

The Triplet's Odyssey

Tome 3: The New Found Land

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MARPA Productions

Edition

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Tome 4: The Mongolian Steppe Rider

Warning:

This book describes events that have taken place, areas that exist and it displays vivid characters. However, it is still a work of fiction and therefore does not claim to be exact.

The Authors:

Marcelle and Paul, MARPA, are two grandparents and co-authors of this odyssey. Both, in their own way, have evolved in the context of their professional careers: Marcelle as a Registered Nurse, facilitator and massage therapist; and Paul as a military, senior consultant, lecturer, facilitator, coach and mentor. Their individual and common experiences are put to contribution. Their journeys and visits within different countries, organizations and in their own hearts, such as an odyssey, serve as a backdrop.

*Dedicated to our children, Martin and Isabelle,
To their spouses, Loan and Paul,
And to our dear grandchildren:
Maxim, Marcus, Lili Rose, Jolan and Noah.
May your odyssey provide you with
A thousand and one discoveries
On yourself and on life in all its forms.*

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The Exile

Only the wave breaks the silence. They drum their sorrow among the rocks of the shore. Do they welcome this great lady, or do they warn the warriors of the northern country over the consequences of their act?

No words! Not even a look! Nothing!

A bag, some clothes, some food, a spark stone, and a cutlass are dumped with her on the shore, then the warriors return to their ship.

Quickly, the drakkar disappears on the horizon.

Islanda, the priestess, stares in the void ... she recollects and ponders on the recent events.

She's exiled, isolated, banished from her clan. Her heart suffers. She who has always benefitted from the support of all her family, who never had to be concerned over her daily care. She didn't have to worry about food nor her safety against any invader. Her special gifts devoted to the service of the community largely compensated and conferred her the priestess and healer status.

Uncertainty creeps in. It settles in her mind. Mental representations of wild animals, strange peoples, unknown warriors, disturb her.

“Odin, you who knows, what do you expect from me in this territory? This vegetation, so abundant is new to me!”

“The people in my clan don't listen to your call. They don't heed to your message, to your infinite wisdom... This new land is unknown to me... Here, the whistling of the wind and the pounding of the waves compete to be heard... The glaciers on the horizon disappear slowly. Every now and again, a white spark cuts between the light and dark blue where the clear sky mingles with

the sea... Is this the price I must pay for my failure to convey your message to them?"

Islanda must regain her composure. She knows what to do: she closes her eyes, concentrates on her breathing. A calm and peaceful sensation takes over all her emotions. She opens her eyes and attentively observes the raging sea.

Large clouds loom in the distance. They gradually darken the sky.

The wind indicates the forthcoming storm.

The lady moves from the shore. She seeks shelter from the wind and the cold rain soon to come.

This Summer Solstice of the year 1006 conveys a new beginning.

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The sun is rising. Already, the rays chase away the coolness of the night. The lady ignores the rumble in her bowels. She relives the events of the last few days and her thoughts jostle: *"I'm alone... I'm all by myself... Around me, the silence is overwhelming ... it's so silent ... so surprisingly quiet... Nobody on the water, nor on the beach... No waves... Nature has come together to shout its silence ... even birds are absent..."*

"Odin! What is your message?"

"First, my husband joined you! ... Now, my daughter Yolanda is no longer with me..."

"Odin! Please, protect her. Shield her from Algard the brute ... from his unpredictable wrath. This man is now the king of the clan... He took my companion's responsibilities as the leader of the clan, ... I feel it, ... the men of the clan fear him ... the peace so dear to my man, is no more... Algard only wants war and through it he only seeks to impose his will. He wants to be the most powerful king among all clans..."

“Odin, please, protect the clan, protect my daughter from the whims of this brute.”

“As for me, I also need your help. What is your plan?”

“Allow my heart to hear and decode your message ... then, please, give me the strength and the willpower to accomplish what I must do... I must focus, my future seems uncertain now...”

—000—

Islanda reconnects with her environment.

She slowly recovers from her emotions. She looks around and sees only rocks, stunted trees, poor vegetation, ... All subjected to the harshness of the coastal weather.

“Where will I sleep tonight? Yesterday, I slept in the underbrush near the beach. The rocks protected me from the wind but sleeping on pebbles isn’t very comfortable. I must find a better shelter to be safe from wild animals that prowl the surroundings, and against humans who inhabit this land... Who knows, maybe a stranger, like me, isn’t welcome...”

Islanda has been walking for a long time while carefully examining the surroundings. The sun is at its zenith. Seabirds offer an aerial show. A light breeze caresses the sea. Small waves come to die with a rhythmic murmur on the rocks of the beach. Her stomach aches for food... She continues to walk ... her feet are sore. The skin covering her feet are constantly being grazed on the rocks’ rough edges. There, in front, she sees a large hole in the brushy thickness below a large boulder overlooking the coast and the shore. She heads towards the hole with hope.

A careful examination of the surroundings reassures her.

“Finally! A shelter that will protect me from possible dangers. Now I must find a water point to drink...”

“There, the little stream threading between the rocks... The water is clear... I’m thirsty!”

“Humph ... the water is cold, but refreshing... The chirping between the rocks reminds me of the spring behind our hut...”

“Islanda, don’t go there... This isn’t a time for nostalgia, but for organizing your survival. When I have settled, I will find the source of this stream. I want to know if I’m the only one drinking from it.”

“Wow! that space behind the rock near the entrance seems good to build a small fire, and there near the wall, I can set up my bunk. I will be dry. It’s a good sheltered from wind and weather.”

Islanda gathers and stack up enough small wood to light a fire and maintain it. Then, with branches and moss, she installs a makeshift litter that she soon tries and adjusts to her body.

“I feel much cozier than the pebbles from last night...”

“I look forward to resting. I need to consult my advisors over the challenges ahead of me. For now, the temperature is mild. The wind is warm and the breeze coming from the sea is refreshing. The few items Algard left me, are safe in this small cave ... this cave is a gift I consider most welcome, given my current situation. I’m thirsty, I must find the water source of the drinking water. This small skin bladder should easily carry my daily ration. Well, it’s time to go, courage Islanda, let’s explore the surroundings...”

The priestess cautiously goes up the stream. She walks into a small, wooded area close to the cave. *“Fortunately, the plateau on which I’m sheltered ensures a certain stability.”*

She moves a hundred steps, crosses a small thicket of shrubs, then suddenly, the soil is moist and cool. Her feet are wet. She steps a few more paces and: *“Ah! a beautiful pool! where’s its source?”* Islanda bypasses the small pond.

“You heard my request Odin! Thank you. You led me here. I found what I’m looking for. Yes! I see the small spring flowing through the rocks and feeding this little pond before continuing towards the sea, further down the coast. It’s you, beautiful spring, which brings me this sweet music that I hear...”

Islanda quenches her thirst. She fills the bladder with the cool and clear water. She wears the bladder on her belt. She places a few stones for better access to the water. She also builds landmarks to guide her where necessary with stacks of stones or markings on the trees. She's happy. *"I can I drink in abundance, and this place is peaceful and big enough for me to bathe. I can come back to it daily."*

"Spirit of the Forest, please, accept my gratitude."

—000—

Islanda has been exploring the area for several days now.

Today, the sun is descending more and more towards the horizon. Suddenly, an unusual noise draws her attention. She hears human sounds coming from the coast... The sound rises towards her. She withdraws under the foliage of the stunted trees. She waits, short of breath and ears on alert. What she sees overwhelms her...

"But these beings are red, they have red skin!"

"Their hair black as ebony. They're braided, tied, and it falls onto their backs!"

"They wear animal skins as if they were wearing a large coat ... like in my clan, my people cover themselves with animal skins, but only in winter... Here, the animal skins stick to their supple body. They move quickly. Where do they come from? Where are they going?"

"It didn't take long... I'm already facing a reality that I wanted to delay as much as possible. I suspected that there are people in this foreign country. However, I'm not ready to meet them... I will wait before going to see them and present myself..."

"At least, they're men. It would be worse to meet beasts whose size, shape, ferocity and dangerousness I don't know..."

“Ab! Here they are, putting a strange boat in the water. They must surely go fishing... But where was this boat, I didn’t see it when I explored the beach? Hum! I need to be more attentive when I walk around and explore...”

“I will observe them discreetly. Sea fishing is a task I know. The sea has always fed us well. Our clan has excellent fishermen. Yolanda, my daughter, and I often accompanied them. I’m even very skilled at opening the fish and preparing it to eat. I’m interested to see how they do it.”

For now, Islanda, remains on the lookout. She observes and registers what to do to feed... *“It’s true that my reality is different from them, I don’t have a boat to fish my daily food...”*

“I trust life. I trust my advisors; they always orient me towards the solution to my needs... They give answers to all my questions. I’m not here to die foolishly.”

Islanda observes for a long time the work of these strangers. The small group successively harpoons fishes with a long stem with a serrated tip. The one who seems to be the leader uses his bow with an arrow strung with a small leather strap.

The fishermen are slowly approaching the coast.

Islanda slips out of sight to integrate the cave, her shelter.

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The day is slipping away. Islanda remains in her shelter.

She places her water-filled bladder on a rocky protrusion. It serves as her storing shelf. She gathers the branches and pieces of wood she has collected to light a fire later. She touches the sparkling stones she carries in the pouch on her belt. She also keeps on her belt a carving knife, the only weapon that the men of her clan have left her to ward off any eventuality.

Silently, she sits on her makeshift bed and opens her leather bag. She verifies the little food she has... “A few bites of dried fish, berries and root vegetables can’t last very long” ... *“I will advise tomorrow. For now, I have a shelter, combustible enough to light a small fire when the fishermen have moved, some food and my great confidence in Odin’s protection... May your greatness be celebrated throughout the Universe...”*

She draws out a dark brown leather roll and lays it in front of her. In the centre, we can see the outline of a Celtic tree, a tree like the one on her medallion. *“Hum! I trust my daughter is well ... this goat skin is the only link I have with her...”* Islanda follows the design engraved on the leather with her right-hand index, thinking: *“Yolanda! My beautiful daughter, we must go our way... May Odin guide you, protect you ... this oak tree symbolized our Celtic origin. I gave you a replicate of my medallion with the Celtic tree,”* Islanda grabs in her left hand the medallion attached to the leather strap around her neck, *“have confidence, my child, be happy and safe.”* Islanda keeps still. Her eyes are closed. Her mind seems far away, in her reverie.

Islanda rolls the goat skin and replaces it in the leather bag thinking: *“I can’t wait to lie down; my body is telling me how tired it is. My bed is ready. The coniferous branches smell good. They will protect me from the humidity of the soil and stones... It’s a good base that allows air to circulate. Fire and my clothes should be enough. The shelter protects me from night dew and cool sea breeze. Odin may my night be under your protection. May I hear and understand your messages? My survival in this new land remains my responsibility; however, your help and guidance are welcome.”*

Islanda, listens to and memorizes all the noises associated with the day that is soon to die out. The birds are singing. The waves are caressing the stones on the shore nearby. Insects are buzzing their symphonies... The nocturnal concert solicits her sentinel aptitude. She becomes familiar with all these sounds. They’re different from those in the northern country of her clan.

A quick check confirms that the red men have left the vicinity. She can light her fire and keep it discreet.

"I must light my fire before it gets too dark... The twigs and grass are dry enough, the spark should work easily." The grass lights up on the third strike with the flint stones. Islanda bends over the little flame and blows softly. The fire builds up slowly. I have enough wood for the night. She sits near the fire with her leather bag close by.

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Islanda rests; however, she remains vigilant in her sleep. The night progresses. She knows that her protective instinct will wake her up if necessary. She dreams of her village, of her family, of Yolanda.

Suddenly, the village disappears. An unknown camp appears. She sees herself in the company of red men. They surround her as they talk to each other. She stands and tries to speak to make herself understood. Then, silently, a man dressed in animal skins appears in the middle of the group. His cheeks are marked with whitish features. They occupy a large space.

Everyone looks at him and waits. He fixes his attention on the redhead woman. The look in his eyes reflect kindness. He smiles at her and with his hand, invites her to follow him. *"I don't know where we're going, maybe his camp"* ...

Islanda wakes with a start. Already, the day is on the horizon. *"Is this a message from Odin? What do I need to understand? Who are these red-skinned people? This man with a face marked with whitish features seems peaceful to me!"*

Islanda remains pensive as she observes the rising sun.

"I will continue exploring the area and familiarize myself with the environment. Who knows! Maybe I will meet and recognize this man with the marked face!"

Islanda eats a handful of dried fish and some berries. *"That's enough for now. Ah! Yes! I must not forget my bladder full of water. OK Islanda, get on the move."*

Islanda cautiously leaves her shelter and heads north, orienting herself thanks to the trees' darker side. She registers and marks her path discreetly with small rocks and branches to find her way back. She moves towards where she spotted the fishermen's small boat.

She skirts the beach from the top of the cliff, careful not to be surprised. Suddenly, she stops. It was a close call, the Icelandic priestess almost put her right foot in an animal trap.

Phew! I dodged a trap. I could have gone through a catastrophe now. Thank you, Odin. I must remain vigilant and not be distracted by the vegetation so welcoming and fragrant at this time of year.

Further on, the lady stops again. Motionless, she listens. "Someone is watching... *I feel eyes on me.*"

Suddenly, about thirty paces in front of her, a ball of red fur soars towards a grove of twisted conifers. Just a few leaps later the animal rolls on itself and doesn't move. An arrow runs through the animal's heart. Islanda remains motionless.

Her heart is pounding. She's waiting, eyes open wide...

A few seconds of eternity pass before a hunter comes out of hiding. She wonders: "*Did he see me?*"

She recognizes the man of her dream, the man with red skin and whitish features on his face. She remains still. "*This is the man in my dream! ... I'm not mistaken... No doubt it's him!*"

She hears and feels the tam-tam of her heart beating in her chest. She breathes slowly. The tension decreases. Her stomach is more relaxed. She smiles to herself. She decides to go to him.

As she walks towards him, she shows him her priestess medallion that never leaves her. It seems to influence him. He beckons her to follow him by moving both his hands up and down, forming a circle in front of him.

"Oh! What am I going to tell him? I have no way of making certain he understands me... He should observe that I'm harmless and defenceless... His aura doesn't signal me any threat, on the contrary" ...

Islanda closes her eyes, breathes softly, goes into listening mode. She receives a message from her advisor: *“This is the man you must accompany. Retrieve your belongings from the cave and go with him. He will guide you through the forest and introduce you to his people. They’re the ones you must contact in this New World. Go! Don’t be afraid! Have confidence, Odin is with you.”*

Islanda signals to hunter that she must return to the cave with hand gestures. He seems to understand her.

“He follows me in steps. I’m not afraid. I’m confident... His aura emits such an astonishing gentleness and pacifism... Thank you, Odin. Yes, thank you... I’m in a foreign land, with people with red skin and everything is going very well. This man you sent my way, he’s more reassuring than Algard the brute!” ...

Islanda stops in front of the cave and invites the man to follow her. With her hands outstretched showing her belongings and set up, she says: *“There you go! This is my hiding space, my cave, let me recover my belongings which are truly rudimentary.” ...*

Island packs her leather bag. The man observes while thinking: *“Hum! This woman is resourceful, she seems to have respect for this place that welcomed her. This woman isn’t ordinary. She looks like the woman in my visions.” ...*

The man notes how the woman who pays a last tribute and respect to the spirit of the place. He waits. *“This woman is impressive. She exudes much gentleness and strength. I have the impression that she carries confidence, assurance. She must have had a lot of influence in her people.”*

Islanda picks up her meager baggage, turns to the man and joins him at the entrance of the cave. He nods at her, smiles at her, turns his back on her and begins the descent to the beach. Islanda follows him silently. No word, a gesture, and a look are enough.

—000—

Islanda observes the man who moves with flexibility and confidence. A fox's head rests on the man's back. *"It looks like the animal is sleeping on this man's shoulder. He radiates kindness and trust. I feel good in his presence... Where are we going?"*

The hunter stops on the rock overlooking a small bay. She joins him. He smiles at her, then turning to the bay, he points his right hand towards a people who are busy with several boats.

She walks in step with him. The duo is making rapid progress towards the group of people.

Two children see them, and they run towards them. The man greets them with a smile. The children stare at the stranger then question the hunter. The latter says a few words while soothing them with his hand. Then, he gives the strongest kid the animal he carries on his shoulder. The youngest reaches out for his weapon. Both children take the lead. The first is happy to carry the animal on his shoulders while the second carries the bow.

Men and women joined greet the hunter and the woman without any sound. Each looks in turn at the hunter and the woman who accompanies him. They remain silent. The forest is getting thicker and thicker. Islanda appreciates their location in the bay. Here, the group is protected from strong sea winds and the sea birds can easily take off.

"I feel as if I'm walking around with their leader... That's right! He's their leader! The men and women look at this hunter with great respect. He must be their leader. Otherwise, he's someone very important. He's impressive."

"The women look so surprised to see me. They keep touching me to see if I'm real. I wonder what they're saying with their arms in the air. Of course, they must be amazed to see a woman with such white skin and hair so blond red. I'm a living contrast to them..."

"They touch my clothes, take my hand, my hair... I smile, I don't feel threatened. I think my clothing intrigues them. They show me theirs. I notice the similarity in the way we dress. It's unbelievable..."

The curiosity lasts until the hunter asks everyone to move with a guttural sound. Then, with his left hand, he signals the strange woman to follow him. Further along the bay he moves on a hidden trail towards a cluster of habitats among the trees. He invites the lady to follow him into a conical structure made from large, sturdy wooden poles, tied at the top end, and distributed on the ground in a large circle. Skins attached together rest on the poles and thus form a spacious shelter. A fire illuminates the central space. A light smoke rises towards the hole at the meeting point of the stems. Fragrant coniferous branches cover the floor.

Four people sit on furs. They're impassive. They look at the stranger with interest. When Islanda takes turns meeting their eyes, everyone greets her with a slight nod and a throat sound. Islanda's companion invites her to sit on a skin placed to face the four men. He himself sits between Islanda, on his left, and these impressive men, on his right. In front of him is the opening in the canvas of skins. It's the only entry to this rustic and pleasant space.

"Who are these men constantly watching me?"

Without wasting a moment, the leader gestures to the person close to the entrance. The latter quickly stands up and invites a warrior outside to join them. He resumes his place while a colossus enters the shelter. Islanda is astonished.

"How is that possible? He's one of us! His skin is white, his hair is reddish blond, and his beard is red too... Am I dreaming? I must pinch myself."

Islanda pinches her right thigh as she looks at him with her steely blue eyes. She's amazed. She turns to the smiling chief, then looks at the red-bearded colossus again. The latter sits with his back towards the entrance of the shelter, facing the chief who smiles kindly at him. In guttural language and with a wave of the hand, he invites the colossus to communicate with the stranger.

"I can't believe my eyes... Who are you? What are you doing here among these people? Then, I'm not the only one who has been an expatriate," asks Islanda.

“You aren’t alone, and you’re lucky to have fallen into Makevich’s hands. He’s a highly respected chief, everyone loves him. He’s also a very hospitable and peaceful person. I come from Iceland. I accompanied my friend Leif Erikson, the son of Erik the Red. A few years ago, we went with him to explore the Vinland. We have created a camp two days away by canoe from here.”

“Vinland! Canoes! I don’t understand,” interrupts Islanda.

“Vinland! Let me explain, we explored this territory with Leif in canoes, that is the name these people give to their boats. You will see, they’re light, fast, and very adapted to the sea.”

“My name is Mogard and after several expeditions in this region, we met Makevich, the chief here. Leif left with the others while I decided to stay with this people. The chief welcomed me and taught me to live like them. They have red skin because they coat themselves with ochre, a red powder that they spread over the entire visible surface of their body. This red powder protects them from mosquitoes. You will see, in this land, the mosquitoes are annoying from the beginning of spring, throughout the summer and until the beginning of the snow. That’s why their skin is red. They’re ready to protect themselves against the ever-present mosquitoes, more so in the wooded areas, it’s their kingdom.”

“So, you speak their language! You understand them!”

“Yes! I live with them, and I live with one of their women. I feel free, and I’m integrated into their nomadic lifestyle. I value their customs a lot. I’m grateful to them. They’re so peaceful; it has changed me from the violent expeditions on the raging seas. Enough about me, what about you, who are you? And what do you do alone on this land?”

A great silence covers the group gathered in the shelter. All the red men look at each other, then, they continue to observe these two strangers who speak the same language.

Islanda takes a deep breath, then, with confidence, tells him her story and recounts her journey to these new lands. The men present observe.

His story finished, Mogard looks at her then turns to Makevich and summarizes the story of Islanda. His report completed, Mogard officially presents the woman to the chief, taking care to explain to him the importance she had within her clan of the North. She was their priestess healer. These clans live in another country far, far away. He said to them:

“She comes from the other side of the salt water, like me. She’s from the same people as me. She had a lot of power and a prominent place when she was among her people. They rejected her because she proclaimed peace with the other tribes and their new clan leader, Algard the brute, doesn’t want that. He and his men want to wage war, loot other villages and hack property. They left her on the shore of your land after several days of boats on the high sea. She’s banished from her people.”

The red men seem to understand, they look at each other. They consult each other. With a wave of his hand, the leader beckons the warrior standing near the door of the shelter, to summon the Medicine Man to meet the white woman with reddish-blond hair and eyes the colour of the sky. The chief smiles at Mogard, the red-haired man...

“Our Medicine Man has informed me... Finally, she’s here, the woman I see in my dreams. We have been waiting for her arrival.”

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Louise's Ancestors

Friday, July 11, 2014, it's family lunchtime. It is 11:30 a.m. The sky is beautiful. The sun is penetrating, and the family seems to enjoy it to the fullest, because spring has been difficult with its abundant rains and persistent cold.

The triplets are happy to be on summer vacation. This summer is very promising. They are especially eager to meet their ancestor Islanda. They are to meet her in her environment, in time past. She is part of grandma's and Marion, their mother's lineage.

The family members are enjoying their meal when suddenly, William looks at his grandparents in turn and asks: "Why do we cross space-time to train with masters we do not know? I know we have obligations because we are tagged as the children of prophecy?" ...

"When will it end? Every trip so far got us involved in tough situations where barbarians and mean people were after us or challenged us... It's OK to meet beautiful beings, but we also meet monsters and I despise that."

"Which of you can answer me?" William turns towards his brother and sister: "I guess you too, Cedric and you Sofia, you want answers!"

"Of course, we want it," the other two spontaneously answer while staring at their grandparents.

Thomas and Louise look at each other and with a wave of her hand, Grandma asks grandpa to fetch the manuscript that tells of her personal genealogy. She needs to inform the children on their lineage. Cedric and Sofia remain attentive and receptive. William is eager to hear the answers. The three siblings keep staring at Louise.

Granny retrieves the big red book that grandpa hands her. The coat of arms of the Mann family is engraved on the cover. It was grandma's mother who passed it on to her.

"Grandma, it is from this book that you read the story on Islanda," says Cedric.¹

"Indeed, this book is full of treasures, and it includes my notes. It also contains the notes on my father's Aboriginal lineage." She opens the ancestral book on the centre page and shows it to the children. They are amazed at the diagram drawn on this time-worn page. "It's a very original drawing, what does it represent?" Asks Sofia.

"It's the journey of your genealogy, it's like a family tree. It is different from the ones you have already seen. It tells of the migrations that some of our ancestors made through time. It contains the components of our genetic DNA." ...

"You had your blood test done," asks Cedric impressed. "In part," Louise replies, "and that confirmed what I already knew." ... "What do you mean, Grandma?" asks Sofia.

"When you were born, Thomas, and I, understood better how to prepare you for your mission. Our mission became clearer. In our dreams and meditations, we had visions. They guided us in our research associated with your mission. That's how we learned that you carry in your genes, in your blood, DNA traces that come from different cultures which existed over time... These DNA traces allow you to communicate with some of your ancestors thanks to your dragons." ...

"First, you met your Celtic origins involved with the Nordic warriors who eventually conquered their country; then you experienced the Aztecs dominance during the Spanish conquistador's era. ... Other cultures and traditions await your visit to transfer the knowledge and tools necessary to complete

¹ See *Odyssey of the triplets, Volume 1, Celtic Origin*, Marpa Editions, 2016, page 252.

your mission... The plan is there for you. You need to be confident and patient.” ...

“Yes! Everything comes at the right time to those who know how to wait as says Grandpa,” whispers Cedric.

“The lines look like highways,” says William centred on the graph. “All these lines are like a drawing of highways found on a map. It’s a very original concept.” ...

“Grandma, who did the plot?” asks Cedric. “I did it,” answers Louise. “I did it many years ago. Phéas, my advisor helped me, with this chart I could understand the importance and complexity of the prophecy and of your mission.”

“Thomas and I, we have the task to help you recover your DNA, to allow you to connect to this DNA and thereby transfer some of it into your crystal through your initiations. Each time, you receive the colour corresponding to your chakras and at the same time a part of the DNA that your ancestors give you or activate during your meetings.”

“How can they do that?” says Cedric.

“If I’ve understood correctly,” continues Louise, “your ancestors and the initiators you met and the others who will follow are wise men in their time. They are prepared to welcome you with visions according to their mission in their lifetime. All this is happening in a subtle world that I cannot explain to you. It is also this energetic power of the Subtle Worlds that interests both beings of light and those of the dark realm.”

“Dark realm! what do you mean grandma?” Asks William, worried.

“Yes, from the dark realm, that’s from beings or organizations who seek power for themselves at the expense of the collective good. That will be a topic for another time. For now, it is important that you understand very well the importance, complexity, and magnitude of what’s to come. Please be confident. Trust yourself in all these preparations that are asked of you.”

Louise looks affectionately and intensely at each of the children in turn: Cedric, then William, and, lastly, she lingers Sofia's gaze before continuing: "You three, individually and collectively, you cumulate the Universal Force. This force is both different and akin to that of your ancestors. Your ancestors knew the prophecy and were prepared for your coming in their lifetime. Their mission includes transferring to you, in their lifetime, some knowledge and fortitude to help you achieve your mission."

Louise observes their reaction before continuing: "That's why you must go back in time, in an era and in a place. Your ancestors support you individually, and as a team. They know none of them has more than a piece of the puzzle, first for their protection and for the fulfillment of the prophecy in the future. Each in their way, as Grandpa and I understand it, is aware that the process of fulfilling the prophecy spans over thousands of years."

We must never forget that you are the Triplets of the Prophecy of the Year 2020. Everything is connected to you... Throughout the ages, "Shadow organizations" have been searching for these wise men... The fact that they live in different regions and periods is the best protection for you and our humanity."

"Does that mean people in the shadows can also travel back in time," demands William.

"Some of them can. As we understand it, strong sorcerers do exist. They must know part of the prophecy and they work for their interests and those of their organization, they are looking for power." ...

"Nowadays, with the fulfillment of the prophecy approaching, the threat becomes greater. That is why we must muster all the necessary energies to succeed. Hence, it's where you come in ... why Thomas and I intervene in your lives." ...

Louise raises the manuscript and presents it to the children: "That's why I received the information written in this manuscript. It comes from many generations. This year you will understand a lot of it, I sense it. However, I can't explain it to you now... Soon,

you will live an adventure that will help us all to understand some pictures you see today.” ... “My dear William, does that answer your questions?” asks Louise, smiling.

William looks at her intensely, he glances at his brother and sister and in one breath, says: “Wow! That gives me an idea of what is happening! We’re leaving for our third trip tomorrow morning. I’m not sure I understand everything, but it’s OK. I couldn’t wait for you to share this information with us, beautiful granny. I love you,” Wil throwing himself into Louise’s arms, laughing.

“Finally, this information guides us towards our future,” replies Sofia.

“I wonder what the next trips have in store for us,” adds Cedric while tapping his grandmother’s right shoulder.

“I am sure all this information will help the dynamics of the group,” says Grandpa in a solemn tone. “We will commit ourselves with greater clarity and conviction.”

“I find us very privileged, yes, it’s true; however, I find it wearisome to always sacrifice my days off to practise and learn techniques, to develop psychological and supernatural faculties.” ... entrusts Sofia to the whole family.

“Yes, it is very demanding and even frustrating because you are in the middle of your teens, and you must follow all these requests from us. I do not know what to tell you except that I understand you, really, I do. I had to go through the same path as the three of you to be ready to welcome you” ... adds Louise. “I didn’t have a normal adolescence like the others.” ... Louise becomes pensive and very far away...

Suddenly, she looks at them tenderly and asks their permission to move and go to her room. “Are you OK princess?” says grandpa, looking at her tenderly.

“Yes, everything is fine, I just need to take a step back and contact my advisor. Finish eating without me,” she said, walking away.

“Was I being too direct with her?” asks Sofia worried while turning to grandpa.

“No Sofia! it’s normal for her to withdraw and ask questions of her advisor. She told you; she’s been doing this since she was a little girl. Let’s continue our meal and finish with an excellent Hagen Daz, the one with caramel. Afterwards, we guys will clean the ground and prepare the plants for our absence of several days. OK kids?”

“Yes, grandpa!” answer Cedric, Sofia, and William.

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Sofia and Louise are busy baking cookies while the guys work on the maintenance of the property. Sofia takes the opportunity to chat between women with her grandmother. Loud laughter and their respectful silence attest of their great complicity.

Suddenly, Sofia stops arranging the dough on the baking tray and, with the wooden spoon in her right hand, she looks at Louise intensely: “Grandma, a long time ago you told us about your father’s mother who is of Aboriginal lineage and who slept on the floor, then this morning, you showed us a painting of your lineage that you drew in your manuscript.” ... “Hum! Humph!” Make Louise while looking at her granddaughter.

“Tell me,” Sofia continues while pointing her spoon at her grandmother, “is she part of our lineage too? Does she have anything to do with prophecy?”

Louise looks at Sofia and remains pensive before answering.

“I don’t have a simple answer to your question,” answers Louise. “More so because the values of many of the traditional peoples on our planet, the indigenous peoples, as we call them, are unknown regardless of who is responsible for them.”

“Grandma, what are the responsibility you are talking?” says William who barges in and rushes for the tray with hot cookies...

“Don’t touch the cookies!” says Louise while tapping William’s right hand affectionately. William pulls his hand swiftly, laughing.

“It is for the snack that we will take together,” completes Grandma.

“Wow! It smells good!” said Cedric, who heads for the tray. Grandma quickly takes the tray away in her hands.

“Go wash your hands then return to the dining room.” “Yes! Hurry!” says Sofia, “Granny will tell us about her lineage.”

“Oh, really?” Thomas smiles while looking at his wife as he walks to the sink to wash his hands.

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Thomas, Cedric, Sofia, and William enjoy the cookies while watching Louise. She rests her hands on her manuscript. Louise seems to be meditating. Slowly, she opens her eyelids then looks successively at each grandchild.

“I have already told you about Islanda’s story contained in this old book. My parents gave it to me. Grandpa and I talked a little bit about your energetic DNA. That energy spans the planet. When my parents, Antoinette, and Noël, met, they shared part of that energy which ultimately was concentrated in me. Then, with Thomas’s contribution, I could transfer it to Marion. Finally, for some reason that I cannot explain, the energy programmed to fulfill the prophecy, rests in all three of you.”

“When my father showed me the manuscript for the first time, he explained how he received it from his mother. Since then, I added the pages to the old book. My father had received it from his mother, who had received it from her mother and so on. My father doesn’t know the date when writing in the manuscript began. He thinks someone helped one of his ancestors write the oral tradition passed down by women at that time.” ...

“If it’s a tradition among women, how come it was your father who gave it to you,” asks Cedric?

“My father Noël was the only child and so was my mother, Antoinette. Their union was planned for a long time. They had four daughters and a son, André. My father gave the manuscript to me, the youngest child as per the direction they receive. Thomas and I gave birth to a boy Patrick and only one girl Marion... I already told you that your birth as triplets was not a surprise to us... All these events were to prepare your coming of the three of you.”

“What do you mean?” interrupts Cedric. “Stop Cedric! Let grandma speak, you’ll ask your questions afterwards.” Sofia stares at him.

Louise looks at Sofia then Cedric with kindness. Her gaze demands their attention as if she were asking them to be patient... Without a word, while maintaining her intense gaze, she raises the eyebrow in her left eye as a request to pursue what she must reveal to them. Her attitude is solemn as if what she has to say is precious, almost sacred. Sofia and Cedric respectfully nod their heads. Thomas and William make the same head movement without saying a word.

“My father and mother wrote several pages about their origins. Phéas, my advisor, helped me write several pages myself. Thomas and I also write notes in it.” ...

“I can only pass on to you what has been transmitted to me as I mentioned to you this morning. During your preparation, additional information will allow you to understand better. You

have appointments scheduled to meet those who will transfer information to you.”

“Yes, William, it will happen, and you will be prepared accordingly. You don’t have to worry. However, you must learn to trust each other, to trust all three of you.” Louise saw the look in her grandson’s eyes and the tension in his upper body.

“So, as you can understand, my parents, brought genes from their respective lineage which were transmitted to me, then, thanks to Thomas were transmitted to Marion, your mother, and through her to the three of you according to a very precise distribution to prepare you to carry out your mission. Thomas, Patrick, your uncle, and Mark, your genetic father, through their genetics, also comes to collaborate on your mission.”

“In life, I sincerely believe that you cannot find a pure person, a pure race. ... We all depend on someone, and someone depends on us.”

“It’s true,” says Cedric, “our history teacher says it’s the same for people. He also says that if we want to live in peace, we must learn to respect each other as we are and learn to work together by helping each other, by exploiting and sharing our strengths with each other.”

“Your teacher is wise, and the societies I met, which live in this way, live more peacefully,” says Thomas...

“In fact,” says Grandma, “if I have understood the thinking of traditional indigenous societies correctly, they consider that the space where we live is lent to us, and that our passage on this earth is part of a process much greater than us. To evolve, to change, it takes a lot of time, we are like those cathedral builders of history.”

...

“Cathedral builders?”

“Yes William. In the Middle Ages, builders took centuries to build great cathedrals. People could work a lifetime to complete only a small part of the structure. It is the same thing to build a

country, a society, it takes decades, even centuries. We are part of a series of events that help us develop, make choices. These choices help or hinder our evolution. It's the same procedure in everything. The largest and most resistant oaks for instance, they take a long time to reach maturity then, they decline."

"Over time, societies, peoples, human beings interact with other societies, other peoples, other individuals so that we can say that no pure race exists. This is how travellers have brought, through time, and on all continents, a form of genetic mix... And it can't stop... Nowadays, it's happening faster and everywhere at once." ...

"The territory we know as Québec is habited since a long time, long before the arrival of Europeans."

"Basque whale fishermen were there before the arrival of Jacques Cartier in 1534," interrupts Sofia...²

"It's true," replies Cédric, "but the first Europeans were Vikings, and they were there long before the Basque fishermen."

"Yeah, they came from Iceland, and it was the beginning of the last millennium," added William proudly, his arm rose, as if he was holding high the sword of the Nordic conqueror in his right hand...

