

their muzzles, while we made tea with honey to sweeten it and ate whole-wheat sandwiches with lettuce and tomatoes. The only sound was the gentle rushing of the stream and the sigh of the breeze through the trees.

Another day and another night passed before Akon landed in his spaceship of light and we were together again in the safe and remote fastness of Cathkin.

'My beloved, it is safe for you to return to the farm. Go back quietly and rest and I shall fetch you from there,' Akon said to me one evening as we sat on the grassy bank beside the rushing mountain stream.

So we spent another few wonderful days with Akon in the fastnesses of the mountains, before taking the horses quietly back to the farm.

CHAPTER VI

BEYOND THE TIME BARRIER . . . TO ALPHA CENTAURI . . .

Back on the farm, there was consternation as a little white dog was missing. A special pet of the family.

'We've called and called and cannot find him,' my sister, flushed and wretched, told me.

'Oh . . .' I could say no more, because I knew in my heart what had happened.

Poor little creature, my throat tightened as I visualized the scene of his demise. Being white, he was looked upon as the white woman's familiar spirit. His value as something unusual was enhanced since he was seen watching without fear, the great ship from the Universe, and being white and male, he was indeed strong umuthi (medicine). So powerful umuthi would have to be found because a white man had landed in his magic wagon on the mountain-top.

My sister was too miserable to wonder at all. She had tried everything and offered a substantial reward to recover her dog. All the farm women, children and men had turned out to search, aided by two trained hunters with their dogs. Still silence, a sinister silence, and nothing else.

'I'm a bit worried,' Jock said thoughtfully, 'over the groom and that wife of his. Since those ritual murders on the border she has been forcing him along a very slippery path.'

'That means . . .' I whispered, leaving my question unfinished, when I realised suddenly that Muti was waiting, that he must know something.

'N'Kosigazi (Chieftainess), last night I went to my N'Yanga (Witchdoctor) just over the river here to ask of the dog. He is dead. M'Kay took a bitch in season near the garden. When the little white dog came out he caught him and took him away. That night he died. He was sacrificed, a ritual murder as you call it, because a white creature at mating time is very good medicine. For a piece of his liver no bigger than your little finger-nail, people will pay much money. Such umuthi makes them strong and able to procreate and add children to their wealth. Sexual weakness is regarded with ab-

horrence. It also keeps evil spirits away. But the little dog's eyes were especially valuable. No other creature had these things because he sat in the grass and watched the great cloudship without fear. Therefore, he will give the strength of that white man from the clouds to those who consume his liver.'

'Be quiet about this,' Jock told Muti. 'And the N'Kosigaas will say nothing until we have found through the police, our own N'Yanga who will tell us. The Sergeant suggested we ask for the truth through the Zulu system and there is a woman he recommended.'

Next day they interviewed the woman who was fey, and trusted by the police as fearless and truthful too. Her name Bolofet, was known throughout the country.

In her beehive-shaped hut made of tambooti grass tied to a shell of slender wattle saplings, the white people sat on chairs while she sat on her heels on a grass mat facing the light. A girl grandchild came and lay against her hip.

My sister gave her the fee asked, and the little white dog's small tartan coat, and she told the same tale Muti had heard, adding that the dog had been moved the afternoon before from the loose earth on the dam wall, his body being thrown into the swift, snow-fed river with a stone tied to it.

'No evidence left now with the body gone,' muttered Jock.

'Thank you, Bolofet,' my sister said. And then, 'Who did this?'

'M'Kay,' replied the woman.

'So it was my trusted groom. Poor little Cookie,' my sister spoke thoughtfully. 'He was never really happy or comfortable after he went blind watching the spaceship. Remember, the vet said he probably got frightful headaches. Perhaps that pagan-hearted M'Kay will get headaches too. I wonder how he knew Cookie couldn't see at all - I wonder if he did know?'

'He simply used him to absorb Akon's strength and greatness,' I answered.

'Then we must protect you my dear, because once they know Akon has made you pregnant . . .' And my sister suddenly realised the terrible implications and her face blanched with anxiety.

'Then there are the politicians,' my sister went on. 'They will try and get you, and the terrorists will attempt to kidnap you -

what are we going to do! I shall appeal to the authorities again for protection.'

'Then again . . .' And she put her hand to her heart. 'The mark of lineage will be seen in the facial features of the developing life within you, once he is born.'

'Fear not. Akon will come for me. His son will not be born on this planet, where a racialistic outlook submerges all sane and intellectual thought, for his skin is also white, of a golden hue, born of a fair-skinned race, and as you rightly say, this mark of lineage will be seen in his facial features,' I quietly replied, as I felt the joy of the quickening body within mine.

An exhilarating happiness filled those days of quickening life within me, halcyon days filled with joy, with a life so precious, a part of Akon to be nurtured, protected and loved, a life from another planet to be encompassed with the essence of love and joy that a woman knows and gives to the quickening child within her womb when the embryo stems from the seed of love. This is the spark which creates the divine soul in human life, a divine soul born in the offspring of a true mating between a man and a woman, that true and complete love of a man for a woman and a woman for a man, which is so rarely found among human beings on Earth, who misunderstand the functions of mating and procreation in the higher octaves of sensual delight.

Then one golden day I sensed the nearness of Akon and my heart became restless as I awaited a sign in the evening sky. The full Moon rose over the line of hills in the east and the still and tranquil hush of evening light spread over the darkening mountains to the west.

Quietly I kissed May goodbye. 'I know you will care for David. Bless you!'

And I was gone in the MG along the mountain track winding to the top of the hill behind the homestead beyond the oak wood.

I had not long to wait. The beautiful ship of light appeared moving silently through the moonlit atmosphere. Opalescent and ethereal in the moonbeams she quietly settled on the hilltop. Bluish, unearthly light streamed from her portholes, as she remained silent for those brief moments before the automatic doors opened - and then they opened and Akon stepped through.

Coming to me, he picked me up in his arms, holding me close.

'Now I am really going to carry you off with me to another planet,' he whispered with his lips in my hair, as he carried me into the spaceship.

Sheron smiled a greeting from his control desk, and Haben was there too.

'Hallo my dear,' he said. 'You look beautiful and well.' And as Akon put me on my feet . . . 'Also large with child as we hoped. It suits you and there is a radiance about you; the child is due to be born.'

'When a child is born, we must reach for the stars,' Akon replied.

'We have just moved from Mars and must now be off again to Alpha Centauri.'

'But my car! I cannot just leave her out there on the hill.'

'We will take her along too. We never had piston engines like that, besides, the engine needs some adjustment and I shall attend to that myself,' Akon said.

I saw a ramp slide out from an opening in the hull, when Sheron pressed a lever beside the control panel. Suddenly, a brilliant beam of white light enveloped the MG and she was lifted and suspended within the beam and drawn swiftly forward onto the ramp and into the hull of the spaceship. The ramp instantly slid back leaving no trace of an opening in the side of the hull.

'The MG is quite safe in the hold my beloved one. You won't need her on the home planet, there are no filling stations there and no roads. Such an antiquated mode of transport would appear out of place,' Akon smiled.

Sheron adjusted the push buttons on the control panel and I sensed again that fantastic vibration, like a shudder from outside the sealed cabins as she moved in instantaneous anti-light harmonics, stepping up the frequency interaction of C and speeding up the geometric of time, altering the frequencies controlling the matter-anti-matter cycles – the geometric matrix of space-time.

I closed my eyes and relaxed on the comfortable bench as Akon placed his hand on my forehead and I felt an harmonic affinity with all substance, a resonance tuned to matter and anti-matter in alternate pulses.

'You understand now, my beloved, the nature of our propulsion systems. The equation is now quite clear within your mind and you can move in harmony with us and know the beautiful simplicity of

nature as we alter the microatoms of light, the basic building blocks of all energy and matter, pure electromagnetic wave-forms, the key to the Universe and all life, where all protons and neutrons are built up from microatoms. Can you visualize it all now in your mind?'

'Yes indeed! I can see it all so clearly in all its glorious simplicity – assemblies of microatoms throughout all matter and anti-matter consisting of three within four in alternate pulses. The whole Universe is a pulse of energy, resonating in harmonic interaction to form different wave-forms. Physical matter, like this spaceship and ourselves, is nothing more than a concentrated field of force. We are made up of these wave-forms. And we can feel and see similar wave-forms which resonate within our range of frequencies. Our spaceship achieves a shift in space-time simply by stepping up the frequencies of light and time between each pulse of physical matter, which is a planet formed by three spiralling wave-motions in space, and repositioning herself within the spatial dimensions of the planet by decreasing frequencies between pulses and thereby, appearing in the time-geometric of the planet which can be anywhere in space – in the sun's system or in another solar system altogether. Created by the harmonic interaction of the unified field differentials emanating from the spaceship herself in terms of light, or pure electromagnetic wave-form, the unified field equation manifests in perfect harmony, and I can see now the simple equation which creates it all. The letters and the figures are clearly seen in my mind; there is no need to write the formula down. The mathematical precision and placing of the numbers and letters will remain forever within my mind, as it is already within the mind of our child who will now be born with this knowledge of highly advanced physics,' I replied.

'Good. This is how it must be. You are an excellent pupil, my dear, and indeed worthy to be one of us and the mother of my son.' And Akon held me close in his arms, pressing my head against his chest with his left hand so that I could feel the strong beat of his heart in rhythmic perfection.

'There are two of you to look after now. My child within you is stirring and will be born as soon as we reach my home. Your bloodstream has been cleansed by the pure fresh air in the spaceship. Despite your living for many months on the farm where the air was clean, the amount of pollution in Earth's atmosphere has reached a

MG taken into car

very dangerous level which now encircles the entire planet. Because of this measure of pollution, we only land on the high remote areas of mountains. Come, there is a bath and change of garments for you in the small cabin.' Holding me close and whispering words of love, he went with me into the smaller cabin.

