

Oracle Moon

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There was a brilliant flash of light. A huge silver mandala appeared, and a man stepped out. He stood in the alleyway outside an ancient Gothic church, somewhere in the midst of France.

He quickly and stealthily made his way across the grounds toward the grand entrance. He walked inside and across the nave, briefly standing before the seats set out for the choir. Making his way around the side alley of this area, he came to a silent halt. A priest was standing at the altar flicking through a large volume.

He crept toward the priest unnoticed and took a sharp turn into the church's treasury. After scanning the room, he moved directly toward a wooden door at the end of the room and opened the sliding bolt.

He raced down the stairs and into the underground wing of the treasury. Pulling out a silver mandala that was dangling inside his clothes, he noticed it was emitting a lot of heat.

He lifted up his hands and there was a flash of light. Items that were stored there started falling over, some things moved around and other things even began to float in the air. A large mandala appeared and sat horizontally above the centre of the room. It suddenly began rotating in a clockwise direction, but it started really slowly. The artefacts had been implanted in the ground using darker, opposing powers, but the powers that put it there were no match against the mandala.

He moved his hand a little in a clockwise spinning motion, and soon the rotation of the mandala was underway. As it picked up speed, almost all of the treasure that was stored there was being taken around for the ride. However, the man wasn't concerned about this material; it had been corrupted by the dark forces anyway. What was really important was the items he was extracting now.

The mandala went down into the ground, but soon returned to the surface and quickly stopped spinning. As the light faded, the man inspected the

object that was sitting before him on the ground. It was a wooden casket. He grabbed the casket, formed a vertical mandala and jumped through.

In Mars' orbit, a Caldon Galaxy Cruiser slipped a dimensional mandala. She had orders to intercept an agent who was to recover lost artefacts that were very important for the future of Earth.

Several hours later the ship was sailing past the Moon.

"Bion," said the ship's Captain, Lefo, "scan for tiny craft. Agents have advised us that Earth is doing sorties to their Moon."

Lefo was tall, with the blond hair of a Caldon, and wore a grey, robe-style uniform.

"Yes," said Bion as his fingers danced over the holographic panel, "there is a small vehicle several thousand kilometres from the planet on a Moon trajectory."

Bion was of medium build, with blond hair and wearing the same uniform as Lefo.

A holographic image of a Command and Lunar Module were projected from the centre console.

"Make the appropriate course correction," said Lefo. "It's important that their attempts are undisturbed."

A silver mandala appeared, and the agent came onto the bridge.

"I agree," said Arden.

Arden had a tall, solid build without looking too muscular. He had blue eyes and blond hair, and his face projected a strong, innocent wisdom.

"Good. You're here," said Lefo.

The Galaxy Cruiser did a wide arc, avoiding detection of the Apollo space craft. Directly, the ship was in a lunar orbit.

"Arden, you're ready to go," said Bion. Arden had already slipped on an ultra-lightweight space suit that felt like a pair of overalls to wear. A thin translucent helmet unfurled on his head. A silver mandala appeared and

Arden stepped through.

Arden looked across the expanse of the Moon's south pole. Earth called it the Shackleton Crater. The Caldons expected this would be the best location for a lunar base, and the casket, or rather the contents of the casket, would lead them to here.

This wasn't to help Earth's quest for scientific research, as they were attempting with the Apollo missions. No. After the transformation of Earth, which was about to begin, their quest would be much deeper and much more subtle. The Moon was merely a testing ground.

Arden placed the casket on the regolith and opened the lid. Inside, a large silver Oracle lay amid six bronze rings and an arm bangle, sweeping the former in the arc of a rainbow. He closed the lid and formed a mandala which picked the casket up into space. It sailed across to the centre of the crater, before hovering there momentarily and slowly descending into the regolith. The power of the Oracle and the rings could now manifest their powers after lying dormant under an ancient French church for centuries.

However, it was important for a selected few who would transcend much higher in their enlightenment, to be conditioned to many hostile environments. And there was no better place to start than the Moon.

1970

A woman sat meditating in a secluded area somewhere in India. She was about to invoke the transformation of Earth, that would take people into the next step of their evolution. After hours of meditating, she finally opened her eyes and stared up into the sky.

Suddenly, seven brilliant jets of lights shot up into the sky like giant rockets taking off, but this wasn't pyrotechnics. Then, as if their power was spent, the

seven streams of light started coming back down to Earth, looking like a huge fountain. Only the woman on the beach witnessed this event, and she was glad. She was happy that finally humanity was about to take this step.

