleep at night your mind will release and vent out any reasons or programming of any reasons why you shouldn't be happy and successful in all your life, love, dreams and goals. Anything holding you back from realizing your love life dreams and soul mate success will be released in the early morning dreams.

Now, draw your attention back into your physical body. In a moment I am going to count back up from zero to five. When I reach five, you'll be able to open your eyes and come to a fully alert and non-suggestible state. Don't be surprised if, when we reach five, you have a big, big smile on your face.

As I count from one to five, with each number you become more refreshed and more awake. One – feeling empowered. Two – recognizing the creativity within you. Three - your toes and fingers begin to move. Four – your eyelids begin to flutter. Five – open your eyes and you're ready to act, having renewed the mind, the body and the

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spirit, wide awake to a fully non-suggestible state.”

Sarah came back into the tiny room she was in with M. Coffey and had a huge grin on her face. Full of positive expectation that she would very soon be meeting up with her lifelong soul mate of many past lives. She was sure he was going to be the reincarnation of Thoun. And she was pretty sure, too, that it was not John.

CHAPTER 16
THURSDAY NOV 20

“I just had to order more blood,” Kathy said with surprise as she sat next to Sarah. They were on the set of the new, extremely gory and very weird western which was due to begin shooting soon.

Today all the basics of setting up for production were in full swing. Despite being a difficult shoot, this crew was polished and prepared and they were all pretty confident the actors would be too. It was a dream set and Sarah knew she was lucky to be working on it. But only time would tell. The talent was due on set after next week’s Thanksgiving break. So, fingers were crossed and Hail Marys said. You never knew what real drama would unfold once filming began.

“Ha ha, one big blood continuity,” Sarah laughed as she looked at Kathy eagerly waiting to hear any good stories of what had been going on in the makeup department.

“I don’t even know if half of the stuff this guy wants done is gonna shoot well.” Kathy shrugs and says quickly, “Tell me about you and John?! How’s it going?”

“Why is there too much blood? But you’re good at all the blood stuff.” Sarah tried to change the subject but quickly saw it wasn’t going to work as Kathy just sat staring at her pointedly, waiting for her to spill the beans on her dating scenario.

“John is good.”

Still Kathy sat staring so Sarah begrudgingly gave her an itemized list of activities she had done with John. “We’ve ridden bikes on the boardwalk, golfed – he’s a really good golf teacher. I may soon get to your level.” Sarah half laughed as Kathy still sat staring blank faced at her with her chin cupped in her hand. “We had dinner last Sunday. It was super fancy, we went to that fancy place, I forget the name begins with an S, Som something, and I got dressed up.”

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“You’re kidding! I’ve always wanted to go there, it’s so hard to get tickets though.” Kathy new exactly the place as she still stared at Sarah hoping the story would unfold quicker but couldn’t resist making a remark, “Go on, please.”

“I wore my Valentino pale champagne colored empire waist short shift dress, you know, the sleeveless one with the accordion bodice.” Sarah waited for Kathy to nod yes.

Kathy did not know but nodded approvingly anyway.

“And my Valentino stilettos with the delicate leather straps which wrap around my ankles a few times before tying in front. I wore my pale blush champagne colored dangling earrings which resemble a cluster of coral, and lip gloss to match. I chose my pale blush champagne furry clutch bag with the gold snake coil strap and very pale pink snakeskin leather buckle with the raised gold pyramid designs on it.

I forgot to put on any other jewelry but thankfully remembered to bring my chamois colored cashmere wool coat with the fold-over collar because I was freezing towards the end of the night. My hair actually looked kinda good - it’s

finally growing out. Oh! AND I was able to get my eye makeup like a pro – you’d have been proud of me. I did the black eyeliner cat-eyes like you taught me and used matching pale blush champagne colored shadow.”

“Sounds pretty but what about the date? I feel like I’m listening to someone reading a page out of *Women’s Wear Daily*. Can you please tell me what happened with John,” Kathy sighed.

“Ah, I see. Well, it was nice. It was nice but totally odd. You know how they only serve ten people and you sit at a counter facing the chef and all the staff while everything happens all around you and you’re supposed to interact with everyone, especially the chef? I blended right in with the décor and staff. Everything is crème and champagne colored there. I sat at the end of the counter like a big pale champagne blob melting into the chair, the counter and the background.” Sarah paused.

“What, only ten people and you sit at a counter? I didn’t know that was how it worked there. I thought it was just a super-upscale fine dining spot that had one of those sought-after Michelin ratings. It’s the one in the hotel on Beverly, right?” Kathy was actually surprised. She was not

a foodie by any means and rarely kept up on stuff like this.

“Yes. That’s it. Oh yeah, it’s basically a work of art that is presented to you throughout all twenty courses. It’s fantastic and strange, all rolled into one. A culinary experience meant to be interactive, or something like that. Anyways, we were seated at the far end of the counter and I was at the very end by the wall under the very colorful sculpted cattle head which was hung on the wall directly above my head. At least, I think it was a cattle head or maybe it was supposed to be a deer, I’m not really sure.”

“He had you sit at the end?” Kathy was surprised, that seemed weird to her. “Isn’t the guy supposed to take the end seat?”

“Yeah, I dunno. John was all excited that they encouraged everyone to get to know each other and to interact with the chef. That’s all he talked about as we drove there. He was very chatty with the chef, almost to the point of being a little embarrassing but the chef seemed to love it and so did everyone else. John seemed to spend more time talking to the couple seated to the left of him rather than to me, but that’s OK. Did you know he was such a big foodie?” Sarah asked.

“No. Really, is he? That’s kind of weird too. I thought he was more of the kind of guy who likes sports, golf, and all things tech related. To be honest we don’t know him very well. Just through golf. And Roger sees him briefly at work. Well, did you have a good time? What was the FOOD like?” Kathy was not a foodie but still very curious about this place and John was beginning to sound like a dud.

“Meh, the food was OK. I mean it was good but just so fancy and intricate, not really my favorite kind of stuff. Lots of seafood and caviar, and you know how I can’t stomach either of those. I guess I’m not a foodie either. Some of it was pretty strange. The butterfly salt and vinegar chip appetizer was my favorite item to eat. Everything looked gorgeous though and it was all uniquely arranged on the plate and presented as a tiny visual experience.

There was one dish that was presented that I loved looking at, it was just so incredibly pretty but I couldn’t even attempt to taste it. Something about the colors made it super gorgeous. It was an assortment of fish eggs or caviar I guess, all arranged in strips. Blush champagne, orange, burgundy, evergreen and a milky blackberry

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colored set of eggs. And then, specifically arranged on top of the pile of eggs were five tiny flowers. The delicate petals were very light cornflower blue with a cream stamen poking out and delicate green petals and stems holding the flowers together.” Sarah smiled as she remembered these flowers.

Sarah absolutely adored the color cornflower blue.

“I tried to get the chef’s attention to ask him what kind of flowers they were but he was at the other end of the counter when this dish came out and then it was gone while a new dish was paraded in. The next plate was a miniature croissant with a tiny espresso cup sized bowl filled with some sort of cream substance with a gold spoon between the two was being presented to each of us with a flourish. I wonder what those cornflower blue flowers were?”

“I can’t take this anymore. Did you guys have sex or make out or even have a proper kiss at least?” Kathy, finally exasperated, said.

“No. No romance. Just another very odd smack on the lips or I should say lower lip and a hug and a pat on the back goodbye. Isn’t that how normal

people date though? It's really only been our fourth time seeing each other anyways. I dunno."

Sarah was at a loss. She had thought for sure there would be some sort of romance with John after the dinner but he just drove her directly back home, no romantic stroll anywhere or nightcap. It was barely eight o'clock when they arrived at her apartment and he didn't even want to come in and hang out for a while. He had said he didn't want to intrude on her beauty sleep.

"Yeah, you're right. Maybe he wants to be a true gentleman and not scare you off or anything. I bet he really likes you and that's why he's not making a move," Kathy said, trying to be positive but in all honesty, she was thinking this was not going anywhere, as much as she desperately wanted it to.

"You know, the cards don't seem very encouraging for this relationship either," Sarah mused and immediately regretted saying it aloud.

"I thought you already drew a card for him and were upset about it. Sarah, please stop with all this card stuff, it's not helping you one bit," Kathy scolded.

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“No, I pulled cards for the ‘relationship’ I have with him. Besides, this time I used the old tarot and did a three-card spread...”

“The original source,” Kathy cut her off and shook her head. “It ALL means nothing, Sarah. Stop playing around with all this crap.” Kathy continues with the scolding and begins to worry about her friend’s mental health. “And I suppose you’re going to say it’s not the same feeling as you have with that past life love you’ve been obsessing about.”

“I pulled three cards, the Four of Pentacles for the Love position. Not a good card for love. It only talks about having successfully accomplished some goals and attaining material wealth and I may possibly just be looking at things for their wealth value making me greedy or overly possessive – but you know, this may also indicate John and him being greedy or the relationship being greedy, I’m not sure.”

“Or, it can mean...” Kathy sighed.

“Then, for the future position I got the Nine of Wands – great hope even when faced with many problems. Which is good but then it can also mean that I have been betrayed many times and

therefore lost all hope and trust in others. Which may be what is happening. Maybe all my past hurt is causing this. But there is hope and it is found in the mental sphere.” Sarah was on a roll now rethinking the card meanings.

“Or it can mean nothing. These are the vaguest explanations and could be applied to anything.”

“That’s just because you don’t believe in the cards. The cards never lie though. AND THEN for the career position I got the Ten of Swords. Ugh. Rarely a good sign but then again it can simply be a warning and if acted upon in a positive manner you can avoid the negative aspect of the card,” Sarah continued, bravely ignoring Kathy. Sarah was used to Kathy’s non-believing ways and she did remember but refrained from reminding her of how Sarah had used the cards to predict that Kathy was going to meet Roger.

Kathy had had enough. She saw what Sarah was doing and it was only going to lead to disaster on her part, no matter what the cards foretold. Sarah was spinning around in circles.

“The Ten of Swords may be indicating some sort of major disaster is on the horizon, either for me, for John or for my career or for John’s career or

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for the career path of our relationship since that was, after all, my question.

“Jeez, well, that narrows it down!”