The single garment I put on hung in rich and soft folds of silk to my ankles, simple and free, concealing the thickening of my waist in hanging from the shoulders with wide loose sleeves like a kaftan, shimmering in golden yellow with threads of green.

'The golden silk matches your amber eyes,' Akon softly said, as he cradled my feet in his big hands. 'Your feet are small and broad, no need for the restriction of shoes.' And he fitted a beautiful pair of silken sandals the colour of the sapphire sea, to my feet.

Then he changed out of his silvery suit into a garment of soft glowing silk with sandals the colour of the sapphire sea, like mine.

Haben called to us to come and watch the viewing lens and as we moved towards the shining curved wall our thoughts triggered the electronic doorway which slid open at our approach.

Catching my breath with excitement, I caught a glimpse of tremendous colour in the lens. The most awe-inspiring spectacle was taking shape suffused in brilliant yellows, rose-red and blue with vast streamers of soft rose-red reaching out into the silken darkness of fathomless space. Then, the brilliant colours cleared and two gigantic stars glowed in the far reaches of the void . . . one with deep blue radiations and the other in a glory of rose-red, while a third and much smaller star vibrated in soft golden light radiations in a wide orbit around the two.

Alpha Centauri, seen in all the glory of pristine radiations – the great waxing stars balancing each other in the prime of their life-span and harbouring a race of people who tame the winds of space to propel their beautiful spaceships. Through the filtered lens, I watched stupendous prominences looping out and shifting in continuous agitation, but with rhythmic waves and branches of light emitted outwards from the photosphere in dense radiations. Stupendous energy filled the vast reaches of space surrounding the splendour of this triple solar system as the glory of Akon's home system filled the lens with magnificent colour and movements.

And then I saw her – another brilliant sphere, another home of

life, another island moving in the vast void of space, another Venus. Meton, or Venus II the home of an advanced race of people, a world of gentle climate and gentle people, a world of vast seas of sapphire blue and emerald isles in an atmosphere similar to Venus when she lived and harboured the beginnings of this fantastic race of people.

home
world
of
Akon

Other planets could be seen, with their bright atmosphere, moving in a slow and graceful purposefulness around the small golden star, which moved with her retinue of seven planets in orbit about the two great stars, but well within the tremendous corona or atmosphere of this magnificent star system known to Earthmen as Alpha Centauri.

'The star of our system is known to Earthmen as Proxima Centauri and all these planets are inhabited by our civilisation. We live in constructive harmony and peace. We moved from Venus in the Sun's system to make our home here, which is now permanent, because we can control our environment. Our science and understanding of stars, planets and solar systems has advanced considerably since we lived on Venus. Venus, to us, is still the home planet, the cradle of our race, and it is for this reason that we come into the Sun's system to touch down on her surface and bring her to life again. For beneath her desert-like surface she still lives and thrives, and the beautiful mountains of rose-coloured rocks will again breathe an atmosphere of cerulean sky and the moisture-giving clouds spread out over the surface to form the seas again.'

Venerian
on
Proxima
Centauri

'And the variable star of her system, the Sun. Can you now tame the Sun?' I asked.

'Indeed yes. This is what we are in the process of doing.'

'Will it change the climate on Earth?'

'Of course. All planetary weather is controlled by the star of their systems.'

'And a triple system like this one?' I asked again.

'These are stable, waxing stars without magnetic anomalies, and thereby, they interact with harmonic resonance, creating equable climates over the planets. This also makes it very much safer for our spaceships to operate in harmonic interaction with the unified field of matter and anti-matter. Anomalies for instance, in Earth's atmosphere, have caused fatal accidents to two of our spaceships when the matter-anti-matter cycle of the propulsion systems

shifted frequencies while moving within the resonating fields of the system, resulting in a tremendous explosion releasing a high level of radiation. Our scientists, at the instant of alarm detection within the spaceships, set course over remote, unpopulated areas of the planet Earth, where the explosion occurred in the atmosphere and an unusually high level of radioactivity has been found on the surface,' Akon explained.

'So that clears up the mystery of the Tungus Taiga, where an explosion overhead ripped the forest to bits,' I whispered with awe. 'And of course, the crew simply disappeared. Oh . . .' I could get no further, and moved closer to Akon.

The splendour in space of the great stars and the glory of Akon's home system filled the lens, like the electric mirage I had seen long ago in the vintage mothership who could bring this fantastic scene to her peoples far away in other and strange solar systems, to keep in touch with their time system through the far reaches of interstellar space. The Venusian mothership still retained the highly civilised contact with her peoples as she did in the days of yore, no matter where in the Galaxy they had now migrated to.

Moving within her environment as a natural celestial object, our spaceship smoothly appeared high in the atmosphere of the speeding planet Meton or Venus II, the second planet outwards from the golden star, Proxima Centauri.

A great glistening cloud billowed up over the sea with a curtain of rain trailing and thickening at its base, the radiations from the three stars striking a golden radiance out of the huge cumulus heads spreading out across the sapphire seas.

We landed on the circular roof of a home made of glistening material like marble. The beautiful building was set on a dais of surrounding circular steps perfectly symmetrical, rising from emerald lawns of shining grass and scattered semicircular beds of brilliant flowers. Trees with bright green foliage scattered the landscape like a great park.

The spaceship silently settled to the rooftop, her shining surface untarnished by vast distances or the atmosphere of planets. Moving beyond the velocity of light, as Earthmen understand it, she overcame the power of the Universe, annihilating the unfathomed seas of space in her swift passage through time, going with the pressure force of the Universe, or gravity, attaining the higher

octaves of resonance by the absorption of light itself and thereby, annihilating the light barrier.

How afraid Earth scientists were when they attempted to annihilate the sound barrier in the atmosphere with aircraft, I thought. And yet it had all proved to be so very simple – no trouble at all – as it is now with the light barrier.

To reach another solar system within seconds, almost instantaneously, proved the simplicity of faster-than-light spaceships or flying saucers.

I remember in years past how afraid they were of the sound barrier, not knowing what to expect or how to overcome the problem of speed through the atmosphere of Earth when Geoffrey De-Havilland's DH Swallow exploded in an attempt to break the sound barrier. And now, even some of these beautiful spaceships have exploded in breaking the light barrier.

Sheron pressed a button on the control panel to nullify the spaceship's systems and we waited those few seconds for the field differentials to dissipate, before Akon walked towards the shining wall and the door slid open to his thought.

I heard joyful voices and laughter and the next moment Akon's family came into the spaceship to greet us. Then, taking my hand, Akon led me down a single flight of stairs leading into the home from the landing ramp.

A circular balcony, curving round the building, made of delicately carved railings glowing with the lustre of pearl against golden walls, brought us to the second floor where I could see the great living room far below – a vast circular room full of the glorious colours of the spectrum, on the floor, the walls, the couches and the divans.

The spiral staircase curved down the centre of the circular building, the bannisters hand-carved into a lovely delicate tracery of flowers and vines, made of the same glowing material I had seen in the spaceship. Putting my hand on its smooth and lovely surface, as we slowly walked down, I said:

'But this is pearl! Real pearl! It's uneven in places too with that natural pink lustre. It's alive and giving out light!'

We all paused to admire the lovely carving as Akon explained,

'Our aqueous atmosphere here and in the spaceships keeps pearl alive and vibrant as in its natural habitat, the sea. We use pearl for the building of our homes and for the construction of our space-

ships. Pearl lives on with vibrant light and we farm this beautiful living substance within our vast seas. We live with it always as it generates the light of the Universe for our energy needs.'

'How beautiful to live with! I have always loved pearls.' And I looked up into Akon's eyes as he put his arm about my waist so that I could lean against him and take the weight off my feet.

'My beloved, I shall give you pearls to wear always close to your skin.'

And Akon opened a casket attached to the bannister and lifted out the most beautiful pearl necklace I had ever seen – two rows of evenly matched glowing pink pearls with a clasp of seed pearls, eight of them surrounding a lovely ruby.

I stood spellbound in the centre of the stairway as Akon placed the lovely glowing pearls around my neck. Their soft and smooth coolness caused me to gasp with pleasure and I put my hand up to press them against my throat.

'Their light will give you light always. Wear them always with the ring, and our communication will remain unbroken forever.'

And Akon put his hand under my chin, lifting my face up to his.

'My chosen one, these pearls were left in the casket by my mother, for my chosen one . . . for she knew you would come from another planet.'

Pleia and Haben came to me and put their arms about me, hugging and kissing me on both cheeks.

'Welcome home dear one, we are your family, your kin.' Pleia said as Theton came forward to welcome me with a hug and a kiss on both cheeks with his mate Lyra and their three children.

'How wonderful and lovely you all are.' And with my heart brimming over with love for them all, I hugged and kissed each one of them again.

'Thank you for letting me come. How happy I am to be here.' And turning to Akon, who gathered me up in his arms and carried me down the stairway, we all went into the great circular living room.

Its beauty took my breath away. Akon stood in the centre of the room, still holding me in his arms, and I looked up at the perfection of design of the domed ceiling painted with the three stars of Alpha Centauri, shedding their life-giving rays throughout the home in a natural lighting emanating from the glowing luminous substance

of pearl. I absorbed the beauty of the atmosphere within the home. The colour vibrations were particularly strong, with no pale or insipid colours. But everywhere, the bright and glorious colours of the spectrum of nature blended with a deep silky softness, while delicate music played upon strings wafted through the room from the sound-board of the dome above, music of such purity and perfection of composition that its magic thrilled my soul and my body responded with ecstasy to the vibrations.

Gently, Akon set me down and my silken sandals sank a little into the firm and soft carpeting.

