

In My Mind's 'I'

An adventure...

By Paul Keller

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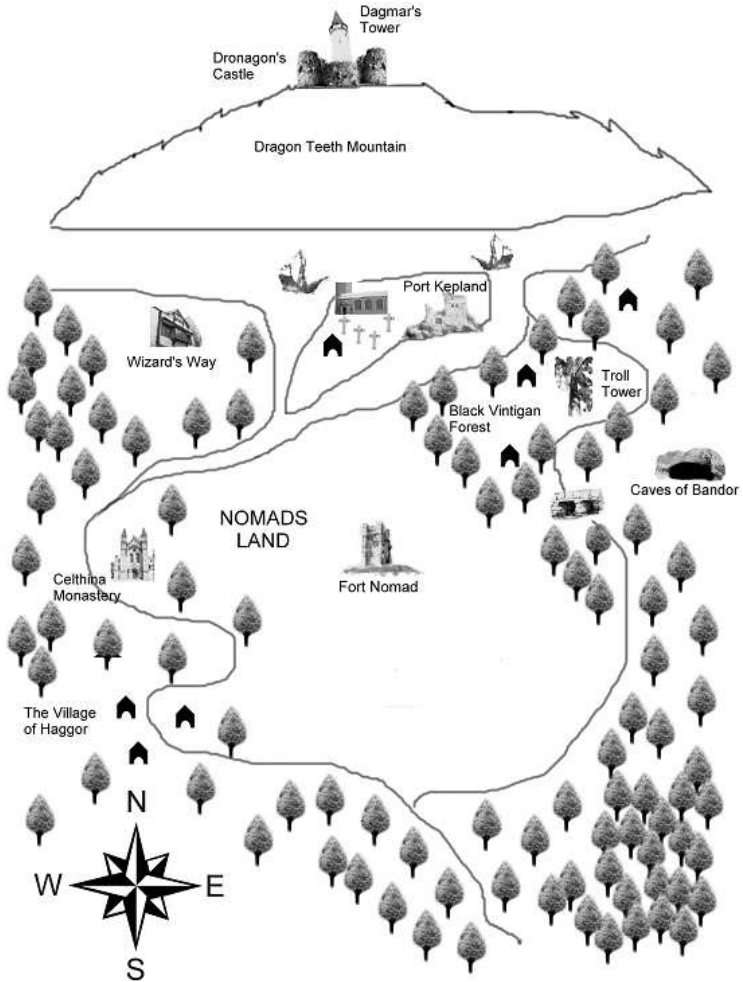
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*Dedicated to my family,
friends and all on the path
of life's great adventure ...*

Map Dronagon's Domain



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Map

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Chapter 1
In the Beginning



“Paz ‘ave ye feed ta pigs yet?” shouted Beth, Pazamor’s mother, a large, rounded but pretty woman, hardened by the harshness of life. Pazamor, an only child, lived alone with his mother, as his father had been killed in the Devian War when he was just five summers old.

“Just a moment!” yelled Pazamor, as he quickly blew out a small candle on his wooden bedside table and hid the shabby, old book that he had been trying to read under the dirty pillow of straw, that made part of his bed.

“Com on Paz love, we aven’t got all day!” she screamed up the stairs. “Pig’s got to eat ye know.”

Pazamor opened the battered trap door of the attic, rushed down the creaky, wooden steps from the tiny attic space in which he slept. He blinked in the bright morning light that greeted him, slipping near the bottom of the stairs and landing on his backside with a thud! He rubbed himself quickly to avoid the oncoming pain, proceeded to the small kitchen and grabbed a filthy, wooden bucket containing the leftovers of food from the day before, which stood on the floor by the door.

His mother worked hard selling bread to the locals in the village and any burnt bits the pigs got to enjoy. These were usually the pieces that Pazamor had unsuccessfully tried to bake. He added some water to the now hardened bread and swirled it all around with a large wooden

spoon, before throwing it into the pigs' trough. They crowded around in a mad frenzy, making loud oinking noises and pushing each other out of the way to get there first, almost knocking Pazamor over in their mad excitement.

"Can ye get me some eggs and don't forget to repair ta fence too."

"Ok mother!"

Pazamor went into the small hen pen, opened the door to a tiny wooden hut and lifted a few hens from their nests. After a bit of protest he managed to find two small brown and white spotted eggs. They were warm to the touch and just what they needed for breakfast! He ran into the kitchen and put the eggs in a very small metal pot with a wooden handle, filled it with water from a large bucket and left it by the open fire in the middle of the room for his mother to cook.

Pazamor returned to the yard to work on repairing the broken fence. He was very good at repairing things and everyone who knew him well would ask such favours of him.

