

Coming Second

A Spiritual Thriller

.He was ravaged by years of abuses from countless wars but oddly a real angel forced this predicament upon him. Many had questioned Jason Christian's sanity, amongst those in doubt: himself.

Called by a higher source, a multitude of the lowliest creatures of Earth are asked to observe and record this one man's life. Flies, ants and even germs unravel Jason Christian's magical story of extraordinary power and extraordinary fame.

As this modern day Holy Grail story begins during the last few decades of the 20th Century, Jason is thirty-three years old and deeply troubled by a God who has given him a bitter cup to drink. A rugged Scotsman, no elegant preacher, he finds himself embroiled in government suspicion and media hype. An erotic pull of an elusive woman he briefly met in Nigraga formed a strange psychic tie. A clingy CIA agent and a New Age biblical translator befriend and befuddle him, as a government bogeyman and Hollywood fame make mischief in his life. His real problem is deep inside as stressful currents form wild internal forces. A spell of white magic, from World War II, and bloodlines that cross four ways taunt him as they surface.

Christian's challenge is a unique alchemy betwixt ties to evolutionary sciences and between family bonds to ancient religions where a supra-magical elixir is formed. Meanwhile, the camera eye of the world is watching and everyone is asking; "Could he be the next messiah?"

Coming Second

A Spiritual Novel

By Karin Kaufman

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Saving Grace

Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse

"Oh my God, what are you doing?" The ancient Egyptian glass cup shattered at the base and the holy man fell to his knees.

Welcome, Akashic reader, and rub the sleep from your eyes while I tell you a story:

It began where it will end, with the cawing of crows.

The black-feathered messengers of the Hybirdian Council called a meeting of The Large, to take place in the deep forest of all the living 'who dream well.' This forest is a dreamscape for animals, and many other creatures of The Small kind. Any meetings of The Large are made up of many, many littler individuals of The Small.

The High Crows announced their meeting thusly:

Come ye all witnesses of the human, Jason Christian, the Bonny Instrument of the Angel of Mercy.

This little gathering may aid in stopping the total devastation of that human threat upon our planet, and my friends, this message has come to us from the greatest of all that's Large, God's Unity council itself.

Location: In The Very Deep and Holly Redwood Forest
at the edge of Time and Space.

All who dreamt, except for the humans of course, saw this message in astral light, and it struck a shadowy chord of fear within the sleeping witnesses, for it is, as it always was, that black birds signal the coming of Death.

Thousands upon thousands of The Small attend The Large meeting, and many more than expected besides. Even the smallest of The Small creatures came; those microscopic, the ones you cannot not see only feel, the ones called germs.

At first just the animals that had known 'him' from his Scottish childhood came, those were the protectors of his memories lost. Then more and more creatures came, those who knew him from wars, they were the hidiers of his memories. Soon after came creatures from times peace, these were the spinners of health and wealth. Then and much to the Hybirdian Council's surprise, many Small creatures came that were contracted to know him in his future.

In a far off but still and ever-present place of prayer there were holy words spoken; a holy man was thanking God for the gift of food. In universal synchronicity - at the same time but forty and some odd years later - all the animals were arriving in peace at the Redwood forest meeting called by the Crows.

"You filthy foul -mouthed Jew, get out of my way!" From his humble place on the floor on his back, the holy man tripped the thief with one foot and kicked him in the groin with the other. As the German man fell, one swift but decisive moment split in to two. The Rabbi moved back in time, just one ripple.

He whisked the precious blue vessel from the criminal's hands, and time slid back and then forwards. The Rabbi was in just a wee bit of trouble. 'For a good cause,' he thought, knowing the unknown ramifications.

The table of Sabbath's grace had been turned completely upside down; all those Small animals that had been sacrificed for that holy meal had fallen to the floor. "You fucking Jew," the thwarted thief screamed as he grabbed his loins, "your kind will soon be extinct!" Ants scrambled to grab what they could, for the offerings on the floor were good.

The utterance of ignorance shook the sanctity of millions of worlds and times, including that of the old Redwood Forest where cracks suddenly appeared in trunks. Many creatures of both light and darkness entered the sacred realms of the forest floor in anger. "Oh my God" some creatures were saying "Oh my God!"

This curse, amongst many other atrocities from World War The Second, periodically reached the sleepy sanctity of the hall of trees and gentlest of astral dreams. The dramatic reverberations of angry white-capped shock waves lapped over reality's shores in rhythmic black tides over the next forty years; smaller wars ensued.

