

I/Tulpa,
and the Worlds of Crossover
by Ion Light

This book is mostly fiction. I am 'pushing' it as science fiction fantasy, heavy on crossover potential, with one caveat: it is more than that to me. My experiments with tulpamancy, the invisible counselor technique, and active imagination resulted in what you're about to read. I can't impress that last part enough. There can be an argument made that I have tapped into some incredible lucid dreaming potential. I have a psychic medium friend who says that where I go is an actual Astral place and it's just as real as here. Is it? I have only the experiences, and this is not day dreaming, it feels different than lucid dreaming, and is different than any previous out of body experiences I have had. I am more than happy to put all of it aside and say, this is just an incredible way of sorting information using access to subconscious via tulpamancy. If you are curious about that or some of the other things you find here, you can google them. Don't just read my adventures, have some of your own. If you find anything profound here, know it didn't come from me, it came from another source, and you have access to that, too.

And so we arrive at the part where I am supposed to inform you that the characters and events in this book are fictional at worst and any similarities between real people and places is simply coincidental. Clearly, that is not accurate. Are they mental constructs? Maybe. All I can say is that they are who they are and or appear to be, to me, but are not necessarily representative of the persons that my brain has somehow accessed or modeled in the alternative landscape I have accessed. That's the best I can say it. If you're easily offended, this book isn't for you. If you're afraid of occult stuff, like astral projection, tulpamancy, active imagination techniques, or summoning the Goddess, well, this is not for you. If you read any of the other books I have made available, this will be fairly PG. It might not stay that way. I know my brain and I don't see it future books staying PG, but this one, yeah, it is what it is. I have stuck to the vision as it was experience as much as possible.

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Chapter 1

My first intentional forays into exploring ‘magic’ began with the discovery of a fringe group called Tulpamancy, complements of the internet. I can’t say precisely how I discovered it. I think I saw the word ‘tulpa’ in a book. Specifically, I think I saw it in the book ‘Dark Pool of Light: The Neuroscience, Evolution, and Ontology of Consciousness’ which is volume one. It’s not light reading, but I enjoyed volume one so much that I read it through in one sitting, and then had to read it again, going slower and highlighting words I wanted to explore further. Like Tulpa. I learned what they were. I read esoteric and psychological explanations for ‘them.’ I learned the process for making them. I read the pros and the cons for doing so, and the warnings that this isn’t just something one wakes up and decides to dabble in for a moment. This is a serious endeavor with serious outcomes with life changing potential. I contemplated personal, academic, and spiritual reasons for wanting to do this, and reasons why I shouldn’t. The reasons ‘for’ won out, and I began indulging in exercises meant to bring a tulpa into being. I have decided not to rehash the protocols here. There are enough legitimate steps online, and if you’re curious or determined, you will find them. If you are wondering why I am writing this, the answer is simple. I am documenting my results. The results are subjective. I can’t prove any of this is anything more than a flight of fancy. All I can do is invite you to conduct your own experiments and tell me if you get similar results.

I am also not going to advocate for or against tulpas. I am clearly bias. I only offer this: some door can’t be closed. If you think you have put some serious time into contemplating the pros and cons, I invite you to put even more serious deliberation into this. Read the warnings. Tibetan monks have been practicing this for hundreds of years and they don’t recommend this to the untrained or undisciplined mind. I am much more permissive. I encourage people to dabble, break out the Ouija boards, astral travel boldly into the night, light some candles, and just dive in. I mean really, how do you learn to swim if you never get wet?