While he set to work on mending the pigs' fence he begin to ponder. He thought back to the book he had been reading earlier... *I have read a lot of books by now and some have changed my perspective on life but none more than this one. It is said 'if you seek, so shall you find', but I say 'what shall you find? This book says: 'what are you looking for?' but do I really know?*

I look at my mother, these pigs, my life and question it all. Apparently, according to this book, 'the kingdom of God is within you' but what is God? Never mind what is the kingdom of this God?

He hit several rusty nails into the fence with a large piece of wood and thus connecting two loose pieces of wood together – he had fixed it! He began to ponder again... *it was interesting the way I am able to connect*

two material objects into one, or seemingly so. I have read of 'transmutation' – a process of turning one thing into another. In this case I have turned two parts of wood into one, whereas from the book I have read, in the world of thought I can turn bad into good.

This idea that we have a solid physical world and an invisible (or at least to most people) one of thought is intriguing.

From the book he had read he had learnt of the physical, etheric, astral and mental worlds around us and that even these had planes of subdivision.

Having fed the pigs and fixed the fence Pazamor entered the small country house kitchen and sat at the large wooden table ready to eat breakfast.

"Ere ye are Paz, egg and toast!"

Pazamor loved egg and toast, his mother was able to toast the bread to perfection, unlike himself, and the runny egg on top of this was like the morning sun breaking on the day's horizon.

After breakfast Pazamor found himself once again sat on his bed of straw, reading the old book he had once again grabbed from under his pillow, a book which a mysterious elderly man had given him the day before. He read about something called synchronicity... *As I understand this, it means that things in life do not happen by accident, they happen for a reason. Just like meeting that old man yesterday who gave me this book – it feels like this book is really important and is something I need to read and is relevant to my life's journey and self-development at this moment in time and space.*

Pazamor put the book down on the table. Sat at the head of his bed, crossed his legs in a meditative posture, relaxed and expelled his breath. He concentrated on his 'ajna chakra', the point between the eyebrows, and not what is often mistaken by other occultists as the third eye, which is actually behind this chakra point. Within an

instant he was at peace and could hear the low buzz of energy around him. He meditated every day after breakfast for about the same length of time it would take him to eat this. His mother thought he was just reading his books and didn't bother him much in his attic sanctuary.

A bell could be heard tolling in the distance – it was now sunrise and judging from the number of rings it was time to leave.

“Paz! It's time for market,” shouted Beth, shaking her head as if he should know by now.

Pazamor grabbed his book and rushed down the stairs like a whirlwind. Picking up some bread his mother had made the night before he stuffed a piece into the pocket of his cape and the rest into his sack. He put the book into a special pocket inside his cape, gave his mother a kiss before running to the end of the bumpy, muddy track of a road.

He waited for Farmer Tang to pass by in his horse and cart and waved him down.

“Have ye got payment today Young Paz?”

“Here...” Pazamor passed Tang the loaf of bread from his pocket.

“That'll do fine my boy – thank ye. Climb up,” said Farmer Tang offering him his hand. Farmer Tang was an interesting character, while dressed as a typical farmer of the day he looked more like a scarecrow in appearance with bits of straw sticking out of his holey brown leggings and torn chequered jacket, a tooth missing, from drinking too much cider, unkempt brown wind-swept hair, hidden with a battered hat and bushy long eyebrows with wide starring eyes that gave him a crazed look – probably from living on his own for so long.

They continued along the track together. “So Tang, are you happy with life?”

“What Young Paz?” Then something strange happened, it was as if time and space shimmered around Farmer Tang. “Ye be asking me philosophical questions son?”

“I guess,” Pazamor was amazed that Tang could speak such a word let alone understand it!”

“Are ye judging me again Young Paz?” questioned Tang, with raised eyebrows.

“Umm ... no I should know better Tang,” muttered Pazamor sheepishly.

“Quite so Young Paz, quite so! Well then, returning to your question,” he said, while stroking his chin in contemplation. “I am a simple person that leads a simple life, I look after my flock well. I feed them when they need feeding,” he said this while staring at Pazamor.

Pazamor’s cheeks went the colour of beetroot; he felt that Tang was talking about the way he fed his pigs. They always came second to Pazamor’s own needs. Farther Tang smiled wryly.

Tang continued... “I rake the earth and sing to the glory of the universe when doing so. If a crop fails, and they do sometimes, then I will try and laugh about it, but keep steady in my *mind’s eye* the fact that the next crop will be successful. I do enjoy life Young Paz because happiness is so important, it is not always easy, but it is a necessary part of life, just like the sun is important to my crops, so is happiness important to my soul.”

Pazamor listened intently to all that Farmer Tang was saying and thought to never think of him again as a ‘country bumpkin!’