As she looked up, she saw at the end of those trails of light, her powers in human form, standing on horizontal golden mandalas, all coming to land on the ground before her. She became drenched in the joy of all the Incarnations standing before her, loyal as the day she created them.

“It is time to free my children from the Shadows,” she said.

1979

Since 1970, she had managed to free very few people, but by the end of the decade things began to improve – so much so that she decided to hold a congregation of her most dedicated Gurus, along with many others who were seeking something more.

Sitting before a crowd in a venue in London, she was dressed in a beautiful red dress and seated on a simple single couch. Beside her was a bouquet of flowers.

“Today, I declare I’m the one who will bring you out of the darkness of the Shadows. I’m the one they call the Goddess, the desire of God.”

She paused, staring at the crowd as if she knew exactly what everyone was thinking.

“Long time back, the Gurus and the Shadows were just that. Gurus were Gurus, and the Shadows were Shadows. Today, in this Age of Confusion, I see that many Gurus do not have that purity, that innocence that they must have.”

She paused, sipping a glass of water.

“The Shadows are casting their negativity over the Gurus. Power orientation, ego, lust and greed are the main temptations. Just drop these things. Get rid of them. Don’t indulge into them. These are traps set by the Shadows.”

She glared at the crowd again as if analysing everyone.

“Once you know this, once you achieve this, you will see it’s all a play and you will become aware of the need to build confidence within yourself and become a Guru.

“So please get your transformation and become Gurus. I need more and more people to become Gurus. Without the Gurus casting their beautiful shining lights around this world, the Shadows will spread their horrible darkness.”

1980 - 2010

For the next thirty years the Goddess travelled to many countries spreading transformation, which was the enlightenment of humanity.

Once this transformation was established, then one could be called a Guru. A Guru is one who has self-knowledge, who has connection to the subtle knowledge and whose seven subtle centres, which are part and parcel of our being, are activated and connected to the all-pervading desire of God.

Those who established themselves the highest initially were given positions of leadership to help spread the work of enlightenment. Centres were established in many countries, and by the late twentieth century many Gurus were helping the Goddess do her work, creating an international network.

By the twenty-first century, Gurus around the world had come a long way. Once in a bad state because of the Shadows, some of them poor and some of them almost suicidal, they had achieved a status where they could live very comfortable lives indeed. This was the time that was promised a long time before: *“Humanity will become like prophets, and in turn they will make others into prophets.”*

When the time was right and she knew that the Gurus could finally take over her work, she decided to return to the Heavens. This meant the Gurus had to take the next step – not to fight the Shadows, but to avoid being

overcome by them. Their task was keep themselves free from the Shadows' negativity, and to grow in number by spreading more and more Gurus around the world!

2012

Sean Cummins was in the heart of London; and he knew quite literally in the universal scheme of things that this city was the heart centre of Earth. He had only been a Guru for a very short time, but he had read about all about the old stories of when the Goddess had been on Earth during the seventies and eighties. It had been a lot of work for her to clear out all those people who had been indulging into all sorts of wrong things.

Sean Cummins was nineteen, with brown hair. Tall and thin, he was from New Zealand. He was young enough himself to be out drinking, like many of his age, but he had found the Goddess. He had found selfhood. There were far more important things to be doing than wasting time with that left-pathed nonsense.

He wanted to go back to the roots of Gurudom, back to where the Goddess started it all here in London. He checked his location on his iPhone. He was in Westminster and not far from the Temple.

Soon he arrived at Chestnut Road and walked up to the gate. There were a few Gurus moving around inside the house, with one standing outside.

"Hello. My name is Phil Jenkins," he said. "Welcome to the City of the Moon."

"I'm Sean Cummins," said Sean. "I thought London was in the left heart?"

"Well, it is, but the left path also represents the Moon, the Moon channel. I feel it has some significance in your case," said Phil, staring up at the Full Moon that had just come over the horizon.

"Am I pulling to the left path?"

"No, not quite," said Phil. He motioned to the Moon. "Coincidence?"

"Oh, I see," said Sean. "There aren't any coincidences for us Gurus."

Phil looked out at the Temple. "Have you seen it?"

"No."

They both walked over towards the Temple, enjoying the sounds of the birds in the early evening. Sean stared at the stone monument. A huge bronze mandala covered most of the stone.

"I didn't expect to see a mandala. I thought it would be a swastika," said Sean.

"The swastika is certainly significant," said Phil, "but the mandala is the power of the God and Goddess aspect."

Sean leaned down and put his hand on the mandala. Subtle sensations went around his body, especially his head and hands.