"How about letting grandma speak?" Grandpa asks with a smile...

"OK," the three children answer together while looking at Grandma.

² The Basque colonization of the Americas took place from 1517 or perhaps earlier, until 1767. It consists mainly of seasonal cod fishing and whaling stations in and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence... A Viking document notes the presence of Basque whalers 500 miles east of Greenland in 1412. (Kurlansky 2001, pp. 43–64) https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colonisation_basque_des_Amériques.

“You know, for the ‘first peoples’ on our great territory of Canada, Québec, Newfoundland, and Labrador, they were conscious and in direct contact with the nature which provided food and protection. They lived mainly from hunting and fishing, they learned how to heal themselves using the plants of their environment, and periodically, they met with members of other clans.”

“Sometimes, in my reflections, I imagine myself living with my aboriginal ancestors in our forests or with the fishing peoples of the North Shore before the arrival of the French. I imagine myself running in the woods, or hiding in a grove while watching a moose eating bits of coniferous branches... I see myself gliding in a canoe on beautiful lakes while the fish dance around me, or jump out of the water as if to invite me to play with them.” ...

“In the evening, sitting by the fire, I hear the logs crackling. As the indigenous people say: ‘They are offered in exchange for warmth and brightness for our happiness.’ Sometimes I walk away from the fire and walk in the darkness and listen to the cry of the owl, or the wolf, or I lie down in the moss of the clearing and observe the sky sparkling with billions of small diamonds. I do this while remembering how to find in this bright setting, the guides who will protect me and bring me back if I get too far from the camp. I remember all the teachings of my grandfather and father.”

“My father used to say: ‘we live in a magnificent world, a magical world... Whether we observe the animals, the plants or the minerals, Mother Nature never stops astonishing us. We humans are responsible for this gift, and we must protect it and we can.’ I still think like him.”

“Think about it, each plant is a medicine for another, maybe between us, each human being can also be a medicine for one another... Perhaps we should have an interest in learning from the ways of life of ancient traditions and adapting them to today’s conditions, in short ‘serving the ancient knowledge to the modern.’

“Our greatest challenge is to learn to unite despite our differences, and from there, to work, to collaborate to live better in peace and health.”

“As our Canadian astronaut, David St.-Jacques puts it, Earth is a living planet that screams its malaise, we are all terranauts and the Earth is our spaceship. The water and air we have are part of that system. They do not come from space; WE must take care of our spaceship systems. Otherwise, it’s a matter of time before our ship will stop working well and life destroyed.”

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Louise turns several pages of the manuscript. “Let me read you the following story from an Indigenous grandmother. It tells us how Indigenous peoples were organized and lived in her time.”

“In the past, says a grandmother of the Wendat people, *countless villages were located along the Great River (St., Lawrence River) and even near the Great Lakes, that feed it. Our different clans lived in these villages and the villages formed our nations. All these nations together formed my people. Surrounded by these waters, we were the people of the island, the Wendat. ... We shared the same language, the same legends, the same way of life. We communicated with the same Oki, the spirits, grew similar crops and exchanged our wealth with our cousins from other villages: our flour, our tobacco. Even our men. Since it was forbidden to find a husband in our own clan, marriages between villages were common... We were one people, but each region of our country had its own beauties, uniqueness, colour, and vocabulary. People of the salt sea hunted seals and used bone arrowheads. Those of the freshwater lakes had copper and used stone arrowheads. Regional dialects were wealth, not an obstacle. We were united in this diversity. We were prosperous. We were happy. It was before the era of great upheavals. Before the arrival of*

the Hatinnionyenbak, the French.’³”

“The social structure that prevails among the first peoples is based on ‘the kinship system of matrilineal and matrilineal meaning that the husband moved into his wife’s family’⁴... That is why I know that our line of women has moved from the northern clans associated with the Beothuk of Newfoundland, to the Innu of the North Shore, better known as the Montagnais, as they were called by the first Europeans who arrived in New France.”

“My paternal grandmother is a descendant of the Picard clan of the ‘Trois-Maisons.’ It is thanks to her that we could record the information. At a very young age, her family placed her in a convent where she learned to write. According to my father, whenever she could, she made her clan elders talk and wrote everything she could associate with her clan’s tradition.”

“It was quite a task. At that time, the tradition was transmitted orally. The elders were often excellent storytellers. They would transmit the legends about the lay of the land, animals’ behaviours, the conquest and hardships of their ancestors, the visions of the medicine man, ... in the evening by the fire, they had fun answering the children’s questions with stories. Grandpa once told me a story he heard when courting his sweetheart. Grandpa was an excellent hunter, respectful of Aboriginal traditions, he was also an excellent carpenter, and he showed his trade to young indigenous people.”

“During one of these storytelling evenings, a young man asked the elders why bears do not have tails when most animals have gorgeous tails. In all seriousness, grandpa told me what he had heard.”

³ Text adapted from “Ahchiouta’a tells the story of the Hurons Wendat of the St. Lawrence,” the result of close collaboration between the Huron-Wendat Nation, including the Nionwentsio Office, and the City of Québec, 2018, page 7.

⁴ *Id.* at 13.

“So why don’t bears have big tails?” asks William. Louise looks at her grandson smiling: “I’ll tell you.”

“According to the elderly who told the story that evening, a long, long time ago, the Grand Manitou allowed bears to come and inhabit our territory. These bears had a tail almost as beautiful as that of foxes. In those days, bears and foxes fished with their tails. In winter, they would make a hole in the ice, dip their tails for a while then get up quickly and often a fish that bit their tail would end up out of the water and serve as a meal for the bear. However, on a colder day than usual when the bear suddenly got up, ‘shlack!’ The tail remained stuck in the ice, and it is since those days that the bears have only small tails.” “Ah! Granny!” says William, who was very attentive to the story... “I tell you, that’s what my grandfather used to say,” Grandma replies, laughing heartily.

“He wrote in the manuscript many hunting and fishing stories. He also wrote anecdotes on his adventures in the woods and how he learned to feed on what nature offers. I can read it to you another day. My grandfather was quite a character.”

“His wife, grandmother Picard, wrote that according to her tradition, it was the women who ensured the balance and well-being of the members of their clan. The grandmothers of the clan had their say in the selection and maintenance for the chiefs.”

“My father told me the oral tradition was transmitted from one generation to the next. Some storytellers were more skilled than others, more observant than others, some travelled more than others, and possibly some were more creative than others.”

“My father’s lineage goes back a long way in the Aboriginal tradition. My mother’s lineage comes from Europe. Pheas, my counsellor confirmed to me, what my mother and father told me. Thanks to them, I carry the genetic code that I was to transmit to you through your mother and that your father impregnated. Now, the various initiation rituals that you must live are there to prepare you directly for your mission by activating elements of your

individual and collective genetics.”

“What? How? And when? I don’t know. However, I know that everything that happens to you has its purpose.” Cedric interrupts: “Aren’t you telling us about your mother’s lineage?” “Not today, Cedric, perhaps later. I’ll take a rain check.”

“Take a last cookie, after, go and stretch out before dinner,” says Granny as she closes her manuscript. “Tonight, you’ll need to finish packing your bags for the trip if you haven’t already. I won’t do it for you.”

“Yes! Yes Granny!” Replies Sofia as she leaves the house.

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Sorcerer! Who are you?

TAURAROK returns from its daily recce patrol.⁵

He enters his cave with a great roar, the shelter Brahima puts at his disposal.

The way the master sorcerer knows everything intrigues TAURAROK. He is at his service since his defeat with the Chinese dragons.

He has many questions about the sorcerer's ancestors, his lineage. *"Today is the day. I must know. I will question the great wizard."*

Brahima expects his dragon to return soon. He looks forward to it. He is eager to know what he saw today. *"Perhaps my dragon has some good news from his scouting through space and time."*

TAURAROK folds his large wings on his huge black body and approaches the entrance to Brahima's inner cave. With guttural sounds, the dragon whispers to Brahima: *"Master Brahima, I have been serving you for some time and I am grateful to you for taking me under your wing... Ha! Ha! Ha! If I can put it that way! I'm sure you know more about me than I know about you."*

TAURAROK takes its time before continuing: *"I wish to know more about you, about your origins, your lineage... You must have had famously, great ancestors to be as powerful as you are ... the more I know about you, the better I should be able to serve you." ...*

Brahima approaches this huge, winged dragon stature and

⁵ Reconnaissance.

looks up to it, smiling. A few moments later, the sorcerer turns around and with an alert step he walks into his central library facing his magic table in the centre of the room. He picks up an old book. It is his ancestors' grimoire. The leather on the front cover bears the Curretaras coat of arms. The leather shows frequent manipulations.



The Curretaras's Coat of Arms⁶

“This book is very precious to me. It guides me for the future and helps me understand where I come from. It tells so many stories and anecdotes on my ancestors: the theses, the fighting, the conquests, some failures, and some great victories. These stories serve their purpose, they guide me, they inspire my decisions.”

Brahima returns TAURAROK holding the book preciously on his chest.

“I accede to your request, TAURAROK. You are the only one to enter my secret cave, in my privacy. You serve me as well, as did all your predecessors.”

⁶ See description of the coat of arms in the appendix.

As you probably suspect, you are not the first dragon to serve me, ... I chose you very carefully. I use all my talents to find the rare pearl... This time, my choice fell on you, I know of your strength and of your defeat against the Chinese dragons." ...

A growl fills the cave. It's disturbing...

"Grrrrr! I don't want to talk on that subject," whispers TAURAROK. *"It is only a question of time before I get my revenge, ... I promise you master Brahima." ...*

"Perfect! Perfect! Now let's turn to the story of my ancestors. It goes back to the dawn of time... I open my grimoire and share with you some of its precious content. Even Daarksoor doesn't know of its existence. It's exceptional if I tell you about it, my dear dragon... I ask for your total discretion on the subject." ...

"Of course, Master Brahima, I am grateful to you," breathes TAURAROK. *"Be assured of my full cooperation and discretion."*

Brahima bends his head in acceptance. TAURAROK moves its wings to be more comfortable in the restricted space.

The wizard remains silent. He caresses the book with his right hand as he says: *"My lineage goes as far back in time. We were there during the Turanian period when men possessed the secrets of black magic. It was then that the secret teachings of the mysteries were accessible to the most powerful of these people... These men could reign as absolute masters. Kings replaced the gods. We praised them. They erected statues in their image. Black magic was the favourite weapon to conquer people and enslave them."*

Brahima withdraws a few steps to breathe in this book. This grimoire bears so many memories, feats of arms, and conquests. The book is so important to him. Its touch is intoxicating. He closes his eyes, breathes softly, remembers his ancestors, keeps his eyes shut as he says: *"My ancestors compiled much of the information in this book. This information is updated and passed on from one era to the other... Currently, its custody rests with me."* Brahima nods three times, then opens his eyes to look at TAURAROK.

“The history on conquests goes back a long way. The great conquests by the Egyptian empires, those of Mesopotamia, those of Byzantium, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Mongols, etc., are all part of it. We must not forget the period of the great religious philosophies with Jews, Christians, Muslims and so on.” ...

“Part of this book refers to the period 3500 years before our era. Territorial conquest was the main activity, always to enrich the central power.” Brahima skips a few pages. “Then comes the supremacy over the religious philosophies of the time. We are then around the period 2000 years before our era. My ancestors focused more specifically on their power over others, on their conquests, on their defeats ... they capitalized on these aspects. Isn’t that topical? Humans are blind to power and fame... The more it changes, the more it’s the same as the song says... We then find ourselves around the years 500 years before our era.”⁷”

“You know TAURAROK, in your environment one does not tolerate jealousy, cheating, deception, massacres, vice, selfishness and lust. Isn’t it? Well, it’s common among humans! And it is on these ‘black treasures’ that my ancestors capitalized... It’s so smart! No effort needed.” The sorcerer raises his shoulders as if to say: it’s so simple.

“Since the dawn of time, these treasures facilitate the creation of means of destruction. Easy, just put in human hands the means of power needed to satisfy their thirst for supremacy... Do you realize the length of this list, the list of all those conquests through time? ... my dear TAURAROK, the human heart carries much darkness. ... My ancestors built their dominion on this knowledge, a beautiful jewel to feed the dark side of humanity... The more we put men’s dark emotions to the test, the easier it is to control them.”

Brahima laughs. *“Pitiful! Pitiful! Humans are so pitiful!”*

TAURAROK listens attentively to the stories of this sorcerer. He thinks back to his defeat with the Chinese dragons. *“Hum! Pride! yes, pride was also my nemesis. It fooled me. I was famous in the dragons’ kingdom, I was the best, nobody could beat me till that day. ... Brahima, masters the art of persuasion, did he manipulate me, through my*

⁷Our era begins with the coming of Jesus Christ.

pride? ... without my knowledge ... perhaps listening to him will serve me one day. Yes! Perhaps...

“TAURAROK, where are you? You seem distracted my dear dragon?” Brahima insists, staring into the eyes of the dragon. *“Do I continue?”*

“Sorry master, what you said brought me back to the fight with the Chinese dragons. I lost because pride got the best of me... Isn't this a fact Master Brahima?”

“Yes! You lost because of your propensity to want to impress the gallery. It's a two-edge sword. Pride can propel you to the height of your potential and bring you back to the ground at an accelerated speed.” ...

“So far, at my service, you have controlled your pride. I expect you will continue” Brahima looks intently at his black dragon. *“I know you can do it... Now, shall I continue the story for your satisfaction and my pleasure?”*

“I enjoy reading these feats of arms and these memories. They reconcile me with the decisions I made and others I must make now. The time has come for an important event to occur. There is a prophecy on a power transfer that will allow the most powerful of this planet to rule the world... I want my organization, with me at its head, to be one of those, ... and I will be!”

Brahima looks at TAURAROK, raises his right fist in the challenge, and says: *“Yes! It will be!”*

“The lineage has supported the plan. My ancestors count on my decisions and my actions to succeed. I am both the continuation and the culmination of all the ancestors related in this book. And my offspring will be proud of what is to come.”

“Oops! A few words too many!” thinks Brahima clenching his teeth. *“I hope TAURAROK retains not a single word.” ...*

TAURAROK notes: *“Brahima is excited. His offspring! Wow! I must erase that word from my short-term memory. It may be useful later, who knows!”* He opens his dragon mouth wide to make a relaxing sound and says to Brahima: *“I will be at your side to help carry out your plans and conquer... You can count on me... Master Brahima.”*

“Thank you, my faithful black dragon. Your conquest will also be mine.”
... Brahima stares at TAURAROK’s left reddish eye.

“I continue. History takes us back to the economic power era around the 500s BCE.⁸ My ancestors dominated the world during that period through gold and the influence of shipowners... They continued to dominate the world and its peoples through city builders, the bourgeois, and the nobility of the time. Kings needed the power that wealth brings. My ancestors controlled the strings of access to these riches.”

“Now consider the cycle of religion, its power, the Great Schism, the Crusades, the Inquisition, the number of greedy and power-imbued popes... It’s laughable... Ha! Ha! Ha! How good it feels to bear myself read these pages of power over human greed!”

“Alexander and Greece supplanted Egypt. Subsequently, Rome imposed its law as master for a few centuries. Constantinople replaced Rome and ordered the imposition of Christianity in its empire without destroying the religious leaders power games.” ...

Brahima reads a few pages in silence. TAURAROK observes and registers.

“Religion, TAURAROK, yes religion, it is a real trade in power. It’s a powerful system to control the masses and fill the coffers... It was like that in the old days, and it is still like that today. Certainly, sometimes we meet more honest and generous characters, but they are the first to suffer from jealousy, the envy of their peers who do not want to lose their influence, their authority, their power.” ...

“This section relates to the greatest period of influence with my ancestors: from the fifth to the sixteenth century. During that period, religions had enormous impact. First, the world experienced the Saracen and Muslim expansion; then, Charlemagne and the Holy Roman Empire ruled the western world; the terror of Northmen ‘Viking’ incursions; the great ‘Christian schism’ between the Roman and Orthodox churches; the cruel Middle East crusades; and the Albigensian Crusade in southwestern France, which led to the Inquisition under the Roman Catholic Church... Yes, I assure you, those

⁸ BCE, before the common era.

years generated powerful, greedy, cruel men, and their assassinations have served my ancestors well.

“This period of turbulence extends almost over a millennium; it also fed the great artistic currents of the so-called Renaissance period which allowed the bourgeois to take off. Then with the arrival of the ‘Philosophers,’ it became easy to manipulate targeted audience and create mass movements. True power was no longer the preserve of kings. My ancestors used their magical assets to maneuver very well, especially when technology began to revolutionize societies and the wealthy owners.”

“We advance in time my dear dragon.”

“Let’s go back a bit. We are now around the 1480s years AD. The conquistadors have just liberated Spain and mobilized to move to America. They are there to gather gold, the precious metal responsible for killing millions of men... What a thirst for gold these conquistadors had! It’s hilarious to tell you all this! It was during this period that philosophers, intellectuals, libertines settled in Europe and America thereafter. Bravo once again, because my ancestors used them to propagate the ideas of greatness and power by the dominant social class.” ...

“During the 1500s, the 1600s, the 1700s, and 1800-year A.D., industrial power took over all others... The nationalism movement became embedded in the brains of men. Wow! Brilliant! That’s quite a move! And that was the goal of my ancestors: create a mass movement... Obviously, I skip over the wars that raged all over the world then and up to the 20th century. However, I cannot ignore the two great wars that men inflicted on themselves: that of 1914–1918 and that of 1939–1945. The madness of domination, gun supremacy, the power of the governments of the day and the belief that we needed it to lift the economy, that’s genius... I admire my predecessors.”

The wizard closes his eyes, raises his chin as to look up, inhales deeply, then continues: *“I rejoice at the mere thought that oil, the black gold, has replaced yesterday’s precious mineral... It’s the same, they quarrel, they kill each other, they scavenge for this liquid hidden in the depths of the earth... It’s a grandiose plan, it’s all over the planet. This is great madness and grand strategy... Do you want more?”*

Brahima takes a pause and looks at TAURAROK with pride.
... The dragon bends its head slightly in recognition...

“Let me tell you about what goes on nowadays. What is happening today? The final chapter is my responsibility, yes, the conclusion of this long saga for domination and power rests with me. I went to the right school... What can we say about all the world organizations such as WHO, UN, WTO, NATO, IMF? ⁹ Obviously, they are not all corrupt, because some humans in place who fight us head-on and who make war on us to keep these world organizations honest and dedicated to their mission. I can tell you that I work hard with all the intergovernmental alliances and my Curretaras organization to sneak in and make them bite the dust. Resistance grows and it’s a good war... Some good resistance occurred through the centuries. Yes, they happen! But we can slip through the cracks of their safety net... It’s called diplomacy... It’s common now and it’s easier to accept.”

Brahima chuckles.

“All I must do is maintain close contact with the influencers, persuade them or manipulate them when needed, feed those imbued with power, support those seeking social status or coveting political, economic, and institutional leadership. In short, nurture the ‘jet-set’¹⁰ society. I watch them, and I pity them. They are so little ... they drag themselves through the mud of power and domination for what? ... They are my puppets! They think they are in control, ... If only they knew! ... Controlling them is my greatest pleasure.” ...

“How about a little break my dear dragon?” Brahima asks, in a smug tone that says a lot to anyone who wants to hear him...

“Impressive! Your ancestors’ actions and influence are impressive, Master Brahima Thank you, for sharing your history, I’m proud to be part of your team. I’ll do my best to serve you. I’ll go back to patrolling and report anything useful. Perhaps I’ll meet the Chinese dragons again.”

⁹ The World Health Organization (WHO); the United Nations (UN); the World Trade Organization (WTO); the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO); the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

¹⁰ Jet set refers to the social category of a wealthy elite.

TAURAROK moves without hurting any rock. He is incredibly skilled for a being of that stature. The dragon exits the cave and flies away thinking: *"I must be careful with Brahima. ... I wonder how far I can trust him. ... His ego makes him very dangerous!"*

Brahima remains pensive in front of his book. He reviews at the speed of light all these facts and words spoken with such deference. He is proud of his lineage and wants Noumaka to praise him.

"We all have a master and I have one in the person of Noumaka. He is the supreme master overall black secret societies. I have faith in him. No one sees or knows him; however, he can easily contact us through our personal means. The stone in the centre of the room serves as my link with Noumaka."

Brahima takes a deep breath. He returns his precious book in the library, then he returns to his apartments, thoughtful... *"Maybe I was too enthusiast in front of TAURAROK."*

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The Power of Crystal

December 2013

“What’s going on downstairs? William, are you shaking up the furniture again?” Asks Grandpa as he walks down the stairs to the boys’ room.

“Yes, it’s him,” screams Sofia, in anger. “William accuses me of hiding his crystal.”

“I’m fed up with his storage problem, of his tendency to accuse others of his shortfalls. I have my crystal; I know where I stored it. I know where to find it when I need it. But him, no! He accuses us rather than being responsible. This morning, we need to clean our crystal and prepare it for our next trip. You asked us to do it this morning, and he, since he can’t find it, he accuses others of having taken it or of having hidden it... Now, he accuses me, me! ... I’m not his nanny nor his servant... I’m tired of it, that’s enough.” Sofia stares at William, she puts her hands on her hips while waiting.

“OK, let the storm go by, and try to clear up those dark clouds lurking over your heads,” says grandpa as he moves into the room.

Granny hears the commotion and rushes to the triplets’ rescue. Thomas raises both his hands to stop her as she enters the room. He smiles at her and says: “Everything is under control my beautiful Louise.” Then, turning to William: “William, what would you say if we were looking for your crystal together?”

“First, you must calm down, and second, your sister is right: you shouldn’t accuse anyone of hiding your crystal without supporting evidence. It’s easy to throw stones at others... Especially when you don’t have all the evidence.” Thomas looks at his grandson, waiting...

William stares at his grandfather while gritting his teeth. After a few silent moments, he lowers his eyes and nods in agreement. Thomas continues:

“OK, I look with you in your drawers while grandma searches in your clothing pockets. Meanwhile, check into your treasure chest, under your bed, then wherever else.” ...

Cedric, who was in the garage painting one of his favourite swords, enters the house and hears the hubbub coming from the basement. He rushes down the stairs and sees his brother crying and Sofia with her head bent under the couch, looking for something...

“What’s going on here?” He asks, laughing. “Is there a bug hiding in the house or are you doing a treasure hunt? I find your posture’s funny: heads upside down, arms waving, all tensed...”

“We’re looking for your brother’s crystal,” says Grandma.

“Wil’s crystal! But I know where he stored it. We put it together in my dresser, so he didn’t have to look for it. I was the one who suggested he does that. Because he loses it all the time. It’s too precious for him not to have it in time.”

“AH! Cedric, you save my life!” William jumps up and takes his brother in his arms. “Yes, I remember now. I stored it with yours. I was so stressed that my brain froze. I couldn’t remember.”

“That’s it! When your brain freezes, you turn to me and throw all your venom ... but I don’t freeze easy.” Sofia looks at her brother, her eyes wrathful and both fists clenched on her hips.

‘Excuse me Sofia, I’m in a black mood¹¹ these days.

¹¹ To be in a black mood means to be irritable, angry, or even depressed.

“Well, it’s OK for this time... Next time, consult Cedric first, he probably has an answer to your problem.”

“Excellent deduction, my beautiful Sofia,” says grandpa as he replaces the items in the boys’ room. “So, Wil, do we look into your brother’s dresser?” “Yes, I do it with him immediately.” “Here you are! Here it is! Here’s your crystal,” said Cedric as he hands the precious stone to his brother.

“I advise you to clean it, now. Also, Wil, for all the hubbub you triggered, I suggest you complete some research on the internet to have the information on the subject.”

“But grandpa when we went to the crystal mine three years ago, they told us what to do.”

“Ah! Yes! And you remember how to do it Wil?” Grandpa looks at him out of the corner of his right eye. “Not really, I think I’ll follow your advice and I’ll do it now.”

“Perfect! You will tell us how we clean them, why we must do it, what it does for the gems, and while doing it, tell us its history by telling us where we find them the most in the world and what’s its usefulness today.”

“We expect to have your answers tomorrow. Meanwhile, Sofia can do whatever she wants, and your brother can continue his work in the garage.”

“By the way, what were you doing in the garage,” asks Grandma? “Oh, I’m working on the medieval swords William, and I made some time ago. I’m sanding and painting them.”

“I must complete the research on my own?” Asks William? “Sniff! Sniff!” he mocks up.

“He always feels sorry for himself, that one!” Sofia replies haughtily and smug as she climbs the stairs to head outside.

“Be careful, Sofia,” says Grandma. “William’s behaviour hurt you. He apologized to you. I think hitting the nail again doesn’t serve the purpose, ... Do you get the message?”

“Yes,” replies Sofia, turning around on the stairs, and looking at the ceiling in exasperation. “But I want him to stop taking me as his scapegoat when things aren’t going well for him.” “Did you hear Wil? Do you understand your sister’s message?” Granny asks her grandson who looks at her with a contrite look. “Yes grandma, I’ll make an effort to control my anger.”

“OK William let’s drop it and move on. Your crystal is your responsibility. To follow up on my comment earlier, I would add that the search is a consequence for not remembering where you stored your crystal,” says grandpa softly, giving him a friendly pat on the back.

“Yes! OK. I got it. I have my lesson.” ...

William looks at everyone, then goes to his desk and begins the research with his computer.

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Sunday morning, the sun is bright. Grandma and grandpa are busy cooking the maple syrup pancakes. Placemats are arranged in their respective place.

“Hum! It smells like maple syrup pancakes, I like that,” says William, the first to enter the kitchen. “I’m ready to report on my research. I forgot how important our crystal is. Nevertheless,” ... Grandpa cuts in: “Wait for your brother and sister before you give us the results of your research.”

Grandpa places a plate stacked with maple syrup pancakes in the centre of the table.

“Here we are,” say Cédric and Sofia as they rush towards their seat. “What a smell!” says Cedric as he inhales deeply.

“Come on, let’s eat before it gets cold,” says grandma as she sits beside Thomas.

“Well, brother, we’re ready to listen to you. What did you find?” Says Cedric with a touch of humour... William smiles at his brother as he cuts his pancake: “First, I’ll take a bite of this pancake that tells me not to delay,” ... “You’ve kept your sense of humour, good for you, Wil,” says Sofia as she sticks her fork in her pancake...

William picks up some notes.

“I began research with an article on the properties of crystal stones. It’s interesting to read on the virtues of that stone, how it impacts on the emotional and spiritual aspects of our life, how it can help an act on our physical body, through purification and reenergizing our cells, plus the costs according to all forms of white quartz. I found that on Pierres-lithothérapie.com.”¹²

“Wow! I suspect we’re in till noon,” says Cédric with round eyes. William laughs: ‘I’ll give you a summary because it’s a repetition of what we heard and saw at the open-pit Crystal Mine Museum. I admit that I had forgotten a lot from our visit. The word “litho” comes from the Greek meaning stone. So, lovers of these gems use it to heal themselves or others. They have special properties: it opens the mind to new ideas, ... new conceptions are easier to accept. It’s good for the stubborn and Cartesians. It’s good for you, Cedric...’¹³

‘Ha! Ha! Ha! You’re funny! I’m very touched with your positive thoughts towards me,’ adds Cedric laughing. “We understand what you mean Wil and it’s a fact that Cedric is more Cartesian than the two of us.” Says Sofia. “But I remember that this stone is integral to Quartz, isn’t it Wil?” questions Sofia while enjoying her maple syrup pancake.

‘It’s called “rock crystal” and it’s the queen stone in ‘litho’ therapy. It’s the favourite stone of therapists. You remember: the stone is white and transparent, and it symbolizes purity. I learned

¹² <https://www.pierres-lithotherapie.com>

¹³ Crystal Mine, 430 Rang 11, Bonsecours, Québec J0E 1H0, Canada.

that it could also be white and opaque, and, in that case, it's called 'white crystal.'

"I'm learning something this morning," says Louise while sipping her nettle tea. "William, you enrich my vocabulary and my notions about stones."

"That's very interesting, but what is the importance of cleaning and reprogramming our crystal?" asks Cedric while enjoying his third pancake.

"I'm getting there! Patience! I told you that this stone had virtues!" "Yes!" answers Sofia. "Which ones do you have in mind? We already know some of them, those we've learned on our two journeys in time and space!"

"Well, the article doesn't mention anything on what we learned on our journeys. I think we received a gift from heaven. However, I know we must carry our crystal every time we travel with our dragons. I can also tell you our crystal must be cleaned regularly, either in a saline solution or exposed to the sun. Both ways are good according to the article." William consults his notes, closes his eyes to think before he continues. ... "I know our crystal allows us to be more sensitive to the subtle energy surrounding us, it responds to our vibration, and it can detect the vibration of others with practice. You know what I mean, don't you?" William looks at Cedric and Sofia, then at Thomas and Louise...

"I think we received so many messages and intuition during our travels in time and space because of our crystal. Now, I understand better the reason for wearing it and taking great care of it. What I didn't do." ... Wil remains silent. He ponders about what he said...

"It's OK, William," says Thomas, staring at him. "You know, Wil that's why we're always learning, we're apprentices before becoming wise!"

“Thank you, grandpa, I’m right in it!” replies, William. He looks at Thomas straight in the eye. He remembers that he must always hold his gaze when he’s in a learning position...

“I must tell you that this article and many others are fascinating. It piqued my curiosity a lot. Among other things, this stone absorbs solar energy to recharge, because after a while, its vibratory rate drops and doesn’t fulfill its function. So, it’s up to us to take care of it and protect it. Which I’ll do from today on. I promise!” “Then it means you won’t lose it again.” Says Sofia looking at her brother with eyes wide open.

Thomas and Louise shake their head: “Sofia! Please.” ... Louise then turns towards William: “It’s to you that you make the promise my dear William,” asks granny looking at him tenderly.

William looks at Louise thinking: *“Her look is the same as Mom’s! Especially when she supported me in my efforts to understand... I still miss her a lot, it’s still hard to think about her and not cry.” ...*

A few pearls slip out of the corner of William’s eyes. He hastens to wipe them with his sweater lapel. A respectful silence sets in. ... Louise and Thomas observe. William remains with his thoughts...

“That’s all we have to do?” Asks Cedric suddenly. “Come on Cedric, wait out! Don’t you see William is caught in his emotion?” Sofia looks at her brother, furious.

“Oops! I’m sorry, Wil, where were you?” asks Cédric him sheepishly.

“It’s all right. I saw Mom again. Grandma’s gaze reminded me of mom encouraged us to keep working hard to achieve our goals... You remember, Mom worked a lot with goals to achieve and she would ask to put in our efforts to be proud of ourselves.”

“Marion loved you with all her heart. And it’s with the same love that I encourage you to stay the course on your odyssey through time.” Say granny with the same look...

“If we clean our crystal, will it erase all the imprints Taliesanic and Tenatlan gave it during our initiations?” asks Sofia with a quint pout.

“William, what does your articles tell you about this?” Asks Grandpa.

“Of course not, because the imprints Taliesanic and Tenatlan that gave us through our crystal, they come from the Force, the universal Love and healing Light. For it to go, we must make that decision and ask it to leave... That is what I read... Plus, we have a mission to accomplish. One we promised mom, remember. So that’s of the utmost importance.” ...

“You’re right, Wil” throws in Cedric. “We need to clean them to remove any slag we could have picked up in passing during our activities... Well, that’s why we must prepare the crystal for another adventure. Don’t we, grandma?”

“True, my dear Cedric... Your crystal must be ready to receive the third set of energies in line with your third chakra in the plexus. Soon, you’ll meet your ancestor from the north, a priestess from Iceland. ... I told you about a trip to Newfoundland to Meadows Cove in the far north of the province. It will be next July-August 2014. This will be our vacation for the coming summer. What do you say?”

“Wow! I’m up for it,” exclaims Sofia. “I can’t wait to meet her. That’s right! We will meet her, our ancestor, yes, or no?”

“I read that in July we can see the big icebergs floating along the Atlantic Coast... I would rather be there, if possible, at that time of year,” adds Cedric with enchanting eyes.

“It’s a good idea, my dear Cedric, it can be arranged,” says grandpa.

Louise hastens to reply to Sofia: “Yes, you will meet her through a native who lives in Boyd’s Cove. He’s waiting for you. He has his mission to accomplish. Like us all. Phéas told me so in a dream. You all must develop your intuitive capacity, your

psygraphy¹⁴ techniques and psychometrics¹⁵ throughout the winter and spring. You must be ready to potentiate your crystal... So, let's come back to the crystal in question. You must take care of it as it's the most precious treasure you have... Always be ready to use it in any event. OK folks."

"Yes!" answer the triplets together.

"What should we do to develop our intuitive strength and the other two?" asks Sofia.

"You'll find out soon enough. Now, clean your crystal and afterwards, take the time to reconnect with it. Hold the crystal in your hands, focus on it and observe the feeling it brings you. Once you're in communion with the crystal, concentrate on your goal and ask for the energy of the stone to help you achieve it. Don't hesitate to repeat the sequence daily. Did I read the 'William method' correctly?" Asks grandma.

"Yes! Yes, you did! ... I would like to add something special I also read," says William. "Ah! Yes! What is it? Demands Cedric. William looks at his brother shaking his head with excitement: 'Well, in America, Native American peoples used to place a crystal rock in the cradle of newborns, to connect them to the earth. It's cool huh?' 'Yes, that's cool! Without us knowing it, this is what we did intuitively for Jolan Binh, our little cousin born last November 10th.'

"It was a great idea," says Grandma with an engaging smile. She finds that intuition is consciously settling in her grandchildren, slowly but surely...

"Do you have anything else to reveal to us William?" Asks Grandpa as he picks up the dinner plates.

¹⁴ Psigraphy: the art of making images appear as a hologram. Marillac, Alain (2009), p. 113.

¹⁵ Psychometrics: ability to decode the memory of an object, to recall its history, and that of its owners. Marillac, Alain (2009), p. 16.

“I would have many, but I suggest you visit the website I saved on the computer. It will rest you from my voice... I confess that I’m tired of talking. I’ve done more than I’m used to! After all, as grandpa say, I’m a person of few words.” William chuckles.

Thomas smiles and look at the three siblings: “Well, I encourage you to clean your crystal outside, it’s sunny although it’s early December. Louise and I will take care of the dishes and we will see you at dinner. ... I don’t think you’ll be hungry for a good four to five hours. What do you think?”

Sofia is the first to react: “I agree, my stomach tells me I probably ate one pancake too many,” she laughs as she rubs her belly...

“Me too,” says William as he walks to his room. “I have a full stomach, ha-ha-ha.”

Cedric claps his belly with both hands: “As for me, I’m like a Gargantua. I may still have a spot I could fill... Hum! After I clean my crystal, I’ll take a little nap. Ha-ha.”

“Have a great afternoon, children, we’ll see you around 6 P.M. for supper,” says grandma. Louise places the plates in the dishwasher.

Once the crystal taken care of, Cedric, Sofia, and William spent some time completing their school homework.