“An unexpected certain force of extreme magnitude. But since the swords are all mental energy the meaning can be shifted by using positive mental energy as a very powerful weapon against the unforeseen disaster, whatever it may be. Oh, and it’s also a reminder that there are things which are beyond our power, no matter how hard we try to control them. So, there is hope because the Ten of Swords can also indicate extreme mental fatigue and a simple regroup is imminent to change the trajectory of the luck of the card,” Sarah finished and then quickly added and once again regretted, “the feeling with John is just definitely not the same as with my past life love hypnosis sessions.”

“I’m gonna vote for the extreme mental fatigue. Can you hear yourself? You need to take a break from all these cards, astrology, hypnosis, everything. Would you please just live and enjoy the fact that you have a normal guy who wants to see you AND is available AND wealthy, taking you out for a change,” Kathy calmly implored. “You’re

in love with someone who is not real, Sarah, allow yourself to be in love with the real guy, can you?

Why don't you invite John over for dinner? Cook for him, guys usually like that, don't they?" Kathy tried to turn the conversation away from any sort of new age road it was screaming down.

"I suppose, but he's such a food snob I can't imagine him liking anything I would cook for him. Besides, for some reason, we only ever see each other on Sundays. John is a busy guy and everything must be in order and on its assigned day. He is not spontaneous or creative at all," Sarah complained.

"Maybe he's waiting to see how much you like him and for you to take the initiative?" Kathy said, knowing she would never put up with a guy who played games like this but she was out of options to set Sarah up with. "Cook for him! He'll have no excuse not to go hang out in your apartment," Kathy said, trying desperately to stay positive. John was her last effort.

"I guess. We'll see if he calls me again. At this point it really doesn't seem like he's interested all that much," Sarah said with part of her hoping she would never hear from him again. By now,

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after this short amount of dates, Sarah had already slept with most of the guys she had ever dated before or at least had good kissing sessions with them. This was all new territory for her but maybe this was how it was supposed to be. Bland and scheduled.

“What do you mean he may never call you again? We’re all golfing again the day after tomorrow. You’re not going to bail, are you?” Kathy said, seeing the look on Sarah’s face which meant she had forgotten about the golf date.

“Oh gosh, I did forget. Do I have to? I have my hypnosis session at two,” Sarah whined.

“Perfect. Then you can definitely make it for the four o’clock tee time. Hey, maybe John’s waiting until Thanksgiving to bring on all the romance and lovemaking,” Kathy said in her very teenage sounding voice.

“Nope. He’s off to Tahoe for a ‘boys’ ski trip for two weeks. Says they do it every Thanksgiving break since college,” Sarah said matter-of-factly.

“Just boys? How? That’s impossible. Some of them must be married by now and he says no one brings their wife or kids on a two-week ski trip

over Thanksgiving? That's just weird. Did he ask you if you wanted to go?" Kathy was irritated now.

"Nope. I dunno. Maybe wives and kids go too. I wasn't really listening once he said he was going skiing. No biggie. I don't want to go anyway. Good he didn't invite me or I'd have to lie to him, as I did to Brenden."

Sarah had told Brenden she couldn't go home to Montana for Thanksgiving because she had to work. Sarah hates to lie but work excuses are the only thing Brenden understands. Now Brenden had already started asking her to come home for Christmas at least.

"You'll come with me and Roger then, we're going to his parents." Kathy decided.

"No, no, no, no and thank you but no. I have my whole wonderful week to myself before shooting starts back up. I plan to go to the beach every day, run and cycle and nothing else. You know how much I love the LA holidays when everyone leaves and goes searching for happiness elsewhere. I can have the beach to myself."

Thanksgiving alone. Riding her bike along the boardwalk and running on the beach are Sarah's

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favorite things to do and the things which cause her to stay in LA year after year, despite the monotony of her life.

“Oh yeah, I forgot, well, you’re not wrong about that,” Kathy said as she stood up seeing the costume designer motioning for her to come over, “and wear proper golf attire this time.”

“Yeah. I’m not so sure he really is that interested in seeing me though, that’s the problem,” Sarah said to no one except the uninterested grip sitting next to her. Kathy was long gone.

Sarah turned back to the script and all her notes making sure everything was organized and ready to go. She was going over everything again and again even though she had thoroughly memorized it all and was more than prepared and ready for filming to start.

CHAPTER 17

SATURDAY NOV 22

Sarah was happy to see Kathy and Roger when she arrived at the golf course parking lot.

‘So, let’s get this golf game going,” Sarah thought as she tried to will herself to remember exactly what she had just experienced in her past life hypnosis session with M. Coffey. She made her sixth mental note to remember to journal all her memories from the hypnosis session as soon as she got home. M had planted the directive for her to remember but still, Sarah decided to reinforce it with her own.

She had shoved a pen and tiny memo pad in the Kelly green hobo bag she was carrying on the

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course and, hopefully, she could jot down some notes in it without anyone noticing. She was terrified she was going to forget everything, even though she knew she would be receiving the audio file from M on Monday.

“How was the hypnosis??” Kathy almost screamed, so everyone within a ten feet radius of her turned around to see what the commotion was all about.

“It was great,” Sarah whispered while making the universal sign for shhhhh against her mouth. “Nice to see you all.” Sarah quickly changed the subject and allowed John to give her an awkward hug and even more awkward wet peck on the cheek. Even Kathy had a strange, confused look on her face after witnessing the weird attempt at affection. Sarah kind of felt like she was cheating on Thoun.

One thing for sure was that she knew John was definitely not Thoun.

“Shall we hit the links?” John was excited and increased his stride so much that he had already finished paying the green fee by the time the other three entered the pro shop.

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All Sarah could think about, as she went through the motions of the golf game with Kathy, Roger and John, was her past life hypnosis session she had just had with M. It was her fifth past life hypnosis session. She only had one more session to go and she still was not any closer to finding out how she could find her past life soul mate, Thoun, in her current incarnation.

She was diving deeper and deeper into her Lemurian lifetime and getting more and more confused as to what she was doing in any of her lifetimes, quite frankly.

Her daydreams and her night dreams were now consumed with images and stories taking place in Mu as she was the Lemurian daughter of one of the most beloved Lemurian High Priestesses on the Motherland of Mu. She was also experiencing past lives on the lost continent of Atlantis and it was still a mystery to her as to how she had got there and this made everything more confusing to her. Sarah had also been able to learn of her many past lifetimes in various parts of Asia, specifically Japan. So now she was also dreaming in Japanese and even though she couldn't understand any of the language being spoken in these dreams she understood what was going on in them.

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The most vivid past lifetime accounts she could recall were of her hundreds of thousands of years and lifetimes spent on Lemuria. She could never seem to get the images out of her mind. The confusing Atlantean lifetime with Thoun and where they were to go after their escape was also very clear and emotional for her but she had yet to experience much of it as she was merely given a glimpse of it in her hypnosis session.

Sarah tried (and failed) to seem lighthearted and fully immersed in her date while the foursome made their way to the golf carts and headed out to the first tee.

“So, have you psyched yourself up for the course today, Sarah? Have you mentally reviewed your swing and follow through?” John asked as he whipped the cart around to stop right next to Roger and Kathy’s.

“Uhhmmmm, oh yeah, I did. I’m all set,” Sarah lied. “What about you?”

“Always. Always,” John answered distractedly as he peered at his clubs inspecting each very carefully before choosing one, only to return it to its place and choose a different one.

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Sarah was still in the cart stealing a chance to write a few notes in her memo pad to jog her memory for later when she could properly journal about her session.

My mother Enlena Tishtar is a High Priestess who will not abandon Mu. She goes down in the sinking of the continent while Kirarae Seira (me) gets taken away to Atlantis. Thoun is with me. We are in love and I am happy to be with him but very sad to be leaving my mother and father, we are very close in Lemuria. The love I feel for Thoun transcends anything I have ever felt before. I miss him.

“Sarah, you’re up.” John was back at the cart whispering next to Sarah’s ear as she jumped and shut the notebook and bag tight while hoping he hadn’t seen anything she’d just written. He must not have seen anything or, if he did, he didn’t care because he was back checking the golf clubs again and choosing one for her to use.

Sarah realized Kathy was right about her being in love with an imaginary person. She knew, too, that this was very unhealthy. But how could Thoun be imaginary? The memories Sarah had of her and Thoun’s love for each other and all the thousands of years that they had spent together

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seemed a million times more real than any sort of love affair she had ever experienced in her current lifetime.

Sarah paid attention to golf for a while but couldn't help but have her mind wander through today's hypnosis session over and over again.

The most vivid part of today's past life session was her Lemurian lifetime when Thoun shows up. Sarah or Kirarae Seira as she is called in her Lemurian lifetime, is living happily for hundred of thousands of years with her Lemurian 'parents'.

In this past lifetime session, Sarah had experienced living with her present life mother, Nichole, and brother, Brenden, again. They were all there - even her present life father, who she had never felt a strong connection with in Montana, was there. They were the truly happy family Sarah had always fantasized about.

Her Lemurian mother, Enlena Tishtar, is her mother Nichole in her current lifetime and her Lemurian father, Mikaere KaTsi, is her father in her current lifetime. Kirarae and her parents had a very strong bond on Mu which was not always

had between Lemurian parents and their offspring.

Sarah didn't really understand it but what she concluded was that Lemurians spent most of their time in their spirit or ethereal forms and had full command of when, where and if they would like to spend any time in a physical human form, as we know it today.

Enlena was one of the oldest, wisest and most loved Lemurian High Priestesses, who was chosen to procreate. Procreation was done by Lemurians one of two ways. One option was for a Lemurian to take physical form as either a male or female being and join with a physical form of their opposite and go through the standard human physical process of procreating. Or they could choose to create a life fully within themselves using both their male and female parts. Whichever method they chose, it was always done as a community, many were on hand to help and rejoice in the act of procreation, birthing and child-rearing stages. Sarah wasn't sure if she would have liked that whole community birthing thing or not.

She wasn't very clear on how her birth came about but as far as she could surmise from her

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hypnosis past life birth experience today, Kirarae was the very first offspring of Enlena Tishtar. Enlena had chosen her first creation to be conceived in physical form with Mikaere KaTsi who was more than willing to participate with her physically. They continued to create lifetimes together but also elixirs and crystal grids together. All three of them were the perfect team and were most happy during their time on Mu.

Kirarae Seira was the first Lemurian they ever created together. She was raised by the typical female group who raised all the infant Lemurians until they had reached full maturity from which they were never to age. She had a very close bond with her father and mother and they spent most of their time together, this message kept coming through to Sarah over and over again about this Lemurian past life. Her family had been very happy together. When Kirarae reached her full maturity and was done being raised by the female child-rearing group by the sea, she rejoined Enlena and Mikaere at their mountaintop palace and helped them in all their creations. The three were happy, content, full of creativity and psychic power in this lifetime which existed for them for hundreds of thousands of years. They would still be in this Lemurian lifetime today if not for the

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dreadful destruction of Mu. They spent most of their days together and this was good and acceptable and happy.