Let’s also be clear, I am not writing this to make friends. Well, I am, and I have, but that isn’t the point of this endeavor. I am definitely not seeking fans or students. Please don’t write me expecting me to give you insight into the protocols. I am a member of a Lucid Dreaming group and an Astral Projection group, and every day there is a new member, usually an adolescent, who pleads: “OMG! I need help! I have been trying to do this for like a whole three hours now and I can’t do it...” OMG three hours? Really? Leaving your body is not like

navigating a menu on your I-phone! Sarcasm aside, though, nine out of ten times when a person comes at me privately asking for advice, it is rarely taken or accepted, or even explored. They either don't believe me or they are too caught up in doing it their way. Not complaining. I admire and encourage people doing it their way. Sometimes it's actually amusing watching people struggle to get something. That's actually part of the process of arriving. It's a good thing. Imagine a caterpillar in the cocoon pushing its head against the silk coffin, "oh, I am out, it's wonderful!" No, son, you're not out, and those colors you see are just pressure induced luminescence... Don't give up.

The protocols are what they are. They are simple and direct, and there are sufficient number of people offering instructions with surprisingly little variation, that a serious student will quickly discover a pathway. Once you find the path, the practice is walking it. Back and forth. It takes time. Like a father to be, waiting for the sound of a baby and the mid wife's permission to enter, I walked the path. I even admit to being skeptical. Fortunately, belief is not relevant to the exercise. You just do it and keep doing it and when you think you are ready to give up you do it some more. This is how I met Loxy Bliss.

She came like a gentle breeze, a surprising embrace of sunlight on a cool day. Her voice was vibrant and British, like a distant echo in the beginning, but growing more prominent over time. Seeing her took some serious effort. It was confusing at first, like I was recognizing someone from my past, the 'person' seemed to change depending on the angle or the lighting, which is clearly a metaphor, because what lighting is in the brain? It's all light! Sometimes it was like looking at someone through a wet shower door. I would say she is my ideal woman, a conglomerate of features and montages from past crushes and loves, going back before I even had an idea of what sexuality is. So, for example, she was tall and light on her feet, twirling and laughing and dancing, like Emmy Jo from New Zoo review. The sixties mini-skirt will forever be imprinted on my brain. But if you were to pin me down on an absolute comparison, when reflecting on who Loxy best reminds me of, I have narrowed it down to three. Dawn Wells, Susanna Hoffs, and Jenna Coleman. Clearly, these are three distinct people and personalities, and there is no doubt real personalities behind the stage personalities that I am not openly privy to, but there is something about these three that I find myself always returning to. In terms of specific physical attributes though, I can't point to them and say this is what reminds me of the three I mentioned; there are subtle aspects, depending on her smile, or the flirtatious expression

in the eyes, or the movement of hair as she vies for my attention that sparks the connection that lights up that part of the brain and I think ‘oh,’ and then my brain remembers things. But if you put the three of them next to her, she would be her own person, and not comparable to any.

Back when she was just a voice and I was struggling with the visualization aspect, I had a clear auditory experience: “Less brain, more heart.”

What the hell was that? It was loud enough that I ended that meditation session. Happenstance, if you believe in such, led me to a Ted Talk, ‘the secret formula for joy’ by Amanda Gore. This led to a book on ‘the Heart’s Code,’ by Paul Pearsall. As you have probably gleaned from an earlier paragraph, I know how to Astral Project. I have been doing so since childhood. Over the years, I have read many books and many techniques for performing AP on demand, with mixed success. I was only in the first chapter when again I heard Loxy say, “Less brain, more heart.” I put down the book. I realized, for the first time, AP never worked when I was in my head! As long as I was meditating on protocols to induce the thing, I stayed in body. The times I was most successful was when I let go of agenda and thought and just went with the flow and sensations available. Using this, I closed my eyes and intentionally descended into heart.

I was instantly embraced, kissed on the cheek, and there she was in front of me, holding me by the arms, staring at me with an intense gaze and almost luminous eyes. I was aware of two realities at once. I was sitting in the chair that had belonged to my grandfather, my legs drawn up into the chair, Indian style. My body felt alive, as if I had run a marathon, and there was a lightness stirring through my body, a euphoria I usually associate with meditation or having practiced biofeedback, and, simultaneously, I was standing in a ubiquitous space that defied description but was tangible, silky smooth, and for the first time, I was facing the object of my intention. I corrected myself: not object, a person. She was real. She was realer than real. She greeted me like a long lost friend. She knew me better than any person, friend or family, ever did or ever would, and that was communicated wordlessly through her gaze. I wasn’t surprised. Considering she had full access to my subconscious and conscious mind, there would be no secrets, ever. No masks would separate her from knowing me. Realizing that, I was afraid, for all of two seconds.