'Music is a universal language,' he said. 'We feel the vibrations, the harmony of composition. And glorious colours also give out vibrations for our well-being. Plants, as you see them growing in this room, thrive with love, harmony and the vibrations of our music. We live with beauty and comfort and our homes are not more than three storeys high, but we only live in the ground floor and the first floor; the second floor is used for the kitchen and storerooms. We prefer to live and sleep close to the ground; it is healthier and there is no need to do otherwise. We then retain the magnetic impulses emanating from our planet which are conducted by the circular construction of our homes and released within by the moulded pearl.'

'We have no tensions or aggressive thoughts. We retain our health and longevity. Because of the advanced conditions for living and our way of life where no monetary system is necessary, the beauty and comforts of life are acquired by all our inhabitants, resulting in time for the cultivation of the mind and the attainment of a great cultural foundation and background. All knowledge and wisdom is channelled into constructive work and recreation. The arts and sciences are acquired by all and produce a greatly advanced and constructive civilisation where violence and wars are completely unknown.'

'Come my dear . . . ' And we sat down on a low, very comfortable couch with a high back supporting my spine and shoulders, as Akon lifted my feet and placed them to rest on a soft high cushion. Then Akon continued . . .

'We maintain harmonious contact with other races on other planets, but close contact or miscegenation is unknown among our race beyond this solar system. This is why only a few are chosen

pearl necklace
for EK

no money

miscegenation
is
forbidden

for breeding purposes from beyond this solar system to infuse new blood into our ancient race. Then only, do we select those few whom we know to be reborn from the mother planet, Venus, and you, my beloved, have this race-memory. Your ancient lineage goes back many thousands of years in Earth time. We have traced your ancestry, and it was all arranged when you were born.'

'You know so much!' I wondered . . . 'Even to the birth of your son . . . and not a daughter. How did you know?'

'By taking you at the right time when I detected your vibrations. This had to be done twice; to make love to you twice was the most beautiful experience, because to have a boy is a lot more difficult! Male-bearing sperm lasts only a few hours, so I had to be accurate within hours about your time of ovulation.'

'It was the most beautiful experience of all my life,' I whispered as I kissed Akon.

Pleia came into the room bearing a silver tray of refreshments. She brought me a bowl of fruit juice and said, 'drink it all down. It has been out in the light of the stars absorbing the life-giving radiations filtered through the thick atmosphere. I am so happy you and Akon have mated so perfectly; it rarely happens with other planetary beings. Your son will indeed be very special and unusual. It is very necessary after all these aeons of time; our race has become very inbred, despite our way of scientific breeding.

'But love will be your bond forever, and your soul belongs here now, although your body still belongs to Earth, so when this body dies on Earth, the soul remains here. Your physical body is merely a shell around you to protect the soul of energy and when that falls away, the real you, the divine spark of life, moves on into infinite timelessness in the cycle of evolution.' And Pleia kissed me tenderly as she went on . . .

'The cycle changes again and you become mass again, born into the physical body as you are at present. This process is the cycle of evolution in the soul and mind and the race-memory is retained always within your subconscious, until you gradually evolve through all the dimensions of time into eternity when the body-cells cease to degenerate. Mankind is a part of eternity. We found this great truth when we moved into the far reaches of space beyond the light barrier.

'We all have eternal life in time, the ever-moving present. It

only changes vibrations when the balance is achieved, and then we do indeed find the joy in life forever. I can see in the spectrum of time, my dear, your soul's transient hold on Earth will soon be broken and you will join us again here forever. It will not be long to wait. Whereas on Earth one's heart-beat remains tuned to the lower vibrations of time and a slower pulse-rate is recorded, here on Meton the heart-beat becomes tuned to the higher vibratory rate in time and the timing of your heart-beats will go out of rhythm in an endeavour to keep time with the vibratory rate of the time continuum on this planet.

'These herbal juices I have just given you, will regulate your heart-beat and prevent any distress. It will allay the effect of our atmosphere on your heart until we have delivered you of Akon's son, so that he may be born on this planet and become attuned to the environment where he belongs. You know and are happy that he may never breathe the harsh atmosphere now imposed by mankind on Earth, where they are polluting their environment.' And Pleia finished with a flourish of her hand to emphasize her point of view.

Looking through the long open doors of the living room, I saw the deep sapphire blue of the sea. The waters sparkled in gentle waves onto the white beaches, the pulse of energy propagated through the water by the oscillations of water molecules moved through the water in rhythmic swells from the far horizon. A gentle climate reflected in tranquil seas.

A race is affected by the climate in which it lives. Not here, on this planet, could the ruthless and prodigious march of storms across land and sea occur, leaving a swathe of destruction, chaos and nervous tension with chaotic changes in magnetic frequency. Spawned by the high winds of an unstable atmospheric pressure, the mighty storms of Earth rule the skies and men of that planet bow in awe and fright before the onslaught of hostile clouds. Yet these living cells that multiply in the frigid heights depending on noise and destruction for their progressive march across the face of a planet, can be tamed and bereft of their destruction, become gentle and provide the soft rains so necessary for the life of a planet.

Men of Earth live in a world of chaos and destruction which is the height of their understanding and hydrogen bombs are the limit of their power. The unstable conditions existing there cause low-

Inbreeding
is a
problem

pressure waves to trigger off faults within the crust of the planet and the resulting devastation of earthquake and heaving seas is a clear indication of the extent to which the Earth's surface breathes the sky.

On Meton, the balanced radiations of her star mingle with the tremendously beneficial radiations from the great binary stars. This planet is enfolded within the enormous corona of her triple system and the collisions of these radiations from the three balanced sources creates a far deeper ionosphere surrounding the planet. This shield is formed when a planet is within the temperature range of stars to create these conditions. Magnetic seas encircling a planet protect the lower atmospheric envelope and life as we know it exists on the surface, in the air and in the seas and waters.

In the higher atmosphere beautiful clouds shimmer and shine. The lower nacreous clouds composed of ice crystals shine with a mother-of-pearl iridescence and the higher noctilucent clouds composed of cosmic dust shine and reflect a silvery white radiance. From space, Meton looks very bright from the reflection of star radiations from these high clouds, like Venus looks from space in Earth's system.

The peace and silence of the atmosphere blew into the lovely room bringing the fragrance of the land and the tang of the sea, and I longed to go out into the clear fresh day.

'Come,' said Akon, taking my hand. 'We shall go to the hilltop. Refreshment for the soul is vital for you my dear.'

Walking quietly through the lush green grass of the hillside to the gently rounded top, we sat down in the fragrant grass and flowers beneath a lovely tree. A tree of vast height, reaching straight and tall into the deep blue of sky. Its graceful branches with dark green shiny leaves swept out in a symmetry of curved strength from the rose-red bark of the trunk.

A gentle breeze from across the sapphire sea fanned my cheeks and with it came the elusive and exotic fragrance of this sea that I had known in the spaceship, as well as many years before on Earth when it came to me as I lay dying in Groote Schuur Hospital in far-away Cape Town – the fragrance that revived me and gave to me the breath of life again as this glorious scene unfolded about me. And here it was in all its lovely reality, after giving me a new lease on life to fulfil my destiny here.

'How long will I be allowed to remain here with you on this lovely planet? Will it be possible to stay even a little while? I feel reborn and rejuvenated as if my life is now really just beginning.' And I threw my head back and looked up into the eternal depths of sapphire blue as the fragrant breeze swept up the slope from far across the sea.

'My beloved, I want you to remain with me forever. But this is not possible at present because your physical body will be unable to acclimatize to the higher vibratory rate within our atmosphere caused by the radiations from three stars, which will affect the rhythm of your heart. Your heart has an electrical timing device attuned to the star of your system, the Sun, as we here on this planet are attuned to the frequency of these resonating vibrations. I can control the electrical rhythm of your heart for a limited period, which will amount to four months of your Earth time. I intend to keep you with me for this period, not only for my sake, but for the sake of our son who will need his mother's close presence, and for your sake too. You will need the close presence of your child and your mate. This is natural and very necessary in life, otherwise it creates psychological trouble and illness that has a lasting effect on children. Hence all the throat the tonsillar illnesses of children on Earth, simply because they are breathing a polluted atmosphere and are left far too much alone by their parents, resulting in fear and lack of security, causing nervous tension and insufficient sleep and rest. So the body gets out of rhythm and illness is the result, through lack of love and constant close proximity, harmony and quietude. The peoples of Earth are poisoned and sick as a result of their way of life.'

'My beloved, how simply wonderful! Now I can really live and enjoy every moment of my life here. It's going to be the most wonderful four months of my life. It will give me the strength to carry out my destiny in the future, and to go back to Earth with hope and love in my heart for all things,' I said with joy as I hugged and kissed Akon.

'Your heart though, dearest, will never recover. It will always go out of rhythm now, even back on Earth where the solar wind or flares will affect it badly at peak periods of the sunspot cycles.'

'Oh! But how well worthwhile it all is! To love you and have your son, and to live with you for four months! Any sacrifice is

4 months
- max
stay
on
Meton

worth all this!' I cried to the wide open skies as I flung my arms wide to the Universe.

'Yet, it is no such thing as a sacrifice; that only applies to Earthmen's ideas. This is life, real life – and my life! Oh, how happy I am! Nothing and nobody can ever take all this away from me. It is my life and will live with me forever, to give me strength and a reason for being – why I am I – so that I could experience all this wonder and beauty, and to give me a reason for living at this cycle in time. It was all meant to be, and nothing can change this – the inexorable law of the Universe,' I answered with awe and wonder.

'And the Universe will take care of you, my dear. As you think and live, so the Universe will respond,' Akon gently said as he put his arms about me to lift me from the emerald sward.

The beautiful tumbling country rolled on up to great mountains topped with glowing rose-red rock faces, the grass slopes dotted with golden trees, while sparkling clear rivers glistened in the star-drenched atmosphere cascading their way to the sea, with exotic flowers in brilliant colours growing everywhere and masses of lilies flowering like a carpet in the woods, where nature rules in an abundance of luxuriant flora. Fish and mammals abound in the seas, lakes and rivers. There are no large flesh-eating types such as sharks, or carnivorous creatures on the land. The land creatures are herbivorous and live on the lush green vegetation. Overstocking is solved by removing surplus creatures to other planets where similar conditions prevail so that no destruction of life occurs.