“Well here we are son,” announced Tang, “I have to see some other people now.”

‘That was strange’, thought Pazamor, Tang was not known for his interaction with others and he was always a bit of a loner. How quickly their journey had passed too.

Pazamor ran to the market square. There were already stalls setting up in the morning sunshine to sell their

wares: vegetables, clothes, stones, jewellery and bread! 'Arrh! Someone else was selling bread.' Pazamor approached the stall. A brute of a woman stared at him and noticed the bread he had on him. "Is that for me?" she screamed while trying to grab it from him but missing. "Barrot, get 'im!"

Barrot was a bully of a youth but nearing the age of manhood and built like a prize bull. "Come 'ere titch!" he shouted, "give us ye bread or I'll crush ye!"

Pazamor was slightly older than Barrot and certainly not a 'titch'. He was a lot thinner and lighter and decided to use this to his advantage. Pazamor ran and ran, with Barrot in close pursuit. A short while later however and Barrot had given up the chase.

Pazamor slowed down and began to catch his breath, he hid within an empty, ruined stone building, not visible from the bare, mud path. Some point within this the sun shone inside, catching his attention and bringing him to it. The large stone walls were really thick and the splintered, wooden floor below his feet was broken at points, causing a possible danger if not careful.

He began to think that Barrot would find him and beat him up and then he stopped this train of thought. He remembered the book he had read that stated that *'as we think, so we create'* so instead of seeing Barrot finding him and beating him up he saw Barrot returning to his ogre of a mother.

Pazamor further pondered why Barrot was like this, why did he enjoy hurting others or destroying things. Then Pazamor saw a picture of Barrot's mother in his mind's eye and realised that actually a lot of Barrot came from her – so was she to blame?

Pazamor was too scared to return to the market and kept hidden in the building in which he had found a temporary sanctuary - an old disused church by the looks of things. He stayed for some time looking around and

exploring, then finally finding a quiet spot in the wooden tower of the building to meditate, something he normally did at home in the secret confines of his attic space.

As he sat quietly, cross legged on the floor, tears dripped from his eyes as he thought about all the times he had been bullied by Barrot and what he could do about it. It felt like nothing.

Then Pazamor saw in his mind's eye people fighting and he replaced this thought with people throwing down their weapons and hugging each other in peace instead. He saw the dead and dying from wars past and those that had died from disease and starvation. Instead of death he saw their loved ones dressed in white, holding their spirits, as if taking them from their bodies, like a nut from a broken, empty shell, up to an intense white light. Then he saw Barrot standing in front of him in his mind's eye, however he felt no animosity to his foe, instead he saw himself hugging Barrot as a brother – if only!

Then as the pictures faded Pazamor sat quietly in the darkness of his mind and the depths of his soul. His focus of attention dropped, as if to the bottom of his spine and time stood still in total peace, if only for a moment.

Slowly, in the darkness of his mind, a blue circular like outline could be seen. It was like looking up through the shape of the human vertebra, dispersed with space such as each segment of the spine, he could also hear the soft humming or buzzing noise so often heard in his morning meditations. It felt as if he was moving up through these hoops that also vibrated slowly in the darkness. Then it got faster, and more of these faintly coloured blue shapes could be seen, as if moving up through a tunnel, ever faster. The speed of travel increased and increased. Pazamor could feel a slight fear creeping in, he was travelling at a speed faster than anything he knew and the blue shapes were now mere flashes of light, a blur – he could not stop!

His mind's eye was out of control. The serpent had been unleashed but could not be recalled, springing forth as if with the force of a fired arrow from a bow. He reminded himself that he was protected by the ever loving Universal Spirit.

Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Now it felt as if he was above the earth, as if he had stopped on a plateau, there was very little light here, about the same as you can see when you close your eyes. Pazamor calmed and the fear left him. Instead he was now feeling adventurous again. Where was he? What was happening? Then he felt as if two great spiritual beings were watching him, as if surprised to see him, as if he should not be in this domain, at least not yet, not at this time.

BANG! A massive expansion of consciousness took place. He was like a droplet of water splashing into a still pond and as the ripples spread from the centre of the drop so did his consciousness spread to the confines of the universe, to the very edge of the 'ring pass not'. This experience felt like it lasted for but a short time. Pazamor WAS the universe for this time and totally immersed in a fantastic, bright, white light, like none he had ever seen or felt before.

Suddenly he opened his eyes. He was back in the wooden tower, the sunlight playing on his face. His forehead had a cool breeze to it, as if touched by steel. He heard the words with his spiritual ears as clearly as if someone had spoken them – ***'In all we are ONE and in one we are whole'***. He sat cross-legged a little longer in the stillness and peace that surrounded him.