At supper time, Grandma and Grandpa suggest the children ask their dragon to take them on an expedition over Newfoundland. This beautiful province deserves a visit. The children are so excited about the idea that after the meal, they head to their respective rooms while preparing to tell their dragon about the idea.

“Flying over Newfoundland as we did over Mexico this spring... That’s a winner! Wow!”

“I can’t wait, William,” says Cedric as the two head for their room.

“I’m ready and eager to ride my dragon for a new adventure,” says Sofia. She’s at the door of her room and shouts: “All for one and one for all, as the musketeers say in the movies.”

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The Power of Intuition

This year, Cedric and William are in the same school group while Sofia finds herself in another group with Jocelyn, a triplet playmate. Frequently, the two boys work together to prepare for their school's assignments and exams. They share the research work and reconcile their findings. These often generate very lively discussions.

"Guys, what are you doing?" Sofia rushes to Cedric's bed. "You look so serious."

"We discuss the homework Professor Bergeron, our ethics teacher, gave us," answers William.

"I find it demanding, but very interesting," interrupts Cedric. "I like the way he teaches. Instead of talking all the time which puts me to sleep, he makes us research topics we must present and discuss in class. This week, our research focuses on intuition. Look at the question," Cedric presents his workbook.

Sofia looks at the question and reads aloud: "What distinction do you make between intuition and instinct? Illustrate your point with examples from your daily personal life. Phew! What a question! I find it very interesting, though. What did you find?"

"Well, before giving examples, Cedric and I think we must know the subject before we're talking. So, we searched the internet and the dictionary."

"And what did you find?" Interrupts Sofia.

"Listen, we found information that goes back to Plato, a Greek philosopher at the beginning of our era. He said that intuition is: 'immediate grasp of the truth of the idea of the situation by the

soul independently of the body'¹⁶ and the Antidote Mobile Dictionary defines intuition by two ideas: first: 'The ability to know something because you feel it or use your instincts,' and second: 'The mental act of thinking something using intuition.'"

William interjects: "Then, our Antidote dictionary, gives the etymology of the word 'borrowing from Medieval Latin *intuitio*, 'the act of picturing in one's mind'; and from the Classical Latin *intuitus* meaning 'pictured in one's mind,' past participle of *intueri*, 'to picture in one's mind.' The dictionary illustrates the ability to predict as when someone has the intuition that a disaster will happen."

"Other thinkers have looked at the phenomenon of intuition, says Cédric. Like Blaise Pascal, the French mathematician and philosopher, he writes that: intuition can be compared to what he calls the spirit of finesse, this 'very delicate sense,' which allows, 'suddenly to see the thing with a single glance, and not by the progress of reasoning, at least to a certain degree'; to apprehend certain principles, so delicate themselves, that we 'feel them rather than see them,' so that we 'have infinite pains to make them feel to those who don't feel them' ... then René Descartes, another French philosopher around the same time who wrote: "There are no other ways open to men, to arrive at a certain knowledge of the truth, than obvious intuition and the necessary deduction."

"Listen to this passage Cedric on intuition written by Immanuel Kant, a German philosopher who lived a century after Descartes. He wrote in the Critique of Pure Reason, 'in whatever manner and by whatever means knowledge may relate to objects, the mode by which it immediately relates to them, and which every thought takes to attain them is intuition.'

Cedric raises his right hand to speak: 'I found on grandpa's desk this quote from Einstein, a German scientist, but grandpa

¹⁶ Liberal translation: Vanhoutte, Maurice (1949). *La méthode intuitive dans les dialogues de la maturité de Platon*, *Revue philosophique de Louvain*, Persée — portail des revues scientifiques en SHS, vol. 47, no 15, 1949, pages 301-333.

doesn't have the reference for us. Einstein says about intuition that "the intuitive mind is a sacred gift, and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honours the servant and has forgotten the gift." I wonder what grandpa could tell us about this.'

William continues: 'Wikipedia gives a lot of references on intuition, look, they say that an *intuitive* person seems to have a gift that allows him to "feel" things, he listens to a feeling that informs him about what it's good to do and not to do. The document also mentions that *intuitive people* are generally those with a lot of creativity.'

Sofia interrupts: 'I think so, you remember, grandma said that the great artists, especially the most creative, are listening to their intuition.'

'Yeah,' utters Cédric, 'grandpa tells us that inventors listen to their intuition.'

'Look at this passage Cedric,' declares William, pointing to the screen of his tablet: 'We can *also define intuition* as a spontaneous illumination, a sudden event that helps us choose. Intuition can't *be explained*, it comes from within us and manifests itself without precursory symptoms. Some call it: *innate knowledge*.'

'Interesting and our teacher who asks us to research on the subject to explain it... Here William, read this passage, it's a statement from the American psychology researcher Gary A. Klein. Klein completed much research with firefighters, and he demonstrated that, with firefighters, in an emergency, chiefs, who sometimes must make critical decisions on intuitions, don't weigh several choices, but examine a single plausible solution and mentally simulate it to see if it works. If it does, they put it into practice; otherwise, they modify their plan or move on to another plan.'

'And what did you find for *instinct*,' asks Sofia?

‘That’s interesting, says Cedric. Le Petit Larousse defines *instinct* as: “1: hereditary and innate part of the behavioural tendencies of man and animals. *Migratory instincts*. 2. Tendency, often irrational impulse that determines man in his actions, his behaviour. 3. Aptitude, natural disposition for something; gift. *Have business instincts. Do something instinctively*. 4. Intuition that makes you guess, sense certain things. His instincts warn him of danger.”

‘Again, Antidote explains,’ adds William while reading the screen of his tablet: instinct is: ‘a natural predisposition of people or animals to respond to a situation by using knowledge they’re born with, *maternal instincts, instincts told him to stay and fight, Gregarious, migratory instinct. Sexual instinct. The instinct for self-preservation*. Antidote also links instinct to intuition: “intuition, spontaneity, natural knowledge”: *Act by instinct. Follow your instincts. Trust your instincts. Do something instinctively. Go there instinctively. She acted out of instinct. Do something on instinct*. In short, Antidote says that instinct is: a natural disposition to do something. *The instinct of business, gambling, commerce.*’

‘If I understand correctly what you’re saying, says Sofia, intuition isn’t a mental process, but a little voice, a feeling that makes you know that what you see, is what it is, while instinct relates to the physique, your body reacted to something that you perceive without thinking about it.’

‘Yeah, that pretty much sums up what we found as a written definition.’

‘Hum! I would like to be in your class, I have the impression that it will be fun to hear what everyone will have to say on the subject.’ Says Sofia when leaving the boys’ room.

Cedric and William continue their search while Sofia heads for the kitchen.

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‘Grandma, do you always listen to your little voice?’ ‘Hum! a whole existential question that you ask me, Sofia. Why do you ask?’

‘Well, I was with Cedric and William, and they work on a research assignment on intuition, and I’m intrigued about some stuff they told me.’

‘Interesting topic! We will have a good discussion tonight at dinner. Meanwhile, Sofia, what worries you to ask me this question?’

‘Well, I’m obsessed with a situation for a while, and talking with Wil and Cedric, my feeling is more disturbing.’

‘What can obsess you?’

‘I have the impression that Jocelyn isn’t truthful when he talks to me and worse, often, when he looks at me, I feel the need to walk away as if I feel threatened... Sometimes at that moment, I have unpleasant chills and I don’t like it... It’s as if a little voice was telling me to change places, to move, not to trust him.’...

‘Hum! what you say is important, come and sit down.’ Granny points with a slight nod to the round table near the window. ‘Do you want a jasmine tea? I’ll have one,’ asks Grandma while heading for the closet.

‘Please grandma, thank you.’ Sofia sits on one of the two chairs and clasps her hands in front of her...

‘I think it’s wonderful, you’re becoming aware of that little voice speaking to you,’ spoke Grandma as she poured tea into two delicate porcelain cups.

Hum, I feel as if it’s serious, Granny only takes out her porcelain cups on a very special occasion... And, in an intimate place like this small table where she sits with grandpa when they want to talk to each other.’...

‘Thank you, grandma, the tea smells good’... Says Sofia, holding the delicate cup close to her nose.

‘Yes Sofia, I like this tea and you’re right to think that the occasion is very special for me... At this moment, I’m meeting with my granddaughter who becomes a woman, who becomes aware of her attributes, her gifts. Now, you’re talking about intuition, that little voice that all humans have, but which is very particular to the feminine gender.’...

Granny looks at Sofia tenderly as she sits at the small round table by the window. The place is intimate and bright. Louise brings her cup to her lips and resumes: ‘You and I, we’re enjoying our first meeting between women, and I feel very privileged to experience this.’...

Louise and Sofia look at each other with affection.

‘You know Sofia, many writings say that women have a gift from the gods. We can figure out what is happening, with no or with little information. We can guess or perceive without words said,’ ... ‘Like when Mom told us that she had eyes in the back of her head and that she saw what was going on between me and my brothers.’ Interrupts Sofia.

‘Yes and no,’ declares Grandma smiling. Yes, in the sense that when you’re attentive to what you feel; generally, you perceive a message as if a little voice is telling you something that you know as true, because you see this message as if an image is unfolding before your eyes... This message comes from your mind, from your inner self... And no when you react only to what your senses perceive.”

Sofia stares at Louise with questioning eyes while stretching her neck and opening her hands as if to indicate: “what do you mean?”

“Well, seeing your reaction, I think I’ve lost you somewhat, so let me take it back a bit.”

“You remember when Grandpa talked about the Universal Force.” ... “When we talked about the ‘Star Wars’ films?” declares Sofia.

“Yes, he explained to you at that time that each human can access a treasure chest, a force, an energy that exists and, in all neutrality, it brings neither good nor evil. ... But, according to the will of the one who accesses this energy, it will bring greater strength to what the human wants. A force at the service of good and evil, everything depends on the impulse the human gives it... Do you get it?”

“Yes,” replies Sofia, nodding without taking her eyes off Louise.

“He also invited you to pay attention to your thoughts, and especially to the origins of your thoughts, which can come from your intuition or your perception.” ...

“Yeah, perceptions that come from our senses or that come from our knowledge, I remember.”

“What do you remember specifically?” Asks Louise.

“Well, that I must pay more attention to my little inner voice, to my intuition because it will never lie; this little voice doesn’t speak loudly; most often the human will analyze his perceptions and that these analyses can drown their little voice.”

“Hum! Hum! And what else?”

“Well, that it isn’t enough to reason. We must develop our discernment, and a good way to do it, is to compare where the information comes. Does it come from our little voice or from our intellectual analysis? And to see if it’s right or not.” ...

“Yes, it’s true, each of our senses communicates information to us and from our knowledge and our experiences we obtain much information: our eyes show us a part of the information; our ears provide another aspect; the smell or lack of smell also communicates information; It’s the same for taste and touch.”

“Our senses allow us to tell if what we’re experiencing at a specific moment exists or not. And it differs for everyone according to their evolution and experience. Also, we must not lose sight of the fact that the perception of reality can change instantly and impact on what we decide to do at that moment... Do you understand?”

“Yes, grandma.”

“Now add an emotional factor that belongs to humans, what your senses tell you: you like it or not; it makes you happy or not, makes you angry or joyful, generates fear or self-confidence, in short, it brings you comfort or discomfort.”

“Like the discomfort I feel towards Jocelyn,” mentions Sofia.

“Yes, indeed. And when you’re with Jocelyn, Sofia, how do you feel? What do you perceive?”

“It’s special, when I’m with a group at school, in the lab or in the gym, he’s always nearby, I feel I’m stuck, as he’s spying on me all the time. It’s hard for me to be only with my group of girls, even if I tell him. I don’t want to be rude, but it annoys me. Worse in my head, it tells me to get away from him, and at the same time, it tells me it’s not cool, because he’s a friend of Cedric. In short, I would do without his attention.”

“You know Sofia, boys, at that age, have hormones at the ceiling, and usually, to assert themselves, they behave like hunters. They compete and seek to conquer young girls, especially those who strike out from the group through their behaviour, attitude, appearance, impact on others, anything that can give a perception of value. You’re certainly one of them. Are there other boys looking for your attention?”

“Yes, there are several who enjoy being with my group of girls. Each of us does well in class, physically we all look good and perform very well in physical activities. We’re always selected among the first players to form teams... Especially we have fun together, we like to laugh a lot.”

“Hum! Maybe Jocelyn can experience a lack of self-confidence.” “He shouldn’t, he’s one of the best athletes in our school.”

“I understand; however, what is his relationship with others?”

“Well, I don’t know. He doesn’t mix much with the others. I think he always want to be with me, and I don’t want to, I want to be with my friends. When I tell him, he sulks or looks at me in a funny way, and it annoys me... It’s like a little voice telling me: careful.”

Louise thinks: “*Vigilance! Vigilance!* said LYKA.” She looks at Sofia staring at her: “Yes grandma I remember what LYKA said and it was specifically about Jocelyn!” ... “Sofia, note the events, it’s like in ‘baseball’ strike one, strike two, and with strike three you’re ‘out.’ Have confidence and don’t forget, LYKA knows.”

“Yeah, I wish, but meanwhile, it’s not pleasant.”

“Indeed, nonetheless, note what you feel, what you perceive. In your interactions with others, you will have people sincere and others who will want to manipulate you, or conquer you to collect a new trophy... But back to your little voice or the impressions that come your way.” ...

“Grandma, do you remember when we came back from the Celts?”

“Yes, are you thinking of Aemonn?”

“With him it was so easy, I knew he admired me, and he gave me space. I felt special to him.” Sofia closes her eyes.

Louise waits silently, then: “Aemonn respected you for who you are, for what you exuded. That was a welcomed attitude in those days, and it’s also true in our world today. This is where you can bring in your intuition, your discernment. This means that when you perceive discomfort, emotional or physical, it’s important that you try to know the origin, from where does this feeling come, and act accordingly. And you know, it takes a split

of a second. You will see, the more you develop confidence in your intuition, the more it becomes a great strength, a great resource in your life.”

“How can I be sure it’s my intuition that speaks grandma?”

“I don’t have an answer... However, I can give you a few examples. As a nurse at Notre-Dame Hospital, I was responsible for several rooms and, one day, a patient had just arrived from surgery in one of them, I remember vividly the occasion, a little voice told me to go to see and check this patient even if it wasn’t the time in my routine. So, I listened to my little voice, and I made a detour to his room. I immediately noticed a problem. I called the doctor who quickly brought the patient back to the operating room and saved his life. Why did I break my routine? I don’t know other than to tell you I listened to my little voice at that time.”

“Often, grandpa and I, when we’re in the car, we change roads point-blank and for no reason, only to realize that it has saved us from experiencing an otherwise congested traffic situation. It has even become a habit, when grandpa, or I act as a driver, we ask ourselves: what our intuition says. Grandpa has a friend who lives in Paris and whenever he travels in the metro with his daughter, he would compete with her as to determine the spot where the metro doors would open. Thomas and I have our game in hotels, we test ourselves in front of elevator doors in guessing which door will open for us.” Louise chuckles.

“Who wins?” Asks Sofia. She’s laughing...

“I have to say that I win more often, although I have to admit that often, we agree, and we both win.” Louise looks at her with her laughing eyes.

“If you ask grandpa, he will probably answer the same thing.”

“You want more tea grandma?” “No thank you. I believe I have my quota now.”

“Thank you, grandma, I’m glad I talked to you. I’ll go for a walk outside and digest what you’ve told me.” “OK, princess, more to follow whenever you want.”

Sofia gets up, kisses her grandma, puts the cups on the counter, walks out of the house, and heads for the path in the woods nearby.

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Meadows's Cove

Saturday, July 12, 2014, 08h00.

“Come on Sofia, hurry! We’re waiting for you! ... My god you’re slow,” shouts Cedric.

Sofia struggles to close her plum suitcase. She finally manages to bring it from her room in the basement to the front door. This door opens onto the parking lot.

“Ah! Cedric, stop shouting at me... I know what to do. I activate the alarm system and I close the door. I’m here, I’m coming.” ...

“The storm has blown your hair out my beautiful girl!” Says Louise as she turns in her seat to watch Sofia enter the Cherokee.

“You look out of breath like an old weather vane,” William laughs at his sister.

“I don’t need your comments, Wil,” she replied curtly.

“Is everyone ready, and has everyone what it takes to go through the third phase? You know what I mean,” utters Thomas with an inquisitive look. He looks successively at Cedric, Sofia, and William, sitting in the back seat.

“If you talk about our pins and crystal, I have mine. Wil and Cedric, you have them, I hope,” Sofia replies sarcastically looking at her brothers.

“Yes, we have them, they’re the first items we put in our luggage. More so, because we take care to keep our crystal clean since the beginning of last winter.” ...

“Perfect, we have over 7,000 kilometres to drive, and we’ll be crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence Twice. First, to get to Newfoundland, go around the province or if you want ‘The Rock’

as it's called, and a second time to return to the continent." Louise drives for the first part of the trip. Thomas turns towards the teenagers and state:

"The Viking Festival at Meadows Cove¹⁷ represents the highlight of this trip. It's held this year from July 19 to 31. We're going there a week early, but that's good, we'll visit Newfoundland's western coasts. That region stands as a popular fishing area for France, until the early 1900s."

"Ah! Yes! I forgot," Louise continues, turning around in her seat, "did you bring a picture of Jolan Binh, your little cousin? He's so darling!"

"Yes, I did," answers Sofia. "I have it in my suitcase. He will be on the trip too." "It's a great idea," adds Grandpa, with shiny eyes.

"Here we go," chant Wil and Cedric together as Louise drives off the property.

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"Days Inn, Rivière-du-Loup up ahead," declares Thomas. "Our first day went according to plan, almost 500 kilometres. I think we need to stretch our legs a bit before supper. Those short breaks on Highway 20 appeared beneficial but insufficient. How about we organize our rooms then go for a walk along the St. Lawrence Riverbanks?"

"Yeah! My bottom needs a rest!" Laughs Cedric. "Perhaps after supper we can spend some time and watch the sunset," adds William.

The triplets eat their dessert. Thomas states, "tomorrow morning we will cross into New Brunswick and drive to Moncton. We enter the Atlantic region. I will be driving the Cherokee and

¹⁷ Meadows Cove, or L'Anse aux Meadows.

grandma will act as co-driver.”

“Hum! Are we getting there without detours? Granny sucks with a map and a GPS!”

“Am I that bad William?” Grandma raises her eyelids while nodding affirmatively.

“How many kilometres will we drive tomorrow?” Asks William. “You know I’m uncomfortable after a long drive.”

Thomas laughs: “Trying to change the subject Wil?”

“Yes, we know and you’re not alone. We will have at least 560 km, but I guarantee that the breaks will be more frequent and longer to stretch you. Do you agree with that?”

“Yes, thank you, grandpa.”

The second day went without incident. As agreed, health breaks were more frequent and longer. Wil and his companions enjoy the relaxing moments to stretch their legs and relieve their buttocks.

After a well-deserved night’s sleep in a motel on the outskirts of Moncton, the group set out for Sydney, a seaport and industrial city, in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

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“Grandpa, I feel as if you’re going up a hill while the car goes down!”

“You’re right Cedric, we’re on the famous ‘Magnetic Hill’ on the Trans-Canada Highway in the suburbs of Moncton. It’s one of the attractions of the Acadian region.”

“Yes, it’s true,” adds Sofia, “you feel as if you’re going up a hill as you go down.”

“On the right, grandpa, this large body of water is it the Bay of Fundy,” asks William?

“Yes!” interjects Cedric, “this stretch of water has impressive tides. It separates New Brunswick from Nova Scotia.”

“It’s also this bay that sheltered the first French settlements in the early 1600s,” says Louise. “In 1604, settlers founded Port Royal, which is on the Nova Scotia side of the Bay.”

“Is this where Evangeline’s story occurred,” asks William?

“Not far from there,” states Thomas. “After the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, this entire region was ceded to the English. However, they tolerated the Acadians customs until 1754. At that time, the Acadians refused to take an oath of allegiance to the British crown and the result was the displacement of almost the entire Acadian people.”

“This is what Acadians call the Great Upheaval,” says Cédric. “Yes,” replies Thomas.

“But Evangeline?” insists William.

“Evangeline is a poem written by Longfellow, a well-known American poet,” says grandma. “It’s this poem that greatly inspired the Acadians. Evangeline became a heroine for their people. The objective isn’t to forget the deportation. Hence, they erected a statue in front of the church in Grand-Pré.” ...

Cedric checks the map on his iPad. “Grand-Pré is at the bottom of the Bay near Wolfville. Port Royal is at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy.”

“You’re right, Cedric, but my point of view means: Evangeline is a fictional character who tells a story probably lived by people in that time. Are you OK Wil?” Granny looks at her grandson...

“Yes, thank you, grandma.”

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Cool air and the distorted vegetation indicate saltwater proximity. The landscapes testify to the aggression of the salt winds up to several kilometres from the coast.

Cedric pays attention to the scenery. He constantly refers to the roadmap. “We’re crossing Canso Strait towards Port Hastings. We’re on Cape Breton Island. This island, northeast of Nova Scotia, looks like a claw lobster pointing towards the big island of Newfoundland.” ... turning to William: “Did you know Newfoundland is the last British territory to join Canada’s Confederation in 1949?” “Yep! I did.”

“Beautiful! The landscapes are truly beautiful! And to think the wind did a great part of it, wow!” ... “My butt is in compote,” says Sofia.

“Yes, me too,” Cedric replies. “Tomorrow, it will be wonderful, we won’t be confined to a car seat.” ...

“We covered many thousand five hundred kilometres in three days,” adds William. “On the Canada map, it’s only a small distance. Imagine if we crossed all Canada.”

“Me, crossing Canada, it’s a journey I’d like to take,” says grandma. “Some of our friends did it by train. They enjoyed it very much.” ...

“Another project to put on the bucket list,” says grandpa, smiling. “For now, let’s finish settling in for the night and go eat. I’m hungry.”

“Good idea, grandpa, I’m hungry too,” adds William.

A family walk along Sydney’s docks allows to digest an excellent seafood meal. The colourful sunset prepares everyone for a peaceful sleep.

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Meanwhile, in Sherbrooke, Andreanna's suitcases are at the door. She must drive to Montréal's Pierre Elliot Trudeau Airport, and from there, she will fly to St. John's, Newfoundland. The National Unity action Program organizes a national sports competition from July 19 to 31. This program brings together athletic students from high schools across Canada every four years. The goal is to expose these students to the multiculturalism that prevails in Canada.

"I'm happy to participate in this award trip that our school received from the organizers of the event. The principal, Mr. Ouellet, asked me to accompany the students who qualified in the track and field discipline. I'm not alone; two coaches and two pairs of parents accompany us. It should be fine. As I'm perfectly trilingual, French, English and Spanish, I'm responsible for all administrative coordination. I get along well with the coaches and parents. It will be nice. It will be like a paid vacation for me. I need to make sure everyone receives the necessary information throughout the event. A beautiful and new experience to live in my adopted country."

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Dozens of vehicles wait patiently for boarding to begin. The parking lot is huge. Passenger cars follow the lane furthest from the water. In the centre lane, we find many vehicles with trailers and the recreational vehicles. In the third lane, thirty trailer-trucks slowly progress towards the holds of the ferry, according to the boarding staff instructions.

"The ferry is exactly on time," exclaims Thomas. "We have a seven-hour crossing on the 'Blue Puttees,' a seaworthy ferry. Port-aux-Basques is our destination."

"Grandpa, why a French name for a seaport in an English-speaking province?" asks Cedric.

“French fishermen of Basque origin have a long history along the Newfoundland Coast. They were fishing in this region long before Jacques Cartier sailed the St.-Lawrence River. Basque fishermen sailed the seas like real seals, braving storms in their small fishing boat. They were heroic, you know. Port aux Basques refers to the harbour that was a favoured sheltering and watering place for Basque whalers. ... with the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France ceded its claims in Newfoundland to Great Britain in exchange for the right to use coastal lands for the fishery.¹⁸ The French continued fishing the coasts till the early 1900s. The whole area remains today a collection of small fishing villages.”

“Hum! I don’t have enough sea legs to fish like the Basques,” says Sofia. She moves from the group to reach the top deck. She wants to observe the sea. “*Maybe I’ll see few whales.*” “*That would be nice,*” transmits Louise. She follows her granddaughter.

“Grandma, what a great idea to visit Newfoundland and take this ferry! I can’t wait to see dolphins jumping on the waves and following our boat at high speed. It fills my heart. It reminds me mom and dad, ... they loved sailing so much... You know they wanted to buy a sailing boat when the three of us left home... Dad had one before he met Mom.” ...

“They were both on the same sheet of music, my beautiful big girl. My thoughts are with you, I miss them very much... Come and sit on the benches close to the ramp... Come, let’s admire the sea and feel the wind on our skin.”

“I’d rather stand here for a while Louise if you don’t mind... I’m waiting for the dolphins.”

Louise notices a few tears running down both of her cheeks, already reddened by the wind. She leaves her at peace with her memories. She thinks back to the tragic end of her daughter Marion and her son-in-law Mark.

¹⁸ Channel-Port aux Basques, Wikipedia.

The three men come to meet them on the top floor of the boat with chips, 80% chocolate bars, and juice without added sugar. They're ready for the seven-hour crossing between Sydney and Port-aux-Basques.

"I hope you thought of me," says Sofia, turning back to them and holding her stomach. "I have a little peckish there, as Obelix says."

"You know we didn't forget you," replies William. His hands are full of treats! "Usually, you're the one who always has reserves in your pockets or luggage... You're like a squirrel... Do you remember our car rides with mom and dad when we were going for a weekend? We shouted that we were hungry, and you answered 'I have something in my pockets' to the surprise us... We burst out laughing."

Instantly, everything turned upside down, the mood changes... The three of them look at each other, Cedric having joined them, and suddenly understand what is happening. The moment is nostalgic... They hold each other by the shoulders and look out to sea. ... They follow the sea movement, waves rocking the boat, their sorrow, their nostalgia...

Louise and Thomas observe and let them be...

"It takes a trigger to transport us to emotional, personal, secret places," Louise tells Thomas. "I have the impression you're touched to see them nostalgic."

The triplets are leaning on the glass ramps on the ferry's top deck. They stand very tight.

"Look Mom, a whale," shouts a kid nearby. He points his right index out to sea.

Vividly Sofia, Cédric and William move to see better in the distance a whale and its cub make periodic appearances on the surface. They see their breath projecting a column of luminous vapour contrasting with the deep blue colour of the Gulf of St. Lawrence waters. Melancholy gives way to wonder...

The family members are all seated comfortably in the ferry's cafeteria. Lunch is quick and served with smiles. The boat staff is very affable. The triplets have sea legs... They walked around all the floors, visited gift shops, "Junk Food" restaurants as grandpa calls them, relaxation lounges and they went outside several times to feel the cool breeze on their faces. Louise and Thomas took the opportunity to relax and read away from the sounds of the engine in the centre of the ferry, in a space reserved for this purpose.

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The ferry's captain requests all passengers to go to their car. Docking is soon.

Cedric, William, and Sofia are at the bow. They don't want to miss any of the boat's approach maneuvers.

"Hey! These guys are skilled!" "Yes Will, they're impressive," says Cedric.

"Even a rowboat would be too cumbersome for me," he tells Sofia, laughing.

"You're funny, kids," Thomas says as he comes up behind them. "We must get back to our car. We disembark in five minutes. Come! no one is allowed to remain on deck or inside the boat during ferry approach at the port. Tonight, we sleep at the Hotel Port aux Basques for one night only, so, bring only the necessary for tomorrow morning. Tomorrow will be our trip's longest day on the road."

"Um, um," growl the kids.

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Ten hours later, they arrive at their destination, the Hillsview B&B in Gunner's Cove. They're tired, but content. The B&B is eight kilometres from Meadows Cove, the national historic

site recognized by UNESCO.¹⁹

“Bring in all your luggage because we’re here for at least five days. We’ll take our time visiting the area,” says Thomas with a smile. “I’m elated to stop driving for a few days, my back needs it.” ...

“Are you OK grandpa?” asks Sofia. She approaches her grandfather stretching beside the car. She smiles and cuddles on his left arm. ... She rubs his shoulders gently. Thomas closes his eyes and roll his head to stretch the neck.

“Yes, yes, thank you my little princess with hazel eyes. ... Finally, I’m happy, we’ve arrived.” ...

“You’re not the only one, dear,” adds Louise, who gets out of the car and unfolds like an old accordion. I admit I have my trip... I think I deserve a good shower before going to dinner.”

“We booked three rooms: one for Thomas and me, one for the boys and one for you, Sofia. Is it OK with you! We could have talked to you about it before, but we took the liberty of making the decision for you, because you were at school when we made the reservations last March. We forgot to give you the details.”

“It’s OK grandma,” replies Cedric. He kisses Louise on both cheeks. “I think you’re rather fit for your age. Ten-hour drive, you’re impressive, you’re extraordinary granny, you’re the best.”

“I’m also impressed with your great shape,” says William as he retrieves his suitcase from the car. “You have always stayed the course. Thanks to your co-driver Thomas, we didn’t get lost. I’m just joking grandma... We’re lucky to share all these trips with you both.”

¹⁹ United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) is headquartered in Paris, France. The organization contributes to peace and security by promoting international cooperation in education, sciences, culture, communication, and information. UNESCO’s programs contribute to the achievement of the Sustainable Development Goals defined in the 2030 Agenda, adopted by the UN General Assembly in 2015. Wikipedia.

“Come in! Welcome! Make yourself at home,” says the owner of the B & B., “Your rooms are waiting for you, and we have a small snack before your evening meal. We booked a table for five at the Northern Delight restaurant in Gunner’s Cove. You will love the atmosphere and the fresh seafood.”

“Pouf! Finally, a place to relax and good food in sight,” says Thomas with a smile split from ear to ear.

“At what time do you serve the meal?” asks William. He’s always peckish like Obelix. “I’m like Sofia, I’m always hungry.” “Indeed, on that point you’re like me,” retorts Sofia.

“It’s scheduled for 19h00. You have plenty of time to shower, change, walk along the shore, and breathe in the fresh sea air,” says the owner.

“Thank you, ma’am, we’ll be on time for supper,” Louise shakes the owner’s right hand, smiling.

19h00, the restaurant is crowded. The family finds the menu on the wall appealing. Lively Muppets animate the festive customers. They dance with everyone, no exception.

One Muppet picks Louise in its arms when she entered the great hall. Both twirl between the tables to the sound of the accordion and the violin.

Suddenly, it’s Thomas’s turn. Another Muppet hooks his arm and moves him into the dancing crowd. Grandma’s and grandpa’s faces are radiant. The triplets laugh loudly. Another Muppet picks Sofia and get her swinging. People have so much fun seeing them. A waiter escort Cedric and William to the table... It’s total astonishment and joy...

“I want to know the history of these Muppets. I want to know why people value them so much. It seems to be part of their folklore,” says Sofia as she watches her two brothers continue to laugh as they watch Louise and Thomas dance to the music.

“In any case, it’s different from our music,” replies Cedric. “It’s quite a culture shock!”

“I wouldn’t want them to come and get me to dance,” says William, hiding behind his sister. “I would be embarrassed... You must take pictures, quickly before it ends.”

The Muppets leave the room when the dance is over. They shout, “see you next time.” People in the restaurant applaud for a long time. It creates a joyful atmosphere. Grandma, out of breath, approaches grandpa and the children sitting at the table.

“Have a seat grandma, we laughed so much watching you dancing with these Muppets,” said Cedric as he brought her chair close to the table.

“I can tell you that these Muppets are women,” reveals Louise laughing heartily. “I felt it at the tips of my hands when I put them under his arms. Oops! I felt the shape of the breasts underneath her suit. I asked her the reason for their disguise, and she told me that it’s an English custom. They’re called Mummies. That’s why women personify them.”

“Please, tell us.” Demands William. “These characters intrigue me.”

“The lady told me that in England, during the holidays, during Christmas celebrations, these Mummies visit their neighbourhood singing and knocking on people’s doors. They ask for some food; drinks follow, then the hosts must try to guess who they are. If they succeed, they dance with the people of the house. Does it bring them luck, God only knows and the devil suspects?”

“You’re funny Louise, I enjoyed seeing you dance and laugh,” says Thomas, kissing her red cheeks with the tips of his lips.

“I vote for us to look at the menu and order. I’m famished! I’m hungrier than a wolf who ran for ten hours. That ride got my stomach gurgling for food.” Declares William as he waddles in his chair.

“Sold!” Laugh Cedric and Sofia together.

“OK, let’s get down to business,” adds Thomas, who knows exactly his choice.

“A good fresh fish of the day, hum, it will be delicious,” says Louise her mouth salivating. “But first, I want a local beer, to quench my thirst after hopping around the room. I want an Iceberg beer. I was told this is the best beer on the island.”

“It’s a great idea,” says Thomas. “Children, ask the waitress what we can offer you as a beverage.” ...

Around 22h00, the family heads back to the B & B where an excellent bed and a night rest await them...

What a reward after such a long journey! Everything is perfect...

In their room, Louise and Thomas look at the local map and plan the next day’s tour. Their eyelids become heavier, and both slip under the covers, and vnan, sleep takes over.

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It’s 08h00. William opens his right eye. He doesn’t move.

“Cedric is still sleeping. I don’t bear any noise coming from Sofia’s room or grandma’s... Everyone is sleeping.” ...

William breaks free of his blankets, jumps to the bottom of the bed and rushes to his sister’s room. He invites her to join him.

“Sofia, come on, wake up, I want to tell you about my dream. This is related to a visit that we will be making soon. I think it has something to do with the high priestess, our Viking ancestor... Hurry up, Cedric is waking, his eyes are open.”

Sofia enters the boys’ room. She rubs her eyelids and with a pout of annoyance said to William: “Why do you knock on my door like that in the early morning?”

“But it’s not early morning, it’s past 08h00 and I’m hungry.”

“It’s true! It’s 08h00,” says Cedric still sleepy.

“Yes! Come and sit on Cedric’s bed, I’ll tell you my most amazing dream,” insists William.

While the children tell each other about their respective dreams, Louise and Thomas complete their ablution and dress comfortably for their hike to Meadows Cove.

They knock on the door of the children who answer together: “OK, we’ll dress and meet you downstairs in the dining room.”

“The French toast aroma tickles my nostrils,” says William still hungry...

I think it’s age, Thomas replies, looking at Louise who smiles happily. He always has an empty stomach that one! He reminds me of Marion when she was his age.’ Thomas closes his eyes briefly.

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The triplets swallow their breakfast. The grandparents invite the siblings to follow them to the bay below the hill. They want to immortalize their passage in this beautiful place with a digitized photo. They take a few selfies. Then, they go up the small slope towards the Jeep Cherokee.

“We’re on our way to Meadows Cove,” says Thomas. “We’re a few kilometres from the place. The opening of the festival is on the 19th; hence, we have plenty of time to visit the site at our leisure. This Saturday we’ll attend the opening of this year’s Viking Festival.”