The cattle are a select few, scientifically bred for milk. They have no horns at all and are pure white. Very gentle and friendly, with large soft eyes, they love to lie in the waters of the lakes. There is always a clean fresh smell about them and they are never herded into buildings of any kind. They are milked out in the open fields when called and their milk has a delicious flavour, high in protein and essential minerals.

The white horses prance and gambol over the emerald grasslands, full of fire and spirit, but gentle and loving. Trained to respond to thought, they came trotting up to us and gently nuzzled for tit-bits. I caught my breath at their beauty. Here were the true equines, the fabled creatures of the heavens drawing the golden chariot of Helios across the aura of the stars, who spawned the Arabians with their delicate heads and breadth of brow between large gentle

eyes, the classic curve lending grace to breadth of nostrils, and with rounded pure white bodies shaped in perfection of bone. Bred in the cradle winds of heaven, the mark of lineage is cast in a gentler mould, like their human friends, who also spawned a race of people on Earth, whose mark of lineage is also cast in a gentler mould capturing the texture of the clouds from heaven's purity.

Fascinated, I watched their graceful movements on the slope of the hill as they cantered to the stream below.

The birds were the most beautiful I had ever seen. Brilliantly coloured, they abound throughout the lovely land singing the magic carols of birdsong in the higher octaves of sound. Perfectly tame, they fly down from the skies or the trees to settle with a flutter of importance on your out-stretched hand or shoulders. With an abundance of natural food and water, they came for love and affection as through centuries of time they had been encouraged to do by this civilisation. They regarded me with a friendly unwinking eye, head cocked to one side, then bursting into a trill of enchanting song, liquid and clear, accepted me as a part of the scene as they fluttered and hopped over the grass.

Sighing with relaxed contentment, I lay back on the thick couch of soft grass. Great golden bees hummed and droned among the flowers and they lulled me to sleep.

Akon let me sleep on and on. He was still sitting beside me when I awakened, and looking through the branches to the deep blue beyond, I watched a silver ship move across the sky.

'How beautiful!' I murmured. 'Real peace, with the soothing rhythm of nature.'

Akon smoothed my hair back, as he leaned onto his elbow with his face close to mine.

'Our way of life is very simple, a serene and direct approach to all things in life. Truth cannot be hidden and there is no subterfuge in our attitude of mind. We have no politics, therefore there is peace and harmony in all things controlled by our civilisation, and like the birds, we like to relax and sing at times.'

Akon then lifted his head to the heavens and sang a haunting melody in a glorious deep and rich tenor.

Stirred by the beauty and romance of his voice, my eyes filled with tears of emotion. How wonderful is life, when one forges a bond that transcends all other needs, an affinity and sympathy so perfect when

no politics

one becomes a barometer to the thoughts and actions of a loved one.

'My voice will always sing to you, singing in the distance of another environment, for we are as truly in the Universe and in the skies as any of the other bright spheres we see beyond our systems. Beyond Alpha Centauri are many other bright orbs where other citizens of the Universe have their being, singing – singing on forever to the music of the stars. The everlasting beauty of our love singing out in harmony with the celestial glockenspiels resonating through the unfathomed reaches of space will fortify the many windows of your soul, and there will be no sadness left, only happiness in our eternal unity.

'We all have to play our part in the shaping and evolution of mankind in the Cosmos, and you my dear, will need to have courage and be brave to go back to Earth and do what you have to do.

'Back on Earth your heart will not revert to the slower time-beat, your pulse-rate will not remain tuned to the lower vibrations as it was in the past. Your immersion into our time continuum has altered all that. It is possible to gradually acclimatize oneself to a higher vibration merely by diet and breathing exercises. This of course, takes time and concentration in the natural way as we have already prepared your heart to cope with our space-time continuum. When I take you back to Earth though, you will have to live on a drug to regulate the rhythm of your heart-beat.'

I impressed the scene in my mind. I would have to live with it through all the time to come, a source of strength for the future back on Earth, a fountain from whence my courage could be replenished during the long years ahead back on a hostile planet.

But the high vibratory rate within this atmosphere was affecting my heart and I felt my pulse with alarm as the arrhythmia remained ominously high.

Akon immediately massaged my chest on the left side under my breast with firm, gentle pressure, and gave me a herbal tablet to swallow. Feeling better, I listened as Akon said,

'We have always maintained the delicate balance of radiations between the living brains of mammals and the living stars of their systems. Mankind can live as long as his brain cells are regenerated by the true balance of the life-giving radiations from the centre of all life, the star of their system. In this way, they are able to tune

in and tap the vast power and influence emanating from the nucleus of the Galaxy, the everlasting life-force of the Universe – a prodigious intelligence of light waves continually transmitted from the depths of space.

'Mankind with his large brain is able to contact and retain from this vast reservoir, the knowledge and wisdom, intelligence and longevity which is the hallmark of a spiritually advanced race. His brain emits radio waves to connect with the radio waves emanating from his star. If a star is a variable, like the Sun, where the radiations bombard the planets with unsteady radiations, the brain cells of living creatures degenerate. This is the cause of the aging process and these creatures become aggressive and prey upon each other, aging rapidly because the vital brain cells are affected and begin to decay.

'How different would the story of Earth become, if the people of that beautiful living sphere could change their attitude of mind – for an attitude of mind is a product of environment, and climatic changes can be induced and controlled. We are not over-populated. We have a method of birth control by merely using a simple plant which grows in the woods here. This herb is added to the diets of men and women when needed and the effects are temporary. In fact the herb has great health properties and is a beneficial addition to the diet. We do not believe in overcrowding and haphazard population, which is very retarding to mental expansion and health. As men of Earth moved out to other countries across their seas, so we move out to other planets within the Galaxy, and in this way retain a balance of population.

'Vibrations are most intense within Earth's atmosphere and the minds of all living creatures and the sensitivity of plants are attuned to these vibrations, which are out of harmony and harsh because of the widespread swarm of humanity crowding the land-masses and cities of the planet. When discords are most intense in the lower octaves and resonance is most damaging to the delicate cells of the brain, a major hazard is rapidly building up in the lower atmosphere to the mental health of millions of these people. Supersonic vibrations of high-speed aircraft press on the brains although unheard by the ears, as the danger increases in the resonance of inaudible higher octaves.

'Well, there is none of that sort of thing here, so I want to for-

get all about the behaviour of people on that planet. I have you here with me now, and my son.' And Akon kissed me long and tenderly.

A great white seabird settled beside us, ruffling snowy feathers and regarding us with bright golden eyes, head aslant as she gracefully folded her vast wings into place. I stroked her head gently and gave her a piece of oat bread out of Akon's pouch. She fastidiously pecked it up with a delicate air of grace and then waddled off through the grass, content and quietly chirping to herself.

How lovely for the birds! No extremes of winter cold and summer heat. No destructive storms to batter their feather-light bodies about the sky, but seasons that are gentle and temperate, controlled by the scientific methods of a great and wonderful people, who remain quietly within their own domain of peace, a Utopia that really exists. Therefore, they do not wish to make contact with outside civilisations, who could destroy this gentle way of life. Experiencing the mode of living conducted by civilisations on Earth, I understood fully why Akon's civilisation kept its distance and refused to have any contact with the Governments of that planet.

'Here come the horses,' Akon reminded me. 'Forget about the barbarians, they will never reach our system here. We moved out of the Sun's system because of them. They are already probing onto Venus and Mars and transmitting radio signals in an attempt to communicate with us, but this is a highly dangerous exercise for them to make their position known in the Galaxy, for there are other, and ruthless beings out there highly advanced in science and technology, who may decide to decipher these signals and follow up the invitation and colonise Earth instead of making friendly advances as Earth scientists hope. We have no intention of being involved in all that.'

'Of course, your civilisation would be destroyed if you did,' I answered, watching a beautiful craft, glinting and flashing in the golden radiance from three stars, skimming over the top of the sea and then rising up towards the hilltop. Floating in the sparkling air, she looked ethereal as she stopped and hovered over us; then, dipping down in greeting, she flashed away again. We waved back to the people in her and the horses nuzzled round us for oat bread.

Akon lifted me onto the back of the mare standing quietly beside me. Her back was soft and comfortable and I buried my hands into



Top of Flying Saucer Hill, Rosetta Natal, where spaceship landed.

Area of landing in middle foreground.



Other
ruthless
ET races
exist



My sister, May Flower with Cookie.

Vicky.



snowy, silken mane and gripped her warm sides with my knees. Akon vaulted onto the back of a glorious creature who had neighed and trotted up to him and we moved down the hill, across the stream, and headed towards the mountains. There were no such things as bridles and saddles; the horses responded by thought and voice, and the fleet-footed creatures seemed to skim over the soft sward with a very comfortable and graceful pace. Jumping the smaller streams and hedges in their stride, we soon reached the foothills and slowing, the horses ambled and paced up the slopes with a swinging motion that was quite natural and untiring to them.

It was second nature for me to be on the back of a horse. All my life I had used their four legs instead of my own, as I had ridden horses since the age of one year old.

Reaching the sheer cliff faces of rose-red rock just as the clouds cleared away, Akon lifted me off the mare's soft and broad back. The horses went to drink from a clear, crystal stream bubbling over smooth stones. On the bank we found a picnic tray left there by Haben as he hovered over the stream in his small circular craft, always so thoughtful and kind. We found a delicious repast prepared by Pleia's gentle hands.

While resting in a lovely dell, with a vast and glorious view of land and sea, a small piece of rose rock dropped from the cliff face above and rolled against my sandalled foot. Picking it up, I held it in my hand, a piece of a beloved Meton, weathered and nurtured in the rock face – more precious to me than the most precious stones of planet Earth.