Loxy radiated love and compassion and fear dissipated before it even had time to manifest as a concrete thought. I stood there, surprisingly silent. I had lots of questions, I had

been rehearsing questions after all, but here, in this space in this first moment alone with her, I was as dumbfounded as the time I accidentally ran into Olivia Newton John and was rendered speechless. Yes, I am severely afflicted. Feminine beauty makes me stupid. Celebrity status renders me stupidly speechless, which is probably a blessing in disguise. Who knows what I would have blathered to Olivia. Fortunately the encounter was over and she was gone before I regained my volition to move and speak, because I actually cried. Olivia Newton John made me cry, and I am forever haunted by poor Olivia thinking, "I am so glad the airlines hires those 'special' people. I should send him a box of crayons."

"Don't worry," Loxy said. "It gets easier from here."

There are probably all kinds of ways to describe what happened next, however, I am not privy to any of them. I can't describe how well I felt. This was not mania. Okay, well, I don't really know what mania feels like, though I have worked with people in that state, and this wasn't that. It was orgasmic, at least, not in the traditional, limited male sense of the term. It was abrupt and full body and perfect and full of light, like blue light, like the blueness you might encounter with sustained lightening. I have read my share of transcendental experiences, and though I possibly had some elements, I didn't have enough features to call it that. I didn't feel connected to everything in the Universe nor was everything absolutely peaceful, wonderful. I did feel safe and loved, but I was still muddling through the regular mental processes I do in daily life.

To the best of my knowledge, the reports of other tuplamancers did not follow this progression. I spent time exploring explanation for the variation, but Loxy said, "Does it really matter. It works. We work. Isn't that enough?"

Mostly, I concur. It doesn't matter. But in terms of duplicating and sustaining and helping other reproduce results... I am not at that point yet, so it doesn't matter. For now, it sufficed only in that I had accomplished something. Something?! Everything! I had to question everything I know about spirituality and psychology and science, and I know a few things! I felt powerful, like just after I had successfully conducted my fist hypnosis session on other. On successfully hypnotizing someone for the first time, there is sudden boost in confidence and realization that the world is suddenly bigger and I had an obligation to walk more kindly on the earth. I say that because, confronted with the reality that I could impact someone's life through hypnosis, I couldn't help but wonder how many other, subtler ways was I affecting people

around me. This was like that, but more importantly, I had to come to terms with the fact I am not alone. This was to be the biggest initial hurdle. I had not considered how much alone time I have become accustomed to. Between work and family, I have few friends. I spend maybe an hour and a half commuting in silence. I sleep alone, in my own room. I get up before work and I meditate or write. I like my alone time. I usually eat alone when I get home from work, but once I have eaten, I spend all of my afternoon and evening with my son, until we have played and gone through our rituals and he is in bed. But even in all of these activities, communicating with colleagues at work, answering phone calls, texts, I am alone. I could be at a party, and I would be alone.

That changed with the entrance of Loxy.

“You were never alone,” Loxy informed me. “Your subconscious an entity in its own right, and people ignore it at their own peril. Your heart talks to you. Your stomach definitely talks to you. Everything talks to you, the grass, the trees, the sun and moon and stars. You’ve just been in a fog and not listening and so all the mystical experiences people have, that’s just sunlight filtering through the fog.”