"Strong vibrations," said Phil. Then he paused, as if in deep thought. "As you know, the Goddess has moved out of her physical form and back to the Heavens."

"I know," said Sean sadly. "I'd only just begun to serve her."

"She still with us, stronger now that she's transcended. It's a new era now. She's given us all the knowledge. It's up to us to take over the work."

Phil touched Sean's shoulder.

"Look, I'll leave you for a moment. When you're ready, come inside and join us for dinner."

"Thanks, I will," said Sean.

Phil walked off, and Sean looked up at the Moon which had risen higher in the sky. Looking back down, he noticed the mandala had begun to glow. Suddenly, it began rotating, and he was drawn to it. He leaned toward it again, and as soon as his arm went into the vortex he disappeared.

Next thing he knew, he was standing inside a huge dome. No, it was a giant stadium. He convinced himself that it wasn't that, either. The only other thing it could possibly be was a spaceship, but how could that be possible?

He made his way deeper into the larger open area, a little shaken. He

noticed people in front of him working, as if they belonged to NASA or somewhere like that.

OK, I'll talk to someone and ask them to beam me back to where they found me, he thought.

"Hello, Sean," said a pleasant voice. "I was expecting you."

Sean looked around, a little startled.

"Where am I?"

The man motioned his hand in the region of his heart.

"She's fine," he said. "She's just moved on to other work."

"Who are you?" asked Sean, now realising this man was some sort of Alien Guru.

"My name is Arden. I'm from the planet Caldon," said Arden.

"Did you summon me here?" asked Sean.

"No. You brought yourself here freely," said Arden.

"I don't understand. I was just looking at the Temple, and next thing I was here."

"These Mandalas are Temples to Gurus, but they're gates to Keepers and Guardians," said Arden.

"This is all over my head," said Sean, still feeling a little shaky.

"It's OK, Sean. There's nothing to worry about. This exercise was merely to introduce myself. I think we should discuss Keepers and Guardians at a later date."

Arden passed Sean a talisman hanging from a cord.

"What is it?" asked Sean.

"Something that will guide you until we meet again," said Arden. "Safe journey."

He briefly saw a swirling bronze mandala, and then he was back at the Guru lodge.

"Are you all right, Sean?" asked Phil, when Sean went inside.

"I think I'll miss dinner tonight and go straight to bed."

The next day, Sean wondered when he would see Arden again. He felt like asking him many questions. He guessed Arden would return one day, but for now he'd continue on his Guru quest.

2017

It had been a very brief encounter with Arden, the alien from Caldon, but there wasn't a day in the past five years that Arden hadn't crossed Sean's mind. What was he thinking back then? Why hadn't he just engaged in conversation with the man? He was obviously of great importance. However, Sean knew he was very young at the time and he guessed that was how he was being tested.

He had formed a group with many other young Gurus and had plans to transform people around the fringes of major hot-spots in the Middle East, moving in an auspicious manner, meaning they would move around in a clockwise direction as they worked. Sean decided that Kuwait, Jordon and Kurdistan would be the best places to start.

Thus one day in Abdali, Kuwait, a large crowd of "seekers" were gathered inside a huge tent. Sean and his two immediate assistants, John and Nina, were close by, while other Gurus mingled.

Sean nervously stood in front of them. This was their first experience in working close to the hot-spots.

"Hello, welcome to Inner Peace. Today I'd like to talk to you about the subtle system." He pointed to a chart showing a person sitting in the lotus position. The chart indicated seven centres from the genital region, up to the crown of the head.

"...which are within all of us. From the base we have the centre of

innocence, then the centre of the kundalini, the centre of creativity, the centre of contentment...” He was moving up the chart. “...then the centre of security, the centre of collectivity, then the centre of forgiveness and finally the centre of integration on the crown of the head.” He looked at Nina. “Would you please light the candles?”

“Certainly,” she said. She walked over to a table where a picture of the Goddess was displayed. Candles were placed on either side of her picture, and a decorative cloth was draped over the table. There was also a bronze mandala placed between the two candles and in front of the picture.

“The candle element, along with the mandala, will clear this centre,” said Sean, pointing at the centre of forgiveness, located on the forehead. “This...”

Sean watched in fascinated horror as a mass of dark flying shapes began flying out of the crowd and toward the candles. They came literally out of the crowd!

He soon realised they were Shadows! They were being pulled toward the bronze mandala between the candles. As they passed him, he noticed that they had various colours; some were of a light grey colour with a tinge of red in their eyes, while some were very black ones with a deep red gleam in their eyes. As they passed, Sean could feel their evil presence, and they turned toward him, screaming as they flew by.