Enlena Tishtar kept on procreating new Lemurians all these hundreds of thousands of years she existed and Sarah's father, Mikaere, was one of the regular co-creators with her. He wasn't necessary but Enlena and he enjoyed their physical human form interactions so much they continued to practice once every five or so years.

The final Lemurian Enlena and Mikaere were to create was BreaTchaw Ka, who is Sarah's brother in this current lifetime, Brenden.

BreaTchaw was barely past the toddler stage when Kirarae was kidnapped by Thoun so they hadn't spent much time together in the Lemurian lifetime. Most likely this is the reason why Brenden is always wanting to spend more time with her in this current incarnation. At least this is the conclusion Sarah came to.

All these thoughts of her Lemurian past life were swimming through Sarah's mind as she tried to stay in the golf cart while John maneuvered it around the course with his left leg hanging out the

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side of it and his foot barely skimming the ground.

She tried to maintain composure, focus on her golf swing and make a feeble attempt at flirting with John. At least she had the proper golf attire on this time so that was not an issue.

As she stood leaning on her club, which she knew you weren't supposed to do, Sarah began to remember more of her session. The scenes just keep playing on a loop through her mind as a sort of nonintrusive background noise while the golf game was moving along mindlessly of its own accord.

She was in Lemuria again as she, her mother Enlena and her father Mikaere were making their way back up to the top of the mountain after visiting her brother BreaTchaw, who was being raised with all the other Lemurian children down by the seaside. On these visit days to her brother, Kirarae and her Lemurian parents chose to walk in physical form down the mountain to where her brother and all the other Lemurian children were being raised collectively by the Lemurian women proficient in child-rearing. Once the visit was over, they would walk back up again to the top of the mountain where they dwelled full-time in

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their mountaintop palace with hundreds of rooms and thousands of other Lemurians working on creating their various skills, potions and elixirs to share with the entire continent of Mu.

Her brother was so cute in his Lemurian physical form and he was full of excitement to see her. He had grown and matured as much as a human year in just the past Lemurian week since they had visited him. They were discussing BreaTchaw's growth change as they physically walked back home up the mountain. They liked to walk so they often did rather than choose the easier shape transmutation method of travel that all Lemurians knew how to do from an early age.

They were going on and on about how remarkable the early years of growth took place in Lemuria and then leveled off once one achieved adulthood. It was difficult to tell how many years an adult Lemurian had been in existence since human aging did not occur, only those who were trained in looking into the souls of another were able to know definitively how many years a soul had been in existence on Mu.

Kirarae loved the days she and her mom and dad would visit her brother, BreaTchaw. They spent a

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lot of time together which was rare for Lemurians but they chose to and it was fine. On Lemuria, people respected each other and their choices because all the choices they made were for the good of the community and were only ever done in loving, positive ways. The thoughts of meanness, cruelty, destruction, hatred, bigotry or selfishness had no meaning or way to survive on Mu.

These destructive emotions and actions had no willing receptacles waiting to be filled here on Mu. These emotions were able to be felt and experienced by the rest of the world and had even begun creeping onto the Atlantean continent but not on Mu. Lemurians had no need for it and, therefore, their civilization advanced collectively over and over again at a rapid rate and at an increasingly highly intellectual level.

Telepathy was a language they all excelled in. Sound vibrations were the art form they practiced in order to heal and repair themselves on the very rare occasion that they would perhaps injure themselves when they were in physical form.

They were supernatural beings in a way that have yet to be replicated again here on the Earth plane until consciousness splits again. The Lemurians

knew their powers were special and God-given so they appreciated them and used them only for positive thoughts and actions.

Suddenly, the past lifetime Sarah was experiencing in her session had jumped ahead a few years and Sarah, who was still Kirarae and still Lemurian, was greeting a foreign vessel which had arrived unexpectedly on Mu.

Enlena had asked Kirarae to greet the vessel and keep her informed telepathically of what transpired. Enlena had been receiving messages telepathically from an Atlantean she did not know. The Atlantean had been repeatedly warning her of impending doom for her civilization at the hands of his evil brother. He had been warning her of his greedy brother who was determined to steal the Lemurians DNA and copy all of their supernatural powers and magic. Enlena had laughed his warnings off as harmless jealousy between two brothers and he was trying to scare her for no reason. But today, as this unknown craft had arrived on top of the mountain next to her palace, Enlena felt her heart physically sink and her muscles feel a tension they had never experienced before.

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She summoned Kirarae, Mikaere KaTsi and twenty or so other Lemurians and told them of the warnings she had been receiving and the dread she had, surrounding this strange vessel. Dread was something Lemurians knew nothing about so it took her a good twenty minutes to explain the emotion to them and even then, she was unsure if anyone really understood what she had said.

Kirarae was to greet the vessel alone. Mikaere was to travel down to the seashore and make sure all the children were proficient in their shape-shifting skills (he was a master at it) in case they were called upon to change form quickly in the near future. The children were to be the first to shape-shift and leave if the warnings turned out to be true and something terrible was to happen to Mu. Having the children shape-shift away first would ensure the continuation of the Lemurian race if there was to be some sort of attack which could take out their beloved civilization.

“So, what’s this hypnosis stuff all about that Kathy mentioned?” John leaned over and quietly asked Sarah, while they were parked in the golf cart waiting for the group in front of them to start the tee.

Sarah's foursome was playing through fast which was no surprise to Roger, Kathy and John but Sarah was shocked that she was actually playing golf and doing well.

Sarah had shot par for most of the tees and had even managed to sneak in more notes on her hypnosis session without anyone noticing. She was getting better at being sneaky it would seem.

Realizing John smelled good and was indeed very handsome she said, "It's great! I've been using it for focusing and following through on goals and I think it's even helping me with this golf game." Sarah smiled, turns out she's was getting adept at lying too. "Have you ever tried it?"

"Nah, heard of it though, but never tried it," John replied as he pointed to the form of one of the golfers in the group ahead of them. "You'll have to tell me more about it sometime. See how they missed the follow through, always gotta pay attention to the follow through. You're getting much better at it, Sarah." He finished as the cart lurched forward a few feet to signal that they were to get out and on with the game.

Sarah grabbed her notebook from her bag and made a few more quick notes about her session.

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Kirarae meets Thoun and is immediately in love, he can say or do nothing wrong instantly. He is traveling with two other mercenaries who his father instructed to go with him and make sure that Thoun follows through on his orders. The two others are evil but also lazy so they really just want to hang out on Mu and see the sights. But at a certain time, a huge collision is meant to take place in the sky which will cause the overnight destruction of Lemuria, timing is everything in this mission.

Sarah had been sad when she learned of the impending destruction which was about to befall Mu. She had such a strong connection with this land that she had even begun to cry a little during her hypnosis session while she was learning of it. M had given her some tissue.

Sarah really didn't understand the whole kidnapping scenario but she felt like she was filling in the gaps quite nicely and was hoping for more clarity when she got home to journal, if this golf game would ever end.

As Sarah had relived this lifetime in M. Coffey's office today, she had begun to learn that Thoun had come to Lemuria to bring Kirarae back with him to Atlantis. At first Sarah thought this was

romantic and it was because they were so much in love but as the session went on she began to realize that Thoun had come to kidnap her and steal her back to Atlantis for experimentation and the stealing of her DNA coding.

Thoun's father, Samael, had overpowered and tricked Thoun into doing this evil deed for him. Thoun had no choice but to do his father's bidding. He was ordered to go and find the most advanced Lemurian with the highest level of psychic power, who was Kirarae Seira. Samael had already picked Kirarae to be the one Thoun would kidnap. Samael knew that Enlena would send Kirarae to greet his ship and, therefore, he used his wizardry to ensure that Thoun would be captivated and fall in love with her at first sight.

As soon as Thoun saw her he did fall deeply in love with Kirarae. He knew that what he was doing for his father was wrong so he immediately set about finding a different Lemurian to bring back with him. But it was impossible to trick Samael, he was too powerful. Thoun had no choice but to kidnap Kirarae.

Kirarae was Enlena Tishtar's most advanced and powerful offspring because of her length of time in existence making this a highly tricky mission

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for Thoun to accomplish. He needed to figure out how to escape the impenetrable power shield which surrounded Mu. Thoun was perfect for the job because he had trained in trickery and shape-shifting himself with the best, his father Samael.

Sure, the Atlanteans could shape-shift but they were far behind the Lemurians in how advanced and adept they were at it. Atlanteans were still trying to master the art of shape-shifting into ocean creatures which was basically as easy as inhaling and exhaling to Lemurians.

Thoun was charming and extremely good-looking. Samael was certain he was going to be able to win over the affections of this Lemurian Kirarae Seira easily having her fall in love with him. She must fall in love with him and agree to travel back to the island Aryan on the Atlantean continent with him of her own accord in order for the plan to work.

This was the plan Samael had gone over and over again with Thoun and he knew it was foolproof. Thoun's goodness was trying to outweigh the evilness which Samael had spent lifetimes filling him up with. Thoun was struggling trying to disobey his father and remain true to the Law of One but he was no match for Samael. Thoun was

forced to follow through with the plan. It had been written.

The kidnapping plan went off as studied but Thoun's heart was not in. The evilness of the plan was tearing him apart as he instantly had found himself deeply in love with Kirarae Seira. Without knowing what had happened, Kirarae found herself in Thoun's spacecraft with the other two mercenaries headed far away from her parents, brother and beloved home on Mu.

Enlena begins to asks the man, Conroy-Ra, who has been warning her telepathically, if there is anything she can do and he sadly says "No, there is nothing. My brother, Samael, has sold his soul to the devil, the damage is done. You must focus on saving what you can of your people and spread out to other regions in all directions so you may continue to teach your very important message of love and respect for all. You Lemurians are the way-showers and are very much needed. My brother may not be stopped now but evil does not rule forever and it, too, may be defeated. You will reunite with Kirarae again in another lifetime."