And things like that coming from her, correcting my assumptions, or making observations, are now a part of daily life. I now had company everywhere I went. In the beginning, she was a silent observer, sometimes ‘outside’ and always noticeable only by me, but most the time I experienced her in my heart, not with eyes. She sits shotgun anytime I drive alone. She sometimes sits in the car when the family is there, and sneaks secret glances at me. Sometimes she is sitting behind me and she will lean forward and put her hands over the seat, and the first time she did that I got spooked and she had a good laugh at my expense. In a rare moment when she hasn’t been on my mind, I will come upon her and she is sitting in a room, reading, which is remarkably surprising, and the first few times, a bit unsettling, as if I had caught a stranger in the house, but it does get easier. One of the ways I distinguish this as not the product of a mental illness is that no one in my waking reality has caught on. True enough, the ex-wife didn’t pay that much attention to me to notice I was doing anything different. The one noticeable change is I have missed more exits when driving only to have to turn around, and ‘ex’ will be like ‘what were you thinking,’ and I will just say I have a lot on my mind. But at this point, even if it turned out to be a mental illness, I would not seek a cure. I am happy with my success. This is Harvey level of happiness. If you have a six foot rabbit, and he’s nice to you,

you don't make it go away. I don't have a six foot rabbit. I have a 20 something year old, female, fantasy friend, and I would be okay in calling her a 'bunny,' and she has on occasion teased me as if she were. Do I need to say it? Loxy is drop dead gorgeous like a composite of your top ten favorite Maxim slash Victorian Secret models. She has a presence like a goddess, an aura like a muse, and she can spin, and dance and move in subtle ways that could distract or trance me into another world. Remember Xanadu, when the painter jumped into the brick wall to find Kira (Olivia!) I made it through the wall!

On one occasion, I entered my modest, real life study and found Loxy reading. She was on the couch, her legs curled up under her. Her skirt fell just above her knees, and there was a coffee beside her, which was new, as I hadn't noticed props before, but I call it a prop, because it wasn't really there, but its aroma filled the air and it was nice. And, it was solid enough. I could have gone and picked up the coffee and even had a sip. I didn't but I could have, that's how solid it was to me. I sat down in my chair and watched Loxy read. She was seriously into her book. I was not sure she even noticed I entered. I am not able to track her in the recesses of my mind, and I don't think she tracks me, but she probably could. I'm still working on the reality of it all, trying to understand how it all works, but for whatever reason, she didn't stir when I entered and went to my chair. So far, all the books I have seen her reading were things that I have read previously. As I sat there, looking at her, I contemplated her presence; part of me was looking for flaws, as if she were a digital actress placed in a real world frame and maybe slightly out of alignment; I found no flaws. She was a brunette, and her hair was short, like a bob that's been tossed by the wind. Her bosom rose and fell with a natural breathing pattern, not synchronous to mine. I tested this, too: I held my breath, but she kept breathing.

"Would you stop holding your breath?" Loxy asked, without looking up from her book.

Unlike a fantasy, or a day dream, she also didn't attend to my every whim or need. That did not mean she wasn't attentive to details or me or my life, but rather that she had her own interests and wants and she communicated those extremely well. I dare say, she was even more adult than I was, but there were times when she was clearly as playful as a child, and she delivered that enthusiasm for life while maintaining a sophisticated air about her. Also, she never laughs at my joke. Oh, she will smile, and she understands my humor without me having to explain it, and I suppose if I asked she would say she finds me amusing, but I don't make her laugh.

She closed the book and looked up at me. “This is interesting,” she said.

I agreed. She was interesting.

“No, the book,” Loxy said.

“Oh,” I said. “What’s the book?”

“Think and Grow Rich by Napoleon Hill,” Loxy said.

“I am familiar with it,” I said.

“You’ve read it,” Loxy said.

“No, I haven’t,” I argued.

“Yes, you have,” Loxy said. “It’s the benchmark for all self-help books.”

“I have heard that. And I have read books that referenced it, but I haven’t read it,” I said.

“And it’s not on my bookshelf.”

