

Kaleidoscope (The Vision Chronicles, Book 1)

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The Vision Chronicles series

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THE VISION CHRONICLES SERIES BOOKS
ARE NOT STAND-ALONE—THEY ARE
DESIGNED TO BE READ IN ORDER
BEGINNING WITH BOOK 1.

[Kaleidoscope \(The Vision Chronicles, Book 1\) is
currently permaftee.](#)

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expressed are solely the authors. Any
similarities to other people, places, and events
are purely coincidental.

Chapter 1

On the flight from Terni, Italy, I once again noticed two men paying close attention to my every move. They were the same men I'd seen outside La Citta Vecchia where I had an amazing dinner on Friday evening, my last night in Terni. They'd also been outside the rental office when I returned the rental car. Due to my long legs, I had an aisle seat on the right side in the business class section of the commercial airliner. Now, the same pair sat one row back on the left. I found it odd that their course would follow my own path and destination so closely, but I brushed the paranoia aside like an irritating gnat.

The taxi I'd snagged from JFK pulled up to the curb outside the brownstone where I live. I got out with a single carryon. As I leaned in to pay the driver, the hair on the back of my neck stood up. Instantly alert, I noticed a large SUV parked across the street. When I spotted the idling vehicle with two men in the front seat, the driver drove away.

What the hell is going on? I wondered. Am I being followed? Who would care that much about my whereabouts? Does someone know my secret?

I'm Michael James Lewis and this is my secret—a secret I've kept for fifteen years. Back then, I was the youngest degreed geophysicist leading a team outside Cairo. The specialty geological survey crew did more than mere surveying. On this particular job, we were camped around a peculiar anomaly in the desert. The project was hush-hush. It was blistering hot during the day, but the evenings cooled off enough that the crew needed a campfire unless inside their tents.

On that night so long ago, I was unaware that my life was about to change forever. I had no idea that this dangerous secret would be so difficult to bear or cost so much. I was blindsided.

I went to the campfire to have a late-night coffee and smoke. Adom, a twenty-seven-year-old Egyptian worker, moved his stool over to sit beside me. He was slender and had intelligent, dark-brown eyes and a very bright smile against tan complexion.

“Dr. Mike,” Adom greeted with white teeth flashing into a cheerful grin.

“Hello, Adom. How are you this evening?” I cordially replied.

We were near the same age. That alone was enough to give us a commonality, a bond of sorts. Our previous conversations had always been casual and we began to talk informally, as we’d done before. After a few moments, Adom stopped talking and stared at me intently. The silence was as concentrated as his gaze was.

“You have a gift, Dr. Mike,” Adom finally stated in a calm tone.

“Have you been hitting the juice?” I jokingly asked.

“No, Dr. Mike, I have a gift too. I can see when others have an ability. There is no need to deny it. I clearly see it,” Adom replied as he pronounced each English word distinctly, rarely using contractions.

“Adom, I don’t have a clue as to what you could mean,” I sternly responded. I was bewildered by the observation and irritated as well. *Gift of what?* Adom could’ve been referring to anything, but my strong denial

didn't disturb or dissuade the young Egyptian. Something about what he'd said rang true, making me uncomfortable, but I was unable and unwilling to accept or delve into it.

"I have often wondered how you could attain such a high position while still so young, Dr. Mike. It's unheard of in our country. Only those with years of experience are promoted to high levels of authority, and yet, here you are. I suspect now, after having observed you for several weeks, that you 'see' things before they happen. I suspect that you have used this ability to some degree your entire life. Did you use it to select the college you would attend? This job?" Adom asked. I ignored him and was about to leave when he continued. "Do you use it to help others, perhaps friends? I suspect that you have used it for many purposes that enabled you to excel and pass by others who would contend for the same opportunity or position. You can see there is no reason to deny it any longer. It is my gift to see such an ability in others."

Without another word, Adom reached out and quickly tapped me on the forehead, just a slight poke to the middle of the brow. Although the tap was not forceful, I nearly fell

off the low stool as an electrical current passed between the two of us. It was nothing if not electrifying, shocking and perplexing... and it hurt.

“What the hell, Adom!” I yelled, jumping to my feet. My natural instinct was to punch him, but somehow I managed to control the automatic reflex.