The destruction of Mu happened in the middle of the night and no one knew for certain exactly what happened. There were explosions, loud

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noises, the ground rattled, shook and broke apart. Huge fissures in the ground were opened up and geysers of toxic gases began spewing straight up into the air causing the sky to be covered with a gray haze. The Lemurian population at the time of this disastrous explosion was in the double digit millions and it is storied that most of the population was wiped out in this one dreadful night. Mu was on fire and in ruins as the result of this single night of hatred and destruction.

Many Lemurians did escape quickly by shape-shifting to become dolphins, whales, mermaids and other sea creatures. But the continent itself was slowly drowning, not only of sadness but from all the toxic gas leakages and earth fissures. Mikaere KaTsi and BreaTchaw were some of the first to shape-shift away from Mu along with all the other Lemurian children and Lemurian child rearers. Sarah didn't know where they ended up going.

Parts of Mu submerged as the earth's crust shifted. Oceans filled in the gaping holes. There are a very few tiny remnants of land masses of Mu still above water today but Sarah didn't really understand where these are supposed to be.

Sarah kept getting confused with the hypnosis session she was trying to remember, maybe that was why she was doing so good in the golf game today. Her mind was preoccupied so she was simply taking the club from John and following his guidance. She was under par and doing even better than Kathy.

She was confused with the timeline of the events of being on Atlantis and then Lemuria and then back to Atlantis and now on Mu, which was the same as saying Lemuria.

When Thoun had kidnapped Kirarae from Mu and they had traveled back on his spaceship with the two lazy mercenaries driving the ship, he had told her the whole story. He had said he didn't want to have secrets from her. He told her of the plan Samael, his father, had to overtake power of the entire universe if possible and how he was forcing Thoun to do evil things for him. Thoun told her about his good uncle Conroy-Ra, and how he was guiding Thoun to be free of his father's evil clutches but it was proving difficult for both of them. His father was very, very strong.

Back on Atlantis or on the way to Atlantis, Thoun tells Sarah the story of Atlantis and his father. He tells her about how much he loves her and they

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will always be together. He will find her lifetime after lifetime no matter what if they ever get separated. He thinks he can overpower his father but when they land, he is immediately taken away from Kirarae and the two lazy guards whisk Kirarae away to a very scientific looking lab. Thoun must figure out a way to get back to Kirarae and save her but most of her energy is zapped by the time he arrives to rescue her from the lab experimentation and Kirarae had given up all hope of seeing him again.

Thoun is one of the 'Children of the Law of One'. So is his uncle, Conroy-Ra. His father had been also but once he had a taste of power and control, he fell into the trap of greed and manipulation and he left Poseida to grow his evil group of followers on the island of Aryan. On Aryan this group of evil mercenaries immediately began to show less and less respect for nature and for God the creator. They began to condemn all that the Children of the Law of One stood for which was peace, love, compassion, mother earth and the god source of all creation.

Samael led his growing group in all kinds of technological advances which were not all necessarily for the good of all people. They

created cloning programs in order to create a lower-class race of slaves which would do all their bidding. As they grew more and more advanced in their scientific knowledge and experiments, it became clear to them that they desperately needed the Lemurian DNA and psychic knowledge in order to advance and be the most supreme rulers of all. This is why Thoun was sent to kidnap Kirarae. She was to be the first Lemurian who they would steal DNA from because she was the oldest creation from Enlena when she had chosen to procreate in human physical form. There would be more after her but she was to be the first. Samael had planned to have Thoun pretend to fall in love with her and get her to travel to Atlantis willingly so as not to alert the other Lemurians of impending doom. Samael had not, however, factored into the equation that his brother was still highly psychic and powerful nor that he would try to warn the Lemurians of Samael's plan. Samael thought he was above reproach and that his wacky brother would never be taken seriously anyway.

Samael was extremely cocky and careless yet still infinitely powerful so there was always a way to outsmart him but most likely noway to overpower him.

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Samael's sloppiness is what caused the ultimate destruction of Mu and Atlantis as well. But he did get away with the plan of kidnapping Kirarae. She was to be the first but he had many more plans of kidnapping more Lemurians soon after the tests were begun on her. This is where he failed. Because he was so greedy he caused this great destruction of Mu, and Kirarae was the only successful kidnapping of a Lemurian they could perform tests on.

Samael's jealousy and rage at being anything less than the highest ruler of the world and technical advances kept him constantly moving towards world domination. He strong-armed the take-over of the highly powerful crystal energy system which had always been lovingly cared for and adeptly used for healing and positive actions by Conroy-Ra and the Children of the Law of One.

Samael was impatient to be considered higher than God and rather than learn how to use the crystal energy system properly, he violently took control of it and immediately began making powerful weapons of destruction and desecration. Conroy-Ra repeatedly warned him and others had warned him as well but the warnings fell on deaf ears.

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Samael was not going to be told what to do by his stupid brother. Samael forged ahead with the crystal system and severely overloaded it. He overloaded it so much that everything short-circuited at once, bypassing the very intuitive built-in warning system which had always alerted the Children of the Law of One of any sort of problems in the past.

The short-circuiting led to a series of huge explosions, earthquakes, tsunamis, tidal waves, you name it, it happened and this led to the mass destruction and sinking of Atlantis.

But what happened to Mu? Sarah was so confused. So that was how Atlantis was destroyed but what about Mu? Maybe in her next hypnosis session she would find out.

She hoped anyways, otherwise she was going to go get a tarot reading about it.

Conroy-Ra knew it was going to happen but was powerless to stop his brother from destroying himself and his civilization. "It was written," Conroy-Ra had said. But Thoun and Kirarae had hope. If they were to follow Conroy-Ra's guidance exactly as he said, they would be able to escape and flee to Agartha on the North American

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continent. But one false move and they, too, would disintegrate back into the nothingness of the void. Sarah had no idea what Agatha meant.

Sarah grabbed her tiny notebook out of her bag and began to hurriedly write a few more lines before it was her turn to tee off again - thankfully the game was almost done.

When they arrive on Atlantis, a female Atlantean named Gurresceh, is running the lab that the two lazy mercenaries bring Kirarae to for all the experiments.

Gurresceh is just doing her job, and as she gets further and further along in the experiments, Thoun shows up to save Kirarae and tells Gurresceh he will no longer allow the experiments to happen. The experiments are killing Kirarae. Gurresceh says she can't stop. He must find the way to save her on his own. She tells him in code how he can escape without really telling him how or that she is actively helping him. She doesn't want to get in trouble with Samael but Gurresceh also knows this whole thing is wrong so she secretly helps him. She is a very old Atlantean and realizes that all Samael's greed and jealousy will soon be the destruction of Atlantis. Gurresceh was once

Samael's lover but soon he became greedy and full of his ego and banished her to this lab to do his dirty work. Gurresceh believes in love and that everyone should be given the chance to be with their soul mate – she sees that Thoun and Kirarae are meant to be together and that they are in love with each other.

This was about all Sarah could remember from the hypnosis session today. It all seemed very confusing to her. She still didn't know what was going on in her life nor did she think she was learning anything remarkable to help her in this lifetime.

And to be perfectly honest she was completely confused as to whether she was Lemurian, Atlantean, Japanese or something else that she was yet to experience. Maybe there was no Mu or Atlantis or even Lemuria for that matter.

Sarah still held out hope believing session six was going to be the one to tie everything together, or so she thought. She had one more session to go with M. Coffe but, unfortunately, it wasn't scheduled until after the whole Thanksgiving holiday had died down and everyone got back to a regular work schedule again only to begin the hype for Christmas.

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“That was so much fun and look what a great score you got, Sarah!” John said as he gave Sarah a congratulatory pat on the back.

The foursome was relaxing in the small lounge attached to the pro shop of the golf course. They had all decided to have a beer while they finalized their score cards.

“Yeah, I guess that hypnosis I’ve been doing is really working, huh?” Sarah said as she elbowed Kathy.

“What but you’re... Oh yeah, it looks like it is for sure, maybe I should try it ‘cause I sucked today,” Kathy played along with Sarah. “Hey, you two up for some Mexican or you got a romantic post-golf night planned?” Kathy fished for signs of any sort of spark between the two and was left searching for it.

“Not me, I gotta go pack. Me and some buddies are heading out to Tahoe tonight to hit the slopes early tomorrow,” John quickly replied. “As a matter of fact, I gotta hit the road now.” John swallowed the remaining three quarters of his beer in one gulp, nudged Sarah’s head like it was a puppy dog’s, jumped up to leave, said to

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everyone, “Rematch in a couple weeks?” and then he was gone.

Roger sipped his beer while Kathy sat there with a face on her like she had just eaten moldybread. “Sarah, Mexican? Quesadillas? My treat, how ‘bout it?”

“Sure, why not,” Sarah laughed. The looks her and Kathy shared between them confirmed that this thing with John was definitely not something to write a novella about.

CHAPTER 18

THANKSGIVING BREAK 11/23-11/29

Sarah had great plans for her Thanksgiving break which was officially from November 23 – November 29. The film was on hiatus and M. Coffey had closed her office for the holiday.

Sarah was more than prepared for the upcoming film shoot so she had zero work to catch up on. She was looking forward to riding her bike, running, practicing her self-hypnosis religiously and journaling. Journaling and more journaling until she got to the bottom of where her past lifetime forever love named Thoun was hiding.

She was certain she could find fulfilling love in this current lifetime and it was going to be with

the reincarnated Thoun. She knew they just kept missing each other and that was the problem.

‘And maybe I’ll throw in another tarot reading for good measure,’ Sarah thought, as she reviewed her calendar plan for the break. She had mapped it all out and purchased a special spiral bound six by eight notebook that was to serve as her ‘Where is Thoun?’ journal. The notebook had a lovely picture of a tropical ocean with palm trees, sand, waves and miles and miles of endless ocean reaching out to beyond the horizon.

Sarah woke up prior to the sun rising on this beautiful Sunday before Thanksgiving Thursday. Happily, she realized there was nothing for her to do except go for a long cycle on the boardwalk, grab her favorite breakfast, practice self-hypnosis, journal and maybe take a nap. Then in the afternoon her plan was to go for an extra-long run, maybe even to Playa del Rey this time, and then stroll the Venice Boardwalk. Maybe she’d get a proper tarot reading and soak up the glorious Venice Beach atmosphere.

Sarah loved these kinds of days when she had no serious schedule to follow in order to accommodate anyone else. No one was around to bother her or ask her to do something stupid or

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making her create a lie to get out of it. Her week was free of any lackluster dates with some guy where she had to pretend to be interested in him.