Sean realised that no one else could see them, not even the other Gurus. He turned to the altar and could see the mandala was a brilliant shining white, like a mini-Sun. He could also see a translucent clockwise spiral spinning around it. It was like a vortex, and these Shadows were being sucked in.

However, the darker Shadows looked as if they weren't going to be sucked in. It was as if they had some extra powers. Looking more closely, Sean could see they were projecting anti-clockwise spirals at the altar. They were trying to escape! But eventually the powers of the Goddess overcame them, and they were taken into the mandala's vortex.

Nina looked over at Sean. “Are you all right? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

“Can you take over for ten minutes?” asked Sean. “I'm feeling a little sick.

I'll be back."

He walked out of the tent and looked out at a group of Kuwaiti soldiers posted around the makeshift camp. He suddenly realised why he could see the Shadows now. He pulled out the talisman from under his shirt. It was giving off cool vibrations.

Arden said the talisman would guide him, but Sean didn't know it was going to increase his awareness! Gurus could feel when things were out of balance inside a human body, and they could extract any Shadows lurking within the centres. But to actually see them was something normally beyond a Guru's capacity.

Sean now knew he was being groomed for something higher – something Arden was about to explain to him back in London – or wherever it was.

I hope Arden makes contact soon, he thought.

2019

Two years later in a large tent in Northern Jordan, the same thing happened: a mass of Shadows came flying out of the crowd. This time, Sean was ready and was able to smile when it was all over.

"Well, you must all feel a lot lighter after that."

Sean looked back at the candles. The vortex was still there, but it had become almost invisible after it had sucked out all the negativity from the tent.

"Now, if you look at this chart, you'll notice a left path going down the left-hand side of the subtle system and a right path on the right-hand side. The left side is the path of desire; the right is the path of action. This centre path is the evolutionary path. This is the pathway taken by all the Incarnations from the time of creation until now." He looked around the crowd to emphasise this point.

"Activating this subtle system is called receiving your enlightenment or transformation." He paused. "Please sit comfortably with both feet placed firmly on the ground. Then, we will take our attention to these centres, starting

at the base centre and saying an affirmation for each one, using the left path of desire.”

Sean placed his left hand out and his right hand on his own centre of creativity. This was at the bottom of his stomach on the left-hand side.

“As I explained, the left hand is your desire. So we hold this hand up toward the Goddess. The right hand, being your hand of action, we place at the bottom of the stomach on the left-hand side.

“Now, we say to ourselves, ‘Oh, Goddess, please make me a creative person.’ Then place your hand on the next centre. ‘Please make me a contented person.’ Then to the next centre. ‘Please make me a secure person.’ Then to the next centre. ‘Please make me a collective person.’ Then place your hand on your forehead. ‘Please make me a forgiving person.’ Finally, place your hand at the top of your head and say, ‘Oh, Goddess, please give me my transformation.’ Now let’s meditate for a while.”

While everyone was silent, with their eyes closed, Sean noticed that one of the men in the group was restless. On closer inspection, he noticed a dark form with red eyes hanging out of the man’s back. The Shadow glared at Sean.

Without showing any panic, Sean went to the man and gently asked him to follow him to another area in the tent. He signalled for Nina to follow him and for John to take over the lecture.

“What’s your name?” asked Sean, after they made the man comfortable.

“Khaled.”

“There is nothing to worry about. I just noticed your discomfort. We can do extra things to fix that.”

Nina placed a bucket of salt water in front of Khaled.

“Put your feet in,” said Sean. “It’s really relaxing.”

As soon as Khaled put his feet in Sean noticed the Shadow becoming really agitated. It began to be pulled down a little toward the bucket, but not enough to dislodge it.

“Nina, pass me a candle, please,” said Sean.

Sean took the candle and started rotating it around the centre of innocence

from behind Khaled. Sean could see the Shadow was furious. It turned toward Sean and screamed. Sean sat back in his chair in surprise.

“What is it?” asked Nina.

“Nothing.”

The Shadow disappeared from that centre up to the next one. Sean rotated the candle there, and the Shadow moved up to the next centre. He moved the candle along Khaled’s central path and toward that centre, trying to corner the Shadow, but the Shadow kept getting away.

“It’s stubborn,” said Sean.

Nina checked with her fingers. She could feel heat in the particular centre, but she couldn’t see the Shadow, like Sean could.