Even though the animals were getting quite used to this kind of curse wave behavior of those humans, they really didn't want to be. Intolerance grew amongst the Small beasties; many wanted to vent their anger to the Crows right then and there, right then and there. Many Small ones thought, 'Those ungrateful humans will most surely bring about that frightful end that Hybirdian council has warned us of.'

The most victimized - the cows, the lambs, the pigs, the chickens, the fish and the many insects and germs - all began their urgent moaning as soon as they arrived.

"We are not adverse to being food for these creatures, not at all, not at all. But some of us die in the most grotesque and unholy manners. How would you all like an electric stick up your dairy, your derriere? And most people do not even pray over our dead bodies as they do their own, but rather eat with curses on their minds. The quality of both life and death for most cows is atrociously appalling." Although the black and white Bovine that spoke seemed eager to be heard, it was the smallest creatures that caught the Hybridian leaders' attention next, the germs and the insects.

"At least, old cow, your kind has new life within human bodies as food. We are in the midst of total extinction through chemical warfare, and how could that be, tell me, how could that be. Are we not the legions of decomposer or compose-deepers, chopping all flowering matter into-into-into Mothers fertile soil. It seems they are unable to exist with us, yet life could not exist without us! Those big foots are destroying the very fabric that binds all living things together and ..."

"And what about the trees! We are losing all the ancient wise ones," someone cried out but know one knew exactly who, who, who. A shudder ran through the Redwood branches, rustling the leaves and vibrating the already disturbed earth below, for they were absentmindedly standing upon a large stump of a recently felled giant elder tree. An uneasy mob formed amidst the great towers of ancient knowledge. The ramifications of genocide could mean devastation for all. All Large trees had silently agreed.

"Now hold on just a minute folks, if these humans knew that God really exists and that heaven is really upon this earth then maybe things would be different," a butterfly spoke in a Gentil's gentle voice, which was remarkably loud. The picky Hybirdian Council listened attentively knowing she know of many metamorphic and transcendental things.

"Yeah, Yeah!" The crowd screamed out. Laughter was heard in their hopeful chants of heaven on earth, but so too was heard anger. Soon after the mob of even the good Small's turned violent, as mobs can and often do.

A hundred and twenty black crows sat in rows of four upon seven branches on the wisest of the wise Redwoods. The crowd was quelled and hushed by a thick black wing, but the winds of discontent continued to moved back and forth in horror - as many told of their life and death struggles with humans while forgetting their own struggles amongst and between them. They bawled, chirped, growled, grimaced and buzzed, rather than killing and eating they were consoling each other.

"Caw! Caw!" The head Crow cried and all were silent. "Yes, yes, quiet yourselves now, good. All Small creatures listen to me now. 'I Am What I Am' knows all about what those human's due, or what's do those humans. 'He/she/it' also knows of their strange self-inflicted dangerous deeds, like their wars over mini-money-minor variations of skin caw-cawlorations and ways of praying. Indeed they are totally caw-caw-cawful creatures. They've poisoned the air, waters and land; now, and now they possess the ability to destroy all life on Earth. Cawful, just cawful." The black bird's last 'cawful' turned into a chocking fit that sputtered out into a final gasp. "Good friends, it is not our place to judge. We of caw-course cannot know what these most wakeful sins upon the earth are all about. It was written that Angles themselves bring about such

pollutants upon the Earth's elemental bodies. We are here because 'the many-named G-d' has dreamed us into being. Listen carefully, caw-creatures of heaven on earth. Our beloved God has sent someone to serve us, who is working and will who will work hard to save us all and we must aid him in this daunting caw-caw cawl, task?"

A mysterious envelope seal was opened by a swipe of sharp black beak and all Small, Large and tall creatures were humbled by its message. It was in that gap of silence, in that precious instance, that all became clear. Their Godly task was to bear witness for the Akashic records, the dream memory of the God who could of, would of dreamed.

A great urgent flapping of noble black wings dispersed the meeting.

When the holy man reached forward for his staff he realized that he had been wounded on his right side. He felt the life force draining from him as he tried to stand. At first he thought that the quick time shift or the metamorphic spell he had cast over his enemy had temporarily taken all his strength, but when he saw that the ancient holy grail had been broken at the base, he realized that his side wound would never heal, not until there was Divine Justice.