“I can’t wait to see the Vikings’ installations and learn how they lived!” Declares Cedric.

“Grandpa, it’s this site with the mud houses that you showed us with the internet before we left,” tells Sofia.

“They built it with earth or something similar,” says William to Thomas, who remains the co-pilot on board...

“We’ll see if the information is relevant or not, William, because yes, I read that these people used earth to make large bricks and they mount these on top of the other to make their houses.”

“We’re there,” says granny to the exuberant band. “You look so excited! I’m too! Can you imagine? These people crossed the Atlantic Ocean to end up here around the year one thousand! It’s amazing! They did it in their small skiffs, their drakkar! We’re all going to see that... Here is the parking area. It’s already full! It’s crazy how new generations want to know about the displacement of the Scandinavian people.”...

“Everyone has their Canada’s national parks passport?” Granny ordered them last spring. They provide access to all Canada Parks facilities.

The family meets at the reception desk of the Meadows Cove’s historic site. Outside, on a mound, a few feet from the front door, we see metal figurines at least ten feet tall representing the Vikings in search of space. Cedric, William, and Sofia run to take a selfie at the foot of these gigantic metal pieces.

The site is at the northern tip of Newfoundland, and it’s dedicated to the presence of Norsemen at the turn of the first millennium. Hence, displays in the reception area offer many information sheets and archaeological photos showing different angles of the cove. The triplets raise many questions. Everyone is looking for more to quench their curiosity...

The family quickly joins the group scheduled to begin the tour with a guide. The guide presents his touring program then invites his followers to move in an adjoining room to watch a video. The film puts the visitors in the context one thousand years before their time. Then the group transfers to the adjoining room where the visitors move from display to display. The guide’s explanations, often presented with humour, allow everyone to

imagine what life in this place was like a millennium ago. Lively panels explain with sketches and drawings, the habits, and customs of these northern explorers in French and in English. Some sealed counters display articles of the time found on the site. Also, replicas of weapons and instruments make it possible to appreciate the rudimentary life of this people.

The first stop on the trail presents a UNESCO monument signaling the meeting of two worlds: the world of the West represented by the natives, originally from a distant Asia, and the world of the East with the arrival of explorers from northern Europe.

“This visit gives me so much pleasure that we forget the time and the hunger... Except William, of course!” Slips Louise in Thomas’s ear. “The guide is so funny, I like his outspokenness, the way he explains the Norsemen settlement. It’s as if we’re there with them. He’s a very professional guide.”

The guide explains how a large house made of mud bricks, stacked on top of each other, could protect from the cold in winter and be refreshing in summer.

The group moves into the large mud house. The interior is relatively large and dark. Plenty of clothes and kitchen items hang on the wall. In the centre of the house, a cook dressed in clothes like those of the Viking Age is boiling water. He places vegetables in boiling water. He explains how root vegetables made the greater part of their menu.

The character, sitting on a small stool, costumed as for the circumstances impresses the visitors. He tells the most amazing stories and secrets about the lives of these adventurers of the high seas... All are delighted. He has easy speech. He’s a very playful and friendly storyteller.

Suddenly, he picks up three pieces of metal on a shelf nearby. These are remains found during archaeological excavations of the site. He explains that the men of the North came to this place because of the peat of the place which allowed to extract a ferrous

material used to make nails, weapons, and tools. He invites visitors to touch them and circulate them among themselves. The triplets are the last.

When Sofia, Cedric, and William touch the pieces, grandma and grandpa observe that the children experience a very strong emotion and quickly surround them to shelter them from prying eyes.

“I think they’re experiencing instant clairvoyance²⁰,” transmits grandma.

“Yes, I believe so,” answers Thomas. *“It’s timely that the others listen to what the cook says. Normally, this state doesn’t last long.”*
...

“Are you OK, Sofia?” Asks grandpa as he takes the artifact from his granddaughter.

Sofia nods affirmatively, then quickly turns her brothers who hand their piece to Thomas. Thomas hurries to place the tokens on the table in front of the cook while Louise watches and telepathically accompanies the children.

“It’s amazing and scary... It’s weird to take off like this every time we touch objects that belonged to humans from another time,” transmits Sofia while taking Louise’s right hand.

“Wow!” thinks, Cedric...

“It’s like in my dream that I told you this morning,” sends William.

“Breathe calmly all three of you ... we’ll go outside in a few moments,” communicates Louise...

Discreetly, the small group isolates itself and goes around the facilities near the big house. Around 16h00, Grandma thinks:

²⁰ Clairvoyance, the ability to perceive emotional or psychic energy that is imperceptible to the five standard senses (dictionary.com); The psychic ability for a person to acquire knowledge by means of feeling. (En.wiktionary.org).

“It goes fast with teenagers... They have already figured it all out. Before leaving the visitor Centre, I want to examine the photos posted on man-size signs near the entrance kiosk. She turns towards the siblings: ‘Children, I would like to go back through the entrance kiosk on my way to the car, I want to check an explanation. Do you grant me that time?’”

“Of course, grandma,” Sofia replies. “Take all the time you need. ... Can we come back tomorrow?”

“Certainly,” answers Thomas, who was relatively near Louise. “With our Canada Park passports, we have access to the site as often as we want.”

“Wow! That’s great, because I’ve had enough now, but I’d be happy to come back tomorrow,” says Cédric.

“I won’t forget to bring more snacks,” adds William with a smile in the corner...

“OK. We all agree and I’m also happy to come back, because I barely remembered half of what he said,” says Thomas.

“Well, if that’s how it is, let’s go have dinner somewhere and come back tomorrow,” Louise said, heading towards the exit of the site.

After dinner, the children walk on the shore near the lodge. The sea is calm and reflects the stars. They communicate in a telepathic system: *“Mom, where are you among all these stars? Why aren’t you here with Cedric, William, and me?”*

The two brothers approach their sister and care affectionately. *“You’re thinking about Mom,”* says Cedric, hugging Sofia at the waist. *“Yes, I miss her,”* Sofia replies, resting her head on Cedric’s left shoulder.

“Maybe in the other world she has already met Islanda and when we meet her, Islanda will have a message from Mom for us.”... “Maybe Sofia. Who knows?”

“I guess it must have been tough for Islanda, abandoned on this land a millennium ago,” William continues: “Yes! Tomorrow when we return to the site, I will ask questions to the guide. I want to know more about the habits and customs of these Nordic people. I know they’re used to hardships when in a group, but I imagine being alone... Seeing the boat that left you on the shore disappear into the distance... I’d like mom and dad to guide us for the rest of our lives.” ...

Without a word, the three children hug each other, nostalgic.

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“Hum! It smells bacon and eggs! That’s a way to wake up. ... Cedric, get up, I’m hungry.” “Geez! William, why are you always hungry? The others are still sleeping.”

William runs to his sister’s room, wakes her up, then knocks on the door to his grandparents. “We have washed and are almost ready to go to breakfast, we’ll meet you at the table when you’re ready,” says Thomas.

William doesn’t wait for his brother and sister. He washes and dresses in a hurry then rushes to the dining room. He’s hungry and the smell is overwhelming... He salivates as he sits next to Louise.

“You seem enthusiastic, this morning, my dear,” said the landlady, “are you hungry?” “I’m famished, it smells delicious! It woke me up.” Then looking at Louise: “Sofia and Cedric will be here soon.”

As the family members enjoy their meal, the serving lady mentions: “Enjoy these homemade jams. These jams are a delight. We made them from berries we picked nearby. It’s called ‘bakeapple’ and ‘Partridge Berry.’ They’re delicious! You’ll see.”

“Thank you, madam, they smell good,” replies William as he serves himself with a generous spoonful of both jams.

“Could we bring chocolate muffins as a snack? William looks at the landlady seductively.

“Of course, you can. Fill your backpack. It’s our pleasure when people like what we prepare for them,” replies the lady with a broad smile.

“That’s great! Thank you! We will give you free advertising when we return home in the Eastern Townships,” adds Cédric.

The family heads enthusiastically to Meadows Cove to complete their Vikings’ facilities visit.

“OK guys,” says grandpa, “before getting out of the car I want you to agree that: today Louise and I will visit at our pace and the three of you at yours. You respect the instructions of the site and I ask you not to isolate yourself, to remain together, the three of you. Then we meet at the entrance booth at 16h00.” Grandma asks: “Do you have something to drink and eat?” “Yes,” answer the triplets who are already taking the lead.

Thomas and Louise head for the big house where the cook tells stories of this people on the Scandinavian Norsemen.

On the way to the exhibition site Sofia tells her brothers: “I need to ask the guide a few questions about their habits and customs.” “But Grandpa asks that we remain together,” says William. “I know Wil and we will remain connected. I just need to get some answers and after I will link up with you two.”

“OK, see you,” answer Cedric and William. “We want to walk the trails that crisscross the seashores near the site. The guide told us yesterday that the view is impressive, that it’s worth the effort.”

“OK, I’ll join you after my interview with the guide,” says Sofia, walking away at a brisk pace. “I will join the francophone group now leaving with the guide. See you later. Bye!”

“OK, *when you come to join us, send us a telepathic message and we will tell you where we are,*” transmits Cedric already moving with his brother in a direction opposite to Sofia.

16h00, everyone is back together as scheduled. They share laughter and stories over their afternoon experiences. An excellent meal at a restaurant in the square ends the day in style.

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“Are you ready for the festival’s opening ceremonies?” Asks Thomas. “You bet I am,” replies William, happy to live this event.

“We’re all here and waiting for you,” says Louise to Thomas who is slow getting in the car. He’s the co-pilot. He takes the time to breathe in the smell from the lilacs close to the house. “Did you notice? These flowers are late! At home, they’re spring flowers.”

“Don’t forget that they still had snow at the end of June,” says Louise.

“I prefer to live in Québec; at least we had a spring,” says Cédric, serious.

Meadows Cove is a UNESCO Heritage Site which welcomes many Canadian, American, and European tourists each year. These visitors are eager to learn the history of the first Europeans to cross the northern Atlantic Ocean. Today, a group gathers to celebrate the opening of the festival dedicated to the memory of the first Vikings to come to America. They arrived more than a thousand years ago.

The small village of Norstead and its extras bear witness to the way of life of yesteryear.

A group works at the forge and, according to the recipe of the time, transforms the peat soil into rustic metal and ultimately into nails. The effort doesn’t prevent them from answering visitors’ questions. Women and girls work in the garden near the large house while men repair boats and young people undergo weapons training. The master of arms, a red-haired colossus, swings the axe and sword with dexterity and vigour. The young warrior apprentices are swimming. They’re the only ones who don’t show

their joy. Nevertheless, they seem very proud of their activity with weapons. They're serious and attentive under the stern and demanding gaze of the redhead.

The guides answer questions.

"Look at Cedric, it's a life-size drakkar," says William. Turning to the guide, Cedric asks: "Is it a real one?"

"Yes, it's a replica of a Viking knarr,"²¹ mentions the guide.

"Has it been in the water?" asks William.

"This boat accommodates a group of twelve people to experience the 1500 nautical miles of Leif Eriksson's expedition at the turn of the first millennium. The Viking Voyage 1000 expedition marked the 1000th anniversary of the arrival of the Vikings on the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador."

The guide continues: "The builder, supported by the New Vinland Foundation, named the knarr 'Snorri,' because according to history, the first Viking born in Greenland was called 'Snorri.'"

"Vinland is the name they gave to the territory," interjects Cédric.

"Yes, indeed, it appears that the Vikings came for a long time to look for wood on the coast of Labrador-Newfoundland but remained only a few years because of armed conflicts with the natives who already occupied these territories. So, as I said, a group of 12 men made the trip again in 1997. They started on the west side of Greenland, near Baffin Island, which you see on the map here, then for almost two months they sailed through the cold waters of the Labrador Sea to here."

"Whew! They must have suffered from the cold," says William.

²¹ Knarr: A Norse merchant ship used by the Vikings. These vessels were particularly suitable for navigation on the high seas. Wikipedia.

“Indeed, they did. In July, icebergs float the sea and as you can see this boat is rather small compared to them, not much room to hide.”²²

“I imagine how impressive a Viking raid can be. Seeing big tough guys rushing on you... Wow! Says William.

“You know they’re called Vikings,” the guide adds, “not because it’s a people’s name, but because it’s an activity. In their language, to ‘Viking’ means to maraud, or if you like, to loot. We go as a Viking, we go marauding, plunder the coast. It’s the people of the North who will execute ‘Viking’ operations. Interesting, isn’t it?”

Children participate in the various events and satisfy their curiosity.

Thomas looks at Sofia, William, and Cedric with pride and asks: “Well, children, is it enough for today?” The three youngsters are breathless. They’ve been running through the fields near Meadows Cove.

“Yes,” replies William, his head tilted forward as he tries to catch his breath.

“I think I’ve heard enough on the Norsemen for now.” Adds Cedric, bulging the torso to get more air.

“I think I’m fitter than my two brothers,” says Sofia, breathing slowly and gently while closing her eyes.

“I’ll ask Patrick to take it seriously... So young and out of breath like that, it’s shameful!” Thomas hugs them with a broad smile.

“What surprised me the most is learning that the word Viking is synonymous to piracy, raiding. Wow! That’s not how I saw them! They would conquer the seas and bring back bounty.” ...

²² The Knarr’s dimensions: the length is 54 feet (16.5-meters); the width is 16 feet (4.8-meters); and, the depth is 6 feet (1.8-meters).

“Me too, the definition of Viking caught my attention,” interjects Cedric. “The guide explained the word ‘Viking’ is an expression dear to the Scandinavian peoples because it’s in ‘Viking’ that they sailed the seas. They entered villages or towns to seize their property. They killed men, women, and children unquestionably. It must have been very brutal.”

“For me, it’s the boat that the guide called knarr. It’s like the original model, and it sailed across the Labrador Sea. Brrr! It must have been colder than cold,” says William.

“No places or spaces to hide from the wind on that boat,” adds Sofia.

The discussion went on for a while when Louise called their attention: “Tonight, we have our last meal in the area. I suggest we go back to the restaurant where we met the Mummies. What do you think?”

“Yes! It’s a wonderful idea Louise. Let’s go. A quick shower, we change, and, we go,” says grandpa happy with the idea. Thinking: *‘I’m privileged to have such a simple and easy relationship with my grandchildren. They’re good teenagers... We had a wonderful day.’* Louise looks at him and nods with a smile.

The next morning, the family heads towards Boyd’s Cove, some 700 kilometres away. The children have an appointment with Islanda, their ancestor.

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Meanwhile, in St. John’s, Newfoundland’s capital, Andreanas prepares to meet the students competing the next day. They’re 24 girls and boys combined. All are enthusiastic and aim to qualify to participate in the grand final next weekend. Jocelyn, a friend of the Corribus, is one of them and he’s very proud of it.

When Andreanas sees him, she asks: “Hello, Jocelyn, do you know why Sofia, Cédric, and William Corribus aren’t with the sports team? If I recall, they’re among the school’s top athletes?”

She knows of the triplets' athletic skills. Notably, she observed their performances at the International Congress of Multiple Pregnancies in Mexico, and these triplets are often honoured during their school's sports competitions.

"They were invited, but their grandparents had planned a trip they couldn't move. I think they're in Newfoundland now. They're to visit the Vikings archaeological site at Meadows Cove. I know William and Sofia wanted to participate in the competition. I also know that this visit to the Vikings site is critical to them. That is what they told me. That's all I can tell you, Mrs. Darcaux?"

"Thank you, Jocelyn, go with the others. I'll join you guys in a few minutes. I must make sure that everything is OK with your registrations. I must assure your registration with the right disciplines."

Andreanas considers the information Jocelyn provided. She thinks: "*Could the Corribus triplets be the ones of the prophecy? My brother has been looking for triplets since the Congress held in Mexico last year?*" ...

"When I return from Newfoundland, I'll inquire with Cremona and Brahima. If necessary, I'll visit them on site to question them. They may have relevant information about the triplets sought after."

"As for the student Jocelyn Wanton, I'll watch him closely. ... Hum! I think he can be an ally for me with the Corribus triplets... I suspect jealousy in his heart... That's something to exploit... Young people are so malleable and impressionable at that age... It's like modelling clay... As for Jocelyn, his personality already shows dark inclinations... Hum! I will make him my spy with the Corribus." ...

"Now let's take care of the athletes from our school... Let's move on to the competition and win. Fun is winning!" ...

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Boyd's Cove

The day's travelling went well, no incidents. The family arrives at the Boyd's Cove Archaeological Museum a long time after lunch. Beothuk artifacts are displayed on site. The two boys quickly get out of the car and closed the door without a sound. Sofia sleeps.

Cedric and William complete a few stretches and shake the numbness from their limbs. Then in a loud voice they challenge Sofia: "The last one to reach the Museum's front door will owe a treat to the others." The entrance is about 500 feet away. Sofia wakes instantly, and rushes to win. She loves challenges. Although her body seems slow her brain is quickly in active mode. She throws herself out of the back seat. Oops! Her efforts are in vain! Something holds her back!

The boys had tied her sneakers' laces while she slept... She realizes it too late. Sofia almost falls headfirst as she gets out of the car. Cedric and William scramble away at full speed. She rages at her brothers: "You think you're funny, you losers! Grrr"

"I don't find it funny either," adds Louise as she helps Sofia sit back in the car and untie the laces.

"Guys! Gosh! What a crazy idea you had! Come on! You didn't think for two cents! You could have injured your sister." Thomas, with both hands on his hips, stares at Cedric and William. "It's not very witty!"

"We thought it rather comical," answers William already near the museum front door. "I apologize... I don't think we were intelligent on this one... I guess we were so restless that we didn't think our joke thoroughly." ...

"I owe you one, and a big one if I may say! ... And I guarantee, I won't forget, my dear brothers," retorts Sofia, her eyes vengeance

full... "*Revenge is sweet to the heart of the offended.*" ... thinks Sofia.

"Guys! You're old enough to ask us to stop the car to allow you to stretch and let go of your crazy... Will! I can't believe it's up to us to guess you." ... Grandpa keeps staring at the boys.

"OK grandpa! We got it. We'll tell you next time. Nothing serious happened, it's just a joke we played on Sofia." ... Cedric looks at Thomas then at his brother Wil who shakes his head in approval.

"Yes! don't kill a fly with a shovel, as you say, Thomas." Louise looks at him and smiles. Thomas takes in a long breath...

"Good! That farce isn't to be repeated, am I clear?" the boys nod... "Now, let's go to the museum" Grandpa takes Sofia's left arm: "Are you OK, my beautiful girl?"

"Yes! Yes! I'm cool now, I control my emotions." ...

The three of them walk towards the museum. Sofia looks at grandpa and grandma. She smiles and says: "Still, I find it funny, hi! hi! They had to think about it, and on the spur of the moment too. I could have thought of doing it to them, but after what you said I won't."

"We've arrived where we should be. Inside this museum, someone, an indigenous, a 'medicine man'²³ waits for us... That's the message grandma and I received. This will be the beginning of your third adventure and this time on Canadian soil. His name is Shanawdith. You will remember his name," ask grandma.

"Yes! It's easy to remember," replies William. He remembers all the names of the Aztecs during his stay in Mexico. "It's nothing compared to what you made us learn last year," adds Cédric.

²³ Medicine Man, a healer in an Indigenous society who knows the chemical and subtle (magical) potential of substances (plants) and who can use the knowledge within his community (rituals).

“Personally, I remember I had trouble learning and retaining those barbaric names, oops! Weird names.” ... Sofia shakes her head as to refute the memories surging up.

The family members move into the museum. Grandpa enters last, pensive...

Cedric and William remain silent and worried. Sofia moves between them, and with a pat on their shoulder, laughing: “Come on, guys! Don’t be so stern! It’s a joke and it’s over.” “Yes! But you also told us you’d remember it and we’re already suspicious,” says William as he takes a step back.

“It’s true that we keep an eye on you,” adds Cedric staring at her with his steely blue eyes...

“OK, if you want to play that little game, I’m up for it,” answers Sofia moving with a smile...

“Enough! stop it now,” warns Grandpa. “We’re here for a purpose and not to play games. I suggest you get inside and wait at the counter.”

“We smile and kiss each other before we move in,” says grandma. “No! Granny! Please! Not that, not here,” say the three siblings spontaneously. “And yes, here and immediately,” insists Louise.

“Puff! Let’s do it!” The triplets exhale like dragons blowing out candles!

They look at each other and laugh as they kiss each other. This little game has been going on since they were small children. Marion and Marc, their parents, proceeded the same way. The heart wasn’t always there, but it paid off...

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The small group shows up at the ticket office and grandpa asks for Mr. Shanawdith. The attendant telephones someone and a few

moments later, he invites the group to go to a small waiting room. “Mr. Shanawdith will be joining you shortly.” Cedric takes the opportunity to question Thomas. “Grandpa, during the ride in the car I read the comic book on Leif Eriksson’s saga.²⁴...”

“The one we talked about when we visited Meadows Cove,” asks William.

“Yes, that one.” Cedric turns to Thomas. “I read the term Vinland comes from the fact that they found very sweet berries on the territory, and I imagine that he thought he would be able to make wine out of them. I imagine that these berries don’t exist in Greenland.”

“Indeed, especially since by the time Leif Eriksson became an adult, the winters were increasingly colder and longer.” ...

“Yes, they talk about that in the comics, so much so that the community where he lived, decreased yearly.” “Hum! Interesting... What do you remember from your reading?”

Everyone looks at Cedric attentively.

“Especially since Leif was quite a leader and adventurer. He didn’t want to be ‘Viking,’ but really, his clan was looking for wood to make boats and survive, and that’s how he came to Newfoundland. He called the new territory Vinland at that time. He left his village with a whole group after a trader explained to his father that he had seen land to the west with forests.”

Grandpa gets up and walks over to an old map on the wall near the door. The map shows the vast territory of Greenland with the Labrador Sea to the southwest. With his finger, Thomas points to a fjord on the west side of Greenland.

“You see; here, it’s the capital of Greenland, the city of Nuuk as it’s called today. This region was inhabited by natives for a very

²⁴Ralph Cinque (2009), *Vinland, The Saga of Leif Eriksson*, Buda TX 78610, C.K.A. Publishing.

long time, and it appears that around the year 1000 it was in this region that Erik the Red, Leif's father, lived with his clan. Small northern communities lived there until the fifteenth century." Thomas moves his finger to the eastern part of Newfoundland: "This is St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland; and" he moves his finger way down the St.-Lawrence River: "This is Montréal."

"Yes, here, it's Meadows Cove," says Sofia, pointing to what appears to be a fingertip of the island.

"Yes, that's right. And now, you have your finger near a large bay almost halfway between Meadows Cove and St. John's ... what does that tell you?" Asks Thomas.

"Well! as the crow flies,"

"Or dragon!" says Sofia... William looks at his sister then continues: "As dragons fly, I see more distance between Nuuk and here than between here and Montréal."

"Now, think of the 'Viking Voyage 1000, " the expedition which took place in 1997 with the drakkar we visited a few days ago."

"Yes!" says Cedric. He approaches the map. With his right-hand index, he draws a line saying: "what I understand from Leif Eriksson's story, he would have left Nuuk here, sailed towards Ungava Bay there, then he would have gone along the coast of Labrador to Newfoundland, would have crossed the Strait of Belle Isle, here to arrive at Meadows Cove. But the comic doesn't say where Leif and his group fought the natives. That's when his brother Thorvald was killed." ...

"Careful, Cedric, several elements are unknown and must be confirmed. What is certain is: they had contacts with the natives of the time. And the remains on the ground show that they had interactions with groups of people who were already occupying the territory."

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The triplets are attentive to Thomas's explanations. They don't notice the big guy watching them since a few moments. The man watches and listens attentively. He crosses his arms on his chest and his buttocks rest against the counter. He has piercing eyes, like those of an eagle able to capture the slightest detail or movement.

Mamie feels the man's presence and his attention on her and her group. She turns around, gets up from the bench and walks towards the man with a coppery complexion... She smiles at him... He answers her with a slight nod without taking his eyes off her then walks towards her, extending his open, welcoming right hand.

"You are?" Grandma politely asks, while looking him straight in the dark eyes. "Do we know each other? Have we seen each other somewhere?"

The man with the piercing and gentle gaze at the same time takes her right hand and brings her closer.

"I feel as if he's scanning me from head to toe. I don't perceive any threat, only kindness," thinks Louise.

Grandpa and the boys continue to chat near the map and don't realize what is going on between grandma and this tall man. Only Sofia perceives a movement. She looks up and looks for her grandma. She realizes she's no longer with the group. She jumps up and walks towards the dyad. The boys jump at their sister's sudden movement and turn towards the stranger. Thomas is the last to turn around. He smiles, then taking the boys by the shoulders, walks to the colossus near the entrance to the Beothuk Museum.

The man has the Aboriginal look. His clothes are completely out of the norm! He wears black jeans with drawings and lettering on each outer side of his trousers. His shirt, made of typical pale buckskin, has hatched fringes at the seams of the sleeves, and he has dark leather straps at the wrists. His feet are shod with soft

leather boots. Ebony tresses flow down his back. He wears a leather necklace decorated with small pearly shells, and in the necklace centre, a large wolf tooth falls on the top of his chest...

Everyone remains silent, surprised by the welcome and openness of this individual.

"It's the first time I've seen this man and I feel like I've known him for a long time," thinks Thomas.

"I have the same impression," transmits Cedric.

"Me, too," transmit Sofia and William together.

The stranger smiles with his beautiful white teeth and transmits in turn:

"I, too, feel as if I've known you for a very long time."

"You hear what I'm thinking," Sofia asks bewildered.

The man replies, "Yes, I have been waiting for your coming for a very long time."

Everyone exchanges glance silently. Finally, William breaks the silence with a simulated sneeze. All eyes turn to William and instantly everyone bursts out laughing.

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"I have been waiting for you. My name is: Shanawdith, I'm a 'medicine man' from the Innu community living in Pakua Shipi, west of the Saint-Augustin River, on the Lower North Shore. I'm part of the Tribal Council, the Mamit Innuat Group. We're called Montagnais. It's the name given to us by the whites of the time."

"Those places are in Québec ... he's far from his homeland," thinks, grandpa.

The colossus smiles at grandpa. He continues: "As you can see, it's not the next village. I'm here at the request of the elders of my people. Yearly since I was a teenager, I have lived in the summer

with the traditional people of this region in Newfoundland. The elders of these people are my mentors. They teach me their customs. My people on the North Shore are their descendants. The elders here and those of my clan know each other. Their father and father's father used to meet during the summer months at an ancestral trading place on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence near the entrance to the Strait of Belle Isle. Today, this place is called Port aux Choix. For them and for us, that place gave rise yearly to a great gathering to greet our ancestors, share spiritual ceremonies, and to barter skins, shells and tools made by artisans of their clans. During the meeting, shamans, or medicine men as they're called, perform rituals of gratitude and healing." ...

"Wow! I wish I had been there," thinks Cedric.

Shanawdith smiled as he looked at Cedric and continued: "I've been here for a few weeks now. The person in charge of this museum knows my mission and together we have prepared your visit which has been announced to us for a long time."

"In short, my mission is to care for three children associated with a prophecy passed down by word of mouth for centuries. The Elders in my clan have trained and prepared me for this mission since my childhood. Over the years, visions became more accurate so that at the summer solstice last month I saw you exactly as you're now. The vision couldn't be more accurate. I would have recognized you among thousands of people. I swear... The sages of other worlds are familiar with our human appearances. They made me visualize the three of you and here you are. I thank them very much. The time has come to fulfill my true mission in this life. Finally, I'll be able to sleep in peace after completing my mission with you."

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The triplets look at each other as if they were consulting, then, together they turn to the colossus. While holding his gaze, Sofia, Cedric, and William move closer to this impressive man.

Thomas and Louise observe. They're very attentive.

The Medicine Man, in a meditative attitude, brings his left hand to the level of his heart and successively places on Sofia, Cedric and William his large right hand on the head of each of the children then lets it slide delicately on the neck to the top of the cervical spine. In doing so, he finds that his Healing Ancestors had said right. After completing his gesture with William, the man takes a step back to look at them with admiration while thinking:

"These children have the mark, invisible to the naked eye, but perceptible by the small drum in my right hand. It's a privilege to be able to visualize the distinctive sign of these triplets of prophecy."

"I had to make sure you were the children of the vision. We have been waiting for you for a very long time. My Ancestors Healers and mentors knew this and from generation to generation passed the information verbally. Now that we met, I can direct you to objects that I must present to you with which you will experience a return to the land of the Beothuk." ...

"What do you mean by we met? Request grandpa. We have no idea who you are, well you told us that you come from the North Coast, but what intentions you have towards these children. We're their custodian and protectors."

The children turn to their grandpa, surprised at the tone of his voice.

"Thomas, don't get upset like that, pull yourself together!" says Louise. She looks at him astonished at his verbal intervention. "Come, let's get closer to this man. You will realize his intention towards our dear children. Our advisors even gave us his name. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, of course, I remember. But I need to confirm the distinctive sign before I let him approach the children. Pheas told you what. He has this tooth in the centre of his necklace. We need to touch it and feel the wolf's energy, the protector of the Beothuk Indigenous Nation. Remember, Louise! I must feel that energy

before we continue.”

“It’s true. You’re right.” Louise approaches the colossus and asks: “Do you allow me to touch the tooth you wear in the centre of your necklace?”

“I was waiting for you to ask me. My instruction isn’t to do anything without you verifying the authenticity of my person. Go ahead.”

Louise and Thomas take the wolf’s tooth in their right hand, each in turn. Yes! They detect in the palm of their right hand, the wolf’s strength, and healing power. Intuitively, grandpa and grandma successively recognize the healing energy of the wolf that Pheas mentioned.

“*Well, now I’m reassured,*” thinks grandpa while nodding to the man signaling that he can continue...

“I understand you with all my heart. I assure you that I will live up to the demands of my Ancestors. It’s part of my spiritual journey... I chose to live this passage with the triplets of prophecy to get closer to my ancestors. I have little time left to live among humans... My hours are numbered, and I’m grateful to the Great Spirit.” ... The colossus joins his large, bony hands to his chest as a thank you.

The man looks intensely at Louise and Thomas.

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The museum is CLOSED to the public. A sacred aura fills and protects the exhibition spaces. Everything seems normal.

The man, the triplets and the grandparents are alone in the building. Shanawdith asked the reception and support staff to leave. Their living quarters are next to the Boyd’s Cove Museum.

Shanawdith asks Louise and Thomas: “I must perform my mission with the triplets in an adjoining room. Before, I must

complete a ritual in my tepee to prepare them. I would be honoured if you remain in this part of the museum and continue to visit the Indigenous artifacts. No one must disturb the vision quest.” Louise and Thomas know that they must trust this man mandated by his Ancestors. Cedric, Sofia, and William listen attentively.

The triplets follow the Medicine Man to a room filled with artifacts and maps from another time. Shanawdith leads them to his personal tepee not far from the entrance of the museum. It’s discreet among bushy trees. The place radiates peace, love, powerful energy, and calm at the same time. The space is a sacred temple where it’s good to meditate.

“I welcome you to my humble home. Before we go through the ritual, I think it’s important to explain the approach asked from us. I will guide you throughout your journey in time. I communicated with your respective dragons, and they will accompany you. Be rest assured.” ...

Surprised, the children look at this man who seems to know about their respective dragon. The man smiled at them, amused to observe their surprise...

“You know, I’ve known you for a very long time ... and I’m happy to accomplish my mission to help you meet Islanda, your ancestor. She awaits you in her era to accomplish her own mission.”

“I trust you! although we have little choice,” says Sofia.

“Me too,” adds Cédric...

“Do I have a choice?” asks William, staring at the man.

“Oh, yes! You have a choice,” interrupts Shanawdith. “You’ll always have a choice... You always have the choice to listen to this little voice that speaks to you, ... and when it speaks to you, you know in your heart that this voice is telling the truth, ... it speaks truth because it’s your Spirit speaking, ... and your Spirit is what is truest, it’s your very essence which never lies and never dies, ...

Your envelope dies, but not your Spirit.” ...

“Why is he talking to us about this?” wonders Cedric.

“I think it’s important that you know from where the information comes.” Shanawdith continues, looking at Cedric: “You must discern if it’s your intuition or your brain that speaks to you, guides you, helps you decide.” Shanawdith makes eye contact with each child. “However, I can tell you that your Spirit speaks to you through intuition. The more you cultivate listening to your intuition, the truer, the stronger you will be.” ...

The colossus, again, makes eye contact with the three siblings. His gaze displays softness and firmness. He radiates confidence, a certainty. He continues with assurance:

“Now, it’s your intuition that guides you and encourages you to trust me. Remember that when intuition comes first, before the forebrain, the forehead, it’s always right... There will come a time in your journey when reason takes over. You will be confronted with analyses from your intellect. It’s part of us, it’s how our brain works... It often interferes, almost every time we must plan or decide.”

“Grandpa says that we must not ignore our intellect, that it’s a tool at our service.” ...

“William is right, let me briefly explain the process: our intuition, at the level of our cerebellum, at the base of the skull called the neck.”... (Shanawdith touches the nape) “This is where the decision-making process begins. A thought begins, then descends to the level of the heart, everything passes through the heart. The heart becomes a filter, we like, or we don’t like. Then, the information travels from the heart to the forebrain. There, the process calls on your intellect to validate the information received, analyze it, and choose. All this happens in a flash.” Shanawdith snaps his fingers to illustrate. “It’s the practice that allows the cerebellum to take its place, in priority. He’s the true receiver of the data that comes from the mind. It captures the messages that come from the Great Spirit. When we listen to him, and choose in

agreement with him, we're never wrong... Ah! I find it so important that humans regain their ability to listen to their little voice... They would be so much happier, more at peace... Do you know what I mean?"

"We understand," replies Sofia. "Our grandparents took us under their wings after the death of our parents, five years ago. Since then, we experience and work at being attentive to what we think, what we say, what we do." ...

"Yes, practice, practice, and practice," adds William...

"It's as if we were always undergoing a test," says Cedric. "Grandpa Thomas, Grandma Louise, Uncle Patrick, Aunt Ming keep repeating the same phrases to us. They make us repeat gestures repeatedly... We're always under the magnifying glass as if the exam never ends." ...

"I hear you and I understand you, because I too had to go through the same path for many moons... You will accomplish a mission to advance humanity... I know what it entails." ...

"Sometimes I find it difficult," says William.

Shanawdith looks at William: "Hum! Trust! ... Trust yourself, you aren't alone. ... Your mission is too important... That's why I encourage you to make the effort to hear and listen to this little voice that speaks to you and helps you make choices... One thing I've experienced is: when I feel uncomfortable in a situation, I try to see if I ignored a message from my little voice. ... It's important to me, I assure you. ... Each time I ignored my intuition, my choice was wrong, something was missing. I chose wrongly."

The Medicine Man suddenly becomes pensive... He almost forgets the children, his long-awaited guests... He shakes his shoulders as if to release a shiver...