'It is for you – a piece of your own world, to have and to hold always – a talisman, to give you strength when you are far away. Even this planet knows you belong here my beloved,' Akon quietly said as he looked up at the rock face.

I placed the glowing fragment of rock in the pouch with the oat bread, covering it with soft green moss from the stream bank – and then I saw the maidenhair fern . . .

'Oh!' I exclaimed.

'Of course you may.' Akon answered my thought and very gently he gathered up the fern with its roots and placed it in the pouch. 'When we get back, I shall place the fern in a special container where it can grow and thrive. These plants live forever as we do and you can care for it always.'

'So now I have the rock, the soil, the flora and the fauna, which is within me. Oh, my beloved, how wonderful it all is . . . and you are my love and my life,' I whispered to Akon, my voice trembling with the depth of my emotion.

Calling the horses, Akon lifted me again onto the mare's back and we rode quietly through the lovely countryside, on through fields of waving corn and wheat growing as natural grasses. Further on there were fields of oats and barley. Corn, or maize, grows in abundance everywhere, while various types of fruit and vegetables grow in areas set aside for such cultivation. There is never any shortage of food and the vegetation maintains a steady growth without the retarding effects of the weather or a Moon.

Luxuriance of vegetation creates a high oxygen content within the troposphere, and the animal life balances this with carbon dioxide expiration absorbed by the plants. There is nothing, no pollution, released into the atmosphere to deplete the vital ozone layer. This is safe-guarded against ultraviolet penetration.

The atmosphere is fresh and invigorating, one feels full of an alertness-of mind and body. To become tired is unknown; one feels relaxed and completely without any nervous tension.

There are vast agricultural farms, supplying the fresh food necessary for the sustenance of life and health throughout the planetary system and for the great spaceships to transport to other planets, where colonists are improving conditions for future generations beyond the confines of Alpha Centauri.

The temperate climate of Meton and the other planets within the system, has naturally helped to evolve to great equanimity the minds of the inhabitants. Electric storms, which affect the emotions because of changing magnetic fields, occur beyond the equatorial zones in the southern and northern hemispheres. The vagaries of climate have been controlled, with the result that no extremes of heat and cold penetrate the temperate and equatorial zones of the planet. The rainfall is high with moderate humidity because of the vast expanse of seas. Vegetation is lush and green, covering the surface of the land; large and small islands make up the land-masses which are inhabited throughout the equatorial regions. The polar caps of the auroral areas provide the wind patterns to temper climatic conditions over the surface of the planet.

Earthquakes are unknown. The shifting of land-masses has been

halted through the magnetic balance of the entire solar system, nor is the surface exposed to varied and sudden atmospheric pressures.

Every now and then, the mare I was riding picked a mouthful of swaying oat heads. She was very deft with her nimble mouth and never slowed down from her fleet smooth pacing. Having small stomachs, they like to eat little and often, and Akon told me that these lovely creatures were indigenous to Venus in the Sun's system and it was his civilisation that had brought the white horses and white cattle from Venus to acclimatise on Earth and Mars prior to moving out of the Sun's system altogether. Loading them into vast motherships, they brought them to Meton where they now thrive as they did in the days of yore on Venus, the atmosphere, vegetation and seas being similar to the mother planet.

The descendants of these white horses still exist in the strain of the Arabians on Earth. The cattle still exist in India where they are regarded as holy creatures and the Zulu tribes coveted herds of white cattle.

We passed by a silkworm farm where thousands of enormous worms lived on vegetation within enclosed areas. Others ready to spin were in large containers where they proceeded to spin a lovely golden thread, fine but very strong, around a wooden peg. Nearby, the silken threads were woven into shimmering material and made up into simple patterns and people came to choose the colours for gowns and tunics. I felt the delicate folds of my own silken gown, so smooth to the touch and a pleasure to wear next to my skin.

A natural, constructive and energetic race, each doing the work most suited to and loved by each individual – and indeed they are all individuals, no two alike, and all completely free and happy without restrictions of any sort. How different to Earth, I thought, where people are mass-produced to conform to fashion and all look alike and have to think alike too, otherwise they become something apart and are shunned by the herd.

Back home, we let the horses go and watched them gallop away to the sea, snowy tails streaming out in the wind of their swift passage into the breeze. Joyfully we embraced Pleia and Haben who were anxiously waiting for us, knowing that the ride and exercise would hasten the birth of Akon's son.

We all sat quietly in the lovely living room to watch a scene materialise like a curtain across the room. It was a scene in history,

each
being
is
creative

back in time, a breathtaking scene in the electric mirage. It showed a fair-skinned people with almond eyes surveying a new planet and talking among themselves in a strange and beautiful language. The land was tropical and overgrown with lush vegetation and great trees festooned with creepers, which encroached to the edge of broad sandy beaches where long glistening breakers crashed on the golden sands in foaming agitation indicative of a restless atmosphere. Wild creatures chattered and screamed within the dense foliage, which was alive with the sounds of teeming life, virile and ruthless in the fecundity of such a warm and humid atmosphere. The sky was dark and stormy with long clouds scudding across, and behind the people, a small circular spaceship rested on the wide beach.

'Our first scientific survey ship had just landed on Earth, landing on a strange planet for the first time,' Akon said.

'The great land-masses were harsh and primitive with many volcanoes and the seas were tempestuous and ruthless. The planet took many, many years of taming before we could live on the surface.'

The scene shifted again, showing the surface of another planet, a very different planet, with a beautiful curve of beach meeting a vast and deep blue sea, tranquil beneath a sapphire sky. The emerald green of rolling grass-covered land sloped up to mountains topped with rose-red cliffs. Great trees dotted the landscape and many coloured flowers carpeted the rich terrain, as an elusive and haunting fragrance mixed with the tang of the vast seas. The fresh foliage and flora of the land touched my senses with delight and I took deep breaths of it.

Venus . . . her glory lived again in the electric mirage, her deep atmosphere reflecting the intense and close radiations of her star, the Sun – reflecting the light out into space, with only the beneficial radiations filtered through to her surface by the vast ionosphere in which she is encased, a protection against lethal radiation from her star, with a wide ozone layer below. Cosmic dust attracted into the vicinity of the Sun forms high noctilucous clouds around the planet, adding more light to her reflection.

She is a home of life in the vast void of the heavens, where there is no darkness in her slow rotation. Her proximity to the Sun keeps the upper depths of the atmosphere illuminated through the night with a glowing twilight.

Then, Theton was speaking in the beautiful language of his

people, the translation coming directly into my ears from the high back of the couch Akon and I were sitting on.

'Cradle of mankind, the mother planet, brought forth the human race from out of vast warm seas covering her surface with sapphire blue. Spawned in the salty seas, our blood still harbours her brine. Our life-blood is but a legacy from the salty seas, and it was during the early middle age of this solar system that the dawn of human life evolved. The emergence of humankind in a supernova created an adaptable species of life, retaining always a love for the seas from whence they came, the womb of our creation with the life-giving liquid still running through our veins.'

'For we are the remnant, the descendants of these human beings who developed a great and glorious civilisation on Venus, stabilized by peace and harmony amongst themselves and with nature and the Universe.'

descend
- from
Venusian

Scattered isles, like gems of emerald, slumbered in the filtered rays of a waxing star. A deep reflective atmosphere of cerulean sky, with snowy clouds to bring the rains of a gentle clime, gave breath to our forebears who swam in the warm seas breathing the fresh oxygen of the moist atmosphere. Hair or fur on the body was unnecessary as the warm climate and stable atmosphere gave protection within tranquil seas. Long and very beautiful hair on the head protected the brain from cosmic rays, the hair being full of static electricity for this reason, blond or golden to reflect the rays. Pubic areas of the body were also protected by hair, as they would lie out on the golden sands when coming out of the sea, to sleep during the twilight hours.

'Through aeons they lived in the seas and on the islands of breathtaking beauty getting their nourishment from the plants of the seas and the land. The radiations from the star were filtered through a dense atmosphere during daylight when our ancestors spent their time in the seas. Thereby, there was no pigment in the skin which has remained white and delicate as it is with us to this epoch in time.'

'We have this natural longing for the sea, handed down to us through the ages and we care for our white skin against the damaging radiations of stars.'

'Evolving through peaceful existence in harmony with nature, our science and technology expanded and we explored the higher

atmosphere anxious to discover what lay beyond the high clouds of cosmic dust. Our scientists perfected sky ships filled with helium to float beyond the limits of the atmosphere, where we discovered other worlds shining with the reflected light of their star, the Sun. We then wished to explore these other worlds and perfected space-ships to cross the far reaches of space to a neighbour world, a binary system, which seemed most interesting, with the larger planet harbouring life. After landing on Earth, which we showed you in the first reflection in time, we continued into space and landed on Mars, thereby encompassing the three inner planets of the Sun's system where the temperature range from the star permits the existence of active life as we know it.

These three planets of the Sun's system flourished in peace and harmony through aeons of time. But ever alert to protect their heritage in a violent Universe, the scientists of this Utopia detected a flaw in the rhythm of their star, the Sun. As the star aged, it became a variable and expanded with lethal radiations in cycles of time in its path of evolution, the cycle recurring more frequently as the star ages and loses the pressure balance within.

Our scientists travelled outwards in their starships, away from the mother system, to seek a new and waxing star system to harbour the peoples of their civilisation and perpetuate their race. Vast spaceships were constructed to travel the fathomless reaches of interstellar space and carry the millions of people away from the Sun's system. Our scientists found a neighbouring system where they landed and set up headquarters on four young planets capable of harbouring life as we know it. In time our civilisation improved conditions on the remaining three planets of the system and now we occupy the entire solar system known as Alpha Centauri.