An old snake bit its own tail and the Earth spun, as he/she always does, wobbling a bit in his/her uninhibited course. Only the ancient Indian Rishis, the wisest of men in womb-like caves on top of mountains and in monasteries, have ever heard that very fine omnipresent voice said, "Just illuminate, transcend,

and then illuminate. One-two and three, one-two and three." Some men have depicted the earth as a dancing naked woman, and often translate her message in perfect poet verses, omitting her rather eternal condescension towards herself. The great sages silent wisdom was in the knowledge that she was never really quite happy with that quarky wobble of hers. Now Old Wise Women of the Native Tribes on-the-very-other wrinkled hand, always have known the Earth to be both male and female, one seemingly leading the other in a dance, or war. That they say is the true force that makes it spin, or crack. That old wobbling is just mere pregnant pause, where the two sexes meet in hesitation at the Earth's polar axis.



As Above Sow Below Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse

I am Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse. I am distinctly unique and singularly singular. Though I can appear as many, I am one. I am the keeper of human astral records within the edifice known as the Akashic Records library. "What," you might say, are the Akashic Records? The ancient Middle Eastern texts say that the Akashic Records are another way of saying "The Memory of God," or the records of all things that have occurred during the course of manifestation.

The Archangel of Binah, who I respectfully work for, is the angel of all understanding. Binah is also known as the keeper of the astral or planetary records of evolution; yes, evolution. One could say that Binah and I are One. (Here I am referring to 'One' as an interpersonally oneness, as in a relationship or a representative of a corporation, a country, or any congregation. Henceforth I represent those thoughts, acts and deeds for the larger entity of the Angel Binah. As the Akashic librarian, I head several sub-committees of Small beings that are also living books, and often recruit other Small story creatures that make up general Large and ever expanding Akashic library. Confused? Good.

Words from books become living when spoken, making sounds which vibrate and manifest; at first in Small waves and then, depending on the story, sometimes quite Large waves.

The Jesus Christ books for example, the Gospels, are made up of various versions and themes. The impact of his wave didn't seem like much at first to me, for little historical proof was ever retained of him. I mean it wasn't like he was Tutankhamen or Julius Caesar, as humans have often needed some physical proof of their leaders. Yet his living books reverberated over the course of humanity and manifested quite intensely. When something like this happens Binah and I have a meeting, for the living force within the waves from that book have Larger Impact upon the world. Binah tells me to refer to my Larger understanding of archetypes. For on the Small level of living it would seem that 'only good Christians go to heaven,' as it was written. This has proven to be a socio-political nightmare, for there are many people, animals, plants, minerals, books and plastics that are not baptized as Christian. Nor are many Christians themselves truly enlightened to the secrets of life on earth, let alone heaven. The waves of the living books of Jesus Christ have to be handled very carefully, as was intended.

Yes, the Archangel of Understanding does have feathers. Those feathers ripple the eternal night sky and stir seven seas with white light within us. I, Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse, absolutely do not have feathers. (But if I were to have feathers they would be blue-black.)

I work efficiently, diligently and mostly silently in the ethereal Akashic library. (When I say ethereal I mean something similar to cyberspace only totally organic.)

Am I still confusing you? Good. If this non physical library were to be in space it would take up astral space only, that is, space constructed of dream-like images; the place where you go when you dream at night, or even when you daydream.

The Akashic records are also astral records of physical experiences of everyday events in your everyday life, which then become astral memory. When people read a book, or even conceptualizing, they can access information from the Akashic records without even realizing it. It does, at times, require great skill to retrieve some information. That's where I come in.

You may realize that old memories or dreams long ago forgotten are not so easily accessed. The continuum of memory records can only be accessed with proper codes by a skilled bibliothecary like me.

God's council and Binah have bestowed upon me the most prestigious task that a bibliographer can have. I have been contracted to compile the records of the living book of one man known only to High Council as The Instrument of The Angel of Mercy, to Mankind as Jason Christian, to his old friends and family as Ja's son, the Christian, and to the earth's Small council as the manifestation of the most fun months of the calendar year July, August, September, October, November: JASON.

"So what on earth," you might ask, "is so unique about this one small man?"

Normally a human has unbroken astral records of their spiritual progression in a systematic order. Usually the records stretch from the lower subterranean, let's temporarily call them the substrata levels of molten Hell, all the way up to the higher realms of floating Heaven.