"Excuse me. The past catches up with me and I don't want to distract you with my personal stories. Let's get back to what we need to do. ... I have the mission to serve as your intermediary to allow you to meet with your ancestor. She's a Nordic woman, her

name is Islanda.” ...

The children look at each other, then turn back to Shanawdith together.

“You know Islanda?”

“Yes,” replies Shanawdith. He raises his right hand to tell them to be patient and listen. He continues, “I will invite you to live a trance adapted to your age. You will absorb a drink prepared from several fruits’ extracts and medicinal plants. This drink will allow you to travel in time without losing your awareness. You will live what we call an altered state of consciousness. This isn’t your first experiences of a journey in time, right?”

The children are attentive and nod confirming what Shanawdith says.

“This is your third journey in time to meet with people who have the responsibility to prepare you for your joint mission. Your respective dragons will always guide you.”

“Huh! You also know our dragons!” Says William.

Shanawdith responds with an affirmative nod. He looks at William and raises his right hand to say, “be patient and let me continue.”

“I’m instructed to protect you from possible assaults by another dragon named TAURAROK. LYKA knows perfectly.”

“He *knows Islanda and the dragons*,” thinks Sofia. She asks while raising her shoulders and opening her hands: “you say you know Islanda, LYKA and the famous black dragon, you also say you will help us meet with her, and especially you will help avoid unpleasant surprises. Am I correct?”

“Indeed, that is an important part of my mission with you three,” replies Shanawdith, smiling. “I must protect you in the matter while your dragons protect you in the subtle world. Your respective dragons know how to protect you.”

“This area was the Beothuk Territory, an indigenous people that no longer exists today. Your ancestor Islanda lived with the Beothuk people at the beginning of the last millennium.

“What happened to the Beothuk,’ asks Cedric. ‘It’s a sad story, English settlers and merchants brought the disease that decimated them. The last survivor dates to 1829. But back to what you must experience.’

“You’re meeting Islanda around 1020 CE. Islanda was deported out of her clan around 1000 CE. She landed on the rocky shores of Beothuk fishing territory. The clan welcomed her. She lived with them, learned the language and all the basics of the work done by the women of her new clan. She was admitted as a Medicine Woman to the tribe. Mogard, a compatriot also lived with the tribe. He helped her integrate the Beothuk community. When you’re with her, this man will have been dead for some time... Her husband is the clan’s Medicine Man. They have a daughter, Pearl of Dew. When you’re with them, Pearl of Dew will be 15 years old.”

“Are we going to meet her?” asks Sofia.

Shanawdith responds with a smile and continues: “Now, to prepare you for your journey, first, I will smoke tobacco with my sacred pipe to present myself to the Great Spirit and offer my gratitude for what He does for us. Next, I will clean our bodies. For this I’ll use the smoke produced from plants grown for that purpose. Then I’ll invite you to drink a beverage concocted especially for your ritual. The time this drink takes effect, we will go to the canoe in the centre of the museum. Its construction and the scene in which it’s displayed are a replica of an ancestral scene as described by the elders. The scene is set up according to a secret ritual. These elders knew of your coming. The preparations, made in secret, will facilitate your integration with the Beothuk culture and characters.”

“You will travel back in time to the sound of the drum. The rhythm of the drum will make you progress in a daze. The

combined effects of the drink and the rhythm of the drum will transport you to Islanda, Pearl of Dew and the Medicine Man, her companion. You'll see! It will be magical! I imagine you know that you'll be dressed exactly as the events require. As they say it's arranged with the movie director! Hum!"

"As I see you progress in your journey through time, I will bring you quietly, one by one, to the canoe and place you comfortably on the wolf skins prepared for you."

"I can't wait to meet Islanda," transmits Sofia, *"since grandma shared her story with us, I often dream about her."*

"I also want to meet her," shares Cedric.

"I know our dragons aren't far away, I feel it, but I'm still a little tense," conveys William.

"I'm tense too, but it's because we're going into the unknown, I think ..." transmits Cedric.

Shanawdith respectfully observes the triplets. He perceives their discreet communication. He's impressed with their communication skills.

The triplets nod to each other in support. They're ready. Together, they turn their gaze to Shanawdith. 'We're ready, we trust you.'

'So, let's begin. Please sit in a semicircle, on these wolf skins, here, in the centre of my wigwam.' Shanawdith also sits on a wolf's skin. In front of him, are displayed on a tanned skin: his pipe, tobacco, some odorous plants, coloured shells, and feathers arranged according to a pattern.

The tobacco smoke smells delightfully. Everyone meditates respectfully.

Shanawdith takes in his left hand a large oyster shell in which burns a candle and in his right hand a braid of plant. He gets up and while lighting the braid he moves towards Cedric.

Cedric thinks: *I know that scent. It's sage. Herbal Sage purifies the physical, mental, and spiritual bodies.* William adds: *I also know that this plant confers strength, wisdom and clarity of intention.'*

'I read about this plant. That's really what I need now because it's harder for me to accept all these rituals. Whew!' Sofia opens her eyes and looks directly at Shanawdith.

Shanawdith stops, looks at the children in turn and says:

'This herb mixture I present to the spirits, and I ask they purify our bodies and connect us to the Northern Territory through Sweet Grass; to those of the East thanks to Tobacco; to those in the South thanks to Thuya; and those in the West thanks to wild sage. Through this fragrance, we humbly join them, our ancestors from the four directions. I thank them for their presence and their protection throughout this journey.'

'I invite you to breathe effortlessly ... naturally... I will be your guardian; I won't leave you under any consideration. Be attentive to the message that comes from within you, it guides you in peace. Trust your dragons who are already there to protect you. This is my wish. I express wholeheartedly with Taliesanic and Tenatlan: "We support you." ...

Shanawdith generously disperses the smoke around each of the children. In doing so, the children perceive the energy and hear the voice of Taliesanic and Tenatlan mingling with Shanawdith's. They repeatedly hear:

May your spirit be purified, your blood be strengthened, and may you discover your roots.'

Shanawdith returns in front of the children. He sings in his indigenous language. He coats himself in smoke as if spraying himself with it. Then, while singing, he purifies the liquid in a jar near a large candle in front of the children. He extinguishes the braid of grass in an oyster shell like the first.

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The ritual is performed peacefully.

The journey has begun.

The triplets rest on their respective wolf skin. They breathe deeply, their eyes move from left to right, back and forth as if dreaming. Shanawdith has just enough time to lift them and move them one by one to the large canoe, in the Beothuk Museum.

Cedric, William, and Sofia are already on their way to their third source of DNA.

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The three youngsters land near a wooded area not far from the shore. On the shore, two people are preparing for fishing at sea. The three siblings look at each other laughing. Again, they're astonished! For the third time, they find themselves dressed to fit in the new time and space.

'First, we must orient ourselves,' says Cedric. 'You remember what Patrick and Grandpa taught us in the field next to the house?'

'Yes, we remember it very well,' answer William and Sofia.

'We know we're in Beothuk Territory, where Islanda lives. We're in the 1020 era.'

'Yes, that's right,' says William.

'Then we should explore the surroundings. I'm sure that our dragons will guide us to the tribe's village. That's where we must go,' adds Cedric confidently.

'OK, let's go,' says William cheerfully. He's already on his feet. He's willing to walk miles to meet Islanda. 'We each have useful objects to defend ourselves against animals. Our clothing allows us to merge and connect with the natives.'

'You seem sure of yourself, William,' says Cedric teasingly.

I am. With all the preparation grandpa and uncle Patrick gave us, “We’re in business,” as Grandpa Thomas says so well.’...

‘Guys let’s hurry before darkness,’ utters Sofia. ‘We have much to do. Let’s be attentive and vigilant.’

The triplets venture into the woods near the ocean. Their personal dragon maintains contact. It’s like having a giant GPS²⁵ over their heads. They guide them through their intuition. They sense LYKA, MIRA, and DYRA presence.

They move forward with confidence.

Suddenly, Cedric stops: ‘We’re observed.’ They hear voices, an unknown language.

They freeze all movement. They listen. They communicate telepathically. They scan the area. ‘The voices come from that direction,’ points Cedric with his right hand. ‘They aren’t far away.’ They look at each other and by agreement, decide to hide in the thickets and execute the Shinobi technique²⁶. It pays off, because they realize that red-skinned humans pass right next to them and don’t detect them...

Phew! It worked! They didn’t notice us. Conveys Sofia, concerned...

Hey! ... You saw the length of those arrows! It’s long enough to go through a deer! Transmits Cédric.

Hum! Practice makes perfect! I’m happy we practised Shinobi, adds William as he exhales satisfaction.

Let’s be vigilant and walk in single file, as the Indians do it ... bi! bi! laughs Sofia.

The first to see a dwelling stops and warns the other two. Got it?’

²⁵ GPS: Global Positioning System is a satellite-based radionavigation system.

²⁶ Shinobi, the art of going unnoticed, is a technique much practised by the ninjas. See The Triplet’s Odyssey, Tome 2, The Sacrificed, page 68.

'Yes Cedric! It's OK.' Answer William and Sofia silently.

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The day progresses towards evening. *'We should be close. I'm hungry.'* *'Yeah, William I can't wait to stretch. ... My back aches from crouching from one grove to another,'* Sofia replies.

Stop! Cedric signals with his right hand above his head to stop, to remain attentive and silent. He turns to his brother and sister. He invites them with his right hand to keep a low profile. They're in indigenous territory.

'Do you smell the fire?' Asks Cedric. 'I hear children screaming.'

'Are we in enemy territory or among the Beothuk?' Transmits, Sofia.

'The only way to find out is to introduce ourselves. Just like that!' Replies Cedric.

The triplets look at each other, they don't know what to do. Suddenly they hear in telepathic form:

'Go forward, you have nothing to fear from these people. You have arrived safely. This is Islanda's village.'

LYKA, *it's you!* Communicates Sofia happily.

'Yes, we're always with you. We observe you from a distance in this new space-time.'

Sofia joins Cédric and without hesitation, she takes the lead. She leads her brothers. She looks forward to meeting Islanda, her ancestor. Her heart is racing. Her legs are restless. There, a clearing, a central fire, and busy people. Sofia is about to run when a hand holds her. It's Cedric...

'Hold on! Let them come to us. We must not surprise them. Arrange your outfit. You're all disheveled and your clothes prove that you've worked hard to get here.'...

'I agree with Cedric,' insists William, also holding her by the arm.

'Ha! Stop it! Let me go! I know what I'm doing. I don't need your comments. I'm fine that way I am. I love myself as I am. There you go? ...

The tone and tension rise...

The argumentation attracts some villagers' attention.

There's movement around the main tent in the centre of the village.

The chief comes out, and with five warriors, heads towards these white-skinned foreigners...

Islanda hears the hubbub near her wigwam. She dares to get her head out of the opening.

"Yes, it's them," thinks Islanda. *"Three white skin teenagers, dressed like us and who advance towards our warriors with confidence... It's them." ...*

Islanda runs towards the group of six at full speed. She wasn't expecting them anytime soon. She rushes to Chief Makevich. She places herself at his side, making her way between the warriors.

"Chief! I'm sure these are the children of another world. They're the ones I mentioned at your clan meeting. I humbly ask you to let me address them in their language."

"You speak their language?" asks Makevich staring at her.

"Yes, I will communicate with them according to the ways spirits taught me. That is what I was asked."

"Hum! Very well. Go ahead. I'm waiting for you with my braves."

Islanda breaks away from the group of warriors and walks forward with a smile. She moves towards the three young people waiting at the edge of the woods. Her attitude is welcoming.

She perceives the mythical dragons above the three teenagers.

"It's really them. The prophecy is on," thinks Islanda with gratitude.

"Let me touch you," transmits Islanda telepathically as he arrives near the teenagers.

Sofia is happy, joyful, and peaceful. She keeps looking at the Nordic priestess, ... her ancestor Grandma Louise described to her. ...

"Finally! I see her. I have her DNA in my blood. She is my ancestor!"

Sofia accepts this gesture as a caress. Teras fill her eyes. She feels as if it's her mother Marion touching her neck.

"Her touch is like Mom's... It's the same feeling... What a pleasure! ... It's weird how gestures are repeated from one generation to the next; Grandma does the same thing when I need to... It's the same softness, warmth, and pressure. ... I'm impressed." ...

"Where are you, Sofia?" asks William, then he transmits: *"She knows where to put her hands to verify our genetic identity." "I'm so moved to be with her. Can you imagine? It's extraordinary! We're with our ancestor from the Norsmen, Quelf lineage!"*

"She speaks to me, in my head, in our language." Cedric looks at his brother and sister with a smile.

"I was expecting you later in the season!" Islanda told them. *"Odin informed me of your arrival in a dream. It's true that up there he doesn't have the same notion of time as we earthlings. The energy in your neck confirms what I was told."*

"Come, let me present you to our chief Makevich. He knows who you are. He knows about the prophecy. Besides, when I arrived in their lives, he was waiting for me. He knew the importance of my arrival. His Medicine Man had revealed it to him. I have a daughter, Pearl of Dew. You will meet her shortly. She's fifteen. That's your age." "We're 14, ma'am," replies William.

"I prefer you call me Islanda. Can you do that?" "Yes, Islanda," transmit Sofia, William, and Cédric.

The group joins Makevich and his warriors. The chief nods to Islanda and says: "Delood baréta." *"It means come to my bouse, it's the Beothuk language,"* hastens to translate Islanda. *"He invites you into his wigvam."*

"You learned their language. Was it difficult?" Asks Cedric, curious!

"After so many years with them, it's reassuring to know your host's language. Moreover, it's easier to understand and love each other. ... Don't forget, my companion is the Medicine Man. He taught me a lot... You'll meet him and my daughter. Let's go. Let's follow the leader and his warriors. That's the way it's here."

The group arrives in front of the chief's wigvam. Other members of the tribe welcome the newcomers, the Bouguishameshs.²⁷

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²⁷ Bouguishameshs: foreigners, in the Beothuk language.

Islanda's ancestor—Quelf

Islanda has eyes and ears only for the triplets. Since the children's arrival in her environment, her heart sings gratitude.

Her daughter, Pearl of Dew, enjoys her moments with Cédric, William, and Sofia.

"I don't know what's going on, I think Pearl of Dew looks like mom. She also laughs and smiles the same way," thinks Cedric... *"Mom! I miss you... Why aren't you here?"*

Islanda notices and notes in her heart the young man's nostalgic look. She hears Cedric's dragon.

"The child thinks of his mother, the one who gave him birth in his time. She's one of your descendants." Transmits MARA.

Cedric registers this special moment. The emotions rise whenever he thinks of his parents, Marion and Marc. Despite the passage of time, their absence remains sensitive. His heart remains tight. He keeps his feelings to himself. ... he hides them from his brother William, and from his sister Sofia. MARA, his dragon, is the only living being to witness his sorrow. She detects his grief, hidden deep in his heart...

"Hum! Soon, I will converse with Cedric to release the tension and channel his energy. Until we fly together Cedric, accept this breath of love and peace." The dragon blows a kiss towards his protegee.

Cedric feels MARA's energy. *"MARA! You're here! It's amazing, you see Pearl of Dew. ... Wow! She's beautiful, just like Mom."* ...

Islanda observes the change in Cedric's face, now present in the group and all smiles.

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The triplets, Islanda and her daughter moved into Chief Makevich's habitat, the Summer Mamateek.

Islanda, healer and priestess, is about to inform the children of the future on her personal history. She informs chief Makevich in his native language, of her desire. She wishes to speak of her life with the Norsemen: her function as a healer and her role as a woman and leader among her people. Cedric, Sofia, and William watch, silently. They don't understand this language, both musical and guttural.

The chief gives Islanda four leather necklaces he wears around his neck. Each leather strap holds a wolf's tooth, like the one Islanda wears around her neck.

Islanda focuses on the necklaces she holds in the palm of her left hand. She covers them with her right hand. She closes her eyes and sings a soft melody with a clear voice. She seems to be looking into another world.

Pearl of Dew and the triplets wait respectfully, silently.

When the song ends, Islanda looks at the chief sitting to her left, as if consulting him. She greets him with a slight nod before turning back to her daughter and the three children, sitting on the other side of a small fire. She gets up, walks towards the children from the right, then, ceremonially, she successively gives Pearl of Dew, William, Sofia, and Cedric, a necklace. After an affectionate look at the chief, she resumes her place on his right and speaks:

"Chief Makevich, I'm honoured by your welcome and thank you from the bottom of my heart. As you know, coming to your home, was in the plans for me for a very long time. The messengers we have been waiting, are now here, with us. Thanks to you, I can now accomplish my mission. I thank you and ask the Great Spirit to bless you."

Cedric looks at Sofia: *"Hub! I understand what Islanda says in their language!"*

"I understand them too!" transmit Sofia and William simultaneously.

"And I hear you thinking!" transmits in turn Pearl of Dew looking at the triplets, amazed.

"I too heard you think in my language," transmits Chief Makevich. He looks at Islanda and states: "how is this possible?"

All eyes look at Islanda, radiant. They're waiting.

"Your dragons informed me to hand you the leather necklace you wear. The wolf tooth allows you to communicate in our language. So, Chief Makevich, Pearl of Dew, the three of you and I will be able to hear our thoughts as needed. Also, you can now communicate with any members of our community. We all speak the same language."

"Like the world before the Babel Tower," thinks William.

Everyone turns to him.

"Babel Tower!" says Pearl of Dew... Sofia looks at Pearl of Dew then at William: "Forget it! My brother tries to be funny." ...

Islanda smiles at William. Then, following a nod from the chief, she turns to the youths sitting by the fire: "I think you want to know more about my life with the Nordic people?"

"Yes! I want to know more of you, Islanda. I'm living an extraordinary wish now." Nods Sofia.

"It's almost fiction," affirms William smiling.

Cedric looks at his ancestor with enthusiasm: "I didn't dare to ask. However, I want to learn."

Chief Makevich whispers to Islanda's left ear as he moves a lock of reddish-blond hair delicately with his powerful right hand. "I think the young ones want to know of your origins."

“I’m convinced of it now,” replies Islanda, smiling. “You know, I’ve been waiting for this moment for decades. It’s been since my arrival among your people. You welcomed me; you were waiting for me. You know the reasons why I arrived on your shores, near the cliffs.” ...

“Hu! Hu!” Utters Makevich with a nod.

Islanda turns to teenagers.

“In my country, I was the chief’s wife and the healer of our clan. My husband was killed during an expedition and Algard the Brute, one of his warriors, became the new clan leader. He and my husband were often in conflict. My man was kind and generous. He preferred peace and alliances over war. Algard sought battle, plunder, and he leads by terror. He believes only in dominating, forcefully. My husband stopped his ambitions. That’s why he was called the brute. He carried that nickname with pride. Wherever he went, the warriors feared him.”

“When the expedition returned with my man’s remains, Algard soon imposed his authority with his warriors. He couldn’t eliminate me because the people loved me and that would have hurt him more. However, as the new leader, he gained all the rights over me. He knew I couldn’t support his approach. He even accused me of having influenced my husband and having taken him away from real life, from the fate of a Viking warrior. So, to keep me away and punish me, he took my daughter away from me and handed her over to his mother to prepare her to become a true Viking warrior wife. Then, as it’s his right, he banished me. He himself led the expedition that delivered me on the shores of this land.”

“Islanda!” Intervene Sofia, “if you allow it, my brothers and I can help you show images from your past by touching personal objects that you keep precious in your skin bag, there, near you.”...

Taken aback, Islanda looks at Sofia with questioning eyes. ... Then she looks at Makevich. ... She looks at her bag then again at Sofia. Sofia respects Islanda's silence. She wants to use the technique she has learned, understood, and integrated into her daily life as her brothers do.

"I don't understand!" Says Chief Makevich, looking at Sofia.

Sofia nods to Makevich and Islanda, then looking at the chief: "Our teachers have taught us that nothing beats experience to understand and retain their teachings. To help us, they familiarized us with a technique that allows us to experience past events. We use a tool inside us to see. To achieve this, we touch objects, present at past events. The objects serve as witnesses. They allow us to visualize as if we were also present at that time, the name of the method, doesn't matter, what matters is that it works?²⁸"

"Really! ... You can do that!" Questions Chief Makevich.

"Yes! This is a must for us. Our teachers insist we practise and develop the technique. It's a must. We need it to achieve our mission." ...

"It's like a key that allows us to go looking for hidden teachings, secret information that we need to succeed in our mission." Adds William, quickly.

"Somehow, it deals with fixing something in our crystal," completes Sofia with a smile.

"Do you have to be together to increase your power?" Asks Islanda, dubiously?

"Yes, it's preferable," replies Cedric who hadn't intervened in the conversation.

"Good! I want to live this experience with you. I trust you completely. After all, I know who you are and what you need to

²⁸ Psychometrics: ability to decode the memory of an object and therefore to recall its entire history, but also that of its owners. Marillac, Alain (2009), page 16.

do in a very distant time.” ...

“It’s so true!” Thinks Cedric, smiling.

“What is true?” Asks Islanda.

“Oops! I forgot you hear my thoughts,” Replies Cedric, looking at Islanda. “It’s true, you know our mission, and we know little of your story.”

“How do you know my story?” Asks Islanda, surprised.

“Well, one day, when we were questioning my grandmother Louise about her origins, she told us the story of her lineage. And you’re part of it. I find it extraordinary that you’re here to confirm it,” declares William enthusiastically.

Islanda, Pearl of Dew, and Chief Makevich gaze at the triplets. They’re astonished.

“How is that possible?” Demands Pearl of Dew.

“Well, grandma has an old book with notes written that tell of her lineage... It includes your story.” William looks at Islanda with calm and aplomb.

“What I understood,” intervenes Cedric, “at first, the ancestors told their story from generation to generation. Then, one day someone put the story in a manuscript. Since that moment, the elders kept notes from one elder to the one that follows. This has been going on for a long time. Now Grandma owns the book.”

...

“Book!” utters Chief Makevich.

“A material with symbols that tell a story,” Mentions Sofia.

“We saw old skins, canoes, and tree bark with some drawings or symbols on them... In our time, in the future, the material we use to draw designs and symbols is called books,” explains Cédric.

When the explanations on the manuscript satisfy everyone, Islanda asks the triplets: “Can Chief Makevich stay with us?”

“Yes, of course.” Says Sofia, looking at her two brothers on either side of her. “His presence is important for him and for us.” William and Cedric nod their agreement.

“However, we have to prepare,” mentions Cedric. “We need to focus with our heart. It’s with our hearts we decide what we see then we fix the images. This allows us to describe what we feel as good as we can. Could we have a moment to talk with our dragon masters?”

Islanda looks at Makevich who nods his approval. Cedric nods to the chief and declares: “Thank you, we’ll get back soon.”

Islanda thinks: *“that will give my companion time to join us. He too will be able to know more about my life before I met him.”*

While the triplets are consulting each other, a man enters the central space. The man also wears a collar with wolf teeth.

Makevich gazes at Islanda: “He must have heard your request to be near you so quickly.” The chief smiles and nods at the man.

“Duitmas! Come and sit next to me, says Islanda. Come, I will present you to the children of the prophecy. They’re the ones I saw in my dreams. I told you about them for a long time.” ...

The man sits to her right. ... “With them, you will see my life before I arrived on this land. They will help me explain where I come from and who I was. You will know at the same time from where Mogard the Viking came.”

—000—

Pearl of Dew, Duitmas, Islanda and Chef Makevich observe the triplets. They’re standing in front of their hosts. Their arms rest on the shoulders of one another, thus forming a huddle. The heads are inclined and touching. They’re motionless.

Islanda, solemn, seems to accompany them.

A few moments pass...

The triplets straighten. They clasp their hands in front of their respective chests, greet each other with a nod, then together they turn towards their hosts. They're seated from left to right: Pearl of Dew, Duitmas, Islanda and Chief Makevich.

Cedric, Sofia, and William face their hosts: Sofia sits in the Centre with Cedric on the right and William on the left. They have their eyes riveted on the objects resting on Islanda's canvas pouch in front of her. Sofia nods at Cedric then at Williams. All three have their hands open upwards and resting on their knees.

Sofia points her left hand at Duitmas and asks Islanda to present her companion. Once the presentations completed, Sofia explains how the activity will unfold. The exercise will allow everyone to see what each of Islanda's objects will tell. The people present, as if by magic, will see and feel what is happening with their heart channel. They will be like a birdwatching...

"Here we go! I invite you to listen carefully."

"I have some questions for you," announces Cedric happily. "It's easy for you to answer. The questions will determine whether we're all on the same wavelength."

"What do you mean by wavelength?" Asks Islanda, wide-eyed...

"It's a way of asking if we all understand the same things, do we have the same understanding of the words and expressions we use. It makes it easier." ... Adds Cedric, keeping his warm smile.

Cédric leads the exercise to confirm everyone's understanding. After a few minutes, Pearl of Dew, Duitmas and Makevich look at Islanda before turning to Cedric and nodding to him that they too are on the same "wavelength."

Islanda signals that they can start.

—000—

Cedric tilts his head towards his sister Sofia and brother William, who with a nod agree to let him speak.

“As Sofia explained, the three of us can see and recognize events or facts from the past. By placing our hands on objects, we perceive activities related to these objects. It’s as if we were there, as if we live in another place at that time. We received a gift called the extrasensory capacity. The way we position our hands on the object is important. We will touch them together and through our thought, we will transmit images to you. Your heart is on the same wavelength as ours;²⁹ hence, it will work.” Claims Cedric, smiling.

Sofia, William, and Cedric meditate as suggested by their dragons. They feel MARA, DYRA and LYKA, presence. Islanda also feels the dragons’ energy around the Mamateek. She can perceive subtle energies from other dimensions. The children know this, and they’re elated about it. It makes their job easier.

The triplets breathe together. They look at each other, Sofia picks up a small knife on Islanda’s skin pouch with her right hand now resting on her knees, Cedric and William place their right hand on the object in Sofia’s hand. They call on their dragon. They respond telepathically: *“Trust yourself, let the images come forth. They’re connected directly to the object you touch. They’re connected to your heart. Ignore your intellect. Remain connected to your intuition, it never lies.”*

Islanda, Pearl of Dew, Duitmas, and Makevich are amazed. They can see the images appear much more clearly.

Everyone perceives a woman who looks very much like Islanda. She walks through her village among Viking warriors. The images follow one after the other: a drakkar flanked with shields on an expedition; smaller boats returning loaded with fish; playful children, women with containers and older men ready to moor a boat; drakkars, all sails out, splitting the waves at high speed; distant mountains of ice overlooking the sea; villages with wooden houses capable of accommodating several tepees; gigantic fires

²⁹ Psychometrics phenomenon.

where humans make metal tools; young men in fighting exercises with and without weapons; pens withholding goats or wild pigs; a mother about to give birth; men celebrating, reliving their exploits of the last expedition while young people listen and dream of adventures to come... In short, Islanda returns to her youth, her yesteryear village...

Pearl of Dew, Duitmas, Islanda, and chief Makevich Observe.

The images raise many questions. Suddenly the images disappear. The children are disturbed. They breathe with difficulty.

The dragons intervene immediately. They transmit to their protege: "Breathe in, ... breathe out, ... breathe in, ... inhale, ... exhale, take the time to breathe consciously."

The triplets calm down.

Spontaneously, Makevich and Duitmas get up to help Sofia, Cedric and William reconnect with their environment near the fire. They're slightly dizzy.

"What is happening?" asks Islanda, gazing at the children.

"I'm not sure, but I felt a huge animal presence around us," replies Sofia. "Cedric and William, did you feel the same?"

"Yes, and what I felt seemed threatening. We should ask our dragons if they detected the same vibrations," declares Cedric. "It's a great idea, bring them in." Says Islanda.

The children contact the dragons. LYKA responds immediately.

"We perceived TAURAROK's presence. He's present in this space-time and in the region. DYRA and MARA ensure your protection. They interrupted communication with the three of you while they got him away from here. He was trying to find you. The disruption was powerful enough to interrupt your session. I congratulate you because of your capacity to feel something happening. Your connection to your intuition and your heart is getting stronger. Bravo! Everything is back to normal now."

“TAURAROK is no longer in our space-time,” transmits MARA. “We’re coming back to you.”

“TAURAROK?” asks Islanda.

“A dragon, an opponent we don’t want to meet now,” replies LYKA.

Duitmas asks the children: “What does the dragon want, and why it’s looking for you?”

“It’s a long story and if you don’t mind, we’ll tell you tonight at dinner,” indicates Cedric.

The triplets take a moment to reassure themselves and the other members of the group. They seize the opportunity to answer questions from Islanda, Pearl of Dew, Duitmas and Makevich on the vision they experienced so far.

Pearl of Dew and Duitmas understand the images showed Islanda in her daily life before coming to the New Land. The men from her people are colossi, and more inclined to fight, to war, than the Beothuk. They sail far and wide on the seas, their boats use the wind to run on the waves. They aren’t afraid to die, and their women can fight. They’re formidable warriors. Duitmas notes that the ice mountains³⁰ of her country don’t slide on the water like those³¹ he has observed in his area before the hot season.

Cedric looks at Islanda in awe. He can’t yet believe being with the ancestor in direct line with his mother Marion and his grandma Louise. “*Wow! How lucky I am!*” ... He breathes happiness.

Sofia and William heard his thoughts and look at him happily. They smile at him, in complicity.

With the discreet support of their dragons, Sofia, Cedric, and William recreate the atmosphere conducive to virtual communication.

³⁰ Glaciers.

³¹ Iceberg.

This time they touch a bracelet made with plant twigs. The images project a more distant period. A young woman with fiery hair works with plants to treat wounded warriors. Some battle wounds are very serious.

These warriors' dress and weapons differ from those seen in the first part of the presentation.

"Who's this woman? I don't know that village." Declares Islanda.

"Your honour, Sofia," smiles William. "We know this woman and personally, I'm very surprised to see her from the touch of your bracelet, Islanda. Many women existed between her and you."

"We met her during our first journey in another time and space. It's Quelf, a healer. She worked with Taliesanic, a sage among her people. Images appear to us when we touch old objects. ... These objects have stored information over a huge period before you come into this life... One piece of information attracts another, do you understand Islanda?"

"Yes, I understand. I know that in the universe, time isn't counted as we do, and even more so, when it comes to the past of an entire people... From the images I saw, I believe this person could be one of my Icelandic ancestors. I received this ancient bracelet from my mother, and it could be connected to that redheaded woman. ... Am I right?"

"Yes, you're right, and we'll see more images with this red-haired ancestor."

"We're in Celtic land in a very distant time, a time long before the warriors of your people began to move from their villages to sail the seas with their drakkar."

Cedric, Sofia, and William again stretch out their hands on the bracelet.

Suddenly, the small group sees warriors from the North fighting. Islanda declares: “They’re ‘Viking’ warriors, they fight in a village surrounded by palisades!”

The scenes continue: And here is the lady with fiery hair! ... It’s Quelf, she stands proudly in the centre of a drakkar. She stands by the mast, hair in the wind. ... She looks at the horizon, while men boldly pull on the oars. She seems nostalgic yet determined. ... She left her village to accomplish her mission: to unite her people with those from the North.

Islanda withholds her question so as not to cut off the virtual communication.

“I have never heard the elders talk about this so-called mission! Perhaps this is why many of our clans left the northern kingdom³² to go south?” Thinks Islanda.

The images continue to jostle in her head... The lady with the fiery hair remains present...

Sofia takes another item in her hands: a leather roll, washed and worn by time a Celtic triskele engraved in the leather. Cedric and William simultaneously put a hand on their sister’s shoulder.

Pearl of Dew, Duitmas and chief Makevich observe silently, in awe.

Quelf, now stands in a huge hut, built with earth and wood. Skins and wool fabrics cover men and women. Outside, the snow blows vigorously against the doors caulked with skins.

The transmission continues.

Daily routines are peppered with brutal fighting. Strong and charming women replace the red-haired lady. They’re one after the other: healers, advisors to chiefs, warriors, mothers, teachers with

³² The continued presence of the “Vikings” on the shores of the Irish Sea began around AD 795 and ended about 1169. Beginning in AD 927. Kings from the Nordic countries ruled several Irish kingdoms.

children...

Islanda continues her journey. She notes all these images ... they remind her past...

Sofia unrolls the piece of worn-out skin and places her hand on a series of signs. She traces with her right index finger each sign on the skin, one by one.

Islanda startled. She thinks:

“Sofia traces the runes symbols from my last divination with Yolanda. I used the runes my mother gave me. I gave those runes to Yolanda, my daughter. On our last night, we consulted the gods together using these divinatory runes. We understood from their message that we wouldn’t see each other again. I decided to hand those runes to Yolanda. Despite Algard’s plans, the gods showed us that Yolanda will live her journey and that the gift now belongs to her. This last divination represents my farewell gift to my daughter.”

“I’d love to see Yolanda again. Maybe she’s married now, and with children! I wish with all my heart that she’s happy.” ...

All presents observe the runes throwing.

They see Islanda’s look towards Yolanda, the loving embrace, the symbol transcript using the tip of her knife on a goatskin and especially Islanda’s almost sacred attitude as she delivers the small bag containing the runes to Yolanda. For a few moments, four hands hold the leather bag while two foreheads touch each other silently. When Islanda raises her head, she smiles at her daughter while releasing the bag with the runes.

William is astonished. He interjects: “That’s the bag Taliesanic gave to Quelf when she left with the Norsmen.³³ It contained the three runes my dragon entrusted to me. That’s when we said goodbye to Quelf... She left with the Vikings’ leader to fulfill her mission.”

³³ The Triplet’s Odyssey, Tome 1, Celtic Origins, MARPA Productions, Bury, page 202.

Islanda stares at William: “You saw the runes long before I was born! That leather bag has been in my family for so long! ... I didn’t know it dates to Quelf in our legend! ... And you witnessed when it was given to her! ... No doubt, you’re the children of the prophecy to come! ... Thank you, Odin.”

Sofia replaces the leather roll with emotions and reverence. She reaches out to Islanda with her right hand.

Without a word, Islanda unties her medallion and places it in Sofia’s right palm. Meanwhile, Cedric takes a flint knife in his right hand while William picks up a comb with a horn handle. By agreement, the three bring their right hand to their foreheads with the article they chose. At the same time, they place their left hand at the level of their plexus.

Pearl of Dew, Duitmas, Islanda and chief Makevich, express their surprise as they contemplate a festival of colourful images dancing before their subtle eyes.

Unknown landscapes follow one another giving rise to women hunting scenes; men with scarred faces fighting and celebration with the clan’s people; other scenes with women showing children how to prepare medicinal plants, how to choose them, crush them, chew them, and boil them to heal a wound.

The successive scenes captivate all the vagaries of life: the laughter, the tears, the acting, the fights; fire, sun, sea, rain, wind, snow, wolves, reindeer, bears, goats, dogs, offering rituals, banquets, dance, trade, negotiation, fights, the work of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the sower of seeds, the hunter, the king, courtier love, even death, nothing escapes...

Suddenly, the children transmit stela. Sofia and Islanda feel the same vivid emotion.