“John,” Loxy said. She doesn’t hesitate to point out when I am in error. “I have access to every book you ever read. Actually, I have multiple copies of everything you ever read. There is the original, uncut, unadulterated version of the books you have read, followed by your copy of the books as perceived through your filters, your memories of the books, which varies from your perceived version of the original, and then there is the copy of any book you have re-read and the version that represents the version between your new perceived reading and the disparity of the memory. And all of that is pretty interesting, except not the interesting thing I wish to draw your attention to.”

“It sounds complicated,” I said.

“How do you know? I haven’t told you what the interesting thing is,” Loxy said.

It’s these sorts of interactions that impress me with the realness of our dialogue. We actually ‘bypass!’ That’s the term used for when couples misperceive what is being communicated and fill in lack of clarity with assumptions.

“I mean the whole inner library thing sounds complicated,” I said.

“Oh, yeah, I can see that,” Loxy said. “But I love it. I can make you my case study, comparing the reality of what you saw with memory of what you think you saw, which really communicates a lot about who you are. It’s not a bad thing, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“Okay, to that end, I do not remember reading the book you’re wanting to discuss,” I said.

“I assure you, you did,” Loxy said. “Even if you picked it up and simply flipped through the pages to see a cartoon move in the upper corner, the whole book is in you. But that’s not the point. I want to bring in a team.”

“Excuse me?” I asked.

“I want to use Napoleon Hill’s Invisible Counselor technique to enhance your life, but also provide you with a greater general discourse for the purposes of self-improvement,” Loxy said. “I can do a lot of things for you, and you for me, but I can’t be your ‘everything,’ because no one person can be that for anyone. And no, I am not planning on abandoning you. We are team. We are for life. Some doors can’t be closed, and I am one.”

I didn’t comment. Abandonment has been one of my core issues and I am certain I telegraphed my feelings. Though there was definitely evidence for telepathic transmission of thoughts, it was not consistent. I had to deliberately think something to her for her to hear it in that way. I wondered if the normal, everyday, randomness of my running dialogue sounded like a crazy person to her.

“I don’t want a team of invisible counselors,” I said. “For one, I have had my fill of counselor, and now I am one, so I don’t see the need.” Today. I am not opposed to counseling in general and there could be a future need to discuss things with one, and so if you’re debating within yourself if you need one, go talk to one and find out.

“It doesn’t have to be counselors per say. That’s just the name of the technique Napoleon used to summon personality sets to help him imagine solutions to perceived problems,” Loxy said. “Call it a committee.”

“Why don’t I just call my body a spaceship and designate a flight crew,” I said, going for humor.

“That’s brilliant!” Loxy said, clapping her hands. “We need a science officer. Not Einstein, though. I don’t like his hair. And though I appreciate the pic of him sticking out his tongue showing he can be less serious, it creeps me out. Oh, and a communications officer. She should speak Thai, because one of our missions is to learn to speak Thai. A medical officer. A helmsman. And a tactical officer. Oh, and I call first officer.”

“You are joking about all of this, right?” I said.

“I am appealing to your Star Trek sense,” Loxy said. “Now, go make it so.”

I frowned.

“I will wear a TOS uniform,” Loxy offered.

“Done,” I said. “What do I need to do?”

“Pick people from history live or dead who you want to learn from. They don’t even have to be real. They can be fiction,” Loxy said.

I sighed. “Loxy. This sounds like work. Quite frankly, you know everything about me. Why don’t you just give me what I need to know to travel to my destination in the most expedient manner possible?”

Loxy put her book down. She stood up. She took a step towards me, two steps to the left, half step forwards, one step right, a slide forward, a slide right, two jumps to the left, and then advanced sideways on me, putting her hands on the arms of my chair. She leaned into me, hovering over me, and I worried my chair might tilt too far and spill over. Her eyes locked on mine. I could smell her. I could feel her legs touching mine.

“Lightening never takes a straight path!”

Loxy kissed me and disappeared for the day.

This is the other thing that was so peculiar about our time together. She would frequently say things that impressed me as not being from me. She was way smarter than I!