One individual may have records of experience that extend back many thousands of lifetimes. Like a tree, some records branch off from the central trunk of that soul. When a life has encountered or endured a traumatic event, an individual often disassociates those memories in order to survive, for the pain

might overwhelm them. Like broken limbs of a cosmic tree, these event memories fall off the soul trunk, but are not totally lost. When the soul is ready to glean the most positive aspects from all its negative experiences, that individual can once again handle those memories. Once the limbs or memories are re-established, or grafted, any previous experience of emotional limbo disappears, giving one a sense of sweet joy; a joy that flows like sap to the soul in springtime.

Binah often assigns living or disembodied beings like a spirit, an animal or a bug to protect those fractured memory records. The idea of animal spirit protectors retrieving memories has often been used by Shamans of Siberia and in Native American and other cultures. In this particular compilation of memories that you are about to read, these anthropomorphic Small creatures, semi-human in thought, partially divine in wisdom, yet distinctively earthly, are our storytellers. I hired each one of these Small creatures with the aid of the Hybridian council of Crows, of which there is no time to explain about right now.

'Just breath.'

Jason Christian had experienced so many traumatic events throughout this lifetime that his records resemble a tree without branches, the limbs having all fallen down into the substrata's chaotic realms of Hell. Yet so straight and upright is this trunk to Heaven that it extends to the highest heights without detour. His soul is in direct contact with God, but he has not been able to experience this in its totality, and will not do so until his records are all retrieved and reintegrated.

In summary, what you are about to read are the compiled and edited Akashic records of Jason Christian.

1

Indistinguishable

Chameleon Lizard

Indistinguishable from the Saudi sands was a lump of human clay that God had used over and over again. This time, the life was almost extinguished and only a small desert reptile was in witness.

I looked upon this living dust and I received an instinctual message of recognition. A new thought, or was it an old one? It hardly mattered. I respect the ability of this human to blend with the environment. I too focused upon this shrewd idea.

"Blend, blend yes, blend," was my reptilian thought, "a fine notion," but then I wondered was it his or mine? I meditated upon this idea while keeping a watchful chameleon eye. Even though the man human was as completely still as the stone I was sitting on, he could have animated to a quick deadly pounce as easily as I could have.

Sticking my tongue out to taste the air I sensed the risk of being too near the pinkish flesh creature whose breathing was growing shallow and uneven.

"Lord it's fucking hot!"

The tricky inner tongue fluttered and joined with a breeze that was chancing its way across the arid wasteland of God's mistakes. 'Just whose wicked tongue was that, mine or his?'

"It's bloody well mine, reptilian." As the man spoke out loud I leaped up in the air in fear, and then re-settled on his foot.

I didn't know which to enjoy more, my flight in the air or my safe landing.

" Now, where the fuck is that silent prayer I was looking for, 'Thou Art Almighty In Heaven' ... Oh, Jesus, I've lost the bloody fuckin' words. I've cursed myself with my own socially correct bitten up tongue. Or was that your tricky split tongue, my reptilian volunteer?"

Shocked a bit by his awareness, and his heartlessness, I remained still upon his foot, attempting only to communicate with the stillness of his reptilian mind.

"Ah, so you search for God. A holy man then?" *He laughed now, a rugged wholesome laugh.*

" What? Me holy?"

Some knowledgeable voice within me said at a quickening pace, 'He has a Scots-English accent, which is often heavy on the vowels.' I now know that voice of knowledge was none other than 'Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse,' but at the time I knew it to be my own purer thoughts, which mingled with, 'are these new colors he's wearing or old?'

My eyes rolled back from the upper lid.

"I am no' a holy man, no' by choice anyway. I do His bidding, yes, but I donna' know why. He has abandoned me to this strange fate. " He points to a scar below his heart, several over his forehead and long one on his arm.

"T'would seem he is a God with little or no care for His creations and the miserable life they lead. It is a bitter cup He has given me, and you too little one. Yet we must both drink from it."

I pause a moment to find my tongue, praying I had not swallowed it in the last gulp. To my surprise it now sounded a lot more like his.