“That’s the stela in the centre of my village! It’s there to honour Quelf, the Celtic high priestess. She came to the Norsmen, many births before my time. She’s the one who taught us plant medicine, the one I learned from my mother. She’s also the one who passed

on the art of divination that I have now passed on to Yolanda. It's Quelf who trained our women to gain the warriors' respect. Not all, because warriors like Algard the Brute are exceptions... She's the one who taught us to dance and have confidence. She once declared: 'No storm lasts forever, that you must trust and be patient.'"

"Guelf belongs to the legend. My mother told me her story. When she arrived with the Norsemen, her life was strenuous... She often fell during chores because of her clothing. Each time, she rose laughing. Then, one day, she dressed like the other women and never fell again. When they work or fight, it's difficult to distinguish women from men except from their body size... My mother used to say that men have been respecting women since."

"My companion was our clan's chief. He said men honoured Quelf as the priestess of courage and justice. His father was also a clan chief. He said Quelf used Nature for her teachings. ... It's the perfect school. 'You reap what you sow. Sow the wind and you will have the storm. Sow peace and thou shalt have joy. Sow anger and you will have war.'... You must observe nature, she can teach you a lot."

"Thank you, children, for this gift. Thank you for these images. I honour my ancestors. I honour Quelf for her mission. She prepared mine." Islanda bows in gratitude towards the triplets.

—000—

Without a word, the three teenagers place their right hand carrying the object in their left hand which they place on their left thigh. Then, with a respectful nod to Islanda, Sofia hands her the medallion. Islanda looks at the locket before closing her hand and putting it on her heart while looking at Sofia with tenderness and gratitude.

Cedric, then William, each in turn, put the objects back in their place on the goatskin.

Pearl of Dew looks at her mother. Duitmas and his leader Makevich, observe these children of the future with admiration.

Cedric and William awake the first from the trance. They turn to their sister and wait silently. Sofia breathes deeply, she holds for a long time before exhaling slowly and opening her eyes towards Islanda.

They look at each other with affection.

—000—

Chief Makevich questions Islanda. She explains among other things: “When the clan’s warriors are on a ‘VIKING’ expedition, they search for wealth, and victuals to spend the winter. Some may want riches for themselves, but generally they ‘VIKING’ for the clan’s benefit. The warriors don’t fear death. Shamans sing that dying in battle privilege the valiant warrior. In death, the warrior lies down with the most beautiful woman ... who will escort him into the Walhalla.”

“Walhalla?” Questions the chief. “To meet the Grand Manitou,” explains Islanda. “Ha! I understand.”

“When they fight, they charge like a pack of hungry wolves,” mentions Duitmas. “Yes, that’s right. They aren’t afraid. They have only one law, ... Loyalty to your leader, no matter what he asks. They don’t follow the rules, they write them.”...

“Islanda, where is your daughter Yolanda?” Asks Pearl of Dew. “Do you think about her? ... I wish I had known my big sister!” Islanda remains pensive before answering: “I don’t know where she is... I know from the runes that she will be happy. ... Whatever happens, the runes will guide and protect her.”

“I’m not allowed to see her again, even in a dream... Now, Pearl of Dew, you chose me. ... According to my ancestors’ belief, the child chooses his parents to live his mission in a new life. Therefore, when the woman knows she carries life, she often consults the shaman to know how to prepare its coming.”

Islanda looks her daughter in the eye while taking her hands in hers. She indicates: “Soon, you’ll know.”

Pearl of Dew nods slightly with emotions in her eyes.

—000—

While the group continues to discuss the virtual communication experience, William, Cedric, and Sofia retreat into themselves.

William reacts first: *“It’s crazy! at one point I thought I was in Taliesanic’s cave with Quelf. I saw druids’ drawings, his artifacts and the symbols written on the cave walls. Taliesanic asked for the three runes I had... Really, I’m sure, Quelf, the druid, Islanda, and Pearl of Dew belong to the same lineage! ... More so, she’s grandmas, and us three, me ... and we’re now in her presence! it’s unbelievable!”*

“It’s amazing how this woman overcame the harshness of her native people... Like Quelf, she’s courageous and generous... Like her, she left her people to go on a mission... I don’t understand this mission, but I know now that it’s bigger than us... I must ask Grandma if she knows more about Pearl of Dew... I think I would love a woman like her.” Says Cédric,

“Hum! The medallion is a constant in our lineage. It exudes incredible energy, I need to know more... Grandma protects it, keeps it on her, day, and night, like Islanda does... The medallion must hold a special bond,” states Sofia.

Pearl of Dew, Duitmas and chief Makevich left the wigwam discreetly at Islanda’s request.

She observes and waits for the three teenagers to return.

Almost simultaneously, Cedric, William, and Sofia realize they’re alone with Islanda.

“I’m grateful to the gods for this moment with you. Yes! I’m grateful. Tomorrow, after the fishermen have returned, I wish to speak to you. I want Pearl of Dew to attend. Meanwhile, rest

peacefully.”

The three get up and withdraw to the tepee assigned to them. Islanda watches them leave.

“I want to know more about Guelf’s mission... My mission is strangely like hers... Or am I simply the continuity? ... When I can, I’ll share the question with the triplets.”

—000—

TAURAROK's Surprise

TAURAROK observes the gloomy weather. It's winter in the Southern Hemisphere. The dragon reflects on Brahima's explanations over his lineage and its evolution.

He's doubtful.

"What if Brahima manipulates me? Or deceives me to serve his purposes?"

"Something annoys me." ...

"I need to think outside this place." ...

TAURAROK flies out in the rain. Quickly, he reaches above the clouds. The sun accentuates the grey rain-laden clouds covering the Indian Ocean islands.

TAURAROK moves towards the northern hemisphere.

—000—

Meanwhile in New Land, the weather lends itself to a trip in the air for these three young teenagers. They want to visit the area from the sky with their dragons, their faithful friends, their mentors...

The Beothuk community is preparing to go fishing off the coast on the big blue sea. The men are gathered all around their expedition leader. They receive their instructions. The men are divided into small groups of boats to ensure cohesion and safety. Their fishing technique allows them to bring down the schools of fish. Sometimes this approach generates the appearance of whales or dolphins in groups. These marine animals cause huge whirlpools threatening the fishermen's small boats.

They must be vigilant. They must respect the mood of the big blue sea. It has already swallowed many of them without any warning. Fishermen remember and tell each other about their experiences before each departure for the open sea.

Islanda asked the triplets not to participate in the big catch of the day.

Cédric suggests they experience fishing from the air with their dragon since they can't do it on the waves.

“How about a little dragon ride in this new environment? Cédric asks Sofia, and William, while excited about the idea. We will experience fishing differently and have a better knowledge of the region. What do you think?”

“Perfect, it will provide us with exercises instead of talking. I can already see myself in the air with DYRA,” replies William with a smile.

“Well, I admit that I miss it too. A good flight in first class with LYKA, just thinking about it makes me crazy with joy,” answers Sofia already ready to touch her pin...

—000—

The triplets rush out of Islanda's summer shelter with great speed. As they prepare to act, they hear a call from Islanda's hut. They turn around and see their ancestor walking towards them. She's with a part of the community not involved with fishing.

“Where are you going, children?” Islanda calls out in a loud voice, and with concern in her tone of voice.

The people with Islanda observe the slightest gestures of these children coming from another world than their own, in from another time.

Cedric walks towards Islanda and speaks gently: “We just want to ride our dragons a few hours. Time passes so quickly with them. Be reassured because you know, they always protect us, and on all occasions.” ...

“I know it, I know it, however, ... I’m wary of threats coming from other worlds. You know, the Gods speak to me daily. They want me to live up to my mission to you. Since you came into my life, I feel full of love for the three of you and... Yes... I still hesitate to see you leave like this, unexpectedly, even to fly away with your protectors. My mother’s heart worries at the mere thought that something might happen to you.”

“We’ll be with our dragons,” insists Sofia.

“Yes, that’s right... I trust you... I wish you a happy ride with the magic of your winged masters... I find them beautiful too. I’m watching you go. Call... I want to see that.” ...

Cedric, William, and Sofia disappear behind a grove, then quickly touch their pin and, in a flash, LYKA, MARA and DYRA are there. They land in the clearing leading to the beach. They’re impressive. They stretch and swing their huge necks from right to left. Islanda perceives all the big dragons’ maneuvers. They urge their rider to join them. They seem at ease in this new environment. Cedric, William, and Sofia express their excitement. They settle quickly on their mounts, as if they had done it all their life... The dragons lean on their tails to begin their takeoff. They gently spread their wings then, like a large spring, a jolt goes through their whole body and with the support of their tails, they propel themselves through the air. The lift off is like a rocket leaving Cape Canaveral in the USA, without the roar of burning fuel.

Islanda feels like a child who is promised an extraordinary toy. It’s wonderful.

Sofia thinks: *“It’s beautiful to see her like this.”*

“Hum! Humph!” Do in heart Cedric and William while smiling at Islanda.

From their mount, Cedric, William, and Sofia look at Islanda and the rest of the village who seem stunned and even petrified on the spot. It’s complicated for these hunters and fishermen. They can’t believe it. They never thought they would experience an event like this. It’s out of their daily reality ... dragons alive before their eyes...

Cedric, William, and Sofia exude their joy to ride their mounts. They have been training with these magnificent animals for three years now. They love them instantly and sincerely. And above all, it’s reciprocal.

—000—

When LYKA, MARA and DYRA are with their rider, they seize the opportunity to stimulate the triplets’ blood renewal, to update their original DNA. They strengthen their ability to keep their spirit pure. This is one of the most important magical displays they have to offer these three teenagers. The dragons’ mission is to protect the prophecy triplets from all possible and unimaginable dangers, and prepare them for the year 2020, and to offer them their sincere support. The triplets will need it very much before they achieve this essential passage...

The airspace in which they evolve offers them a magnificent landscape. The splendour appears infinite. It’s the nirvana for the three.

“What a magnificent sky! and the wind brushes the skin of my face,” exclaims Sofia closing her eyes and raising her shoulders as a sign of perfect well-being.

“It’s fantastic to experience these moments with my favourite dragon,” adds William, tapping DYRA’s neck.

“I’m glad to hear that you have a favourite and that it falls on me,” replies DYRA giving him a little jump in the air, to remind him that he’s sitting on her back...

“Yes! Yes! I understood,” declares William in her ear, “*well, I think it’s his ear.*”

“*Hum! Yes! It’s my reception system,*” transmits DYRA while sneering loudly thank you!

In aerial formation, like the geese in spring when they fly north, dragons fly over the coasts of this New Land as Islanda calls it.

They keep and respect a good distance between themselves, the earth, and the sky.

Cedric transmits: “*So, what do we do? We’re ‘sightseeing!’*”

“*We visit the coasts of this land called, in our time and space, the Newfoundland province,*” replies Sofia telepathically.

“*We told Islanda that we’re going for at least two hours,*” transmits William.

“*Perfect!*” answer the three dragons. “Let’s go merrily and swoop over the ocean and towards the coast!”

“*Yippee! It’s hilarious! Again, again, I want more,*” exclaims William, happy with this little escapade.

The breeze surrounds them. Dragons crisscross the coastline. They see dolphins and whales dancing on the whitish waves of the ocean. Children feel as if they’re on a getaway. It’s wonderful.

The joyful squadron continues to swirl through the air. The dragons take more and more risks with their rider. The triplets hold firm. They cling to their magical master’s neck. Everything goes so well that they forget the usual caution in a new environment. Shouts of joy and laughter merge on all sides. It’s madness. How casual! The triplets live happily with their accomplices. The sky stands so beautiful that danger appears impossible at such a time!

A shadow lurks on the horizon.

A gigantic form, huge and winged of moreover, approaches slowly, without making wind nor turbulence. It seeks to see, to specify the forms which fly more than ten kilometres from its observation point.

“I often patrol this area. I like to perform my inspections regularly in this airspace. It’s rare to observe turbulence in this area, as is the case now. What causes this turbulence? This isn’t normal... I must know,” thinks TAURAROK, the great dragon warrior.

“I deviate a little from my routine itinerary before returning to my cave. I love the brightness of these ice lands... But here, I don’t expect to perceive so much turbulence, especially under a perfect sky as at this moment... I bear human sounds with these flying beings... I’m getting closer and closer to see better and get a clearer idea, as humans say... I like some of their expressions.” ...

The Chinese dragons and their mounts are at the height of joy and fulfillment...

Wham! Suddenly, it’s a visual shock!

Horror! The rearing of DYRA on its hind legs, seeing the gigantic black shape, winged, moreover, in front of it, made William make a false maneuver and hop! Wil loses his balance. He tries to cling to his dragon, but it’s a wasted effort, he skids and falls from the back of DYRA. He finds himself in the sky, in freefall plunging towards the sea like the seagull in search of its meal...

“Haaaaaa!”

William’s cry rang in TAURAROK’s ears. He sees the spectacle. He remains in his position... He scans the sky to see possible threats on the horizon... He positions himself to parry any attack from his legendary adversaries ... that he thinks he recognizes...

DYRA flips and swoops herself with all the fire and weight of her dragon mass. The dragon barely touches William's body, who finds himself on the back of his dragon, well in the saddle.

"Phew! that was frightening. Thank you DYRA, thank you very much," utters William, clutching his dragon's neck.

"We avoided quite a disaster," declares DYRA with a thunderous voice echoing in the surrounding sky.

"You seem reassured," retort LYKA and MARA.

"Yes, and rightly so, because you saw what I saw around us," replies DYRA.

"You don't say! We're in an awkward situation. He came back despite our last intervention. He doesn't let go of his grip easily... He's stubborn and obstinate... I never thought I'd live to see this moment anytime soon. We must deal with the situation and try to find out why this sudden appearance in our current space-time," adds LYKA. "There's surely an explanation."

The legendary and menacing dragon's presence worries and frightens the triplets.

"We should turn around and go back to Islanda," shouts William struggling to catch his breath after this frightening fall without a parachute.

"I want to get out of here," declares Sofia with tears in her eyes... "I want to go back to dry land. I had the fear of my life when I saw Wil tumble down from DYRA and freefalling like a seagull rushing for its food at high speed."

"I know it's not easy to ask this of you, but I'm asking you to trust us," LYKA commands the triplets. "We must know the reason for his unexpected presence ... why is the great warrior dragon, banished by the Gods, prowling here, in this aerial territory. Can you hear me, children? This meeting with him now, is untimely." ...

LYKA and her companions wrap the riders in a protective energy screen and reassure them.

“Yes, we hear you. We’ll keep quiet. We’ll hope for the best.”

As LYKA, MARA, and DYRA position themselves in defence formation, the great black dragon watches them and sniffs them with his burning nostrils...

TAURAROK takes its time. It prowls around this winged formation. He tries to remain discreet. It’s a lost cause because he’s already spotted. He thinks he has recognized his Chinese opponents, but he doesn’t understand these human forms on their backs... He continues to fly and tries to get closer and closer. Suddenly, he sees two boys and a girl.

“What? Humans! On the back of a dragon! How is that possible? There is no place for humans with us dragons! Except, of course, for me, taken over by the great sorcerer Brahima... What’s this cavalcade? This isn’t real! ... I’m in the same space-time as my Chinese opponents!” ...

The questions spring into TAURAROK’s brain. He doesn’t imagine that humans can get close to dragons. Humans contributed to the disappearance of dragons.

“I have to get closer and contact them: will they let me?” He grumbles in a low voice.

The three Chinese dragons ridden by a human being hear TAURAROK’s reflection.

“I’m shaken, this meeting frightens me,” utters Sofia. “So, his presence did disturb me the other day!”

“Yes, you were right, now, have no fear,” declares LYKA telepathically. “I’m in control of the situation. We will try to build a connection because I think he’s trying to do that now. It’s better to do this instead of sneaking without any explanation from us or from him. I think there’s a good reason for his presence and behaviour... You understand, don’t you Sofia?”

“Yes, I understand, but it’s dangerous! He’s the one you defeated in your heavenly battle... It’s him, isn’t it?” Asks Sofia, anxious and not very reassured despite everything.

“Yes, it’s true. I’m aware of this, and I’m always careful... Hum! Not since the last moments. That’s what brought this unfortunate encounter. We’ll get through this! Be confident, we’re still three against one, well, I don’t want a dogfight with you in attendance. Let’s meet him altogether. Do you agree?”

“It’s OK all for one and one for all,” mumbles William.

“Huh! What do you mean? Asks MARA.”

“Ha! It’s an earthly legend involving three musketeers that the three of us adopted for us.”

“Hum! Ha! That’s good,” adds DYRA as he set off towards TAURAROK.

The other two follow in formation with their rider.

TAURAROK rears up and majestically unfolds his huge black wings. His left-wing displays the four scars caused by LYKA’s claws during their celestial fight...

The black dragon utters in a threatening voice: “What do I see? ... Since when have humans been riding you? Isn’t this a sign of weakness on your part? What are these humans doing with you?”

TAURAROK realizes that these humans are teenagers. He can’t believe his dragon eyes.

“What? Did I stumble upon the subject of my research? Could they be the triplets from the prophecy? No! That’s impossible! It’s more than impossible! Oh, come on!”

TAURAROK turns this possibility in his warrior dragon head. He sees only facts and truths...

“But come to think of it, why would Chinese dragons I fought moons ago fly around with children on their backs? Also, these children seem the same age... If I remember Brahima’s words, he’s looking for young triplets. They can be of the same or different sex, but the same age!”

Distracted by his thoughts, TAURAROK doesn’t notice the other dragons surrounding him, isolating him in the centre of the formation.

“TAURAROK, I recognize you. You probably recognized me too. I’m LYKA. I’m the Chinese dragon you fought against ... my two companions stand DYRA and MARA. I will approach you, gently, stay calm. The gods inspire your thinking now, and they’re the ones who allow us to meet currently. I want to talk to you about this surprise you’re experiencing, the one we’re all experiencing.”

LYKA, taming him gently, doesn’t forget that Sofia rides her. She’s tense and on guard.

“We’re here as fellow celestials and without malice. I want you to give us a few moments of your time, so precious, I’m sure. We owe you some explanations. They were supposed to come to you, much later, in another space-time, but here you are, and you have to know the truth.”...

“What truth?” Questions TAURAROK with a hoarse voice.

“We, too, have many questions about you. We’ve heard that you service the great wizard Brahima! He’s the one who took you in, isn’t he?”

TAURAROK breathes loudly, his powerful breath worries the triplets. He considers launching himself at one of the Chinese dragons and assaulting it when he captures the firm, but calm energy of LYKA. He slowly turns to the great Chinese male dragon. He glares at him.

“TAURAROK,” resume LYKA, “you won’t like what I’m about to tell you: first, we know that you’re on Brahima’s payroll, the one that many consider the greatest wizard.”

LYKA remains attentive to the reaction of the black dragon. He's ready for any event. The posture of its huge yellow tail shows the ability for a quick and brutal reaction.

TAURAROK doesn't like the turn of events. He's wary of this yellow dragon. He tries to remain attentive. The calming waves produce their effects. However, he must reply to LYKA:

"No, but! Hold on! What? You think I'm on Brahima's payroll, this greedy wizard," retorts TAURAROK with a cavernous voice. "I'm not in anyone's payroll! Do you hear me! Careful! You provoke me! Don't anger me, yellow dragon!"

The tension between the two veterans is growing.

LYKA looks intensely at TAURAROK. Then he resumes without taking his eyes off the black dragon: "Let me prove what I'm saying. When we fought together and the outcome was painful for you, we learned from our Gods that Brahima had you in his sights. He arranged to cast a spell on you so that the spirit, pride, and strength you bear would turn into anger and harm your judgment. He arranged for the combat situation to become a nightmare for you. Brahima knew your weakness and he banked on it."

"He needs a powerful winged ally to realize his ambitions. The most powerful dragon in the group was you. If I had been with him, I would have bet on you too. That's what he did, and you know the rest... I don't have to remind you." ...

TAURAROK looks at LYKA silently. He's working to appease the anger he feels rising in him...

"He wants you to travel the skies to track down the triplets so coveted by all the wizards on earth, right? ... The gods know that he wants to bewitch them and make them spit the secret of the prophecy's final phase. He ignores he can't crack the secret. His impatience puts him in an unimaginable state of anger... He, the greatest of wizards can't see what is happening in different space-time... On the other hand, you, you can. What beats having on

your payroll a powerful dragon, one angry with the gods, a humiliated dragon who needs to serve a cause? The gods know that Brahima uses you to achieve his ends and when he gets the information he wants, he'll dispose of you like a worn toy." ...

LYKA waits before continuing with this shocking truth: "Is this what you want to experience for the rest of your dragon life? This offence beats the one you experienced at the end of our fight. Because in his eyes you're worthless, you're only a negligible thing even when he bothers to look at you, and to lodge you well in his mountain, for the moment." ...

TAURAROK can't take it anymore. The smoke comes out of his nose.

"Enough! That's enough! You're lying! I can't believe that!"

TAURAROK's rage resounds throughout the airspace. It triggers a series of thunderclaps. The young ones are worried. They're afraid. Their mounts perceive their tension and the fear that lurks in front of them. MARA transmits to them:

"Don't worry, we're here to protect you. It's normal for TAURAROK to react in this way. He has just learned that the one he serves manipulates him... Let him express his anger and we'll intervene at the right time. Stay calm and let LYKA handle the situation. It's normal that the screams frighten you, because we're dragons and as we're bigger and fatter than all other living animal species, the scream goes with it."

"You talk about a scream, no, but it's a laryngeal and guttural bomb," opines William ironically despite the fear that invades him.

Cedric looks at his brother: "That helps us a lot... You! with your sense of humour!"

"Well! It's better than crying with hot tears," notes Sofia with very little confidence and conviction.

“Good! Let’s calm down, friends,” intervenes DYRA. “LYKA waits for the black dragon reactions, before adjusting his plan... He knows what to say or do.” ...

“You talk like grandpa Thomas,” replies William. “I’d love to be with him now.”

A few beats of his two huge wings and TAURAROK straightens and stretches his neck and, while turning on himself, he stares intensely at LYKA.

“You tell me that Brahima uses me for his ends! That he’s only doing what he wants to do as a wizard! That he has a plan for my future days! That he knows that I can be very persuasive on neutral ground! That he thinks he’s the brighter and smarter of the two of us! That I have a mandate to find the children of prophecy! Yes! That’s right! ... My little voice tells me you’re right.” ...

“I’m stunned by all these revelations. I note that. If you tell the truth, my wrath will match my warrior dragon performance... Don’t worry! I will be on my guard. I can control my anger.” ...

“Now it’s my turn to ask you some questions about these humans. Who are they? Where do they come from? What are they doing on your back? I have an idea, but I would like to hear you say it from your Chinese dragon throat. I know you, lying isn’t in your genes... Are they the triplets of the prophecy? I’m direct, but that’s the way it is! Just like you by the way.”

The three dragons look at each other. The moment is serious. They know the safety of these teenagers rest between their paws ... hum! Now, it’s the time for diplomacy and persuasion. Intuitively, MARA and DYRA know they must pick up the slack. LYKA remains concerned with this warrior dragon. He trusts his partners.

Mara thinks quickly and takes over: *“We will talk to each other through telepathy. The children perform well with this form of communication. ... We know that it’s an asset for us dragons to function like this when necessary. You understand! DYRA, yours to continue.”*

“TAURAROK, we don’t need to emphasize the fact that we dragons, from all countries, carry in our hearts this strength called loyalty, and expressed in many ways. We all swore to carry the truth and defend it at the peril of our lives. This commits us, sometimes and briefly, to carry a secret and keep it until the right moment of unveiling. But now you present yourself to us earlier than expected. We are, at this moment, obliged to reveal to you this secret so well kept for centuries. Can you grasp what we’re saying?”

“I hear you loud and clear. I’m anticipating what’s next.” ...

“First, if you promise to keep the secret deep in your dragon heart, we will ask the Gods to release you from your expulsion and allow you to rejoin the dragon community.” ...

DYRA takes a slight pause and continues to send telepathic messages to TAURAROK.

“DRAGO, your faithful teammate, told us, after the last battle, how much he didn’t recognize your attitude. He was surprised. He recognizes your great fighting heart. He knows we can trust you when it’s time to keep a secret. He gave us many examples of this.”

TAURAROK startles when he hears the name of his faithful companion in combat...

“Ah! DRAGO! This name sounds like bells of joy in my memory. I always kept it in a little corner of my dragon heart. Keep going, I’m very attentive and I notice that your riders are too. Aren’t you?”

“Yes,” they answer in chorus. They continue with a small voice: “We’re waiting for the next revelation, because it concerns us very much.” ...

“Oh, really! I wouldn’t have suspected it a moment.” ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ... “I think you kids funny! I suspect that it’s you three we search intensely on the black magic network! That’s why I travel through different space-times to find you. I’m looking for you and obviously at Brabima’s request... As you can imagine!”

TAURAROK moves a step back and looks intensely at the group of six around him. He breathes noisily. Cedric, William, and Sofia cuddle around their respective dragons’ neck. It’s scary a

dragon's breath especially this one, it's so huge and so black...

"Here we are," announces DYRA. "Our mission towards these triplets is to prepare them to accomplish their mission, ... which is to carry out the action, fundamentally essential for mankind's future. These children have the duty to act, to carry out their mission and produce a difference for the love of all humanity. Their mission requires an immense and primordial sacrifice. But you know as well as we do that creation is achieved through sacrifices, don't you! Minerals gave way to plants; plants gave way to animals and finally the last intervention was to give way to humans. It's just a little history lesson by the way. Hum! Hum!"

"These children must complete their training to respond to the express and imperative request of the Gods: to carry out the prophecy." ...

"We also know several sorcerers among the earthlings who want to capture these children! We received formal orders to be present wherever they go! Yes, these kids are in a class of their own and they are there because they lived other lives to prepare them for this one! Yes, they will have obstacles to overcome before 'D' day."

DYRA waits before continuing. She scans TAURAROK's intentions thanks to her magic ball in the centre of her throat. Her hunch tells her to keep going. She has the approval of her peers...

"We think we can count on you TAURAROK to help us accomplish this dangerous but necessary mission for humanity... We know you can. We know that you're strong and generous dragon personality can help in the realization of this mission. It's for the greater good of all mankind. Some men appear so weak and envious they live on the hooks of the black and unhealthy source. What do you think? You, the great warrior, champion of all celestial dragons!"

TAURAROK raises its large black wings as a sign of approval. He brings them closer to his bulky fuselage. He looks at all six of them with a look of fire, but a fire of pleasure and peace...

"Wow! It's been a long time since I felt that." ...

A great comfort settles inside his heart. A glimmer of hope emerges from his huge chest. The colour of his flaking skin turns indigo blue in a split second... He receives just now the message of the Gods granting him a total remission from his sentences... TAURAROK feels a great relief. ... The eyes of this great black dragon land on the children with such gentleness that all the fear they had felt before dissipates instantly...

“I will work with you until you complete your mission. You can count on my warrior dragon loyalty. I’m grateful to you for trusting me with this great secret the Gods have carried for centuries. I’m honoured to work with the celestial cohort identified to fulfill this prophecy. I place myself at your service, dear fellow missionaries. Now I must create a layer of protection for myself so that Brahima doesn’t detect this new me ... the one I am, the real me, the one I have always been.”

“We know what to do about that. We learned it in our exercises with our grandpa and our uncle Patrick ... you want us to show it to you?” asks William with a smile addressing TAURAROK, free of all fear...

TAURAROK opens his mouth, breathes deeply, then declares aloud:

“Hum! Little humans, how pleasant it’s to notice this spontaneity which honours you and to experience you sharing it with me, immediately. Thank you for guiding me in this learning process. Pass the information directly from your heart to mine and I will practise it while returning to the cave where I sleep. I’ll play the game and continue to patrol the spaces without reporting tangible results... I must be wary of Brahima’s magic stone. It features unsuspected powers... But it’s not without counting on my powers as a dragon and warrior too. I will defend myself. Fear not. I will be up to the situation: dragon faith, TAURAROK faith.”

TAURAROK smiles and says as he leaves them: *“I can’t wait to meet DRAGO again, ... my faithful partner. ... I’m so happy, just thinking about it. I will look for him in my various travels.”*

TAURAROK makes his way through the group of six. He flies away with the grace we know him. He soars with the force of a supersonic jet and flies away at high speed. The black dragon disappears as it appeared!

The next moments express total magic.

Large white sheep clouds cover the sky. They signal peace, joy, and freedom. Cedric, William, and Sofia admire the scenic view. They can hardly contain themselves on the back of their dragon. They realize this and in agreement LYKA, MARA, and DYRA turn around and head back to their starting point, the Islanda summer camp.

“We’ve just lived a happy event,” declares Cedric to the merry band. *“MARA, should we beware of TAURAROK?”*

LYKA takes over: *“No, because he pledged as a dragon, and he received his release from the Gods. That’s the most precious thing in his dragon eyes. You can believe he will keep his promise to protect you. If we were to experience an obstacle to our commitment to protect you, I could call on him at any time. Eventually, DRAGO, his faithful partner, should join him.”*

“We’re glad it went well! ... It could have escalated into an air battle,” adds DYRA.

“I wouldn’t have wanted to put you through this for all the gold in the world as you say so well,” resumes LYKA. *“You’re free to tell everything to your hosts at the Beothuk and grandma Louise and grandpa Thomas. It’s according to your desire and will. However, be truthful and precise as much as possible in your explanations. You must do justice to this great warrior dragon, TAURAROK... Don’t forget that.”*

“Before we drop you off at the Beothuk, let’s review together an observation we shared with each other. This observation concerns your progress over time in the use of your gifts.”

LYKA pauses before continuing.

“You master telepathy beautifully. It fits you like a glove. It’s so easy now for you to switch from using speech to using your thought. We also note that since the trip to Mexico you have worked well on your clairsentience, and it serves you well in your stay among your ancestors. Well done! Your ability to transmit what you perceive also develops very well. Keep practising your gifts, you will need them more and more.” ...

“However, do you remember any situations that you have experienced where you could have used your clairsentience? I ask you this question because it’s essential for your future progress... You need to get more than reasonable results. Do you grab me?”

Cedric, William, and Sofia didn’t expect this observation from their respective dragons. They know they protect them, but they’re also their mentors, their teacher... In short, their mission touches everything that has a direct relationship with their personal development.

“I realized,” notes Cédric, “that when fear controls me, I lose all my means even my gifts. It’s crazy, huh!”

“I can say it’s as if my brain freezes suddenly,” adds William.

“I forget everything,” indicates Sofia sadly. “We must master our fear. Otherwise, it will be useless to practise all these tricks to make us better and efficient.”

“You’re right, children, DYRA interjects. It’s not because you were born with gifts and that you practise them that your training is over. Even if an initiator amplifies your gift during your space-time journeys. You’ve just realized that it takes more than that if you want to be up to the task in 2020. I find this adventure very positive. That’s how we store information to become stronger and be able to face all the instances that will come your way.” ...

“I don’t have an answer to your question about clairsentience,” utters Sofia.

“Me neither,” adds William regretfully.

“I’m searching my memory to find a situation where I could have used it, nada, nothing,” confides Cédric.

“OK, now you should understand the importance of always stand ready. ... I ask you to take this into account during your next initiation which should occur these days in this space-time. Come on, we’ll drop you off gently. You know, people in your environment can see us or not. This time, the people will see nothing, and you’ll return through the forest. Remain careful and loving. We watch you from the air. Our presence persists, no matter what. ... Never forget the three Ps: practice, practice, practice.”

A few moments later, Cedric, William and Sofia find themselves in the middle of the forest near the Beothuk village. They head for the Islanda summer camp. They have a lot of thinking to do between themselves, with Patrick, Ming, Grandma Louise, and Grandpa Thomas. They will do it when they return in time, ... in 2014.

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The Medallion

Space-time 1020

Sofia

“It’s amazing,” Sofia thinks, “if something ties our entire lineage, it’s grandma’s medallion. We saw it with Quelf, we saw it on Islanda; now grandma wears it. ... I feel; rather, I’m sure I’ll wear it for some reason that escapes me now. But I’ll find out ... maybe Islanda knows something... I’ll ask her.” ...

“Yesterday, when we finished our telepathic transmission related to the objects she keeps in her bag, I noticed that she picked up the locket and brought it to her lips and became very pensive. For a few moments, she was no longer with us... What was she thinking?”

“When we get home, I’ll talk with Grandma about her locket, that’s for sure. Also, I’ll ask her permission to look closely at her manuscript. ... I’ll ask Cedric, and William to perform a psychometric exercise with me on the manuscript. I think it will allow us to know if it has a link with the medallion and possibly, we’ll know better our lineage... Yes, I think it will be a very good exercise.”

“For now, Islanda asked to meet with us this morning.”

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Cedric and Pearl of Dew walk on the beach, discussing. William trains with the apprentice warriors of his age. His ability to throw a stone with his sling impresses even more because he hits the mark almost every throw. The young people made their sling under William’s direction. They practise the techniques since sun rise. They progress slowly; however, their motivation knows no rest. William encourages them:

“Keep practising, you’ll get there. The technique commands you begin close to large targets and as you progress you reduce the target size and augment the distance to the target. It’s the fastest way to get very good. I guarantee.”

Sofia reminds her two brothers and Pearl of Dew: “Islanda is waiting for us in the clearing near her tepee.” The four teens hasten to join her.

Islanda thanks the young people for their presence. She spends much time discussing the experience they had the day before. After a while, she explains the visions she has had for a very long time suggesting they’re coming at this time of her life.

When Sofia asks her about the locket, Islanda becomes very attentive and answers all her questions. Cedric jumps when Islanda declares:

“As you know, this medallion that I wear around my neck now, soon, I’ll give it to Pearl of Dew who will go live with another clan. She’s betrothed to the son of an Innu healer, a people living in the mountains where the sun sets on the other side of the great sea. On the next big moon, we leave for the big gathering, the powwow.³⁴ This meeting allows us to thank the gods for their gifts and for bartering between all the clans presents. My daughter, Pearl of Dew, will be leaving soon, and I’m unlikely to see her again... This medallion I received from my mother, who received it from her mother and so on up to Quelf as you showed yesterday. Now it’s my turn to give it to my daughter... One day, she will give it to her daughter. In turn, her daughter will pass it on to her offspring.”

Islanda pauses for a long time before continuing:

“Now, I know why I didn’t hand it over to Yolanda before leaving my original people. It’s Pearl of Dew’s mission to ensure

³⁴ A powwow is a gathering of North Americans. It was traditionally a religious event or the celebration of warlike exploits.

the transmission continues... I don't know how, but the medallion relates your mission."...

"What makes you say that?" Asks Cedric.

"Your elder, the woman who replaces your mother, you said she warned you that I would wear this medallion. This woman of great wisdom, she sees what others don't see." ...

Sofia thinks back to her meeting with her grandma when Louise told them about the manuscript, her lineage, the medallion...

"Granny read us her manuscript. She placed a bookmark on a specific page. Before she started, she was very serious and very emotional ... then she showed us the diagram she prepared thanks to Pheas her counsellor." ...