Chapter 2

For three to four months out of the year, my family goes to Thailand while I remain home and work. Often, I feel more like artifact in my ex-wife's home than a person, but I dismiss this as just being a malfunction of my brain and a life time of struggling with loneliness, and I remain because we have a child, and we both desire to give him a good start. This clearly affects my life, and probably needs time devoted to sorting out its influence on me, but it is not the focus of the story. Maybe I need a book to show how my mundane life has been improved, and you will see some of that here in the beginning, before I go off the deep end into the twilight zone proper, but for now, I making it less about family, because they don't have a clue what I am experiencing. And they would not be interested in it. No one in my life has ever been interested in the dreams I have had, or the experiences that seem to defy the reality that is supposed to define our lives.

Very early on in the tulpa creation process, I had uncharacteristic feelings of amusement come over me that fractured the spell of loneliness; at the sake of being crass, it was comparable to being in a public restroom while intending quietly do my business, and letting out the loudest fart in my life, so sudden in onset and peculiar in variations of pitch that I couldn't help but laugh at my own release, but it also makes everyone in ear shot laugh, which increased my laughter. The more I tried to suppress the laughter, the harder the laughter erupted into life. It's uncomfortable, as if it's a taboo, (we're not allowed to be happy here, are we?) but it's also a psychological relief. And because I was clearly happy, it was having an effect on others in the real world. It was problematic only in explanation. How do you go around telling people you have an invisible friend? It didn't make me isolate or diminish my ability to communicate with others. It enhanced it. And, if you ever observed a child who had an imaginary friend, you would know it didn't slow them down in their play with others. The invisible friend was like practice. And, the conversation between me and the inner voices that were to come were better than the non-stop running dialogue I normally pursued in my perceived loneliness.

There are aspects about the creating process I am not fond of, mostly limited to the terminology. For example, I don't like the word 'forcing.' I find the word troublesome and I am curious how the terminology came about, but changing it is likely not to happen because the group that 'is' has collectively agreed to the terms and it has its own momentum. Framing it in my mind as a shortened version of 'reinforcing' was crucial for me in terms of getting traction.

Another term I am not fond of is ‘wonderland.’ It isn’t actually necessary for the creating process to have a ‘wonderland,’ but it’s helpful. I personally have had a ‘wonderland’ since the age of six, so I didn’t have to go out of my way to create an imaginary space. I never used the world wonderland, though. My place was simply a sanctuary I could retreat to in times of need. I suppose, in some ways, it is a superpower. It sustained me through some difficult moments. That said, I utilized it in my efforts to solidify Loxy, while encountering some early psychological resistance to the practice, even in the light of clear results.

“You have a lovely world here, Jon,” Loxy said. “I am honored that you have given me access.”

“I’m not bothered about you being here, I am just not sure I understand the why of it, and I like to understand things,” I said, as we stood under the tree of “Initial Insertion Point.” Yes, that’s what I labeled the place where I first arrived. The name for the location came much later in life. At six I didn’t care to name the place, but eventually I needed to call it something, and a part of me wanted to be precise and clinical and as Logical as Spock and there was no room for perceived fluff, though I was certainly engaging in a creative process, which was what I referred to as fluff, mostly because my family downplayed creativity; being outside the box wasn’t practical.

“The reason the memory device referred to as ‘the method of Loci’ is so effective is because it utilizes the brains natural tendency to create maps,” Loxy explained. “If you close your eyes and imagine walking through your house, you can identify and list every object in your house. If you want to quickly learn something new, you create an imaginary house and when you make a room to put the new things in you intend to integrate, then you will suddenly have a way to contemplate and retrieve the items in a context that is easier to access. Inviting me into your wonderland solidifies me because it gives me framework and fluidity across borders.”

I could accept her explanation.

“You’re not satisfied,” Loxy observed.