"A wee bit bitter, are we? Why, look around, my good man, there is an awful lot of loving spirit here." *While I spoke I pointed with my tail at the surrounding land.* "Look at all this life surviving against all odds out here." Jason looked around but saw no life. "What about me, am I not an example of God's great work?" *I attempted to show my colors changing prowess but, alas, only minor variations of a sandy tan theme occurred.*

When I raised my head up from between his legs the red bearded one began to laugh, but I know not why. I accepted his wisdom to be joyful as I accept my breath without question, yet I pondered the significance of the color khaki a bit longer. "You know if you eat something, not me of course, but if you eat something, you might feel better, don't you think?" *I caught a bug with my tongue and offered it to him.*

"What is it, human? What happened to you that you are so lost and so bitter about living? The desert of your soul seems more lifeless than the one around you."

The man patted my head. "Aye, yer right, Camellia," *He pronounced a name I did not know I had but must admit that I liked it.* "Yer tongue speaks the truth now; I am wandering around the desert of my soul. And I am indeed hungry." *A dry tear in astral form carved an invisible pathway to his sad sarcastic smile.*

The man did not speak again, for the sun sent a beam of midday heat that struck him silent; he appeared to be mourning a life lost.

I found, in that subterranean silent time, the source of the knowledgeable mysterious narrating voice in my head. He introduced himself, then, as a Thaddeus Indigo Thymuse of the Akashic Library. He told me that God had chosen me, to search for this man's lost memories. "Find, for the record, the man's childhood sore spot memories, the seeds of his feelings of abandonment by his beloved God." I was then invited to enter the back door of Jason's inner reptilian mind, and peer into that causal past. It was there I found the answers to the colorlessness of this most traumatized of all men.

2

Lost Tooth

Camellia - Chameleon lizard

A juggler spinning five balls in the air, while on stilts, was totally unaware of the arguing going on far below him. "Tis yer own damn fault, Dona", Pembroke referred to her in the affectionate term circus people use for females, "for tying yer brat's loose tooth to Buddha's hind leg!" Pembroke patted the old circus elephant as he untied the string from the beast. "Dinna worry, Buddha baby, that wee lad's wailing and bleeding isna yer fault. It's that damn whore of a mother that's to blame." Ja-at heard Pembroke's comment as she left the tent with her crying son.

The elephant felt a complex bundle of mixed feelings, a confusion that only humans can produce in animals. Buddha didn't want to be the cause of the boy's pain, for he loves him deeply. He appreciated Pembroke patting and consoling him, but at the same time the man was cursing the boy's mother. "Now, that's not right," thought Buddha as he stomped his feet in frustration, almost crushing Pembroke in the process.

Ja-at grabbed her crying son and headed out of the stall towards her circus wagon. She didn't care what Pembroke thought of her. She was only doing what she had learned when she was a child in Africa. Her mother would tie her loose teeth to the back of a camel's hind legs and then hit the camel forcing it to run. The baby tooth would then pop out easily with no pain.

"Why is my son crying so much?" She didn't understand that her boy could not fathom his elephant friend causing him to bleed.

Ja-at mistakenly decided then that her son was just vying for the attentions of the paymaster. "Pembroke would surely dock my pay for this," she thought. She quickly pushed Jason into their wagon, over-filled with all her glittery costumes. His little head hit lightly against one of the clothes racks, which then proceeded to fall over, knocking into an old trunk that then mysteriously opened, very slowly, with a high pitched whine. Fake jewels and a plastic crucifix fell down upon Jason's head, and then slid over his little neck.

Just then a clown on loose and clanging bicycle rang its little bell three times as it passed the gypsy wagon. Jason rolled his eyes open and smiled a bit dazed and crookedly at his mother who seemed equally stunned.

"Your assistant, she's like a child herself." Pembroke, the stodgy balding Englishman, unlocked the main circus wagon where he did the bookkeeping, while speaking to the head magician Peter Witz in a fake Scots brogue. "She should no' be in charge of that boy's welfare!"

"Hush yer complaining, old Pem, she's doing fine as a mother. Tis her African ways that are different than ours, and that is all." Peter tried not to show his real feelings; he wanted to slam the paymaster into Kingdom Come.

Pembroke raises his eyebrows at the word 'ours.' "I don't mind you wandering Jew folks, or those Celtic Tinkers either. To tell ye the truth, good man, I can even cope with those Zulu's, though I dare say I am a bit afraid of 'em. But, Peter, that strange Arab-Bedouin Islamic double-jointed doll o' yours, I just don't like that."

"And it shows, omey, it shows " Peter slapped his bigoted associate on the back so hard that the tobacco he was chewing flew out of his mouth leaving a gooey splotch on the pound note he was in the midst of caressing.

"Oh, and by the way, she's not mine, Pembroke, she's her own woman."