"That's when she referred to our journey in Celtic country. She told us about the locket. She knew that it came from Quelf who passed it down from generation to generation to the women of the other clans until Islanda. She knew that Islanda passed it on to her daughter Pearl of Dew... Since then, mothers transfer it to a daughter, and eventually to her father's mother, Rose-Anna Picard."

"And here, I'll witness the transmission between Islanda and Pearl of Dew, ... Wow! I can't believe this... Viscerally, I know that if we could do it, we could follow the story of all women from Pearl of Dew to grandma's grandmother. Grandma Picard des Trois Maisons was the last Indigenous woman to wear the medallion... She gave it to grandma's father, Noël, who had no sister. Then he gave it to his daughter, Grandma Louise who plans to give it to our mother Marion. And she, in turn, would have given it to me... It's more than magic, it's a gift!"

"But a question remains, is the medallion essential to our mission and if yes, how?"

Islanda observes Sofia silently. A tear streams gently down Sofia's cheek. Sofia hears Louise's words:

“My father gave me the medallion when I was young. He told me the medallion must remain with our lineage’s women, and when the time comes, I will know what to do with it.”

Sofia remembers what followed when Grandma looked her straight in the eye and said:

“So, you, Sofia, now that Marion is gone, you become the eventual holder of the medallion and the manuscript. Afterwards, it will be up to you to continue the custom, ... unless advised otherwise... You will know when the time comes. These two items have a life of their own and we’re their custodian.”

...

“I have no choice, if I want to understand, my brothers and I, we must do the psychometric exercise with the medallion and the manuscript together... Maybe we’ll have an answer to what and why they exist.”

Sofia feels several eyes on her.

“Oops! I was in my thoughts, excuse me.”

The group discussions between Islanda and the teens continue for a long time.

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The Medicine Man and the Völva

Chief Makevich discusses the events of the last few days with Duitmas, the Medicine Man of his clan. They return from the beach where the fishermen left and head for the chief's camp. They're to meet Islanda, her daughter and their visitors from the future.

"Before Islanda's arrival, we knew little about the warriors of her people. We drove them out of our territory but lost many warriors. ... To win, all the clans in the region helped us."

"Yes, and one of their warriors asked to live according to our customs," indicates Duitmas.

"Hu! Hu! Mogard," resumes the chief. "We first treated him as a prisoner before he earned our trust." The chief pauses and turns towards his companion who insists:

"The gods knew why... Mogard helped us welcome, Islanda. We knew for a long time that a healer from other people was to come among us... We didn't know it would be a woman and look that different... And now, these children of the future, what a wonder we're living!" ...

"Hu! Hu! And it's not over yet... Well! Here they are. The young ones are waiting for us," declared the chief.

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The teenagers Pearl of Dew, Sofia, Cedric, and William, see Duitmas and Chief Makevich entering the clearing. The triplets are waiting outside the tepee. Pearl of Dew runs to warn her mother. Islanda comes out to welcome the two men.

Her night was eventful. She meditated for a long time under the moonlight, the fetish star of the clan women. The past, the present, the future... All the images plowed the peace within her heart, ... finally, the emotional storm subsided with the wolf's cry echoing in the night... When she woke, her soul at peace, she knew what to transmit... She must complete her story with the triplets and her daughter... She must talk about where she came from, her history, her divinatory abilities, her origins, and its future...

Each person finds the seat she/he occupied the day ago, in the chief's shelter.

Islanda looks successively at her chief, her companion, her daughter, William, Cedric, and finally Sofia. "I must confirm and, if necessary, complete some portions of the scenes you have shown us over the last few days. It's critical for me." Islanda takes a short pause then begins her story.

"I have been waiting for you since my childhood. Goddess Freyja, the goddess of the Völur, contacted me when I was nine winters old. She warned me that I would have a different path from the other women in my clan. She told me over the years that I'm identified by the Gods, especially Odin, to live a life as a priestess, a healer, and a prophetess. After my rite of passage to womanhood, the goddess showed me my destiny fulfilled away from my original people. She informed me that I belong to a line of women directly connected to a prophecy from long ago. Imagine my surprise at that moment! Also, she warned me that I would be chased out of my clan and across the great expanse of water. There, I'll have another union with a medicine man from other people, and with him, I would have another daughter. She told me to call her Pearl of Dew. With her, I would meet a messenger from the future on a mission from the gods. ... It's at that time I saw you in my dreams for the first time when Pearl of Dew came into my life. The goddess specified my mission, I must meet you and wake up your drum, there, in your plexus," ...

Islanda places both hands on her plexus just below the rib cage while looking at the three teenagers from the future.

“Wow! That’s quite a mouthful to swallow!” says Sofia daring to interrupt Islanda.

“Really? Interjects Cedric perplexed at his ancestor’s story.

“Still, it’s not necessary to exaggerate, I’ve difficulty believing everything you told us!” Tells William incredulous, while remaining polite.

Islanda looks at them, and moving the head of an affirmative sign, notes:

“I understand your skepticism. I was astonished and incredulous at first. I couldn’t imagine leaving my village and going to other unknown places.”

“Think about it, I’m young, inexperienced, I don’t know anything about life outside my environment. I see I have gifts, and the other girls my age don’t. ... I guess the future for my people, but not for me. ... furthermore, I communicate easily with plants and animals easily. ... But to think I would go beyond the great expanse of water, never! I’m telling you these things because you too, are experiencing abnormal situations which you don’t understand. Situations your friends don’t understand.”

Islanda looks at the triplets again with great tenderness and declares, serious: “I’m telling you what happened because the goddess asks me to. I’m here for two reasons: to contact you and to initiate you through Odin, the Great Initiator within our divinity.”

Islanda pauses, looks carefully at the triplets and her daughter before continuing.

“You must know my background among my people. It’s unusual and off the beaten path.”

“You have all our attention,” declares Sofia with a smile. Cedric and William nods affirmatively.

“Thank you, my children. I’m worthy of you three, because I know the importance of having you with us.”

She adjusts her skin skirt decorated with small shells...

“First, in our clan’s tradition, the women healers don’t marry, they remain single, and they’re nomads. This gives them a special status. Their title and social status protect them. They’re normally older. They travel from site to site to provide medicinal support, first aid and much more to other villagers. They’re paid handsomely. However, when the goddess Freyja told me that I’m protected by the ancient entities of Jötun, I understood the reason to live and continue to trust all these protectors.”

William twists his lips so as not to interrupt Islanda about these entities of Jötun... Islanda notices but doesn’t care. She continues her story:

“So, I’m of Scandinavian nobility. Since my youngest age, I’m called upon by various divine entities. What was supposed to happen happened! The chief of our clan set his sights on me from the age of my 16 springs. He fell in love with me. I admit that I found it to my liking. He asked me to be his companion and become the wife of Kandar the Brave the clan chief. Which in my case couldn’t happen, because I’m already recognized as Völva, a priestess, a healer, and a prophetess. I had to live as a nomad and wait until I was older to practise my divinatory art. But the Gods decided otherwise. At 17 years old, I received in a dream the message to accept this alliance with the clan chief and to live off my gifts despite my new social status. This situation embarrassed me in front of the other women in the village. They agreed to be my subordinates and to serve me to the best of their knowledge.”

“Let’s say I made it easy for them. I awarded them many cares and predictions for their future. It was easy for me. The deities supported me, they gave me everything. I still walked through the surrounding communities to provide them with my care. I had a daughter with Kandar, the clan leader. As you know, it’s Yolanda. She remained in Iceland when I was deported to this New Land.”

Islanda remains pensive for a few minutes before continuing... The triplets observe and respect her silence...

“I never saw her again. Algard the Brute banished me when she was 12 winters old. He placed her under the protection of Awen, Algard’s mother. Yolanda was to be prepared to become a healer as well, but under the rule of the new leader.”

For a moment, Islanda’s gaze becomes nostalgic. A tear beads at her left eye. She continues:

“I apologize for abandoning her, but Algard the Brute bore plans for her. According to the custom of our clan, the woman has a say in the choice of her companion, her mate. Since she’s young and inexperienced, I think he wanted to manipulate her through his mother.”

“Before leaving, as you know, the gods asked me to transfer my divination art to Yolanda. I received it from my mother who had received it from her mother. You have seen that this gift dates to Quelf. My last divination was about Yolanda’s life. I know she will influence and benefit the clan and she lives happily. That’s enough for me.”

“My companion succumbed to several fatal wounds sustained in battle. The new leader considered me too threatening for his plans. So, Algard took my daughter away from me while he prepared his move to make me disappear forever from his environment. ... in our clans, it’s up to the Völur to decide the beginning or the end of the war by divination rituals... Algard needed to control the warring process, not the Völur. ... That’s when he decided to deport me to the new world he had visited before. He wanted to control Viking raids decisions.³⁵ I opposed violence for violence, as did my deceased companion. My opposition enraged Algard. He swore to make me disappear. But the gods arranged for me to see Yolanda the night before I left so

³⁵ “To Viking,” means to go on raiding, hacking, in search of loot.

that I could transmit the divination art to her, as you know. It's a real gift from the gods."

Islanda glances discreetly at the triplets.

"You know, Islanda, Grandma Louise told us the same story when we returned from our expedition to the Celts."

Sofia points out this fact with great respect to this woman, her Scandinavian ancestor.

"I'm glad to see that the facts relate. The family story was told truthfully through the generations. Now, grandma keeps it very precious in her manuscript," adds Cédric with pride and conviction.

"Sometimes I thought grandma was leading us on when reading her manuscript. But Islanda, you just confirmed her story. I'll apologize to her when I see her again, when we return from our expedition in time," adds William. "I'm not proud of my reservations.

"Islanda, is it true that Icelandic priestess was cruel to the slaves in your villages, especially those devoted to the leaders?" Asks Cedric, stumbling over the words and hesitating somewhat.

The question was asked! William and Sofia didn't want Cedric to question her on the subject. Both had asked him not to. But he had to, his reason and logic tormented him. It's his interest, and he can't resist his strong intellect. ...

Islanda looks at him intensely. She bites her lips. She rises from her seat and walks up and down behind Chief Makevich, Duitmas and her daughter Pearl of Dew.

She's confronted with a truth she never wanted to admit the Beothuk chief or her companion... What will she do? What will she answer these three children of prophecy? All these gestures she used to perform during funeral ceremonies... She wanted to forget...

She's sad and serious then continues: "I must tell you some truths, which according to your references, you may reject. ... But, in the land I grew up, they're accepted. ... My function and my role in my community carried some acts not common or accepted by your people." ...

Islanda looks intently at Duitmas and chief Makevich. They look at her with kindness. They understand her and tell her to continue her story. Pearl of Dew observes her mother silently.

Islanda would have liked not to answer this question, but one of the triplets asked the question...

"How generous life is despite everything! It allows me to purify my soul regarding this episode of my past life with my clan of origin. I never performed the ritual again, the customs in this New Land differ." ...

She turns to Cedric and knows that everyone is watching her, attentive...

In a low and contrite voice, she comments on what she has done as a Scandinavian priestess:

"Yes, I performed on slaves some gestures required for their passage to their next life. I'll summarize the scene of the ritual as it happened. During the funeral of a Varege chief, a slave offered herself as a sacrifice. She wanted to leave with her master. After ten days of festivities, the priestess slits her throat, then with ceremony and according to the ritual, we burn her body with her master's body... The bodies slide across the water in a flaming vessel. The wind pushes it until the fire has consumed the vessel, reduced it to ashes... The ashes sink and the souls, of the master and his slave, prepare for their next life." ...

Islanda collects herself for a moment before saying: "There you go! Don't ask me anymore questions about this, children." ...

Eyes full of water, Islanda looks successively at Cedric, William, Sofia, her daughter, her companion, her leader, then silently moves towards the exit... Islanda disappears into the woods nearby...

All are stunned.

Suddenly, Duitmas, returning from surprise, gets up and runs to his companion. He knows that each clan develops its customs and that the person chosen and prepared to perform collective rituals must perform them. He himself has performed acts which could be reprehensible in other clans... That's diversity...

Sofia and William look at Cedric with guns in their eyes. They're furious. They take Cedric under their arms, lift him from the ground, push him towards the exit to criticize him vigorously...

"Who do you think you are? You're an idiot," proclaims William, jostling him.

"You, with your questions and your propensity to want to know everything, you should have kept your mouth shut on this question as we told you." Adds Sofia severely.

"Please forgive me. I have no excuses. I'll go to her right away and ask her for forgiveness on my knees if necessary."

Therefore, Cedric runs to Islanda, walking quietly with Duitmas.

Seeing Cedric arrive, Islanda opens her arms tenderly. She tells him of her deliverance, now that she has recounted an episode of her life which still disturbed her. She's at peace. She thanks Cedric with all her heart. Cedric bursts into tears. He, too, is relieved.

Cedric looks at Duitmas, then Islanda, ... He declares:

"I have my lesson for the day and probably for my life. Gracias."

The three of them return to the tepee, arm in arm, Islanda between Duitmas on her right and Cedric on her left...

"Tomorrow we'll talk about all this again," insists Duitmas as he enters. "I will tell you about my journey as a medicine man. Yes?"

“Yes, of course,” answer Sofia and William while glancing at their brother who stayed near the entrance...

“You’re coming Cedric,” Wil asks on the way out.

“I follow you.”

No one speaks. The triplets head for their private space.

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The night is fast approaching. The nightmares intensify in Cedric’s head. He moves all night on his straw mat. He’s rather muting the next morning. Sofia and William respect him. The three of them head for Chief Makevich’s hut.

The fruit breakfast comprises field berries, nuts, and water as a drink. Islanda arrives with great steps. She seems upset. She asks the children if they had a restless night, because she indicates, “incredible nightmares made my sleep restless. I’ll tell you about it immediately, because it will reconcile me with the decision I made when I arrived in this land in exile. ... I decided to cut those gestures from my rituals. I consider them cruel.”

“In my nightmare, I found myself with my family in the Nordic country. I saw myself during a clan leader’s funeral ceremony. I found myself in the middle of a priestess’s action, forced this time to fulfill my duty without my will. The sorcerer forced me to do so... I’ll spare you the details, but I assure you that I didn’t want to perform this gesture with the young woman in front of me. According to customs, she’s ready to have her throat sliced... I didn’t want to... The sorcerer forced me to perform my job. Everyone was screaming around me. All the people chanted words insulting me and people threw stones at me to comply. They wanted the rites to be performed according to Viking custom ... which, basically, isn’t at all the custom as I told you yesterday.”

Islanda takes a step back physically. She's out of breath. She looks into the distance, as if into the void... She adds with heartbreaking seriousness:

“What I understand from this nightmare is that it's over, ... all the gestures performed under pressure as a priestess... It's so different here with this welcoming people. I assure you that I have never done these maneuvers with anyone again. Moreover, it's Duitmas who's responsible for ceremonies of all kinds. I only accompany him.”

Cedric looks at Islanda with great affection and reports: “I had a horrible night too. I was struggling with demons who threw me into the fire and rejoiced in my horror. An elderly person was torturing me. He exceeded his rights. The elders demanded respect, willingness to help, vigilance, and more. They read me all my failings. I didn't understand anything. I met again with my grandparents, the past initiators, you Islanda, my teachers, etc. I was shouting at all of you to leave me alone. I hadn't done anything wrong!” ...

Cedric stops telling his nightmare, suddenly becoming pensive. He tries to connect with last night's situation.

“I think you're trying to connect with what happened last night, aren't you?” Asks Islanda, point-blank.

“Yesss,” answers Cedric slowly.

“You know Cedric, sometimes, the brain behaves peculiarly,” Duitmas adds while smiling gently at him. “The brain tries to reconcile us with our soul which suffocates with malaise. It wants us to know we can get back on track. In short, the brain wants us to grow and learn from our nightmares. I'm glad you brought this up. All humans go through this. It's like a door opening to a world of solutions. We must remember the most important moments during these nightmares. They're the ones which provide us with the key to finding solutions. Am I making myself clear?”

The triplets look at him intensely and answer: “Absolutely, we note that. Thank you, Duitmas, for this wise advice.”

“Now that Islanda spoke on the rituals from her clan of origin, I think it’s important for me to tell you about my duties with my community, the Beothuk clan.”

Duitmas looks at Islanda, then his leader Makevich. With a nod, he asks his permission to speak. Chief Makevich closes his eyes slightly and with a slight nod of his head, agrees.

“Basically, it’s simple,” declares Duitmas. “I take care of my brothers and sisters in our clan using the plants and fruits that nature wants to give us. I treat and care for them with natural remedies, with great solicitude and peace. I accompany them in their last journey using the ingredients that will bring them peace of soul.”

“Has it always been like that,” interrupts Sofia, very interested in Duitmas’ story?

“Yes! We have been doing this since ancient times... The elders tell us that every plant cares for something else: another plant, an animal that crawls, runs or flies... Regardless, everything is there for us... Some people question the plant to know its usefulness... It’s the magic of life... All living things nourish, or protect or heal... My teachers told me to search, ask, observe and the remedy will come at the right time.” ...

“Sometimes plants cure evil, sometimes the sweat lodge cures the body and soul, and other times, the evil is in the body and the plants guide me... Sometimes evil hides so well I must call the elders of the invisible worlds to help me... I question and ask for help to find answers... I lead different rituals: fishing, hunting, birth, death, seeds, harvests, and many others. Also, I ask the wind to guide us, especially when we cross the sea.” ...

“I love my people. I’m honoured to serve them. Islanda, my companion brings me her knowledge and her help in this work. My care touches both the spiritual and physical healing aspects. You know Sofia, people in our tradition know the use of medicinal plants. It’s part of their upbringing.”

“Do you know enough about plants to be able to identify them?” Asks William, still curious to learn more about the subject.

“Yes, and I must add the plants never stop teaching me their secret or guiding me in their usage. I know which part of the plant to use for maximum effect. You know, we use every part from the plants: the roots, bark, leaves, buds, flowers, fruits, sap, and peas. All plants provide me with their essence, their usefulness, their reason for being there for us. They tell me their secret and it helps me heal my brothers and sisters in the community. I know I can talk to you in this way... Your heart reveals its welcome to nature, to our practices. You’re the children chosen by the gods... Aren’t you?”

“I have no idea how many moon cycles it represents, but I know I’m lucky to see you and transfer to you some knowledge I’ve received. The Earth deserves humankind’s respect. Mother Earth loves us so much. She never complains about feeding us. She’s there to free us from our burning emotions through the comfort of our brother the wind. She washes out improper corruptions by our sister the rain. She allows our brother the fire to purify us. Not least, Mother Earth absorbs and recycles everything we need to feed ourselves. Isn’t that wonderful! We humans, we’re fortunate to experience such abundance.”

Islanda looks at the triplets. They’re amazed to hear this simple and charming native. “Now, you understand why, this man makes me happy!”

“Yes, we understand, and we’re grateful,” affirms Sofia suddenly, speaking on behalf of her brothers.

“If you want, we will go through the forest to the sacred mountain, where healing plants grow in abundance and I will inform you on some medicinal plants,” says Duitmas, looking at Islanda with tenderness.

“Yes! It will be fun,” opines William already standing and ready for adventure.

“Fun! What is fun?” Questions Duitmas...

“It’s an expression which means I’m happy, and happy to participate with my sister and brother in all this.” William smiles at Duitmas and Islanda.

The children rush towards the exit. Islanda stops them and declares: “Soon, I’ll have the privilege to talk about Odin, the Great Initiator of our people. Are you interested?”

“Yes! Of course, we’re interested. You know Islanda, the more we learn about you and your people, and all your gods, the more comfortable we’ll be able to talk about it with our granny and grandpa,” declares William kindly.

“What is granny and grandpa?” Questions Pearl of Dew, squinting her eyes.

“That’s how we call out to our grandmother and grandfather,” Sofia explains.

“I can’t wait to find out more about this very special God, ... I read in my research he poked out to gain more wisdom! I prefer to go through another way to be initiated, to gain wisdom! Phew! His way isn’t mine!” Declares Cedric convincingly...

“So do we,” Affirm Sofia and William, also convinced...

“That’s why I want to tell you about our legend on this subject.”

Islanda closes her eyes and proclaims seriously: “Keep your heart pure and open... Surprises await you.” ...

Islanda shakes her shiver and continues: “See you for dinner. Go with Duitmas, I think he wants to show you his friends, the plants.” ...

The four teenagers, Duitmas, and Chief Makevich look at her silently.

Islanda heads towards the forest. Chief Makevich watches her leaving the tepee. He turns to Duitmas and questions him with his eyes. The two men seem to communicate silently. Then Makevich heads for the beach where the fishermen are returning.

Pensive, Duitmas invites the young ones to follow him.

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Let's do it!

Makevich, the chief, and Islanda left separately.

Pearl of Dew, Sofia, Cedric, and William follow Duitmas silently.

The small group heads towards a promontory overlooking the bay. From this place, everyone observes the return of fishermen happy to find their chief and their respective family members who come to help preserve the fishes. Today, the fishing was abundant. While one group eviscerates and beheads the fish with a stone cutlass, another prepares the stands to suspend the fishes. They tie them by the tail and expose the flesh to the sun.

Duitmas invites the teenagers to join him in the shade under the trees. He wants to continue explaining his clan's way of life.

“Clans like ours have a few families and usually between 25 and 40 people. We're nomadic... Our clan members move with the seasons and nature's generosity. Nature tells us where to go. We pay attention to the animal movements for hunting, the fish and marine animals' behaviour for fishing, the berries, and wild nuts ripening for harvest time to create reserves for the cold and difficult weather in the white season.”

“Our life is simple. When it's necessary to move or face a difficult situation or not, all the members of the clan are involved, all participate in the decisions. It's the whole group that makes decisions traditionally, as a group... Our leader manages and carries out the decisions made by the group. The clan members share everything. We meet to work together, as you can see on the shore. Almost the whole clan is preparing the fish for drying. Fishing was plentiful today. This will give us a good reserve for the cold period. As you see, all participate in the tasks, and all will share

the fruits of their labours.”

“Yearly, during the harvest season, several clans gather to trade. They exchange skins, shells, tools. We also inform on our friends, celebrate weddings or traditional ceremonies, greet the spirits of our fallen friends, or live dance rituals to say thank you to the Great Spirit, make a powwow... Two large moons,³⁶ from now, members of our clan will head to the great path to cross the mountains of the setting sun.³⁷ We will go to meet our brothers from the seaside and celebrate with them, as we do every year, before the cold weather arrives. This year, Pearl of Dew will go to live with the family of a Medicine Man as agreed during our last powwow on the coast.”

Cedric, Sofia, and William turn to Pearl of Dew. She tilts her head and blushes.

“Pearl of Dew belongs to Louise’s lineage,” thinks Sofia.

Sofia looks intently at Pearl of Dew with respect and emotion. Duitmas respects this silent communication for a moment then resumes.

“You know, the clans’ survival depends entirely on the resources provided from the sea and the forest. That is why we worship the animal spirits and thank them for giving us their lives to feed ours... We fish and hunt only according to our needs. Chief Makevich is fair, and a good man. He knows the forest and the sea. He’s an excellent hunter. All the clan members respect him. He knows when and where to go.”

Duitmas goes on to tell why the wolf denotes the most respected animal in the clan.

“The wolf represents the clan’s totem animal. Wolves behave as our friends, our protectors. Therefore, each member of the clan wears a fetish from the wolf: a necklace with a tooth, a bracelet

³⁶ Full moon.

³⁷ Gros Morne Park, Newfoundland.

made of wolf skin strips, a stone cutlass tied with nerves coming from a wolf, a bag made with a wolf skin... In short, a form of partnership exists between our clan members and the wolves. Thus, during caribou hunting expeditions, our hunters always leave meat on the carcasses for the wolves. That way, the hunters thank them for bringing the herds to them.”

“The hunters and fishermen in my clan believe that every animal in this world has a spirit and that we must treat these spirits with respect. They are there for us. So, tonight we will dance by the fire to honour the wolf protector and the fish feeders so that tomorrow becomes a good day for all.”

The children spend the rest of the day following Duitmas. They note the respectful union within this community: between the plant world, the animal world, and the human world. Everything interrelates. Everything lives. All depend on the same air, the same water, the same earth, the same sun. The people know of the sacred bond which unites us, and they live it.

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The atmosphere is feverish.

Last night, clan members celebrated the children of the future with songs and dances. Many, especially young people, questioned the visitors from another time until the chief ordered everyone to withdraw except the central fire guards.

This morning, three groups are getting ready. The first group: Duitmas leads a medicinal plant gathering group in which Sofia participates. The second group: Chief Makevich, leads a fishing expedition in which Cedric participates. The third group forms an inaugural expedition of young hunters under Anin’s leadership, the Chief’s son, William joins this group.

With the ongoing preparations, the triplets share a short moment.

“I’d rather go fishing than walk inside the forest,” opines Cedric. “These mosquitoes love me too much.”

“Yes! I understand you Cedric, I have never seen so many mosquitoes chasing me. They keep me from thinking,” reports William.

“I don’t think you guys remember grandpa’s training. Look, I don’t have a mosquito buzzing around me. It’s the same with all the people accompanying us.”

“Yes, but they live here,” retorts Cedric.

“You forgot grandpa’s stories of grandpa who told us how he protected himself from mosquitoes when he went hunting or walked in the woods. He was practising an old trick taught to him by a native hunting guide. He smeared all visible surfaces of his skin with soil. As I did, as I saw all the natives in our group do. It isn’t to have red skin as they’re called in our history books that they do this; it’s really to protect themselves from mosquitoes and from the sun.”

“Yes! your new tanning cream,” laughs William...

“Stop Wil, it’s serious, this ochre earth powder chief Makevich’s wife gave me before leaving provides effective protection, and I don’t feel as if I’m dirty. Look, the two scouts ahead of us, their skin isn’t reddish. They covered their skin with mud made from the dirt near the bivouac and it seems to work for them.” ...

While Sofia spoke, Cedric and William quickly smeared their faces, necks, ears, and hands with dirt under the amused gaze of their native companions.

“That’s it! You see, it works,” declares Sofia.

“OK! OK! It’s OK Sofia, don’t kill a mosquito with a shovel,” replies Cedric gritting his teeth.

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Duitmas, Sofia, and Pearl of Dew head for the medicinal garden on the sacred mountain. A group of young girls from the clan accompany them. Together they walk the path dotted with plots and undergrowth cleared of dead branches.

The colourful flora abounds. The girls show their enthusiasm and curiosity. They frequently question their guide and mentor.

Patiently, Duitmas explains how each plant contributes generously to human life. He explains how the smoke produced from the roots of a small, seven-petalled white flower³⁸ helps hunters attract deer.

He tells how native women use the juice obtained from certain plants. For example, we extract the juice from small bell-like flowers³⁹ leaning at the end of branches, and this juice serves to dye porcupine quills to decorate their clothing.

He explains how berries such as wild strawberries⁴⁰ nourish in season...

Patiently, Duitmas shows how each plant he knows feeds or heals. He explains how he explores the forest, how observes and communicates with plants, how he observes and analyzes animals, birds and insects' behaviour towards plants and flowers.

Duitmas pauses in front of a group of trees taller than several men and with trunks bigger than a man's thigh. He explains the importance of these forest dwellers. He points out the red-brown colour of younger trees and focuses on the white bark⁴¹ of more mature trees usefulness.

³⁸ *Trientalis borealis* or *Trientale*.

³⁹ *Vaccinium viti-idea*, also known as Little Huckleberry.

⁴⁰ Strawberries have more vitamin C per gram than oranges.

⁴¹ *Betula papyrifera* or Paper Birch, also known as white birch and canoe birch.

He explains the tree's generosity and its use to make canoes floating on the water, snowshoes to walk on snow, baskets to carry and keep food, shelters to protect from the cold and wind, or to heal. He explains how he uses birch sap⁴² to heal members of his clan.

"Hum! maybe grandpa knows when he says that his grandfather told him to wash his face with birch sap to make his freckles disappear." Think Sofia

The silence around her brings her back to the group looking at her.

Duitmas smiled at her then resumes his explanations. He occasionally invites the people accompanying him to taste sometimes a fruit, sometimes a root, sometimes a bark explaining each time how to recognize what can be used for survival.

Nature's rest period under the snow present difficulties for both animals and humans. Several teachings come from these animals sharing the territory. For example, during the cold season, hunters chew on pieces of shrub branches, tree bark and dug up roots and moss as some animals do.

Time flies. Sofia records Duitmas' explanations. She tastes and experiences the energy of those around her. She notes the vibe from different plant species surrounding her. She remembers Guelf's teachings. She's happy.

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The waves sway back and forth Cédric and his three companions' canoe.

"I think grandpa would enjoy fishing with us in this place. It's amazing. I'll revisit the artifacts in the museum with him and tell him about this experience I'm now having... Wow! These harpoons are from deer bones or

42 To make a litre of birch syrup, it takes about 80 to 100 litres of sap. By comparison, you must reduce about 40 litres of maple sap (Acer Saccharum) to get one litre of syrup.

antlers, sharpened and polished to facilitate penetration. A hole is drilled in the elongated part to attach a line. Antler harpoons weigh more but seem more durable.”

“Long poles have large harpoons at the end to impale bigger fish, seals, bears and even deer they chase in canoes. Bows fire arrows with small harpoons tip to catch fish swimming near the surface.”

“It would be cool to see a big fish and harpoon it.” ...

Cedric and his companions wait patiently for a pull on the line they hold calmly in their hands. A teenager keeps his bow close to him, his arrow with a long thread can be notched quickly. The other teen keeps a detachable-headed spear, also attached with a string, close at hand.

Cedric observes, happy, when a clamour arises from the occupants of three canoes further away. Near them, the sea seems rough. Suddenly, a huge humpback whale emerges from the water and falls on its back causing an alarming commotion.

Fishing now seems to be on hold. Together, the canoes chase a group of six whales from a safe distance. The whales appear at intervals and blow jets of water noisily. They surge on the surface before diving with a huge tail snap. Dripping shells cling to the tail. To everyone’s delight, a whale emerges forcefully out of the water, twists, and falls on its back with a bang. The young fishermen show their enthusiasm and admiration.

“Now, that’s what I call a bomb! The whale’s water spurt impresses more than those from William and Uncle Patrick in the pool.”

When the whales head out to sea, the young realize they have moved from the shore. Clouds are beginning to darken the sky and small waves seem to signal bad weather. By agreement, the young people decide to race back to the shore.

“Well, I’m not going to harpoon a big fish today,” thinks Cedric while rowing vigorously with his companions.

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William joins a group of the clan's young members. They must go on an expedition and experience their first solo outing in the wilderness. They must go to an area difficult to access, overcome the pitfalls and spend the night there. Then, the next day, return to camp and tell the elders what they observed and experienced. In short, the exercise aims to assess the knowledge and skills of future warriors. Are they able to fend for themselves and survive in the backwoods?

The four natives, chosen according to tradition, to live the inaugural expedition, are Anin, the chief's son, Bawoodisik, his everyday companion, Camtac and Ge-Oun⁴³, two other young people of the same age.

These four youths ask Chief Makevich if William could accompany them. After consultation with the elders, the chief agrees and invites William to join the group to experience this adventure. He proudly accepts.

William knows his companions. He trains with them since joining the clan. William skills impress the group, particularly his efficiency with the slingshot and his sense of observation, i.e., his ability to detect unusual movements.

Participants bring only a few items equipment besides the clothes they wear. This equipment includes their personal flint knife, some leather or nerve strips from large animals prepared for this purpose, a flint (fire) stone, one bow with six arrows carried by the chief's son, as the most skilled archer in the group, the others carry a spear stick they made for themselves.

William, meanwhile, considers making a sling shot quickly from the leather strap he wears around his waist. As a result, William vows to pick up a supply of stones along the trail, especially near the streams. Those stones suit slingshot better.

⁴³ Anin means "Comet" in Beothuk. Bawoodisik means "Thunderbird," Camtac means "Speak very early" and Ge-Oun means "Jaw."

Before leaving, the future warriors harden the tip of the makeshift javelins in the camp's fire embers. They make sure they're effective as a weapon and a versatile tool.

"As Patrick and grandpa say, you must prepare to go on an adventure, so yes, I have a rope, this flint knife replaces my pocketknife, I have something to light a fire. When I think about it, we're 1000 years before my birth. ... It's as if I'm living in a movie way before my time... Puff!"

Makevich presents his instructions to the group and especially to his son who assumes the lead. Then, he checks that the youngsters respect the tradition. He examines everyone's equipment. The other parents present encourage the young people. This expedition represents an important passage in the evolution and preparation of the warrior.

"It's like the transition from high school to CEGEP," thinks William...

Time passes.

The young progress silently and quickly in the forest. They're attentive to everything happening around them. They note places with abundant berries or tracks of small animals' frequent passage such as hares. The mark propitious places to lay snaring traps. A swampy area shows numerous American elk tracks. On two occasions, partridges surprise the group when they suddenly and noisily fly between the trees... Out of habit, William counts his steps and pays attention to the reliefs that could serve as landmarks.

"We've been walking non-stop for at least two hours, perhaps two and a half hours. We completed 12,000 steps. Given the difficulty of the terrain and our walking speed, which I estimate at 1,500 steps per kilometre, then I think we have covered about eight kilometres. These gnyas are in shape." ...

Barely a thousand paces away, the group arrives near a stream coming from the high grounds. Over time, the stream has indeed carved its bed into the rocky ground. The chief's son chooses to pause a moment.

“Let’s take a moment to quench our thirst. My father has guided me through this area before. This water comes from the springs of the plateau beyond the ‘Three Sisters’ you see there,” indicates Anin, pointing to the three peaks about three kilometres away.

“Three sisters! Is that what you call the three summits?” William asks.

“Yes,” confirms Anin.

“We must follow this stream to the cavern located near a waterfall. The fall gives birth to this stream. That’s where we will spend the night. And tomorrow we must go to the plateau before returning to the camp. Father asked we be back before the sun sets tomorrow.”

All listen attentively and nod their heads.

“Now, if you look towards the sea, big clouds are coming our way. Soon we’ll have a thunderstorm. So, I think we must hurry up to get to safety as soon as possible. I’ll be in front because I know the path the dangerous places, Bawoodisik, you’ll follow me, then William, followed by Camtac, and Ge-Oun, you’ll close the line.”

All indicate that they have understood and agree.

“So, let’s go before we get too wet.”

The group has already been progressing for some time. The rain falls heavily and hides the horizon. The trail becomes increasingly slippery as the stream’s current accelerates under its growing volume. The water bubbles and becomes more and more threatening...

“Phew! This isn’t a gift! I can’t wait to get to the top,” thinks William.

“Wow! That spot over there, about 100 metres, how will we cross it, it’s narrow, and the trail isn’t very wide, ... and it goes up rather steeply on either side! ... I think it’s very dangerous... Worse, the water is rising, and the current is fast... Hum! Anin says he’s been here before... He must know how to do it.” ...