“Well, you will allow the gift to work now, Dr. Mike. You certainly have it now,” Adom replied as his grin widened again. I turned and angrily stomped away from the campsite, returning to my tent. What Adom had done surprised the hell out of me. I wanted to get away from him and the strange conversation. I needed to be alone; my head was spinning and my stomach reeled and lurched.

That was the beginning...

On that night, and for several nights afterwards, the ability began to work. My head hurt like a son-of-a-bitch and I could still feel Adom’s tap right between my eyes. It felt tingly, as if a mild wattage of electricity was still zapping me. There was a dull, agonizing ache behind my eyes. A week later, the kaleidoscopic images erupted with vengeance.

The visions tormented me day and night whenever I closed my eyes.

I avoided Adom after that evening, but when I did happen to see him around the jobsite, he grinned and nodded. The gesture conceded that he knew the ‘gift’ was now activated and working. At first, the images were blurry and unclear. I wasn’t sure what I was seeing. I wasn’t awakened by nightmares or bad dreams. The images kept me from falling asleep. I tossed and turned trying to bury my head in the pillow, but it didn’t help. Nothing stopped the onslaught. Once asleep, I rested well—the real problem was getting past the visions.

I asked the medic who traveled with the team for sleeping pills. It worked for a while, and when it didn’t, I added a couple of stiff shots of bourbon to speed up the effects of the pills. Although it was abusive to my body, I took that course during the first year. That, along with denial. There was no way in hell I’d admit to anyone that I saw images through a kaleidoscope. Still, I lived in fear that someone would find out.

Our specialized jobs require precision and clear heads. What I was experiencing didn’t fit

into those parameters. Admitting that I suffered from this phenomenon would've been grounds for dismissal. I certainly didn't want that to happen. I like the job, the generous pay, and world travel. In reality, I also like that it limits my options to commit in a relationship.

Or, do I?

I suppose it'd be more truthful to admit that as long as the ability is in my life, there isn't a foreseeable long-term relationship in my future. Such a connection requires complete honesty. The ability is a secret I have to keep. It's impossible to tell anyone about it. Knowing would put them in harm's way. Admitting that I have this paranormal and unusual gift would certainly put me in danger from those who study such phenomena. The safest explanation for the maintained bachelor status is easier and more convenient to blame it on the job.

During the first twelve months, I probably saw six different images, but they were fragmented like all images in a kaleidoscope. They were also blurry like an old black-and-white television on the fritz. After a while, the focus became more distinct even though it

remained as broken, irregular pieces. In spite of this, I could make out enough to understand that the visions were of a future event.

It was often months later that I learned the outcome. Being in the desert, in a third-world country, or near the top of Mt. Everest for several weeks or months, didn't lend itself to staying on top of current events. I didn't know if I'd seen the images before or after the incident occurred. Most of the visions were not major news; they were often broadcast for only a few days. In spite of these obstacles, I finally realized that the kaleidoscope showed true and real visions of the future.

That was scary as hell. It was not welcoming news—in fact, I felt both guarded and panicked from the understanding. I didn't want the damn gift, but apparently, I was stuck with it. It alarmed me and I found myself silently cursing Adom for the tap that opened this doorway to the future.

Now, fifteen years later, I'm still as confused as I was then. In all honesty, I know I've never tried to understand the ability—I've merely resisted and avoided it. I've stuck my head in the sand, hoping it would go away.

I've tried to hide it and hide from it. I'm a fool and a coward for taking that stance, but I don't know what to do about it. As a result, my life has been on hold since that fateful evening in the desert. At one time, I wanted to find love and have a family like the one my parents had. Now, I simply suppress the dreams I once held dear.

I'm forty-four-years old. I've finally reached a tipping point, a precipice where I can continue to keep any aspirations secret or find assistance. I've chosen to seek help by calling on an old college friend, Dr. Nelson Fitch. Monday will signal the beginning of something new. I don't know what will happen next, and for me, that's the scariest part of all.

Chapter 2

Sunday afternoon, I took a pack of cigarettes from the fridge and thoughtfully tapped it several times against my palm. I counted out ten cigarettes and then reached for one of the icy cold beers.

I'm a smoker, if you consider less than half-a-pack a day smoking. The company doctor who performs my annual physicals doesn't consider me a smoker. I guess I'm unusual; I smoke on occasion because I like it, not because I have to smoke. I can go days without lighting up.