Just Sarah all alone and perfectly happy to be so. Who knows, maybe she'd meet a kindred soul along her boardwalk stroll and he'd be the missing Thoun who she was so desperate to meet and they'd live happily ever after.

"Ha!" Sarah threw back the covers and jumped out of bed. "Maybe, ya never know."

Sarah packed her Camelback backpack with water and snacks and got ready for her day ahead.

She was irritated to find a ton of texts on her phone.

Brenden, wanting her to come home for Thanksgiving, "Sarah, you should be here for Thanksgiving."

Kathy, to come with her to Roger's parents, "Hey Sarah, don't forget you can always come with us to Roger's parents on Thursday if you want." (turkey emoji followed by a slice of pie). The pie was tempting though.

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Claudia even got in on the action and asked her what she was doing for Turkey Day - she didn't want her to be alone. "Mrrp... whtcha doin for Tday? Come to Sissy's – at least for drinks." (Five wine bottle emojis).

Sarah answered all of them quickly with the same response which she copied and pasted. "No, but thank you for thinking of me. I am happy to have the week to myself and my running shoes. Happy Thanksgiving to you!"

Even Billy sent her a text. Sarah didn't bother to answer Billy's but thought she wouldn't be surprised if she heard from him again this week, seeing as all his party friends were probably gone or spending it with their families. Billy had always used Sarah in the past for a good ol' standby lay.

As Sarah drank her protein shake, she set her new journal out in front of her on the kitchen table with her favorite blue ink pen next to it. She even wrote a few lines to get going on today's journaling and to remind her to finish it when she got home.

After cycling today, I am going to do some self-hypnosis, and journal immediately after the session in order to get more and more in touch

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with my subconscious mind and my past life lovemate, Thoun.

She almost secretly hoped Billy would end up dropping by and happen to read this. Maybe he would get jealous or something,

‘Stupid,’ Sarah thought, as she swallowed the last of her drink and got ready to shower and go for her ride.

FIRST THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL ENTRY Sunday 11/23

Between my cycle and run I practiced self-hypnosis and fell asleep. I have no memory of anything.

SECOND THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL ENTRY Monday 11/24

After cycling and cleaning my apartment today, I was able to do some self-hypnosis and actually remember what happened. It was wonderfully vivid and felt so real. I never experienced this lifetime before. I was female and extremely powerful, one of the most powerful women of my time. If I think about it now, I probably wasn't all that nice either. My name was Hojo

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Mas.....something something. Not sure of my name but the time period was early 1200's in Japan.

I loved my husband certainly but I also loved the immense power I gained from my marriage to him. I had to beg my father to allow us to marry. He finally allowed the marriage in 1180. My husband ended up dying fairly early on in our marriage which made me sad but I was not distraught over it because I knew we would be together again in another life. I wonder if this husband was Thoun?

Rather than remarry and perhaps lose some of my newly gained power I became a Buddhist nun and continued to enjoy my extreme wealth and enormous amount of power and authority. Oh, and I had a fabulous nickname. I was 'Nun Shogun' ha ha.

My husband had been one of the first of the thing called Shogun. I think he actually created the idea of the Shogun. Hmmm, not sure about this, I should probably do some research about it. I don't really know what Shogun is either.

After he died, I was able to take over his role and all the power of his position on the throne. The

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rules were different during this time period. Women were allowed to maintain control of their property and affairs when their husbands passed away. I continued to rule and worked with my father and many brothers but I took no hesitation in removing anyone who dared to go against what I said. At one point I even got rid of my father and a brother, who in this lifetime are actually Brenden and Billy. Weird, I'm not sure what that all means. Brenden was my father and Billy was my brother. I loved my brother, who in this lifetime is Billy, but he was always screwing up and betraying me and the rest of my family so I finally had enough of him and had him killed. See, I was not so nice a person but very powerful and respected.

My goal in this Japanese lifetime was to strengthen the warrior role of women and I did just that by making sure that women could maintain control of their own property and affairs during this short time period of history even if their husbands were to die.

I was a warrior, a samurai fighter. I had grown up riding horseback, fishing and hunting and learning to fight strategically.

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During this hypnosis session I saw myself at one point in my warrior outfit, which had breastplates, shields, and lace-up boots, with a white fighting kimono underneath it. I don't know how I ever fought wearing this - it was so uncomfortable. Oh, and my hair was styled in the parted-down-the-middle, split bun fashion which was gathered on top of my head with a tiny wreath of flowers for power and protection. I wore a bucket helmet made out of stiff bamboo. I have no idea how it stayed on during battle with the huge bun and flower wreath under it.

I experienced being in a heated battle with many other warriors who fought the emperor who was trying to re-establish authority. With me guiding them, the hundreds of thousands of samurai who heeded the call to arms were able to save Kyoto and exile the emperor. My group and I remained in control until I died.

I was well-known and deeply revered during this lifetime of being a warrior. As my lifetime was ending and I was about to die, I remember looking forward to meeting my husband in the next lifetime. I wonder if I ever did. I must have met him over and over again if he is my lifetime soul mate love. Isn't this how this stuff works?

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THIRD THANKSGIVING VACATION

JOURNAL ENTRY TUESDAY 11/25

I waited too long to do my self-hypnosis and journaling and now I'm super tired but I'm going to write it down as much as I remember anyways. I hope I don't fall asleep while I'm writing.

I am on Mu, again, I know for certain. My name is Kirarae Seira. My mother, Enlena Tishtar has just sent me to greet an unknown vessel which has landed on her mountaintop next to her palace.

As I make my way to the vessel, I feel a huge sense of knowingness overcome me as I see a large male figure emerge with a cloud of blue-green shimmering lights surrounding him. I am curious as I make my way towards him. I am eager to greet him and hear the story of where he has just come from and why he is here.

(OK, but stick to the point because I can't keep my eyes open much longer.)

I greet him and hear him tell me his name is Thoun. I offer him and his two traveling mates to come in to eat and stay within the palace walls

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with us. I want him to meet my mother and father and show him around the grounds of the palace. He says the two others must stay with the ship but he would be happy with any sort of food that we could spare for them. Thoun is happy to go on a tour with me and stay in the palace. He looks at me in an odd sort of way, not threatening but very quizzically and delicately. We, the Lemurians who live on Mu, don't look at each other this way so the look is very unfamiliar to me but I like it and am immediately captivated by his ruggedness and muscular physique.

I lead him around the palace and show him everything I love here. I show him how we grow and make potions here and which room is used for crystal development and which for plant medicine. As the day goes on, we get more and more comfortable with each other and begin to say things at the same time, almost as if we are reading each other's minds.

The next few days I spend all my waking hours with Thoun while he stays within the palace walls and the other two Atlanteans stay with the ship. I have become completely enamored with Thoun and cannot imagine a time when I have not been with him or a time when he will have to

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leave Mu and I will be without him again. Thoun is still here with me on Mu but I am sad, already thinking about him leaving and being gone. I know he has not moved here. He says his vessel had a malfunction and they needed to make an emergency landing not knowing where they were. The two others with him are fixing the ship and when they finish the repairs they will all be on their way immediately.

I am sad that Thoun will have to leave. My life on Mu with my mother and father has always been extremely happy for me and I had never imagined it could be better but with Thoun here I am even happier.

I think I fell in love with Thoun here, maybe this is our first lifetime together? But I don't know, I truly do not understand how this past life stuff works and how many times we stay with each other throughout lifetimes together. I wonder if this lifetime is before or after my Japanese lifetime which may or may not have Thoun in it. So confusing!!!!

Oh, but no, Lemuria is much earlier than any Japanese lifetime can be, right? I must research this.

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Finally, my Lemurian mother, Enlena, agrees to meet with Thoun. She had forced him to wait a few days before meeting her. I do not know why. When my mother meets him, she is scrutinizing and questioning him while also studying how the two of us interact with each other.

Enlena is asking Thoun very strange questions in my opinion. The type of questions we don't ever ask one another on Lemuria. She's asking him why he is here? What his intentions are? Where has he come from? Is he Lemurian? I don't understand why she is asking if he is Lemurian or not. If he is, she would surely know him then because of her high priestess position.

As Lemurians on Mu we always trust that everyone has our best interests at heart. We believe everyone to be kind, loving and caring and full of support for one another.

Thoun carefully answers my mother's questions in very vague terms and tries to repeatedly change the subject.

(No wonder I love Thoun so much, he's a shrewd topic changer like me).

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Later that night when I have fed Thoun and seen him to his guest chamber, my mother uses the power of her mind to draw me to her elixir room. In an instant I am there standing next to my father and mother, Mikaere and Enlena.

Enlena begins to tell me all about the warning messages she has been receiving from Atlantis via Thoun's uncle, Conroy-Ra.

"Kirarae, you don't realize that Thoun is here with an order to get to know you very well and kidnap you to bring you back to Atlantis with him. The Atlanteans want to use you for experimentation so they can steal all our Lemurian secrets."

I am truly horrified when she says this to me. I begin to tell her I think that she is wrong and how they had to land because their ship was broken. My heart is breaking although heartbreak is not something any Lemurian has ever experienced before.

My mother is relentless in telling me otherwise.

"Kirarae, I see how Thoun looks at you and continues to weave a spell around you. We do not

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practice this sort of controlling on Mu - we love all and all are one.

It is true, Kirarae Seira. I have been told that Thoun is here to follow a specific plan and bring you back to Atlantis with him and very bad things will happen to you there if you agree to go. The only way he will be able to capture you is if you agree to go with him."

What a weird thing to say. Why would I agree to go with someone if he is kidnapping me? My mother continues and explains everything while I get sadder and sadder. My recent elation has plummeted drastically. I try to argue with her and ask her who is telling her all these lies but she keeps telling me over and over again that it is all true and I must heed what she says.

"Thoun must take you and you must agree to it all under the guise of love or else the plan his evil father has created will not transpire. If you do not agree to go, Mu will be destroyed at a later date. Immediately upon Thoun's departure without you in his vessel, he and the entire spaceship will be destroyed along with the crew.

If you do agree to go with him because you are in love with him, the continent of Mu may have a

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chance to survive but most likely it will still be destroyed no matter what you decide. The destruction is written. If you do not agree to go with him, all our precious Lemurian powers, strengths and talents will remain unto us only and forever used with the intention of love and goodness for the world. Our physical continent and physical forms will be destroyed eventually but all our secrets will remain ours and uncorrupt. Mu secrets will remain intact and the physical and spiritual Mu will once again resurface intact at a much later time in history when the awakening has occurred.”