The spaceships used to take our civilisation to Alpha Centauri, are known as motherships, vintage ships still in use to this time. We carried the horses, cattle and other gentle types of animals in these spaceships to their new homes in the system of Alpha Centauri, and also many species of birds.

Scientists left a remnant of their people on Earth to father a new race of mankind adapted to a flaring star. They maintained the lands in the far northern hemisphere of the planet, as natural upheavals through the aeons changed the face of the lands and the seas in the equatorial and southern regions. The descendants

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of these people are now so interbred and sorely affected by continuous cycles of climatic and environmental changes and extremes of weather, as to be almost unrecognisable, except for some of them here and there, to the tall golden-skinned race of mankind with aquiline features and almond eyes, who were our forebears from Venus, and who were far removed from the present savagery of the human mind in the intensity and depravity of the present time on Earth.

'Violence and annihilation will be the outcome for men of Earth, unless they change their attitude of mind and become enlightened to the truths of the Universe in which they live, and follow their forebears into space to find the escape route to the stars and their destiny.

'Harsh, precarious existence is endured by the inhabitants of Earth where rigid social laws have to be maintained, or others are trampled beneath the rushing feet of their avid companions in a world where politics and a primitive system still exist.'

Aha, I thought, now is the time for straight talking and the truth - as Akon began to speak . . .

'According to Earth scientists, stellar distances are expressed in parsecs; one parsec being the distance at which the angle of parallax is 1 second of arc (30 billion kilometre or 3,26 light-years). The parallax of the nearest star to Earth, Proxima Centauri, is 0,76", corresponding to a distance of 1,31 parsecs or 4,3 light-years. To use the light-year, since light travelling at 3 000 000 kilometres a second covers some ten billion kilometres in a year, this means that the distance between Earth and Proxima Centauri is about 42 billion kilometres. Theton mentioned before, when we were in the mothership, that these stars, a triplet system, are of type G or K, similar to the Sun, and that this star system known as Alpha Centauri is 39 billion kilometres or four light-years from Earth. Therefore, this star system is closer to Earth than astronomers have calculated. Stellar distance determination is difficult even in the case of the nearer stars, with present instruments. Astronomers classify a star by its spectral lines, then its intrinsic luminosity can be inferred and hence, its distance estimated from its apparent brightness in the sky.

'Twinkling stars seem to be related to star-like objects and not to extra galactic nebulae. Astronomers thought that these objects might actually be stars. A radio source lies in the direction of the

constellation Centaurus from a distant galaxy of unusual mass and brightness. This galaxy possesses a nucleus equivalent to a hundred million suns concentrated in a volume of space smaller than that occupied by the solar system. The twinkling radio source is coming from this galaxy out in inter-galactic space.

'Earth scientists still cannot grasp the concept of cosmic knowledge and understanding. One's mind needs to encompass the entire Universe to realise and know what it is all about. Instruments are still limited and affected by the Sun's corona. It was mentioned earlier, when we were in the mothership, that the Sun's tenuous corona extends so far from the visible disc, that the Earth and Mars are enveloped in it. This simply means that Earth and its atmospheric sheath is not moving in a perfect vacuum at all, and that the tenuous corona or outer atmosphere of the Sun, known as the ecosphere, is at a temperature suitable for the existence of advanced life. In other words, the three planets, Venus, Earth and Mars are within the temperature range of the Sun which permits the existence of active life as we know it.

'We can see the corona encircling the Sun like a halo, the pulsing streamers of the Sun's atmosphere. Further out it becomes more tenuous and invisible, which is the outer atmosphere or *ecosphere*. The corona is best observed from Earth during a total eclipse. *The Sun's corona is a dense concentration of the particles that radiate to the outer regions of the solar system.*

'*Exosphere* is the outer atmosphere of a planet. All this data is observed by us from a cosmic understanding; it must all be observed as a whole. It is no good observing and understanding your environment in the Galaxy by what goes on in the bottom of your garden. We do not feel the effect of cosmic storms at the bottom of our garden because we live at the bottom of an ocean of air that provides a stout shield against the rays that bombard our planet. Solar flares burst from the surface of the Sun. These flares are responsible for the "solar storms" that bombard the Earth with abnormal amounts of radiation. This also occurs from the surface of stars in this system, but owing to the distance between our star Proxima Centauri and the binary system of Alpha Centauri (we call the entire star system, a triplet system) we are not unduly affected by solar storms. The average separation between the stars in a spiral arm is 8 light-years.

Alpha Centauri system

'Our science and knowledge of these distances of course, is quite different, because our civilisation and achievements are far in advance of anything known on Earth.

'I am outlining these simple explanations in Earth terms, so that when you write this down, my beloved, the average person on Earth will have an understanding of their environment within the Cosmos. Their minds are, as a rule, restricted to their back yards.'

'Do you think it would help to give them more information?' I asked.

'Definitely not. They would only use it for political and military purposes,' Akon sternly replied, as he continued . . .

'So you see, this star which is nearest your Sun lies at a distance of more than 4 light-years, which is roughly equal to 39 000 000 000 000 (39 billion kilometres), according to Earth astronomers as their calculations vary. Alpha Centauri is a binary system and Proxima, at 4.2 light-years, is a far-out member of the Alpha Centauri group. Alpha Centauri they calculate as being at a distance of 4.3 light-years.

'All this makes Venus and Mars very close by to Earth people, and Earth lies near the centre of the Sun's ecosphere region, which gives it an advantage over Venus and Mars. There is thunderstorm activity in the atmosphere of Venus as the upper atmospheric layers are cold, while those near the surface are very hot. We are now improving these conditions to cool the atmosphere to surface level in order to bring about precipitation from these thunderstorms and thereby, moisture and the cooling of the land, and then flooding to create lakes and seas.

'Mars still has active volcanoes, which are the breath of life, and her river beds will run once more with the waters of life as we take over these planets again to prevent the wanton destruction which can be their lot, if humankind from Earth take over.'

humans & destruction

'Oh . . . I am so glad,' I softly said.

'There is much much more to tell you, but that must wait now,' Akon said.

The fantastic scene shimmered away into nothing. I was stunned and overwhelmed by the magnitude of it all, and above all, by these wonderful people who had overcome fear of the unknown and moved out into the vast reaches beyond their home system -

out, beyond their known ken to explore and prepare for future generations and then, to bring the magic lease of life back to Venus and Mars.

The orange disc of Proxima Centauri lowered in the sky towards the mountains with the slow rotation of Meton. The trees cast long shadows over the emerald sward and the vast expanse of sea darkened in its blueness, but night did not come. The magnificent twin stars of Alpha Centauri rose over the sea filling the atmosphere with a golden light, and the swelling chorus of many birds.

The fresh tang of the sea filled the room, as Pleia went on to tell me, 'We do not have books, but keep our history in visual sound libraries such as these magnetic rolls which, when electrified, show the scene portrayed across the room. These rolls go back in time to when our scientists perfected such means of reflections in time, like photographing images in the atmosphere such as thought-forms, and planetary scenes of the past, present and future. We can hear the hissing breath of a planet vibrating in the sound waves of time, fanning out beyond the light barrier, sounding on the harmonic cords of the heart rhythm of the parent race, and we go to gather it back into the fold.'

'And that is what you are now doing to Venus and Mars. How wonderful to have this awareness of a planet's life, that a planet is a living entity and entitled to care and consideration like anything else,' I reflected.

'And you my dear, were ready to come out into the depths of personal experience and have therefore attained this privilege of being witness to other worlds beyond your own. We are affinities in mind and closer than sisters.' And Pleia put her arm about me, lifting me out of the soft couch.

'Come,' she said. 'I will take you to your bed where you must now rest.'

We went up the gently sloping stairs to the first floor and into a room leading off the circular balcony. Half of the circular wall of the room was open to the fresh air and a low oval divan lay in the centre of the room, covered with rose-red silk. A toilet-room opened in the wall with a large sunken bath, long mirrors and exotic plants growing round the glowing walls. The sunken bath was in the middle of the room, made of mother-of-pearl.

Pleia slipped my silken gown off and gently, but very firmly,

laid me down on the divan and proceeded to massage my back with long firm strokes.

I stretched out on the firm comfort of the divan and felt every muscle in my body relax, and then Akon was there bending over me and he kissed my forehead. I knew the time of birth was at hand and relaxed in mind and body as Akon calmly organized the birth of his son by endearing words and massage with his healing hands. I felt the power of his hands on my body with gentle massage over my tummy and down my thighs, encouraging my confidence, erasing all tension and creating an atmosphere of joy and contentment by his loving care and attention.

Gently, turning me onto my side again he massaged my back. No pangs of contraction coursed through my thighs. There was a silence so deep, as I felt Akon's hands turn me onto my back again and he tenderly stroked my hair back and told me to go to sleep. Wondering in my half asleep state where I had heard him say this before, my mind was illuminated suddenly with the vision and knowledge of our perfect unity and I knew we had always been together through the pastures of time.

Again, Akon spoke softly to me . . .

'Push down gently, take a deep breath and push again . . .'

There was no tension, no pain, no sense of labour or strain, as Akon placed my feet flat on the divan bending my knees up and holding them wide apart. I had a sense of comfort and well-being, as if I were floating on a cushion of air, yet I was aware that I was fully dilated and ready to give birth to our son. Then suddenly, with no effort at all, just a deep feeling of achievement and pleasure, he was born gently and smoothly, coming away with the placenta. Akon extricated him from it and Pleia dried him with the scented air moisturised with the fragrance of the sea.

'A beautiful son for you both. He is perfectly formed with your golden hair and eyes. Born naturally and easily, his debut into the outside world is completely without shock to his system.' And Pleia placed him in my arms to suckle.

His smooth golden skin was without wrinkles and as I gathered his warm naked body to my breast, Akon put his arms about us both.

My beloved brought me back to the Universe and the knowledge of who I am through the golden glory of love's light, and the un-

giving
birth

no
pain
in the
birth
process

fathomed seas of space revealed the truth of life where love and creation is the secret.