I stepped out onto the covered deck into the warm, fresh air. It smelled of the gardenia bushes that flanked the back steps of a miniature backyard. It felt as if spring had arrived even though it was still too early for that season. I deeply inhaled the aromatic sweet scent and sat in one of the Adirondack chairs situated around the railing's edge.

I'd gotten home in the early hours of the morning from the most recent job assignment

in Terni, Italy. In spite of the paranoia that had followed me home, I slept until noon. It was good to be home, but now that I'm fully awake, I feel more than a little anxious about the appointment with Nelson tomorrow.

I can trust Nelson; it isn't that. It's the fact that I've never told anyone about the kaleidoscope visions. If I tell Nelson, then the secret is out. Nearly fifteen years of silence and I'm willing to let someone else know. It didn't sound like me. Acknowledging that felt foreign and outlandish. I'd guarded the secret well and at great cost. No one knew. Well, in all honesty, no one knew except Adom, the Egyptian worker from all those years ago.

Did Adom tell anyone?

My financial situation is secure and I work when I find a job or location that interests me. My living expenses are moderate, almost modest. I live in my childhood home; it was paid for before my parents died. My employer, Geomatics, or GMS, provides round-trip transportation to the jobsites and living quarters once I arrive. Furnished uniforms of freshly starched khaki pants and

white shirts are always waiting at each location. Other than cab fare, dining out, and a penchant for great coffee, I spend very little in any given month. I'm fortunate to save or invest the rest. I could retire even now, but I enjoy consulting for the various firms.

I first went to work for GMS in 1992 after completing a doctorate at Columbia. GMS takes on geodetic and geomatic jobs all over the world. My work involves a lot of geology and physics in order to evaluate the earth's crust and gravitational fields. It also includes observation and documentation of any anomalies, such as tides, crustal and polar motions, that could affect earthquake faults and other natural shifts. These anomalies can eventually lead to a natural disaster.

In many cases, my crew sets up remote surveying and sensing devices to monitor these irregularities and other geographic information. After the equipment establishes a baseline and makes a hands-on initial assessment, GMS monitors the locations remotely. Such was the case in November 2012 when the crew set up equipment near Bogotá, Columbia. We were there to monitor any crustal motion near the equator that

might occur during December that same year—a time of uncertainty. Many feared a Mayan Apocalypse and were nervous.

The recordings taken by our crew clearly proved a geomagnetic polarity where the earth's magnetic field shifted slightly. Even though it was too minor to be felt by human standards, the sensitive equipment recorded it. It was an uncommon event thought to take thousands, if not millions, of years to occur. Nevertheless, a shift, not a reversal, was recorded.

Key scientists pored over the documentation to determine the possible long-term effects of a geomagnetic polarity shift that size. So far, most agree that it could affect the normal weather patterns around the world. It's possible that there could be a climate shift in a southern direction. The results would mean a longer and colder period for southern states and countries while the northern hemisphere could experience a more severe frigid weather shift.

Through GMS, I took between six and eight consulting jobs a year. Most assignments lasted for a few weeks. It was rare that a job continued more than a couple of months. I

was only home in New York for twelve to fourteen weeks of the year, but I could live with the routine. Other than the images seen through the kaleidoscope, my life was stable and safe. It was almost too predictable and routine.

This ‘sameness’ had recently produced an inexplicable hunger. Something inside me urged consideration that there had to be more to life than what I’d experienced. I was missing something instrumental—happiness. I began to ache for whatever it was as if there really was a biological clock ticking inside me.

What am I supposed to do about it?

I’d never be content seeing visions of the future, but at least I’d finally reached a modicum of balance. Did that balance lull me to sleep? Was I the frog in a pot of water who never noticed the temperature rising? Random thoughts such as these, and a five-week lag before my next job, prompted a call to Nelson.

I don’t know what I expect to accomplish seeing a psychiatrist. It’s a first for me. I’ve entertained the hope that perhaps meeting with Nelson is a start in the right direction.

After all, he's a therapist. Isn't therapy supposed to help someone like me? Now, doubts plague me and I'm not so sure.

Chariss K Walker, M. Msc., an award-winning author, writes fiction and nonfiction books with a metaphysical message. All of her books are sold in soft-cover and eBook formats worldwide, many are in large print. To find out more about Chariss, visit her website at www.chariss.com.

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