I was getting really confused at this point both as Kirarae and as myself during this self-hypnosis session. Go or don't go, Mu is screwed either way. If I don't go, I die eventually and Thoun is destroyed almost immediately upon his departure from Mu. If I do go, I die on Atlantis but Thoun lives and I get a little more time with him. Damned if I do, damned if I don't. I wasn't thinking about the future of Mu only about Thoun and my love for him.

My mother was on a roll and just kept lying out the bad news over and over again.

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“BUT if you agree to go with Thoun because you are in love with him, all our Lemurian secret powers and strengths will go with you and may be turned into highly evil actions by Samael if they can extract the secrets from your DNA. If Thoun can devise a way to outwit his father our ways may be saved. Samael’s greed and thirst for power will eventually lead to the destruction of Atlantis and other parts of the universe as well and, of course, Mu.

None of this makes sense. Sounds like Samael destroys everything no matter what she chooses so why shouldn’t Kirarae choose love? I don’t get it.

You must listen to me, Sarah, and do what I say. This is the best thing for you to do, be quick and return to the ocean. It is the only way you will survive and protect Mu. Use your shape-shifting skills. You will have love again. You will meet this soul mate again in another lifetime. Love or what you think is love will come again. Love is everywhere and shields us at all times. The trickery of love is what ultimately will be our undoing. Now quick, off to the ocean.”

Kirarae is torn with what to do. She listens to her mother but does not want to do what she has

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told her to do. She cannot bear the thought of never seeing Thoun again and leaving him to explode in his ship.

Kirarae feels like she has no choice but to follow her mother's orders so she begins the process of shape-shifting which takes a few days to complete. As Kirarae, I chose to metamorphose into a majestic whale but at the last minute I change my mind and fall back under the love spell of Thoun, who is once again convincing me to go with him. He promises me that we will escape everything together and be forever in love. He has a plan to defeat his father.

Thoun really loves me and I really love him. We believe we are invincible despite the evil that Thoun knows his father is having him do.

I can't write anymore now. Must sleep.

FOURTH THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL ENTRY WEDNESDAY 11/26

Before my run today I had another tarot reading from my favorite tarot reader who hangs out down on the boardwalk. I'm kind of confused by what he read so I'm just gonna write down the gist of what I remember. Then I'm going to do a

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*short hypnosis session and IMMEDIATELY
JOURNAL WHAT HAPPENS and WHAT
LIFETIME I GET TO RELIVE THIS TIME!*

*I had a short past, present, and future reading
for my relationship with John.*

*The past card was the World. So, this situation is
in the past which is that of celebrating having a
job well done. This chapter is over but I shouldn't
get lazy. I can be proud of a job well done or it
can also be a traveling card but since it is in the
past position, the time and opportunity of
traveling or moving may have come and gone
already. But, at the same time, a short vacation
may be just what I need. I may meet someone
while traveling or may need to relocate to my
partner if we are living separately. The other
two cards were to clarify the meaning of this one
which doesn't make any sense to me about my
relationship with John.*

*And then the reader went on to ask me if I was
homesick. At that very moment I was very
homesick. I was homesick for Mu. I was missing
my mother Enlena and father Mikaere. I missed
Thoun terribly. I am homesick for my happy
Lemurian self who was exalted while living on*

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Mu and was able to love and be loved back by Thoun.

The reader had nodded in agreement even though I hadn't said anything out loud. "Yes, I see you are very empty and wishing for a time in the past," he said. "You are to be completely honest with yourself, Sarah. You will be reuniting with someone close to you very soon and all these feelings of sadness and longing for what was once will soon disappear." He then went on to tell me that a fresh start is indicated which may also indicate a job or relationship ending abruptly, despite the fact he said that I am on the highest level in my career path.

Yeah, that's not gonna happen. I have a great job. Maybe Kathy's right. I should stop all this card stuff and just enjoy what I have.

"Now, for the future, which is always up to you to change if you so desire," he said. "Between December second and December eleventh be prepared for some sort of opposition. This card, the Nine of Wands speaks much of opposition but you have all the mental strength and knowledge on your side and you will come out stronger for it on the other side."

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As I stood up to leave, he said, "You may need to rethink what you are doing to find your lovemate, Sarah."

And that was it, he waved me away after I paid him.

Great parting words without any guidance. Jerk.

Now for my self-hypnosis session.

I'm back – my short hypnosis session was great. I remember all of it and did not fall asleep. I programmed myself before I did the session for it to be fifteen minutes long and for me to remember everything from the past life I was to experience in it. So here is what it was:

I was on Atlantis with Thoun. He had just rescued me from the lab and brought me to the island of Poseida where his uncle, Conroy-Ra, was working hard to recharge all the cells in my body. I was very weak and close to expiring altogether but Thoun and Conroy-Ra were confident that they were going to save me.

We were on the top of a tiny mountain which jutted out from the main island of Poseida. We

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were in Conroy-Ra's private temple which was glowing pink and gold in the middle of the sea. It was made out of marble and crystal and other reflective materials. I was needing to be renewed so that Thoun and I could escape forever from the evilness his father was stirring up on Atlantis.

I heard them discussing where we were to go and I kept hearing Shasta. They were talking about a huge mountain on the coast of a continent where we could live down in the belly of the earth below the mountain and we would be safe. I would be able to continue my healing to one hundred percent energy source while we stayed hidden below the mountain. Soon, when I was fully recharged, we could come aboveground again and then we could go back and forth below and aboveground freely. We would be safe and happy together and free to continue our lifetime of love. This was the hope Conroy-Ra was giving us as long as we followed his guidance.

I felt safe and very loved. I was so happy to be here with Thoun and to know that we were to be leaving and go to our own place away from all the fighting and debauchery which was going on

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around us. Thoun's father was furious but if we followed Conroy-Ra's advice we would be safe and, besides, we had the most powerful crystal with us so we were going to be just fine.

We had the great crystal. It had always been kept here in the Temple of Poseidon on the island of Poseida but we were going to be taking it with us and bringing it below the mountain. We were going to travel through tunnels to get to the center of the earth.

(Later I was to learn that the crystal was too big to bring with us and so to this day it remains submerged in the ocean near where Conroy-Ra sank along with his temple to Poseidon when most of Atlantis returned back under the sea.)

I was now healthy enough to travel but, to make sure, I continued my healing throughout our journey. Conroy-Ra gave me a special elixir to take which would cause me to sleep in a very trance-like state. I don't remember any of our journey from Poseida to the Mountain of Shasta. I was scared to take the elixir. What if I never woke up again and just kept sleeping in this deep lethargic state for thousands of years? Both Thoun and his uncle assured me that I would definitely wake up and everything would be fine.

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They both had taken this elixir before and the effects were the same for both of them - they woke up right on schedule fully rested and recharged. But they were Atlanteans and I was Lemurian. I was very apprehensive to take the potion.

Even though I was terrified of it I took the potion they gave me. I couldn't believe that either of them would ever want to do anything to harm me. I trusted Thoun with my life and was falling deeper and deeper in love with him.

I woke up and was enthralled by the beauty surrounding me. Thoun told me we were deep under the Shasta mountain and the trip had been easy. I was shocked when he told me how much time had transpired. I was just saying goodbye to Conroy-Ra and taking the potion and now, three years later, here we were safe below the mountain in the center of the earth. I couldn't believe it. He led me through tunnel after tunnel pointing out the various exits and entrances and staircases which sometimes led up and sometimes led down. It was beautiful and I was in complete awe of Thoun and how loving he was to me.

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We made our way down another tunnel which he said was the way to our special place where we were free to live and create whatever we wanted to create. There was a huge door that he used a key from his pocket to open. When we walked through the door, I couldn't help but squeal with delight a little bit.

We were in the most beautiful meadow I had ever seen under a blue sky with big, white, puffy clouds. I could see snowcapped mountaintops in the background but I was warmed by the sunshine where I was standing. I didn't understand how there could be blue sky and mountains and waterfalls with ponds and lakes and meadows while we were supposed to be living underground, under a mountain in the middle of the earth.

None of this made sense to me. Thoun said it was because we are living in the reflection of the mountain, whatever that means. I loved where we were so I wasn't complaining. There were butterflies everywhere, and all sorts of other animals. Dogs, cats, horses, birds, goats, cows - you name it and it was there - and they were all getting along and interacting with each other peacefully.

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The grass was soft and comforting under my feet as we walked around the meadow. Soon a Pegasus drifted by and then some fairies began to lead us through the meadow to the waterfall which was being caught by a crystal-clear pool of water below it. A huge angel with wings began to descend from the sky and Thoun told me to go ahead and wash off under the waterfall and in the pool of water. It was the last cleansing I needed to fully reset my health and power and so I gladly washed myself in the waterfall.

And then the vision faded and I counted myself out of hypnosis. My fifteen minutes was up on the dot.

FIFTH THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL ENTRY THURSDAY 11/27

It's such a beautiful day out. I don't really feel like doing my self-hypnosis and journaling about it. Maybe I'll do it later though. Yes, I will do it later when the sun goes down. I'm going to the beach!!

I'm back! The beach was awesome. I even ran into Billy, which was actually nice. He was just about to get into his car as I was walking by him. Totally random and quite a coincidence. We

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talked for a little bit about nothing really important and he made a bunch of silly jokes which made me laugh. John never seems to say anything that makes me laugh. Weird. Billy said he'd give me a call later. That'd be nice actually but I KNOW! Not a good idea and I doubt he'll call anyways.

I'm going to do my self-hypnosis now and then journal what comes up.

OK, so I'm in the lab on Atlantis that Thoun has brought me to. He is nowhere around and the only 'person' I interact with is a very small, by Atlantean standards small, woman named Gurresech. Turns out Gurresech is actually Cindy - Brenden's wife in this lifetime, how weird is that? I haven't thought about her in years.

I see myself as Kirarae but do not feel her pain during this self-hypnosis I am doing. I know she is hurting though and that she is dying a very slow and painful way. All of Kirarae's energy is being drained out of her system by this Gurresech technician.

The sad thing I am witnessing is that Gurresech does NOT want to be doing these evil experiments on Kirarae. She is very distraught

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over what she is having to perform but there is no way she can disobey Samael who is forcing her to do all the experiments and extractions of data on Kirarae. While she is performing the experiments, she is talking to Kirarae and apologizing to her. She is telling her the only way that there is any hope for Kirarae to escape and live is if Thoun can gain enough power in himself. He needs to gain enough power in himself to confront his father and come take her away from this place of mad science. Gurresceh says she will not prevent Thoun from taking her away but she cannot do anything to initiate his rescue mission - he must do it of his own accord.