Then he jumped up. He still had to sell his bread - but didn't fancy returning to the market and possible conflict with Barrot. He walked down the broken steps of the tower.

What could he do **“Ask and ye shall receive.”** He heard someone say aloud. It was Tang, or was it? A figure emerged from the ruins of the building near the entrance.

“Is that you Tang?” asked Pazamor.

“What do you think son?” said Tang. Pazamor looked closely, he looked like Tang, but still something was different, he just couldn’t put his finger on what it might be.

“So Young Paz You would seek something more than this life would ye?”

“Sorry?” said Pazamor.

“You heard what I said; you seek something beyond this physical plane?”

“Wait a minute. I know you,” said Pazamor. “You are the old man who gave me this book! But you look like Tang.”

“Yes, you are right. I have taken Tang’s earthly form but I am not Tang, my life force is very different and yes I am the same being that gave you the book in your pocket.”

“What are you then?”

“I am a Master, Young Paz and you are my apprentice, one of many.”

Pazamor listened intently “A Master – a real live Master?” he said eagerly.

“Are you deaf Young Paz? Yes, I can hide it no longer from your mind’s eye. You have taken the first initiation and passed. You will have access to my help in this life and others’, however, I will also expect help from you. Do we have a deal?”

“I guess we do Tang,” said Pazamor, shaking each other’s wrists strongly, in an act of kinship.

Something fell behind Pazamor, he turned to see a termite eaten branch that had fallen from a large dead tree and he heard in his mind *‘that’s an agreement’*. He turned again to see that Tang was no longer there. He

looked around but could not even find foot prints showing the direction Tang might have taken.

He pondered back to the book: *'an 'agreement' is when life around you reacts in such a way as to answer questions asked, by some form of noise or movement at the exact time of questioning – this may seem to occur as if by coincidence.'* However, to an occultist, such as Pazamor, there is no such thing as coincidence. Everything has an action and reaction.

This was all very interesting but what about selling the bread? Pazamor plucked up the courage to return to the market square. He had to sell the bread his mother had given him or he would be in serious trouble. As he walked back to town he saw beautiful flowers, hundreds of daises in the grass like bright stars in the night sky, the flowing clouds on the horizon and the birds of the air. Everything around him seemed so much more real! He could still feel the cool breeze in his forehead and was at peace with all around him.

As he continued walking Pazamor did not stop to think that Barrot could still be in the market.

Chapter 2 The Hall of Learning



Pazamor jogged down a muddy slope to the village square. He could clearly see Barrot's mother selling bread to some of his own customers. Pazamor carefully skirted around the edge of the village so as not to bring attention to himself. He could just make out the prices – ten danks each – ouch! He only sold them for six!

He heard the bell toll from the local church – it was now midday, the market was finished and he had not even sold one piece of bread. He could see the stalls packing up – those that had been there paid five danks each to the collector. This middle aged man with silver hair was richly dressed and kept the money securely around his belt, hidden by a purple velvet shirt. Pazamor continued to walk in the direction of the collector. The road he was taking would mean that they would cross paths at some point.

Silly thoughts crossed his mind 'what if he grabbed the bag from the collector? He would certainly have enough money to pay the rent then?' But no, Pazamor was not built that way and understood the universal law of '*karma*' only too well. He would surely be caught and punished and it did not fit with how he tried to live life, namely: ***'treat others as you would like yourself treated'***.

He thought back to his book and remembered, '*Karma*' – '***As you sow, so shall ye reap***'. *I have always found this universal law unwavering in its detail and delivery – **he who lives by the sword dies by the sword**'-like my father in the Devian War. Why did he have to die? Was it his karma? He had killed many trolls in his time and he was killed by one such being while on patrol in Black Vintigan Forrest.'*

"Hello Paz," said the collector as they met, waking Pazamor from his thoughts, "you are not trading today?"

"Umm, no Sir."

"But what of your bread?" pointing to Pazamor's sack, in which bread was clearly visible.

The collector was staring at Pazamor's forehead intently.

"I'll tell you what Paz I need a job completing tomorrow," the collector knew that Pazamor needed the money – "I will give you forty danks for this job twenty now and the other twenty on completion."

"That sounds good Sir – but what would you have me do?"

"Meet me by the old south tin mine tomorrow at sunrise and I will explain more to you then."

Pazamor continued home on the worn track, a shortcut home, where he met an old deranged man, dressed in rags, stinking of drink and sat against a large diseased tree stump.

"Can you spare me some food son?" groaned the old man in a shaky voice. Pazamor looked at the old man and remembered all the bread in his sack.

"Yes, sure," he said. He reached for several pieces and handed them to the beggar and was about to continue on his way when he saw it again, it was as if time and space shimmered around the beggar just like it did with Farmer Tang.

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