"Right, man, I forgot she's Ian Coming's whore." Peter quickly reminded himself that he was a holy man and took a few steps back in order not to kill the circus paymaster, but his mixed Celtic pride and vengeful Jewish blood boiled into a snaking knotted beastie that danced within him. Long, long ago his Celtic ancestors had mingled, intermarrying with his Jewish kin who had escaped from the first century Roman Jewish war. Peter calmed himself there, in that silence and quick self-reflection.

Pembroke's anger was understandable, he thought, but it had nothing to do with Ja-at's race. The whole thing was badly timed. If only the boy's mother had not tied the elephant's leg to his tooth just then. The little boy's rotten bone had flung out of his mouth and all the way across the big tent, flipping in the air once or twice, diving low, and burying itself into poor Mrs. Snodgrass' leg. The paymaster knew, as did everyone else at the circus, that Mrs. Snodgrass would start a lawsuit that this disheveled traveling group of ragamuffins couldn't afford, for all their profits were going to pay off last year's insurance blunders.

Being a superstitious breed, these circus folks would now believe that this incident was a bad omen, signaling the beginning of the end for them all.

There was suddenly a moody shadow on the black haired, olive skinned, nomadic woman from Africa and her blue eyed, red haired son. Peter feared the two could even be harmed. It was close to summer then, so Peter decided he would contact Ian Coming to accept Jason and his mother at his Croft up north. The boy could tend the sheep, and his mother could be an asset to the weavers.

All Peter really knew was that Coming's was a Jossier, which means an outsider in circus lingo, and that he worked for one of the English owners to find new exotic acts. After finding Ja'at in Africa and sending her to live with them at their circus, he all of a sudden decided he wanted Ja'at for himself. To everyone's surprise the owners agreed to give her to him. Peter remembers the shock wave that came over him and his double-jointed female assistant. When Ian realized Ja'at was pregnant, not wanting another child to feed, he sent her and her new baby back to the Tinker Circus. During the pull-down of the tents, outside of Gloucester a few years back, Peter remembered the joy he felt when he saw her again. Like a Madonna and child she walked out of the dust, past the lion's cages of martyrs, past the tail to trunk line of elephants headed by Buddha, past the up gussied up Mongol horses and right into an uneven circle of his rag tag smoking and drinking half dressed clown friends. They were so happy to see each other that she never talked about what it was like to live with Ian back then, and Peter and never asked.

After he made he made quick summer plans for his saucy assistant and her son, Peter headed for Ja'at's wagon. When he entered he was stunned to see the happy boy removing what seemed to be an old American crucifix from his neck, while Ja'at seemed to be in midst of an pleasant laughing fit.

The prophetic magician had day-mares that lasted on into the next few successive days, the American crucifix had meant something significant, but what he feared to know.

That night and many other successive nights after, Jason had a recurring nightmare in which Pembroke came into the wagon while he slept, when his mother was not there. The shadow that Pembroke's body made loomed large on the candle lit walls of the wagon, and his long bonnie fingers sent chills up

the lad's little spine. Jason thought if he stayed as still as possible Pembroke wouldn't see him, so he held his breath until he couldn't anymore. Dizzy with fear Jason would wake up screaming just as Pembroke was about to lift up the covers. His mother told him, while holding his trembling body in her chocolate arms, "Oh, Jason that was just the boogie-man." "Boogie-man, what's that?" "I don't know. Rabbi Witz told me that once when I had a similar nightmare." "You had nightmares with old Pembroke lift'in up your covers too?"

"Well, no, not exactly, love."

Mother and son, both puzzled by the strange world they lived and dreamed in, rocked each other into innocent sleep.

"I'm sending you and the boy up north for the summer, when the circus goes down to England and Wales. I think the folks need to forget about this tooth mishap. It will be better for everyone." Ja'at's heart sank to the bottom of a bottomless sea. She wanted to tell Peter that she just couldn't go back to that horrible man's house. She had sworn to herself long ago that she would always obey the kindest wisest man she ever knew, as if they were married, even if it was his wish to send her back to hell.

Jason was totally excited about this new adventure. He had never met his other brothers and sisters and was looking forward to getting to know his father. Jason sensed something was wrong with his mother but he didn't want to know what it was. He was often annoyed with her because it just seemed like there was always something troubling her. She just couldn't be happy about anything for very long, and that often ruined his happiness too.