Gurresceh tells Kirarae that she can try to reach Thoun telepathically and relay all this information to him. If it is meant to be in the will of the divine and love then it will transpire. This is what Gurresceh keeps repeating over and over again to Kirarae.

If it is meant to be in the will of the divine and love then it will transpire.

Gurresceh is a chatterbox. (lol, like Cindy in this life, lol!) So, she continually tells Kirarae of the Golden Age of Atlantis and how wonderful Atlanteans really are except for the few like

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Samael and his vagrants who have denounced goodness and given all their allegiance to evil and power-gaining actions.

She tells her of the ago times in Atlantis (for she is an Atlantean since the beginning of their civilization). “We had many, many healing temples where we, as healers, would balance chakras for Atlantean beings. Sadly, over the years, the simple chakra balancing has proven not enough to rebalance us Atlanteans. We began to need more and more intense healings in order to remain clean and pure beings. Quite possibly Samael has caused things to go too far and very soon our powerful crystals will no longer work and our psychic surgeries will be useless. He and his evil followers have allowed technology and other mechanical advances, which are feeding the growth of greed and grandiosity on this continent, to cloud the pure way of life and light that is quickly fading from memory.”

I was sad to hear this but understood completely what she was saying. It was weird but it was as though I was hearing her while being Kirarae.

“These tests Samael is making me perform on you are interfering with the uniqueness of life. It has never been the way of Atlanteans to interfere

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or alter the genetic coding of another. Ever since Samael denounced god and the divine source of our creation he has been acting as if he is god and more powerful than the unseen force we have always held true as being our true creator energy.”

Kirarae could hear but she could not respond or make any indication that the words she was hearing were registering in her being in any way.

“I apologize to you, Lemurian.” I guess Gurresech didn’t know Kirarae’s name at all. “I’m sorry, I love you, please forgive me, thank you. If you are listening and have any sort or energy left in you, send word to Thoun to come find you here. Tell him I will not prevent him from taking you away from here but I am unable to aid him in any sort of way. He must find you and rescue you and it must all be done with the force of love in his heart at all times. Send him these messages now. You are running out of time, my dear. We all deserve love, even Samael and perhaps someday he will realize this. I will continue to play this music for you. Samael can order me to do these experiments on you but he cannot prevent me from using my profound geometric healing frequencies on you. You will

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recover, if not in this lifetime then in all the other lifetimes which are written for you.

Samael has gone against our very important way of living which is to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.” And then Gurresech began chanting and singing in a very high-pitched tone which was soothing yet, at the same time, very shrill and piercing.

Then, in my hypnosis session I was suddenly under a waterfall with cleansing water flowing all over me - rejuvenating me and causing me to know that everything was going to be allright. I was repairing and getting better. I was next to a beautiful lake and Thoun was with me in this beautiful meadow again and I was happy and knew I was loved and cared for.

And then I opened my eyes to the sound of my phone buzzing.

CHAPTER 19

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 29

Sarah was still feeling crappy for letting Billy come over on Thanksgiving night.

The sex was great, of course. She was always enamored and hopeful when he was there but as soon as he left at 5:30 Friday morning she felt sad, empty and completely horrible.

She ended up going back to sleep and not waking up until one o'clock in the afternoon which made her feel even worse. Her whole day was ruined, she thought, as she made herself a huge plate of nachos and got lost on her iPad.

Sarah was beyond the point of crying over Billy.
And crying about herself being sad about Billy

wasn't an option anymore either. She knew full well what was going on and it was her fault for allowing it.

Sarah didn't allow herself to rationalize her way out of the fact of how moronic she was being with him. She vowed once again, for the millionth time, to denounce giving Billy any of her attention anymore. Rather than berate or belittle herself she decided to eat her way through the rest of Friday. She ate whatever she could find in her fridge and cupboards hoping it would fill the void.

She even put maple syrup and butter on steamed sweet potato hoping it would resemble something like a stack of pancakes which she was missing the mix for.

Nothing helped and that potato syrup concoction was just gross. Sarah took another shower and got her cycling gear ready in a hurried fashion. She made her way down towards the ocean on her trustworthy bike and spent the rest of the afternoon riding up and down the boardwalk until the sun abandoned her as well.

No journaling, no hypnosis - Friday was a waste.

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Sarah did, however, play around with her Angel Cards and proceeded to get more and more frustrated and confused about things.

Finally, she just went to sleep.

Saturday morning, Sarah woke up refreshed and feeling better than she had in a long time. She had had wonderful dreams, of this she was certain but, when she woke up, she could no longer remember them. She decided to do some yoga in her living room and then sat in quiet meditation chanting ‘Om Namah Shivaya’ until she felt like her trachea was going to explode.

Sarah sat at her kitchen table drinking some hot tea. She was looking over her calendar which had been planned when she had more ambition at the beginning of her Thanksgiving break. Sarah suddenly realized that she only had two more days before work began again and she was still no closer to finding out how she was going to find this Thoun guy in her present-day life. John was not it and Billy was clearly not anything.

Sarah sighed and began to fill in her journal again.

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SIXTH THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL
ENTRY FRIDAY 11/28

Stupid Billy.

SEVENTH THANKSGIVING VACATION
JOURNAL ENTRY SATURDAY 11/29

Today I will be more positive and grateful for what I already have. Maybe John is the person I should be seeing now and has a perfect life lesson to teach me.

That can't be it. Please God, please don't let this be it. Send me love. For once in my life send me someone who truly loves me back. Send me Thoun.

Well, this is depressing.

I'll be back after some self-hypnosis and fill in the missing pieces. I will find the answer.

Something was missing today and when it finally dawned on her, Sarah felt a little better.

'I'm supposed to have my sixth hypnosis session today but M is closed for the holiday. No wonder,' Sarah thought, as she put on her running gear

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and decided to run towards Malibu and through the Palisades today.

“I’m going to give myself a longer hypnosis session when I get back and pretend like I’m at M’s office.” Sarah was now speaking out loud to no one.

I’m back. I tried to recreate my sessions with M. So first I got in a reclined position and found a spot on the ceiling to stare at. I counted to four on the inhale and to six on the exhale. I did this several times. Then, with my eyes open staring at the spot on the ceiling and my right index finger lifted, I started counting out loud backwards from three to zero. At zero I closed my eyes and at the same time I put my finger down as if I was shutting a light switch off. When my finger dropped, I felt the familiar click as I relaxed a little deeper down.

Then I did the walking down the staircase from twenty down to zero with my new image firmly fixed in my mind’s eye.

At the bottom of the staircase I heard the familiar thud and began to create my special place again.

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I was in a beautiful garden setting with lush green everywhere and the sound of running water from a nearby waterfall. I began adding animals to my special place, as many as I could and as many as wanted to join me. There were goats, horses, sheep and cattle, dogs and cats and beautiful birdsong quietly singing in the background. I could see for miles, with fields of green grassy meadows all around me which slowly transformed into snow. I began to walk across the snow with the familiar calming sound of snow crunching under my feet relaxing me deeper and deeper with every step I took.

I was walking across the snow and suddenly there were two horses with me and a very tall, strong man next to me. I was happy and relaxed and felt very much in love. There was a cool, crisp feeling in the air which made my breathing deepen automatically as I relaxed further and further down with every exhale.

I was happy to be walking with this man by my side and was confident I was to return to him after I was to explore a past life. He turned to me and without me seeing his face clearly, he said, "It's OK, Sarah, I will be waiting for you when

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you are finished, I will be right here and you can tell me what you find.”

I began to relax more and more with every exhale as I found myself floating on the soft, fluffy, white cloud looking for the past life which was calling me to drop into it.

I looked down at my feet and saw that I had a little girl's set of feet this time. I had on a pair of red cowboy boots that I actually remember wearing almost every single day of my life when I was five years old. I even went to sleep with them on sometimes. I don't have many memories of when I was little but I do most definitely remember those red boots.

I was in a barn with my mother and a man who was doing something with one of the horses. I was standing there next to my mother holding her hand and she was talking about Jophiel with the man.

Sarah was experiencing a real memory from a past time of life in her current lifetime. This is very common when doing past life regression hypnosis. You can go back to the past in this lifetime you are living in currently to recall a certain incident or you can return to a very

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distant past lifetime altogether. Some people believe the latter to be hogwash.

This was strange because I was actually going back in time in my current lifetime. I was so happy during this time I remember in my favorite red cowboy boots. I remember always being next to my mother and holding her hand. We spent a lot of time with this man. He was like, I guess you would say, an uncle to me. I think I called him Doc, yeah that's right, Doc. He's old now but still around I think, working as the best vet up at my brother's ranch and for all three counties surrounding it. He was extra famous for his horseshoeing and this is what he was doing now on my mom's horse.

He was talking about Jophiel with my mom. My mom was calling him uncle but I don't think he was really her uncle or maybe he was. He was somebody's uncle, that's for sure. I must ask Brenden about this whenever I talk to him next.

My mother and Doc were talking about cards and drawing and painting and which colors to use. I didn't understand much of what was being said. I was more interested in the horse. I was fascinated watching Doc pick up each of the horse's legs and slide this huge file back and forth

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over the horse's hoof and then hammer the horseshoe back onto the horse's foot.

I saw myself look up at my mother and say, "I want to do that when I get older, mama, can I?"

"Yes, of course you can, Sarah Bean, you can do anything you want, remember you have Jophiel to help you always," said my mother in her always encouraging voice. I had forgotten she used to call me Sarah Bean when I was little.

"Will you teach me, Doc?" I heard my little self say.

"Absolutely! You will be Montana's youngest and most famous farrier. It is my pleasure to be at your service, Sarah," Doc drawled as he moved on to the next hoof to shoe.

And instantly I lost that lifetime. It simply vanished and I was back on the cloud flying above, relaxing deeper and deeper knowing I can find my mother anytime I need her, whenever I choose to relax and allow the images from my lifetimes with my mother to appear.

As I was floating on the cloud I was relaxing and hoping I could find out more about this lifetime

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under the mountain of Shasta with my beloved, yet elusive, Thoun and this is what I came up with.

I am in the garden working with the plants alongside Thoun and we take breaks and relax and laugh about the different things we may find funny. We are working with plants to create new medicine of some sort and it is wonderfully fun and playful with him. And while we are having this much fun, we are creating all sorts of magical potions almost miraculously because we are certainly not straining or stressing about anything as the work is effortless.