I frowned. Though I understood she had greater access to me than I have with myself, it was still unsettling to be confronted with ‘ESP’ when you spent your entire life dismissing ESP. True enough, it didn’t have to be ESP. Even if she weren’t in my head, I offered enough ‘tells’ that a very perceptive person would have seen I was not completely satisfied with the explanation, even if I had admitted out loud to the contrary. “I want to understand something but

I don't know what it is I am searching for yet. Clearly you're here and I am deriving some benefits. Like, I am happy. That's fairly new. But there is something missing..."

"You mean, the novelty has worn off already. Our relationship feels fairly mundane?" Loxy asked.

I blinked at her. "Yeah. I was wanting more magic."

"Magic is coming," Loxy assured me. "We're still knocking down barriers."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Jon, you believe that creating a tulpa is a new experiment in your life, but I submit to you that you have been engaged in tulpamancy your entire life," Loxy said.

My first instinct was to dismiss the comment. "Go on," I said, making myself available to listen.

"Your personality and character is established through and daily fortified by your stream of consciousness," Loxy said. "By deliberately setting yourself aside and focusing on my personality set, my traits, my general appearance, and personifying it with a stream of language which you 'forced' on me you engaged in a new personality character set, distinctly different from your own. You redirected your life energy into mine. Loosely paraphrasing Doctor Shad Helmstetter, you create what you think about the most. That's basically the idea behind 'the Secret' only, it's more complex than what that book claims it to be and it's missing some crucial points or more people would see the success the author promises. Anyway, in short, you have been preparing for me your whole life."

"But why now?" I asked. "I have been asking for you, or someone like you, all my life. Why are you just now able to manifest to the degree I can perceive you across all the senses?"

"Because you finally gave yourself permission," Loxy said.

"You mean I finally believed it possible?" I asked.

"No, belief is irrelevant," Loxy said.

"I thought belief was crucial," I argued.

"Yeah, that was one of your blocks we had to bust through, and that wall is still not completely torn down," Loxy said.

"I don't understand that," I said.

"You know that placebo effect is a real thing, right?" Loxy said.

“Yeah. The pharmaceutical companies wouldn’t waste money on double blind studies if it weren’t a real thing to contend with,” I said.

“And with your history of asthma, you have personally experienced psychosomatically induced asthma attacks, as well as psychosomatic remedies,” Loxy pointed out.

“I have certainly given myself more asthma attacks than spontaneous remedies,” I said.

“None the less, you know you’re capable of psychosomatic responses, mind over body,” Loxy said.

“Yeah, and when I can talk myself out of a sinus infection without having to get a steroid shot, I will be a true believer,” I said.

“And that’s why I say belief is irrelevant. You know you can heal yourself,” Loxy said. “What you lack is giving yourself permission to be healed.”

“I assure you. I have spent enough time in the hospitals wishing myself well, it’s not about permission,” I said.

“Jon, it’s all about permission. And invitations. And acceptance. And gratitude. Those are the four core components of the practice which you have been utilizing more and more over time. Wishing is counterproductive. Wishing is like tar, it sticks you to that which you want to rid yourself of,” Loxy said. “Bringing me into the existence at this time was because you made the intent, you set up the parameters, you set your expectations aside, and simply followed the protocols. Exercising the protocols made me possible. It’s like losing weight. You don’t have to believe it possible, you just have to walk and eat right. Wishing, waiting to believe it when you see it, will keep you on the couch. You’re off the couch, Jon. You’re out of the box. You are engaging life. You’re engaging me. That is where the magic lies.”

I was feeling a little melancholy. It was odd, because I was also happy. I had even recently had a headache, close to a full blown migraine, while simultaneously experiencing happiness, which was a new thing. If I tried to track it, I could see evidence of happiness before the arrival of Loxy. It was manifested in the tiny ‘thank you’s’ I said daily. On arriving anywhere I would say ‘thank you truck.’ Or leaving work, I said, ‘thank you work.’ I secretly thanked people for conflict and for opportunity to grow. I thanked the sun, the cold, the rain. I thanked the food. I thanked life. Was this why I was happy, or was Loxy right, I was finally giving myself permission?