When Nina walked over to the other side of the room for a moment, to find a stronger cleansing method, Sean pulled out the talisman.

Suddenly, the talisman created a small vortex, much like the candle did on the altar. The Shadow came out of one of the centres screaming, trying desperately to hang on to the edge of the centre it was in. But the power of the talisman was too great, and the Shadow was sucked into the mini-vortex. Sean quickly put the talisman back in his pocket and replaced it with a candle.

“I think I’ve cleared it,” he said, grinning at Nina who had brought extra candles. “You’re all clear, Khaled!”

Later that evening, Sean walked back to their tent, along with the other Gurus.

“Tomorrow I think we’ll work more on clearing specific centres,” said Sean, “especially after finding Khaled.”

“Good idea. We are now working close to Shadow territory,” said John.

“A lovely day, nonetheless,” said Nina.

“It’s great to see they’re seeking so strongly,” said Sean. “Whatever little difference we can make in this area, or near this area, will help the whole world in its transformation.”

Sean went to for a walk to the little town later that afternoon. He thought about his talks with the other Gurus about making a difference to the whole world. Gurus had been doing this work for years. Yes, they had continued to do what the Goddess had asked – to spread transformation and make people Shadow-less.

But what happened to the Shadows when they were moved on? Who managed them after the Gurus released them from their innocent hosts? He knew they infected new hosts, but as the Guru population increased there were fewer and fewer places for them to hide.

When he thought about it, it made sense. They were reverting to the way it was a long time ago. The Gurus were becoming real Gurus, and the Shadows were becoming real Shadows. The more Gurudom spread, the less chance there was of Gurus being infected.

That would mean the Shadows were possibly just hanging around the supra-conscious and being used by sorcerers.

He knew as a Guru that it wasn't his concern. However, he couldn't help thinking about it more and more, since this new awareness from the talisman came into his senses.

He pulled out the talisman and checked it. It was giving off strong vibrations. The talisman was not only increasing his awareness, but also building his sensitivity, his knowledge for something higher. But what? What did Arden want him for? Something beyond Gurudom?

Sean's group journeyed to Kurdistan a year later. On the first day, events were similar to what had occurred in Kuwait and Jordan, with more Shadows flying toward the altar and more extra clearing. By this time, Sean was becoming really curious about where all these negative forces were going.

"Feel it. Feel that subtle energy on your fingertips," said Sean to his latest group of seekers. This was the second day, and people were generally clearing out very well.

"Yes. We can feel it," said a young man in the front row. "I can feel it on my head, too."

"Yes, that's subtle energy coming out like a fountain on top of your head," said Sean. "Once that has happened, these main subtle centres begin to activate. You may feel some heat at these points as the centres will need time to clear. For instance, if there's a problem with the heart centre on the left, it would cause pain on your little finger on the left side."

"How do we fix these, er ... 'catches'?" asked a lady at the back.

"Well, we have clearing methods that can clear particular centres," said Sean, "like salty foot soaks and candle treatments, but we can talk about specific clearing at tomorrow's program. For now, you must meditate morning and evening."

"You will sleep well tonight," said Sean, talking to one of the men a little later.

"I feel so relaxed I don't want to go home," he replied.

"Well, you didn't ask many questions. This usually means you're in meditation," said Sean. "Well done. Keep it up."

"What happens when you all go?" asked the other man.

"Well, we can't stay forever. Someone else has to lead the group," said Sean.

"Well, I can feel there is something important about Gurudom."

Later, Sean was walking down the path to the hostel when two men dressed in Militant attire bailed him up.

“There’s that westerner that’s been spreading blasphemy,” said one of the men. He pulled a knife from his jacket.

“Who are you?” snapped Sean.

The closest man grabbed Sean and held the knife to his back.

“Move.”

At that moment Sean saw a flash of red in the man’s eyes. He knew! These were Shadows, and they were being controlled by a sorcerer!

The men bundled Sean into the back seat of a crew-cabbed ute and took off down the road.

“Where are you taking me?” demanded Sean, after they’d been driving for several hours. He knew he wasn’t in a position to demand anything. Nonetheless, he was going to use all the Guru power that he could muster and was ready to die with strength and honour.

“Shut up!” The leader raised his gun to hit Sean, but hesitated, sneering nastily. “No. You must look your best when you give your little presentation.”

Soon they came upon a big terrorist camp on the edge of a desert area. There were many four-wheel-drive vehicles parked, with figures walking around holding machine guns.

And that’s when Sean saw a balaclava-clad figure standing out in the desert. His suspicion was correct: it was “Joe the Assassin”.

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