On one of our breaks between bottling a few more elixirs, Thoun decides to tell me about the evil plan his father, Samael, had crafted for him to kidnap me. It turns out that he was sent to kidnap me when I was Kirarae on Lemuria with my mother, Enlena. That day he arrived on Mu they were not experiencing an emergency - it was a plot to kidnap me and take me back to Atlantis to steal all the secrets of my Lemurian people.

My mother was right when she had told me to be careful of Thoun and not go with him. I had believed he had fallen in love with me at first

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sight but it was a plot all along. Thoun tells me profusely over and over again that he indeed had fallen in love with me at first sight and this is why he tried his hardest to fight against his father and not kidnap me but his father was much more powerful.

I am very sad at first to find out that it was all a trick, and all the damage I caused by not listening to my mother and doing what she had told me to do in order to save Mu. I go through several years of tormenting myself with guilt over choosing my supposed love of Thoun over my allegiance to my family and my country.

Thoun spends years telling me how it was his fault and he should have stood up to his father because he really and truly had fallen in love with me. Why did we carry on about all this for several years! That seems excessive but maybe years are like days to Lemurians, I dunno.

This is when I started asking myself questions like M. Coffey does to try to find out things and I found out that Thoun's Atlantean father, Samael, is Doc, the old vet in Montana, in this current lifetime incarnation.

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Can you believe it?! This doesn't make any sense. Why would he want to harm me? I must ask M about this - Can be evil in one lifetime and then a good guy in another? Or are you always bad or always good?

I continued to listen to Thoun tell me the story and how he tried and tried to break free from his father and never ever wanted to hurt me.

Thoun believed he could break free of his father and escape with me to a different land but that plan did not work out very well. He thought that he could play along with the plan to kidnap me and then, at the last minute, change the route of his spaceship and escape with me to a faraway land without Samael knowing or being able to prevent it.

Thoun goes on to tell me how he has always remained true to the Law of One. While Kirarae had been entertaining Thoun in the palace, his father, Samael, had sent a message to Thoun telepathically to hurry up and get back to Atlantis with Kirarae Seira because Mu is about to be destroyed. Thoun agrees to hurry but does not hurry at all.

Samael tricks Thoun once again.

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While we were traveling back to Atlantis from Mu, Thoun tried to change the course of the ship and escape by going somewhere other than Atlantis.

It was impossible. He had not counted on the fact that Samael could split himself into many pieces and travel through time and space in a nanosecond. Samael had shape-shifted himself into the two henchmen who had accompanied Thoun to kidnap me while I had been showing Thoun around the palace and having a lovely two days with him falling in love with him more and more. The plan all along was to charm me into loving Thoun and apparently Samael was crafting this spell even stronger while we were in the palace since he was now physically close and had more power.

This story is getting ridiculous and I am having a hard time following along. It was beginning to sound too sci-fi for my liking but I continued to relax and hear what Thoun was telling me.

It was against some sort of code for Samael to simply kidnap me which he easily could have done but it was allowed if done in the name of love and from a viable source such as Thoun.

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Oh brother. Whatever.

Thoun continued with the story that with his father at the controls again we were almost instantly returned to the Aryan island of Atlantis where the experimenting was instantly begun on me or on Kirarae as Thoun is sent away on another task for his father. This lab is where Gurresech (Cindy in this life) begins all the tests and extrapolations on Kirarae (me).

Kirarae loses all her energy and grows weak. With the help of Conroy-Ra, (Kathy in this lifetime) Thoun's uncle who had split from his father long ago and remained true to the Law of One, Thoun and Kirarae are able to eventually escape to the mountain of Shasta.

Conroy-Ra instructs Thoun how to break free but they haven't much time, it must be done swiftly and efficiently before Kirarae disintegrates.

And this lifetime, too, vanished from my view as I felt myself slowly rising back up out of the state. One-Two-Three-Four-Five wide awake.

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And I was wide awake exactly within the fifteen-minute time frame I had allowed myself to have for this short self-hypnosis session.

I was really confused by the end of this. Some of this stuff I have already experienced before, and now my self-hypnosis sessions are beginning to repeat themselves.

Did Thoun love me or not? What am I doing chasing after someone who doesn't actually exist and who was planning on kidnapping me while pretending to love me at first sight?

Is Thoun really Billy? My God, that could surely be possible.

I can't take it anymore. I think I'm going to start writing with my left hand and see what I come up with. None of this is making any sense.

M had suggested to Sarah that she write with her left hand in a stream of consciousness way to reveal any message her subconscious is telling her about loving herself.

What Sarah had heard was write with your left hand so your lovemate can send you a message.

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After twenty minutes of scribbling with her left hand Sarah had finally written something readable which read:

Stupid Sarah, you are wasting your time.

‘Wow. So that’s pretty clear,’ Sarah thought as she slammed her journal shut and crawled into bed with her clothes on. She proceeded to watch three romantic comedies in a row on her tablet and fell asleep towards the end of the last one.

As she fell asleep, she had been thinking of Thoun and what it would be like to be walking with him in hard-crunching snow with two big horses alongside them.

EIGHTH THANKSGIVING VACATION JOURNAL ENTRY SUNDAY 11/30

Sarah decides to journal with her left hand a little first before doing her self-hypnosis session. She was curious to see if any message would come through or if she could write with her left hand any better yet.

With her favorite blue pen in her left hand, Sarah begins writing, to her surprise and delight, very legibly and in a very distinctive script:

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Come find me, Kirarae Sarah, I am waiting for you on Maui.

Maui, Hawaii is rumored to be one of the last remaining above-water pieces of the sunken landmass, Mu.

Sarah is freaked out to say the least but she continues writing with her left hand, very clear and very legible.

I am on Mu - they call it Maui now, where you and I first met and fell in love. I'm waiting for you, Kirarae Sarah. You remember the pact we made many lifetimes ago? You wanted to be the one to find me. We made this pact to meet again during this planetary time in space but time is running out. Hurry!

Sarah couldn't believe her eyes at what she had written. Maui? Last remaining piece of Mu above water? What the heck was she supposed to do now? And why was she writing Kirarae Sarah, wasn't it Kirarae Seira?

Sarah began to cry as she placed her pen down and, with trembling hands, she quietly closed her journal and pushed it away from her on the kitchen table.

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What was happening to her? Sarah really began to wonder if perhaps she was losing her mind. Sure, she believed in all this mystical esoteric stuff but this was even too much for her.

Kathy was right, it was crazy that she was absolutely head over heels in love with someone she had created in her mind.

“But WHAT IF it actually is real?” Sarah thought aloud. How would she ever know if she didn’t try.

Sarah needed a break. She stood up and went for a long walk to nowhere in particular.

After her walk Sarah half-heartedly practiced a short self-hypnosis session and journaled the outcome.

I’m back. So, I did my session, focus on my breathing blah blah blah float up on the cloud etc. etc. waiting for the lifetime to allow me to drop down into it...and nothing.

I’m floating all over the place looking for something and all I can see over and over again is this very green, very mountainous landmass which is way out in the middle of nowhere surrounded by thousands of colors of blue, green

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and blue-green ocean all around it. If I look closely enough, I wonder if I could see whales or sharks swimming around?

I am on one puffy cloud and there are fluffy clouds after fluffy clouds passing by me.

I continue to look down wondering if this is Mu that I am looking at and why am I not being allowed to drop down into a past life. Have I relived them all and there are no more to explore?

And suddenly I came to hear a soft deep voice whispering in my left ear, "Come find me, Sarah. I am waiting for you on Maui. I will wait for you forever on one of the last remaining pieces of Mu which is still above water. You promised to find me again."

And then I counted myself out.

I'm glad I go back to work tomorrow and can stop journaling.

Sarah fell asleep that night researching places to stay on Maui, Hawaii.

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Here is a list of some books I skimmed through and some I read thoroughly along with internet sites I perused and Oracle Cards I played with while forming my story about Sarah and her past life regression sessions.

Angels of Atlantis Oracle Cards by Stewart Pearce

Atlantis Cards by Diana Cooper

Rider Waite Tarot Deck

Books

The Lemurian way: remembering your essential nature

Elders & Thyme - Galde Press – 2001

The lost civilization of Lemuria: the rise and fall of the world's oldest culture

Joseph - Bear & Company - 2006

Coming home to Lemuria

Redwood - Ozark Mountain – 2013

The women of Lemuria: ancient wisdom for modern times

Muranyi & Wolf - Ariane – 2018

The Children of Mu, etc.

CHURCHWARD - New York – 1931

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The lost continent of Mu
Churchill - I. Washburn – 1931

The sacred symbols of Mu
Churchward - Paperback Library - 1968

Lemuria: the lost continent of the Pacific
Cervé & Ward - Supreme Grand Lodge of
AMORC - 1997

Websites

<http://thegreaterpicture.com/atlantis.php>

[https://www.kahunaresearchgroup.org/mu-
blog/category/churchward](https://www.kahunaresearchgroup.org/mu-blog/category/churchward)

<https://www.lemurianfellowship.org/lemuria/>

<https://mythology.net/others/concepts/mu/>

[https://listverse.com/2015/05/24/10-creepy-
stories-from-mysterious-islands/](https://listverse.com/2015/05/24/10-creepy-stories-from-mysterious-islands/)

[http://ufosightingshotspot.blogspot.com/2016/
07/underwater-ruins-of-yonaguni-and-
legend.html](http://ufosightingshotspot.blogspot.com/2016/07/underwater-ruins-of-yonaguni-and-legend.html)

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PS2-
uWzuU8M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PS2-uWzuU8M)

<http://thegreaterpicture.com/atlantis.php>

[http://www.unariunwisdom.com/the-seven-
root-races/](http://www.unariunwisdom.com/the-seven-root-races/)

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<https://templeilluminaus.com/profiles/blogs/the-lost-lands-of-mu-and-lemuria>

http://www.celestialights.com/Lemurian_Seed_Crystals/lemurian_seed_crystals.html

<https://www.universeofsymbolism.com/archangel-haniel.html>

<https://www.shiftfrequency.com/james-tyberonn-the-law-of-one-the-golden-age-of-atlantis/>

<https://dessence.wixsite.com/lemurianremembrance/lemurian-names>

<https://www.ascendedvibrations.love/blog-posts/the-history-of-lemuria-and-how-it-differs-from-atlantis>

<https://brainfodder.org/5-reasons-reading-fiction>