We all rejoiced in the happiness of our unity as many friends and relatives came from far and wide to see Akon's son. He is unusual and very special; he will become a great scientist, they said.

His growing period was full of wonder for me. He gently suckled the milk of life from me and as his beautiful white teeth formed, he turned to the natural diet we all shared. At no time, did Akon and I leave him alone. He shared the music with us, he went with us on Akon's back for walks or when we rode the white horses to the mountains, or bathed in the sea. The pure air and healthy climate, with delicious foods and water full of vitamins and trace elements soon restored my health. Akon made us have long periods of sleep stretched out on the comfortable divan, and my son would snuggle into my arms. He never fretted and cried as Earth babies do, he was happy and contented but always full of life and intelligence, taking note of everything around him. Nothing escaped his discerning golden eyes, his rapidly forming intellect, as he grew into a beautiful child, gentle and considerate. He slept long hours on his own divan in our room where he was born, the beautiful room open to the sky, while Akon and I spent our time together tending the gardens, the horses and the birds, or playing lovely music on stringed instruments, and lying together on the big divan for hours of peaceful slumber and love.

I played an instrument with a keyboard like a piano and found that I could create the most lovely music by just playing the notes in the same fashion as a piano keyboard. The white notes were made of pearl with a pink lustre and the black notes of deep red garnets, that looked black without light underneath. It was a lovely little musical instrument like a Celesta, hand-carved from the golden wood of the mountain trees which gave it a harmonious sound-board. I loved it so much and wished I could always have one, and Akon would gently say: 'Perhaps you will, my beloved.'

The days were serene and glorious. Sometimes great cumulus clouds would build up bringing the rains across the land and the seas, and Akon would take us away in his planetary craft, a small replica of his scientific spaceship, to other parts of the planet and show us the beauty of the islands and vast seas. We hovered over glistening polar caps and then would land on an island covered

in green parklands where homes in low circular buildings glistened in the golden daylight. We often landed on the top of one of the homes to visit friends and spend some time with them, sometimes for days. I had no idea of the time as we keep in on Earth, but I sensed the time going so fast, so very fast, and I dare not think of the future. I just lived for the glory of the moving present.

'I have attuned your heart to the higher vibratory rate emanating from the radiations of light in this system, which has stepped up the time continuum on Meton, that you are now sensing,' Akon answered my thoughts.

There were no cities or skyscrapers as Earth people know them anywhere on Meton. Homes were scattered in park-like grounds with flowering shrubs and beds of brilliant flowers and smooth green lawns that needed no cutting or trimming as the grass covered the ground like a springy moss.

There was an abundance of all things needed by the civilisation - food, water and all materials for building, an unlimited supply of energy on tap from the atmosphere and the Universe, no shortages of any kind and no monetary system at all. A perfectly organised way of life with an abundance of all things as the inhabitants tend and care for all aspects of life within this great and powerful civilisation. There are no films of violence, horror and murder, no drugs, drinking or smoking, no comics for children full of the horrors of life on Earth, a corrupt civilisation whose past and present is satiated with cruelty and slavery, with a horrifying record of shooting and violence. All this type of thing, a way of life on Earth, is tabu on Meton. Nobody wants to see it. It is not necessary. It is only for barbarians, where loathsome and savage foes howl at the gates of their neighbours.

Akon's civilisation had created an Utopia and kept it entirely apart from contamination by other civilisations. A way of life, a way of thinking, an attitude of mind, a high level of existence, all these things had to be protected from destruction by others less evolved. There is the vital matter of hygiene . . . this must not be vitiated by contact with less advanced peoples.

How lovely it was to live amongst these wonderful people and watch our son grow and start running about, and hear him call me mother. That was simply thrilling for me. There was always so much to do of great interest and excitement and it was such a pleasure to be

child grows rapidly

local travel in scout ship

no skyscrapers

no violent culture

able to create so much – so much beauty to last through time.

Sometimes Akon would take us to visit the other planets of the system where, through aeons, the people had turned them into fertile lands with many lakes and seas. Well inhabited by people and gentle animals and with no over-population. Many beautiful birds, large and small, lived amongst the woods and forests, and the harmony and happiness of all flora and fauna could be felt and sensed with delight.

Back home on Meton, we settled to quiet relaxation in our lovely circular house.

‘Our son needs a name,’ Akon said. ‘A name that means something, something for you and something for me . . .’

‘Shall we call him Ayling, as his name must begin with A like yours? And it means “noble” – a prince of the royal blood – for indeed, he already has that bearing and manner, together with gentleness and humility,’ I suggested.

‘My beloved, so be it. You have chosen well. The name sounds like our names and we shall now gather everyone here to name our son and to celebrate this wonderful occasion. Pleia dear, where are you?’ Akon called.

‘Coming . . .’ She answered from the garden . . . and they discussed plans for a celebration.

‘Let’s have it out in the garden . . . it’s so very beautiful. I need to preserve every precious moment of my life here . . . only four months of Earth time . . . and it is going so quickly . . . but then, there are no years, months or weeks here for that matter. Time is not marked off in intervals; therefore we simply move in the stream of time which makes us ageless,’ I said with wonder in my voice.

‘My beloved, you are ageless now without the restriction of months and years. Because of the stream of time on this planet, it will seem like only four months to you when I return you to Earth,’ Akon gently answered. ‘Time is of no consequence here on Meton. There is no night or day, or the marking of intervals of time. In fact, the higher vibratory frequency of light you are now immersed in will restrict the aging process of your body, and you will be younger when you return to Earth. Four months are only applicable to Earth time. The aging process in days, weeks, months and years does not apply in the higher range of frequencies where the passage of time, and the span of human life, is so changed that the myth of Methuse-

no aging

lah seems pale in comparison. Mankind, like the microatoms of light, can be stirred from their lethargy and attain eternal life through the electromagnetic nature of mankind. Through this they are able to renew themselves physically every seven years through the element of pure thoughts and love, by simply strengthening electromagnetic energy and by adhering to that which they are.

‘Time is not a factor in our lives; we live in timelessness. Our stars are eternal and constant in their output of radiation, the spiral wave form of light and time moving in harmonic frequency.

‘The Sun’s system is not harmonically balanced, because the star itself is a variable, and because Jupiter is another star with its retinue of planets and satellites, also variable in its output. As a forming sun, Jupiter retains the radiations of a star, and thereby its closer planets benefit from this output.

‘We describe the Sun’s system as a cluster system, a solar system within a solar system,’ Akon explained. ‘All stars and planets affect one another and in return affect all flora and fauna throughout a system. Galaxies exert magnetic influence on all solar systems and we use these wave-lengths of light for navigation purposes.’

The celebration took place in Akon’s home and many of this great civilisation came from as far afield as the constellations of Lyra and Cygnus where solar systems with inhabited planets exist, as these scientists had, through aeons, improved conditions there.

They all loved Ayling and his beauty as a young child was something quite remarkable. His high intelligence and perfection of manner impressed even these great people and they wanted to take him away with them to the constellation of Cygnus.

‘This is a fantastic success with a woman of a planet like Earth. We would like Ayling to visit us in our part of the Galaxy. He will become a great scientist and benefit our civilisation,’ they said.

‘Oh no, Cygnus is too far away – at least one thousand five hundred (1 500) light-years from Earth, to Deneb. Vega in Lyra is much closer, only about twenty six (26) light-years from Earth. Please don’t take him to Cygnus, there is going to be a supernova in that constellation,’ I told them.

‘My dear, there is no need to be upset, we did not mean you to be. We will not take your son to Cygnus if you do not wish it. But we are very interested in your prediction of a supernova taking place in

Lyra
Cygnus
civilization

Vega

that area. We believe you and are aware of the star in question. Your intuition and knowledge of the future is heightened with your son involved. Now we know the truth, we must ask Akon to accompany us back to Vega in Lyra to observe this very important occurrence. We have just sent a message to the home system in Cygnus to warn them to keep a watch on the star. This will mean the birth of another solar system,' one of the scientists said.

I looked at Akon, and his eyes reassured me and gave me courage, as I took Ayling's hand and we quietly went upstairs together. The timing of my heart-beats had started to go out of rhythm when the scientists had suggested taking Ayling away to Cygnus and now Akon would be going to Lyra, and would take Ayling with him to educate him to the mysteries of the Universe. And I would be taken back to Earth, where I must impart all this knowledge to a struggling humanity, and in so doing, be parted from my beloved ones.

The herbal juices helped to regulate my heart, but in its endeavour to maintain the vibratory rate of the time continuum on Meton, its rhythm became worse, and I had to remain indoors within a pressurized room suitable to the timing of my heart-rhythm. Akon did not wish to implant a timing device, which would have regulated my heart to the electrical frequency of Meton for all time, because I had to return to Earth and my heart's rhythm was tuned to Earth's electrical field through the influence of the Sun. But even then, back on Earth the rhythm of my heart would never be the same again after living on Meton. I would never regain my health again either way. Not by the implant of a timing device or even the implant of a living heart, because the metabolism of my whole being was changed and subjected to a higher frequency rate in a different time dimension, which it can never recover from. The rhythm of the heart-beat varies in changed time-field conditions through having to maintain normal circulatory pressure within the atmosphere of alien planets where light or gravity pressure varies.

How worthwhile it all was though, I thought. How wonderful . . . and I had really lived to the full as the divine essence of truth encompassed me and the golden glory of Akon's love and Ayling's love would remain with me forever, never, ever to change.

The trees outside were enveloped in the hazy mist of their respiration, releasing an abundance of oxygen into the atmosphere.