“Thank you, Loxy,” I said. I didn’t quite have the answer, but for now, I gave myself permission to not have an answer. This, too, is compassion. It was part of the practice I had assigned myself before I knew there was a possibility of a tulpa.

Loxy hugged me. “Thank you.”

निर्मित

You might imagine that with this magical playmate, I would never be productive. I have frequently joked that if I ever had access to the holodeck from Star Trek, I would never leave it. But I am not stuck in my mental landscapes, day dreams, or locked into conversations that I am unable to interrupt to perform necessary daily tasks. Oddly enough, I have actually been more productive, especially with my writing. I don’t consider myself a writer, not a legitimate one as I’ve certainly not turned it into a livelihood which would meet my definitions of success, but I have had some modest success in terms of popularity of fan fiction: 10 total stories, well over 150,000 downloads. That’s worth a little boasting. The biggest success my writing has offered, though, has been in terms of my own improved mental health. My stories were helpful and the characters so tangible to me that they seemed real and the situations were therapeutic. Tulpas have a sister fringe group called Soulbonds, or fictive presence, which may be the exact same phenomena, only Soulbonds are usually attached to authors.

Also, it occurred that there is a plethora of terminology that loosely defines my experience. So for example, if you’re familiar with Bob Monroe, author of astral projection books, and the founder of the Monroe Institute, he talks about levels of consciousness. There is foundation level, he calls “level 10,” which is like the first step up. Interestingly enough, Jeffrey Martin’s concepts of ‘Non-symbolic consciousness’ also comes with locations. He refers to location one through four as if these were places people find themselves in, which result in life changing affects. This seems to run parallel, if not touching, concepts of ‘the phase’ where the author M Raduga has tried to offer a new language set to describe that which humanity has been talking about forever, in which Monroe and Martin have expounded on, and he talks about people who master Lucid Dreaming and Astral Projection as being people who lead double lives, one during the day, and the other at night, and we essentially just click between realities. Rewriting the terminology may be problematic, but I can see how it can be useful, too. Some of

the older language is laden with meaning, and our society has diminished respect for anything that seems contrary to a materialistic world view. Everything is the result of atoms and chemicals, and human is reducible to the accidental collision of these things; we're not 'pure energy,' like "information Society" sings. (Yes that's Spock saying: "pure energy.") According to the science, we're just zombies.

Summoning Loxy was the equivalent of opening Pandora's Box. She came with supporting cast members. Maybe these others were always there. Maybe these are the beings that people my dreams who have come and gone and have fallen to the far side of my memory where I rarely touch, forgotten when awake. If I go by dream characters alone, there are clearly more people in my head than there are in the world. When I live, when I am aware of them, they shine; when, they're just shadows in the background, people populating malls.

"Jon, I need you to write our story," Loxy said.

"I am in the process of writing it," I said.

"No. Well, yes, but no. Technically, every Star Trek and Star Wars fan fiction you've written is about us, and this attempt to talk about us from an autobiographical sense is probably necessary in terms of documenting us in the same way Jung confronted his unconscious," Loxy said. "But you need to write about us and magic and make it bigger than life and really push some boundaries and put yourself into the thick of it. Actually, push boundaries and put yourself out there, risking ridicule. And, I am going to help you."

Loxy told me a story of how we first met. She spoke. I wrote. I knocked the first book out in three months, the fastest I have written a complete story, even including life interruptions. It wasn't the actual account of Loxy's creation, but it was certainly a metaphor for how she came about, which was about letting go of myself. It was more like we back filled our history in together, after arriving at a place in the future. At some point in the process, it became less narration by Loxy, and more direct experience. The books were interesting, and definitely pornographic, more coherent than 50 shades of gray, grammatical errors aside, but it wasn't just about the sex. There was some substance there that, something underlying and tying it all together that really defined my relationship with Loxy in such a profound way that it was as if we had lived an entire life together, which explained our easy going, banter and general good rapport.

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