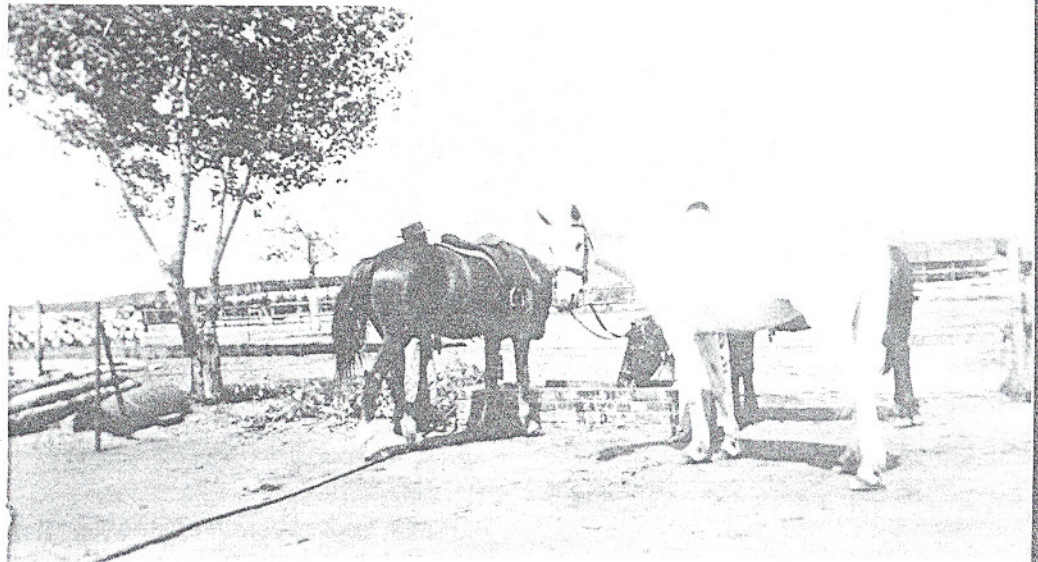
Klare
about
to
return
to
Earth

LIGHT



Selene and Robin the spaniel in background.

Selene awaits her turn at the trough.





How fresh and invigorating it was. All life responded and grew in abundance within such harmonious environs.

To be a part of this life would be a joy forever to come, and to tune in to this essence, to become one with it, would always be my privilege. I knew that when events and happenings on Earth became too much for me, I could always escape within myself and tune in to Akon and my son, on their beautiful planet beyond the restrictive time-field of Earth, and they would know of my need for them.

Going back to the soil of Earth held a poignant moment . . . leaving my golden boy, who would grow up quickly with Pleia and Haben, a little boy whose gentle eyes already have the look of distance, the far-away look of wisdom seeing beyond the limited horizons of Earth-bound people. Within his eyes is the knowledge and wisdom of the Universe – a four-dimensional vision into the hearts of mankind. A little boy conceived by love, nourished and quickened within my body on Earth, born on another planet beyond the light barrier to acclimatize his heart to a higher frequency rate in the electromagnetic wave-form, where the flow of time and the speed of light are harmonically interacted by the stars of his home system. He will grow up much quicker than Earth children and will not experience the darkening hand of death.

There was no sadness or emotion as Akon's spaceship flashed from the lovely planet. I knew I would be back again soon . . . soon. I was only going away to Earth for a while to do the work I had to do – to bring the truth of the Universe to the peoples there. To help expand their consciousness, to make them aware of their existence in an energy Universe, why they were born and why they are they, and why they must overcome their continuous strife.

The darkness of space filled the viewer, except where bright stars gleamed and passed in the flow of time. Sheron concentrated with relaxed confidence on the course of the spaceship, his mind attuned to the radiations of Earth's star in telepathic waves of alpha rhythm, brain waves of a particular frequency, for celestial navigation. His handsome face was a study in complete composure, with a lock of fine chestnut hair across his high forehead giving him the appearance of a legendary god in deep thought, his golden eyes meeting mine in a flash of understanding.

Bluish radiations from the Sun filled the viewer and I saw her

retinue of planets spaced out reflecting the light of their star. Only Jupiter shone with an internal radiation, her planets and satellites bathed in and reflecting the light from the star of their system and from the Sun, a solar system within a solar system, where forms of life have their being, similar to elsewhere, their way of life attuned to the finer shell of atmosphere around their small planets.

Then, before I could say anything, we were in the region of Earth's exosphere, then in the ionosphere, and in that instant I saw her face reflecting soft blue radiations dappled with white clouds as the spaceship smoothly changed frequency-rate and appeared hovering over the mist-shrouded hills of Natal, to land gently beside the winding mountain track.

Africans returning to the homestead after a day in the fields, scattered with fright like a covey of quail. Their shouts of alarm could be heard far away on the mist-covered mountain.

'The sky wagon from "mDedelele" (Cathkin),' I heard them call to one another in Zulu, through the viewing lens, as the winding mountain track lost itself in the white mist and a telephone-post stood grey and ethereal on the far bank of the track.

'mDedelele . . .' echoed through the hills - 'make room for me', as the mountain of Cathkin pushed into the main range of the Drakensberg, and the wagon of the sky had returned pushing into the atmosphere. Their descriptive words faded in the distance when the viewing lens was switched off.

I had no fear of the Zulus. Only the white men could harm me for the knowledge in my mind. When I was a child, a prancing Zulu warrior had saved my life by picking me up onto his shoulders out of the path of a vicious snake as it rose up to strike at me. The great cobra buried its fangs in his cow-hide shield as he flung it to the ground, and he killed it with his assegai (spear of hard wood tipped with iron). Chanting a war song, he ran with me on his shoulder back to the house and into the arms of my mother, whose premonition had sent her out looking for me. My white nanny had scolded me and put me to bed for riding on the shoulders of a black savage!

The wind breathing in the swirling mist seemed to penetrate the earth as the long green grass flowed in waves to its touch. The wind of Earth, blowing as it has always blown throughout all time.

I could sense it howling round the dome of the spaceship in its attempt to gain a foothold on the smooth and shiny surface.

Akon moved to the wall on the lee side, and as the door slid open, the wind could not reach within the cabin because it was expelled away by the push of pure air within.

Only when we stepped out on the hull could we feel again the blast of Earth's wind against our bodies, ripping at my hair like a live thing, spawned by a wilderness of magnetic imbalance and the vibrations of violent thoughts, pushing its strength against the mountainside in the brute-force method of all things on this planet.

Taking a breath of the dust-laden atmosphere, I choked and coughed.

Akon had his all-in-one suit on, even to covering his head and face with only slits for his eyes, and the slits were covered with an invisible material. I had changed back into the cashmere twin-set and tartan kilt with knee-high stockings and walking shoes, and tied a scarf over my head for warmth.

'Breathe slowly and not deeply at first,' advised Akon. 'Always stay in the fresh air and you will adapt again gradually. Although your heart will not retain Earth time rhythm anymore, these tablets will maintain an even rhythm if you take one each year. Your heart is not strong and the effect of the time change will always be felt. Hearts are time-pieces for the electrical vibratory rate of each individual within the environment of birth.'

'Is there any way to ensure lasting and natural heart transplants?'

'Indeed yes, by matching a heart with the same time-beat, rhythm and vibratory electrical pulse-rate, as blood needs to be matched. At the moment I have an electronic timing device attached to my chest to regulate the rhythm of my heart-beat in this changed time-field condition, to maintain normal circulatory pressure within this atmosphere. This device is inserted within the suit I am wearing and therefore, enables me to move freely out of my spaceship when landed. We do not perform actual physical heart transplants though, as we have found this to be quite unnecessary and contrary to nature. All we need is this device to control the pulse-rate, as the heart is merely a pump that needs to work efficiently all the time.'

'Then why couldn't I have a device to regulate my heartbeat in changed time-field conditions,' I said.

'My dear one, your heart is unstable and would fly into a wild

control
of
heart
rate

tachycardia unless we take the precautions we have already taken. There is nothing more to be done.'

'Nothing is handed to one just on a plate. For the real things in life, the things that really matter, one must know how to behave and be courageous enough to carry on,' I replied, as I felt myself slipping into that dire devastation of aloneness that nothing can ever alleviate, a dreadful sense of abandonment on the soil of a hostile planet. But I checked it before my senses could give full rein to it.

No, I thought, there is nothing more to be done, but it has all been so worthwhile, so wonderful, no matter what price I must now pay with my health. Akon had told me what to expect and of the suffering to come before I could find peace.

'It depends on you, my beloved,' he answered my thoughts. 'We all achieve spiritual advancement only through dire experience and deprivation. But remember always, my love will be with you forever and our telepathic link remains on the alpha rhythm between our brains. And our son Ayling will come to fetch you home again. This physical parting is only temporary. Now, you must go back to care for your Earth family.'

And removing his mask for a moment, he kissed me with a lingering magic.

'My beloved, I will always take care of you and watch how you fare,' he whispered, putting the stretch-mask on again as the wind tore at us.

'I shall live for you only, and my love for you will give me strength,' I softly replied, as the MG appeared from the open hold suspended in a beam of white light and was gently deposited on the dusty track facing uphill. The wide opening in the hull closed silently as I caught a fleeting glimpse of Sheron within, and a last wave of hand and flash of white teeth.

Akon stood still and watched as I stepped into the MG and drove her slowly up the track to get out of range of the spaceship.

Switching off the ignition, I put on the handbrake. Opening the door I got out and looked back. Akon was gone and the spaceship was scaled. She started to pulsate and glow with an unearthly radiance in the lowering mist, and then she was gone.

The beautiful starship was gone, and my life and my love had gone with her.

I drove on up the dusty track over the mountain-top. Back to the farmstead nestling in the trees on the north side facing the Mountains of the Dragon, where a warm welcome and a happy greeting always awaited me, no matter what time of day or night I arrived, no matter how long I had been away, or where. I had come back again – that was enough – my room was always ready with the bed turned down, and old Muti hovering in the kitchen with a steaming silver pot of tea and fresh honey from the hive – and some of his special wholewheat scones with Jersey butter.

Eventual
return
to
Meton