William holds back his premonition and remains silent. He follows the group while being on alert. It focuses on the anchor points so as not to slip. The rain is raging. ... The terrain becomes increasingly slippery. Anin knows of the danger. He grips the bushes and roots while accelerating the pace. The cave is nearby. The group can see a portion of the fall and discern the entrance to a small cavern fewer than two hundred paces away and ten metres higher from their current position.

“Hum! Before we reach safety, we must get across this the narrow passage.” Thinks Anin. “It’s about twenty steps long with only few anchor points... We must cross this difficult spot. Safety is on the other side. There, the path widens and leads directly to the natural shelter. There, we’ll rest safely.” Anin pauses a moment to choose his next steps.

The slopes on either side of the waterfall are very steep. A mudslide caught William’s attention.

“Hum! Mudslides! Are these rocks solid? I wonder what the inside of the shelter looks like. The cave could be an old water passage? I’ll see when I’m inside... Cedric would say I see danger everywhere. He’s not wrong.” ...

William quiets his concern; however, he begins to perceive the dangers. He keeps his fears to himself when suddenly:

Crack! “Haaaaaaaaaaaa!”

William stops and instantly grabs onto the root near him. He watches the scene unfolding in front of him as if in slow motion. Anin extends his leg to move around a large rock that partially blocks the path. The tree root he’s holding with his left hand gives way under the traction. Anin flips backwards and in doing so, grabs Bawoodisik sleeve who is following him closely. The latter, surprised, tries hopelessly to restrain his friend who drags him into

his fall. Both topple into the rocks in the increasingly vigorous stream, about three metres below. The two boys behind William cling to the roots near them while shouting at their plummeting friends.

William observes the events. They're unfolding like in a slow-motion movie. Anin tries to twist and position himself to cushion the blow and avoid the rocks in evidence while his friend follows him very closely. Bawoodisik tries with a swing from the hips to dodge his friend.

Splash! A cry of pain... The water quickly turns red... Anin tries as well as he can to keep his head out of the water. He clings on to a surface rock with both hands. His right leg is in a grotesque position. He sees his right ankle resting on a rock at an impossible angle. He feels nothing for now. It's impossible for him to move his leg. Bawoodisik rests, inert, on Anin's right leg. He doesn't move. A gaping wound above the right ear leaks blood. Bawoodisik remains unconscious.

"Oh no! What am I going to do?" Thinks William,

Camtac and Ge-Oun are frozen. They're petrified on the spot. Their eyes roll back in water. They can hardly breathe. They're afraid. The look in their eyes foretells panic.

William quickly grasped the seriousness of the situation and reacts. While the chief's son tries to compress his inert friend's bloody face, Wil ties a strap to a firmly anchored tree and slips into the ravine. He orders Camtac and Ge-Oun to hurry and organize themselves to be able to hoist their two injured friends. The two come out of their torpor and prepare slings and secure the path to accommodate their wounded companions.

The rain continues its attacks, relentless.

"We must act quickly because the water should rise much higher in a short time. The rain won't stop anytime soon. If I look at the sky so low and black, I don't think it'll calm down."

In the rising water, William rushes to free the chief's son by tying his inert companion to the strap thrown by Camtac. William briefly explains his plan and recommends keeping Bawoodisik under tension so that his head stays upwards. With the current running and the water is rising rapidly, his priority is to get organize to lift Anin before he submerges. The second leather strap will hold the chief's son.

The bone, at calf level on the outside the right leg emerges in the open wound. It's not a pretty sight. William grits his teeth and focuses on what he needs to do so keep from panicking. The blood flows abundantly and continually. The stream becomes pink.

William removes his jacket as if to make a towel and hastens to straighten and wrap Anin's leg at the wound. He grasps the bow broken in two which the young man wore on his back. With the pieces, he makes a rustic splint to keep the leg stable. He knows that Anin can't put any weight on this leg. The young man suffers painfully, and he grits his teeth to keep from shouting out his pain...

William encourages him while helping him change his position. The water rises dangerously. ... They must pull Bawoodisik out, and he's still motionless. William supports Anin near a tree trunk stuck in the rocks near his fall. Then he approaches Bawoodisik and notices the wound's gravity. Despite the abundant blood, he can see the skull bone above the right ear. No fracture shows. This vision reminds him images of a scalped person. It replaces as much as possible the folded skin upwards while avoiding leaving hair between the skull and the skin. From the young man's bag, he takes a leather clothing containing material that he quickly discards. William washes the piece in the stream water, twists it, and places it on the wound. Then, using a strap, he secures the makeshift bandage around the head.

"Now, it's urgent we get out of this hole and take cover, then we will see what we can do to treat the wounds better."

William turns to his companions on the path. They're worried.

“Camtac! Ge-Oun! Keep the focus, I need your total attention. Now catch the strap and wait for my instructions.” William throws a stubby but sturdy strap that Anin wore around his waist. We use it to suspend large game for bleeding and gutting.

William pushes Bawoodisik up while Camtac and Ge-Oun pull him towards them...

Efforts ... and a lot of sweat for these young apprentice warriors... They work under a constant adrenaline rush...

After a while, Bawoodisik is tied to a tree at the edge of the trail. Now it's Anin's turn to be hoisted onto the trail...

The young people exude fatigue.

There's no time to waste and specially to consider one's fatigue. It's urgent. The danger increases and threatens William every moment. The water maintains pressure on William's body. He's struggling more and more to resist the current. The water is now at waist high. The trunk that protects him a little from the current seems less and less solid... He attaches himself to the strap thrown at him. Thanks to Camtac and Ge-Oun, he strenuously pulls himself and Anin up to the trail.

Anin winces in pain. Aware of their dangerous position, he nevertheless informs them of the directions to the cave.

William, Camtac and Ge-Oun carry the chief's son to the cave and set him up near the entrance. Then they return to Bawoodisik, still inert... The injury worries William. He checks the bandage and finds that it's performing its job. It keeps the wound closed and controls the blood flowing slowly.

Carrying Bawoodisik is more difficult. The path becomes increasingly slimy and dangerous. It preempts the use of a stretcher. William suggests the firefighter transport. He explains how a person carries another on his back for short distances. They carry their companion in turn.

After multiple efforts, the five teens are finally reunited in the cave. Bawoodisik breathes but doesn't move. He remains motionless. Anin observes and encourages his companions... It's obvious, he's suffering, his look and the tone of his voice betray him... Nevertheless, he helps Ge-Oun, the youngest of the group, to light a small fire using his flint on dry twigs they found inside the shelter.

Outside the sky unleashes its anger. The surrounding rocks shake with each thunder... The sound is deafening. ... They're amplified with the gully's rocky walls.

It's time to take stock. William examines Anin's makeshift carriage and installs him as comfortably as possible ... then with Camtac, he makes a makeshift litter and installs Bawoodisik there still unconscious.

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Cedric and Sofia are telling Islanda and Duitmas about their experience of the day when suddenly, Cedric turns to his sister Sofia. Both look at each other and exclaim with concern:

“William! Something serious happened to him,” declares Sofia.

“No telepathic contact ... he's really in trouble,” indicates Cedric.

Both turn to Islanda:

“Where's William?”

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Where's William?

Camtac approaches Ge-Oun at Anin's bedside. The two boys comfort their injured friend as much as possible while catering to the small fire. Outside, the storm continues to rumble its fury.

William observes Bawoodisik, still unconscious. He's bare-chested, shivers run throughout his body. He struggles to keep warm. The shelter's precarious security doesn't reassure him.

"Damn! We're not out of danger. The noise from the fall is deafening. I consider this cave an eventual trap. The ground moves as if jelly,⁴⁴ it vibrates constantly. The rock debris further up in the cavern tells me we're in an old underground river passage. Damn! Damn! Damn!"

"Sofia, Cedric, where are you? I must not panic! I need help! I can't think!"

William looks in turn at Anin and his two companions, Bawoodisik still motionless. A water trickle flows from the rock debris behind him and continues a few paces from his position towards the entrance to the cave slightly below. ... The small flames dimly illuminate the vault...

"The scree rocks seem cleaned by water... From where does this water come? The rain which makes its way or a discharge of the river upstream of the fall? Brrr! If it's a landfill, we must leave this place as soon as possible..."

William fixes a cavity at the top of the rock debris, then turns to Bawoodisik, checks the leather bandage, and gently touches his right shoulder with his right hand: *"Bawoodisik, wake up! ... What did grandma say?"*

⁴⁴ A gelatin and fruit-flavoured dessert whose consistency, although firm, can be shaken.

“Bawoodisik, are you in a coma? Sbit, what did grandma say, what’s her trick?”

“William! William! breathe quietly, keep calm.” ...

“William, we’re here, call your dragon, he’s here.” ...

“Sofia! Cedric! You’re here! I’m in trouble!”

“OK, we know you’re under a lot of stress, but you must keep calm and explain to us so we can help you... You know how, you must communicate what you’re living and what you see. For the moment we perceive only your breathing difficulty.”...

William feels numb. ... His rapid breathing and panting hinder the oxygen in the blood. His face is streaming beyond the rain. ... Sweat blobs on his forehead. Tension creeps in his shoulders. His hands shake beyond control. ... He grasps his crystal in his right hand. He tries to focus on his crystal. ... The fall’s deafening sound fades gradually. ... His breathing... He’s aware of it...

William hears MARA, his dragon, imposing a breathing rhythm: *“Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale...”*

“William! What’s the problem? ... You know how to deal with any problem or challenge... Remember, an elephant can be eaten only one bite at a time.” ...

“Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale...”

William closes his eyes and brings his breathing under control. He hears Sofia and Cedric’s calling. They seek to establish contact.

“Describe what is happening William,” requests Cedric.

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William lets his mind draw and transmit the images that presents itself to his awareness.

Cédric and Sofia capture William space location in their minds: the small fire that dimly illuminates the cave walls... This cave extends approximately 30 paces from the entrance to a scree of washed rock at the back... Between the scree base to the entrance, we have a slope going down one person's height over the 30 paces distance. The height in the cave varies from two to three people's height at its highest point. The higher portion sits closer to the entrance. The vault at this point seems more friable and appears unstable... Near the scree, the massive rocks are arranged as a staircase narrowing as it progresses upwards in the back of the cave... The stones in the scree are wet. ... So, a hole exists. From where William is, you can't see or determine the height and size of this hole. For now, the only visible exit rest with the entry point.

Cedric feels his body tense. Sofia takes his left hand with her right hand.

Islanda and her companion observe Cedric and Sofia. They suspect something wrong. They focus on the children of the future energy and in doing so, they begin to perceive the images transmitted... Duitmas grasps the danger. He knows the place...

Instinctively, he takes his drum and a discreet beat, so as not to interfere with the triplet's communication. ... He establishes the right rhythm which alter his state of consciousness and allows his vision to travel to children in difficulty. He perceives animals' magic supporting the children... Quickly, he notes the urgency to inform chief Makevich to organize a rescue team. ... Several hours will be required to reach the group.

Duitmas grasps Bawoodisik and Anin's serious injuries, he notes the elements that could help the young men cope with the situation. He returns to his state of consciousness and puts down his drum... He asks Pearl of Dew, to get the chief Makevich quickly. He informs Islanda on his vision of the situation. Sofia and Cedric confirm what he saw.

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Cedric hastens to pass on Duitmas' instructions to William.

"William, you must move closer to the scree, near the pool of clear water at the foot of the scree... Bawoodisik must be waken as soon as possible and observed continually so that he stays awake and especially, you must control the bleeding from his wound. Duitmas says you made an effective bandage on Bawoodisik's head. However, you must strengthen Anin's bandage and splint you made to immobilize his leg and thus reduce and control the bleeding. The leg should be checked regularly to avoid abnormal swelling. He suggests taking some moss near the entrance, washing it in the clear water basin near the scree, and putting it on Anin's leg bandage. This should help for a few hours. The chief leaves now with a rescue team. If all goes well, they should find you by early morning." ...

"Cedric, I forget grandma's test to find out the level of consciousness."

"Pinch and twist his nipples. If he reacts, you should be able to wake him up shortly," indicates Sofia. "If he doesn't react, well, grandma says he's in a coma."

"If so, the Duitmas will tell you what to do."

William hastens to pinch and Bawoodisik's right nipple. He reacts. He contracts and raises his right shoulder as if to avoid a blow.

"Phew! Good news. He reacts when I twist his nipple." Transmits William.

Ge-Oun and Camtac observe William's behaviour, he has his eyes closed as in another state. They saw their healer with this posture...

William looks at them and points to the pool of clear water... He asks them to move the two wounded near the water basin and reassures them:

"Bawoodisik will be fine... He'll wake up soon. When he's near the water basin, Ge-Oun, it's important you gently spray his face with cold water until he wakes and make sure to protect his bandage, especially when he wakes. His first reflex could be to

remove it... This must be avoided, as it could aggravate the injury. While you care for him, Camtac and I will move Anin and solidify his splint. After that, we will look at our options together and decide how we get out of here.”

Ge-Oun asks: “who tells you what to do? Who talks to you in your head? Why did you pinch Bawoodisik? You hurt him!” His tone appears provocative.

“You’re not the boss,” adds Camtac in the same tone as Ge-Oun.

Ge-Oun, Camtac and Anin have their eyes fixed on William.

William hesitates to answer. He stares one after the other at Camtac, Ge-Oun, and finally he keeps his gaze on Anin. He explains: “When I have many questions coming into my head at the same time, I take the time to breathe to control my fears and anxieties. At that moment, I hear in my head the advice of those who showed me how to act.” ...

The look of the three companions indicates that they’re waiting for the rest when a deafening noise “BRROUOUMMM!” with a dusty and sudden breath comes from the cave’s entrance and extinguishes the small fire...

“Fire!” shouts Anin. “I’ll fix it,” replies Ge-Oun, who quickly rekindles the ashes near him.

“Hum! ... Bawoodisik wakes,” indicates William as he moves towards him.

William checks the bandage while cleaning the dust that sticks to Bawoodisik’s face. He’s slowly regaining consciousness. Camtac watches his companion to protect the bandage as William directed.

“Damn! Damn! Damn!” thinks, William.

William shivers. ... He feels the tension growing in his chest...

“William! What’s going on?” Queries Cedric.

William hears MARA, his dragon, imposes a breathing rhythm: *“Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale...”*

“William, what’s going on? Did you move as Duitmas suggested?”

“William!” calls Anin.

Seeing William’s lack of reaction, Anin throws a small pebble at him. William surprised turns to Anin who is holding Ge-Oun’s arm. The two take turns looking at William and Camtac near Bawoodisik. The falls rumble diminishes; however, the young people perceive the tremors of the ground with concern.

William checks Anin’s bandage and takes the opportunity to solidify it. He convinces Ge-Oun to help him move Anin near the water basin at the foot of the scree. First, Ge-Oun moves a portion of the fire onto a rocky platform slightly to the left and at the base of the scree. The water flowing from the scree to the pool and the cave entrance bypasses this small platform.

William helps Ge-Oun install Anin near the fire on the platform, then he joins Camtac. Together they moved and installed Bawoodisik near Anin. Camtac and Ge-Oun tend to the wounded. Bawoodisik consciousness improves slowly. The boys are agitated. They draw comfort near the small fire.

From time to time, a small glimmer of lightning comes from the top of the scree.

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William shivers despite the fire proximity. MARA’s energy comforts and supports him. He transmits the situation regularly to Cedric and Sofia. Cedric reassures him with Duitmas instructions.

A heated discussion between Ge-Oun and Camtac creates concern in the small group. Anin orders his companions to quiet down, and he calls out to William who seems to be meditating.

“William, you act like our wizard. You have your mouth and eyes closed like him when my father consults him, what happens?” Anin asks.

All have their eyes on William. He looks at them successively.

“I hear my brother and sister. They talk to me. They’re with Duitmas your medicine man... He tells me to move everyone here. He also said Bawoodisik would wake up and that your father is already on his way here with a group of men... He’s aware of our situation.” ...

“Who do you think you are?” opines Camtac.

Anin, without turning to Camtac, puts his right hand on the arm of his companion who shuts up immediately. Still looking William in the eye, Anin instructs:

“Go on.”

“Duitmas and your father know we’re in danger. Your father’s group won’t be here until the morning if all goes well. The wizard told me to solidify your splint so that your leg moves as little as possible and to check it regularly. He suggests putting clean foam on your leg...

“Anin! Bawoodisik lost consciousness. His wound begins to bleed again,” reports Ge-Oun, worried.

Camtac rushes to his friend and in doing so his foot scatters the fire, the light almost extinguished. Without considering Ge-Oun and Anin who yells at him, Camtac kindles the small fire. William moves carefully towards Bawoodisik. In the darkness, he notes that the latter is breathing and that his bandage had moved displacing the fragile flesh, the wound bleeds again. Quickly, William replaces the bandage and with a piece of his pants he strengthens the bandage as if he were tying a hat under the chin. Satisfied, William turns to Ge-Oun.

“Bawoodisik will wake up soon. You must watch him. The bandage must not move. Otherwise, the wound will continue to

bleed... We still have a long time to wait before help is there.”

Ge-Oun with a nod shows he understands. Camtac blows softly on the fire which slowly picks up. Anin puts his hand on William’s arm and invites him to continue. William looks at him, then points with his left hand towards the entrance obstructed by large stones:

“You see down there, where we entered the cave, well, the help won’t be able to pass through there.”

Then, pointing upwards from the scree near them:

“Do you notice the lightning’s flash from time to time? That means we have an exit hole up there... For now, it’s the only possible exit I can see, and we must get out of here before the cave fills with water.”...

All look anxiously at the trickle of water bypassing their platform and flowing towards the entrance below, now obstructed with large stones and dirt. Anin understands the danger too. He looks at William:

“What do you suggest?”

“I must go and see, and for that I’ll need the fire, which means it’s important that you remain in physical contact. You and Bawoodisik can’t help other than by protecting yourself as much as possible while Ge-Oun, Camtac and I do what we can while waiting for your father and his warriors...”

“Bawoodisik wakes,” reports Ge-Oun.

“Stay close and reassure him,” instructs William. “You must protect his bandage.”

“Camtac, I’ll make myself a little torch with the fire and I’ll go up into the scree to see if we can get out there. You stay with Anin and protect him in case rocks slide towards you.”

“William! Tell us what’s going on,” requests Cedric.

Quickly, William makes himself a homemade torch with Camtac's help. Then, he concentrates, approaches the first stones of the scree. He notes the size and location of the rocks stuck together. He transmits images of what he sees to Cedric and Sofia. They inform Islanda and Duitmas of the situation.

William progresses slowly between the rocks. The more he advances, the more anxiety invades him. Many of these rocks are wet from the rainwater seeping in. He hears thunder and perceives more and more the clarity from the lightning above him. Between the heavy rain and thunderclaps, he hears the river powerful nearby.

"I see the exit. I think I'm halfway there. I think the length of the tunnel in the scree corresponds to about eight to ten times my height as the last flash allowed me to see coniferous branches. But here, I can go no further... The passage blocks for me. ... I don't want to cause a rockslide. How are we going to get Bawoodisik and Anin out? Damn! Damn!"

"Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..."

"MARA, I don't know what to do anymore, I'm afraid! My arms hurt! My stomach and shoulders ache... Please help me.

"Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale... You know what to do, help is on its way."

"William, if you don't pass, perhaps one of your companions can!"
Suggests Sofia.

"Yes! Yes! Thank you, Sofia, I think Camtac can go through."

William goes back down to his companions with care, paying attention to how he shifts his weight and protecting the flame of his homemade torch. Ge-Oun, Camtac and Anin know William didn't reach the exit. They wait by the fire.

"So, what did you see?" Questions Anin.

"I saw the top of the trees because of the lightning. However, halfway through, the passage is too narrow for me, and I couldn't see how to enlarge the passage. I think Camtac can pass. He can

examine how to widen the passage from the top without blocking it. You, Anin, could sneak through the passage when expanded, but Bawoodisik won't be able without help. Your father and his men will be there at daylight, and they will know how to get us out of here. I think they will expand the passage from the exit."

A commotion at the front of the cave startles the young men. A second landslide outside the cavern causes a shift in the rocks blocking the cave entrance. Stones also fell from the vault near the entrance.

William imagines the vault collapsing and consequently the river pours into the cave where they are. This vision frightens him. He shakes with all his limbs and closes his eyes with a grimace. He breathes faster and only with the top of his lungs.

Anin looks at him, squeezes his right arm and asks: "What did you see?"

"Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale... You know what to do, help is on its way."

William breathes deeply before opening his eyes and responding.

"I saw a great danger lurking ahead... When your father and his men are there, we must be on our guard and get out as quickly as possible."

Without telling the others, William tells Anin to look towards the entrance of the cave. The dust cloud disappeared; however, dust keeps falling from the ceiling and water begins to collect inside the cave.

William stresses. He closes his eyes and focuses on his breathing. ... He opens his eyes, looks at Anin, nods slightly, looks at Camtac straight in the eye and asks him to replace him and go outside. Anin confirms with a nod. William gives Camtac his makeshift torch. ... He informs him on what he did and saw.

Anin and William observe their companion's progress towards the exit. Bawoodisik gradually regains awareness. Ge-Oun informs him on what is happening. Bawoodisik squeezes his companion's arm with his right hand. He seeks reassurance.

Thunder and lightning are more distanced.

The rumble from the fall remains in the background, omnipresent.

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Makevich and his warriors are drenched. They progress quickly, silently.

The rain stopped a while ago. On the horizon, the sky begins to clear. The group reaches the junction of two streams. Makevich gathers his men in a huddle.

“There, in front, it's the torrent flowing from the falls near the Three Sisters Hills. Our young ones are sheltered in the cave to the left of the falls. We must watch where we step, the torrent remains dangerous.”

“I know the cave,” interrupts a warrior. “The rain will make the path very slippery.”

“I know,” remarks the chief. “Anin knows the place. He accompanied me there several times. Let's take a few moments to breathe. ... Be prepared to hang on to the branches. The torrent can kill.”

The group progresses as quickly as possible. Here, the trail disappears under a pile of stone and mud, ... there, the rapid water flow washed the path away... The current imposes many detours. The group must travel further inside the woods...

“The sky is clearing, and the waterfall is getting louder. We'll be there soon,” thinks chief Makevich. He raises his right arm to stop the warriors.

In front of him, on the distance of an “arrow shot⁴⁵,” it’s impossible to follow the river. We must get back and find a way to climb the slope. The water from the torrent hammers the bare rock before. The path is gone. *“I suspect the boys were injured here,”* thinks the chief.

The chief asks two warriors to lead and clear a track to get to the cave. He estimates the distance at three arrow shots, four at the most. It’s necessary to bypass the rock spur which restrains the water coming from the fall.

“The water level is high. I hope we can access the cave.” The chief worries.

He shares his concern with Bawoodisik’s father and his friend. Both look at each other and follow the two guides. Arriving on the rocky spur, the group stops and notices the stones avalanche blocking the entrance.

Makevich feels his chest tightening with worry. He knows the difficulty. He gathers the group around him and describes the cave from within. He mentions the existence of a scree in the cave. It’s urgent they find the spot where that scree begins. An old river overflow probably caused it. The waterfall is in the centre of a cavity with a horseshoe shape. The cavity is about two arrow shots wide and although the fall’s width is less than one arrow shot, the distance between the two sides in the cavity, easily makes three arrow shots.

Makevich directs: “You must go around on the left and go up the side of the river. The scree must be at about one arrow shot from the fall and within ten paces of the river.” Everyone memorizes the chief’s diagram and resume their silent walk towards the scree spot.

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⁴⁵ The “space of an arrow shot” represents a distance between 30 and 50 metres.

Camtac returns to his comrades without his shirt.

“I tied my shirt to the branch near the exit. It will help those who are looking for us. I hope they will arrive soon, because the level of the river isn’t far from reaching the scree entrance.”

“It’s daylight now, they should arrive soon,” opines Ge-Oun.

“Yes, I hope so,” adds Anin. “My leg gives impulses and I feel as if it has swollen.”

“Let me look, just hold the torch so I can see better,” utters William.

William examines the bandage and the splint which he loosens slightly.

“Anin, when we pull you up to the exit, we’ll tighten your bandage. ... You need to be careful because it may be painful for you.” ... Then looking in his eyes he utters discreetly: “Do you see the water rising in the cave?”

“Yes.”

“I suggest that Camtac, Ge-Oun, and I work to enlarge the passage in the middle to allow your father and his warriors to come through to get you and Bawoodisik out. The sun has been up for some time, so I think they aren’t far away. What do you think?”

With a nod he approves, then he turns to his companions and explains: “We need to work together to widen the exit because if help is slow getting here, we need a plan B; also, the cave is filling with water and Bawoodisik and I can’t help or help each other to climb towards the exit. I’ll care for Bawoodisik and maintain the fire while you widen the passage” Camtac goes first to place himself at the top of the passage bottleneck. William and Ge-Oun, careful, move the rocks down.

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One of the two scouts sees the tunic attached to a tree branch and utters a joyful shout. Makevich joins him. The others follow quickly.

One look suffices to realize the danger of the river overflowing into the hole. The whirlpools eat away the lower bank. The chief orders four warriors to move large rocks and branches to protect the access to the hole.

The young progress with caution. They've moved several rocks when Camtac hears voices above him. He hurries to climb to welcome their rescuers. Ge-Oun joins him. William goes back down to Anin and Bawoodisik to tell them the news and make sure their wounds don't bleed.

MARA observes and protects.

The warriors soon build a protective dyke with stone, earth, and branches.

Makevich, Bawoodisik's father, and a healer, Duitmas' assistant, approach William and the two wounded.

The chief quickly notes the instability of the place: "*The ceiling seems to be crumbling, small rocks and dust falls almost constantly. the water level rises continually and dangerously close to the plateau where the wounded rest; any false maneuvers to widen the exit can create a scree and close access to the cave. ... Hum! It will be too difficult to get the injured out without aggravating their injuries. It's important we widen the passage quickly.*"

The chief asks his two companions to prepare the wounded to be hoisted out through the passage and for the long journey home. He asks William to maintain the fire and report regularly on the ceiling and water level. He himself goes back into the passage and organizes the work with his men. Ge-Oun and Camtac participate in the clearing.

William watches and warms up by the fire. When he places both hands on the stone near him, he freezes, and his breathing becomes rapid.

“Inhale ..., exhale ..., inhale ..., exhale ..., inhale ..., exhale ... everyone will be fine, Mara told him.”

“William! What’s going on?” Questions Sofia.

“William, breathe and regain your composure. Remember the teachings of LYKA... Keep calm.”...

“With my hands on the stone I saw the cave ceiling collapse, and the whole cave fill to the top of the scree with water in a few seconds.”

“Inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale..., inhale..., exhale... You know what to do.”

“William!” interjects Cedric, *“think about it, we’re three key bearers, so, you can’t die in that cave. So, keep calm, breathe, and have confidence.”*

William hears the scream, “Watch out!” He observes a large stone rolling near him.

He looks up the passage and hears the chief give instructions firmly. He observes passage widening rapidly as a human chain moves stones upwards. Branches are installed to consolidate the walls.

William regularly transmits on the situation.

Makevich fixes his gaze on William’s. Both his hands rest on William’s shoulders. He thanks him for the help he has given to his companions. Ge-Oun and Camtac informed him of what happened and how he did it.

Four warriors carry Bawoodisik on a hastily constructed stretcher. His passage was slow and arduous. Anin wanted to go out on his own. His father orders two warriors to help him. He told his son to focus on one thing. “Protect your leg.” Moreover, in the narrow part of the passage, Anin hit his leg and had to grit his teeth not to scream. His father saw him and smiled slightly...

The chief motions for William to move now. It’s up to the leader to climb last.

William reaches out to the chief to help him out of the hole. At that moment, a few steps away, a warrior slips and leans on a trunk holding stones and branches. In doing so, he breaches part of the barrage and immediately the water rushes into the hole over the scree in a continuous stream.

Everyone watches the water pouring in the hole. They remain amazed and silent.

William reflects on Marc, his father, Marion, his mother, MARA, his dragon, and Cedric and Sofia. He thanks them with all his heart.

Cedric and Sofia capture William's emotions. They inform Islanda and Duitmas of the situation transmitted.

Chief Makevich requires everyone's attention. He organizes the wounded transport and insists on safety for the return trip. In single file, the group moves carefully towards the main camp. There, the clan members wait for the rescue team.

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The clan members greet the rescue party with enthusiasm.

Duitmas and two mothers rush to tend to the wounded.

Islanda, Cedric and Sofia welcome William. The boy is tired but happy with the outcome. He notices a change in his personal confidence and in the depth of his breathing. Cedric hugs him tightly and speaks in his ear: "I feared so much for you, yet I'm so proud for what you've accomplished. I was worried especially when the contact failed."

Sofia looks at her brother with pride.

Silence, the eyes suffice...

Everyone sees in their way the power of telepathic communication and psygraphy...

Pearl of Dew observes silently. She notes the impact of seeing her descendants. She wants to understand and asks her mother. Islanda advises her on her imminent departure to the west.

Pearl of Dew remains pensive.

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Odin, the Great Initiator

Makevich, Duitmas, Islanda, Cédric, William and Sofia are gathered for the evening meal in the Beothuk summer house.

Cedric has a great time laughing over events related to the plants and animals they studied during the afternoon. After a while, he looks at Islanda with affection and says: “Islanda, I’m intrigued and eager to know more on Odin, the Great Initiator. Do the chief and your companion know him? Have they ever heard of this protector as you know how to speak of him with praise, respect, and gratitude?”

Islanda bites in a wild fruit. She looks at the group sitting around the central fire. As she prepares to speak, Chief Makevich is warned of a group of Innu prowling around their camp. The chief stands up, motions for Islanda to speak despite his hasty departure. He knows her history and that of her patron Gods. Islanda and chief Makevich shared many discussions over her deities. “I’ll return as soon as the danger is over. I must look around the surroundings and determine what is happening. I’ll be back before sunset,”

Makevich leaves the group to Islanda.

“Well, Islanda, let him settle this situation with the Innu. Go on and explain your knowledge of this powerful being you call God Odin,” said Duitmas, looking at her with admiration and tenderness.

He knows a little, not much, he has always found that this character is very present in the life of his companion.

“Thank you Duitmas. I had enough time to put my ideas in sequence. Let me start at the beginning... A few thousand years ago, a legend was told to my people the ‘Norsemen’ as I will pass it on to you now.”

“In ancient times, they believed several Gods were in the centre of the Universe. All shared goodwill towards humans. Among them, one stood out from the others, Odin, the greatest of the Norse gods, the almighty father of men and the ruler of Asgard, the gods’ domain. Odin is considered the god of eternity.”

“We read a bit about him, but hearing it from you, with many more details from your life; now that’s interesting,” adds Cedric, looking kindly at her.

“All the better if you’re so interested. I continue. We were told that Odin fathered, Ask and Embla, the first two human beings... He did that after creating the current world and the universe. We were told that Odin is a great orator and a great courtier with women. He would express his thoughts in verse. He’s the wisest and most respected of the gods.”

“Tell me Islanda, this god wore a gold helmet and armour, didn’t he?” Asks William, always curious when it comes to armour...

“You’re ahead of me, my dear child. Yes, that’s the description we have, especially during battles.” ... “But the most important information about him remains that he punctured his left eye to get the wisdom he so desired.”

“I would have done it differently in his place,” adds Sofia, pouting. “Think about it for a moment: to gouge an eye.” ...

“We’re in the Gods’ domain, let’s not forget it! Let me give you more details about this anecdote. Odin wanted to acquire the most perfect wisdom, the so-called wisdom, worthy of the God of Gods. He went to the well holding the water which provides perfect knowledge.”

Islanda remains focused and tells many anecdotes related to the god Odin. When she pauses, she glances at the triplets to see if they're still following...

"Why do you stop?" asks Cedric. "You thought we weren't listening anymore!"

"Yes! I thought you had logged off!"

"No! No! No! We still follow you, because probably the best is yet to come," declares William, fond of epic history...

"Let her breathe a little, then we'll continue listening," demands Sofia, smiling at her ancestor.

"Thank you, children, I continue, so, I said ... ah! Yes, that's it! I was talking about the well." ...

"Ah! Ah! This well, the primordial giant Mimir protects it. He will give Odin the wisdom in question only if he agrees to sacrifice himself by piercing one of his eyes. He will let him drink this beneficial water that brings knowledge. Odin, without any hesitation, complied, and with his spear touched his left eye; then, he drank the water in one go, this water so beneficial and nourishing, that of the knowledge, good and evil. He got what he had always been looking for... Through the sacrifice of his eye, Odin became the great master of knowledge⁴⁶ and the entire universe secrets."

⁴⁶In Norse mythology, Mímisbrunnr (Old Norse for "Mimir's well") is a well, associated with Mimir, under the world tree Yggdrasil. Mímisbrunnr exists in the Poetic Edda, compiled in the 13th century from earlier traditional sources, and the Prose Edda, written in the 13th century by Snorri Sturluson. The well is under one of the three roots of the Yggdrasil World Tree, a root that passes into the land of the Jötnar giants where the primordial plan of Ginnungagap once existed. Also, the Prose Edda reports that the well water contains a lot of wisdom and that Odin sacrificed one of his eyes to the well in exchange for a drink. In the Prose Edda, Mímisbrunnr is mentioned as one of the three wells under three roots of Yggdrasil, the other two being: Hvergelmir, under a root in Niflheim, and Urðarbrunnr.

“Wow! I’m impressed, this story contains so many surprises and twists... It touches me,” adds Sofia. “If I understand correctly, we must accept to sacrifice something important, even essential if we want to obtain something even more essential! That’s what’s happening to the three of us... We hardly enjoy a teenage life. We almost hate our promise to our mother Marion... We’re still training. We find ourselves isolated from the world around us... We must aim as high as possible in our learning... We always have something to perfect to complete our mission on earth: the passage of the year 2020... I confess that the Gods give us a great lesson in humility and conviction.” ...

“Well! Sofia, you impress me with your deep thoughts suddenly,” proclaims William surprised by his sister’s statement...

“I think she spoke with wisdom,” indicates Islanda with a tender look in her eyes ... “and what’s more, what she says reflects the connections she perceived between Odin’s life and yours.” ...

“She’s the wisest among us, the most daring, and often, the most reckless,” adds Cédric smiling. “Yes! Sometimes too reckless,” declares William.

“I continue, if you’re still interested,” asks Islanda.

“Yes, yes, please continue,” utters Sofia, looking at her warmly.

“Legend states that on either side of Odin’s throne stands a wolf, one is called Gjere and the other Freke. They’re inseparable and very protective... Ah! Yes, I forgot an important detail; when he sacrificed himself, Odin hung nine days and nights in Yggdrasil: it’s the tree of knowledge: of good and evil. It was then that the runes’ secret was revealed to him. He resurrected from the realm of the dead using these runes. It’s believed, Odin is at the runes’ origin, the runes he offered to mankind. What a wonderful ideal Don’t you think Cedric, William, and Sofia?”

“I’m impressed,” utters William. “I must tell you a fact that the three of us have experienced. When we met our first initiator, Taliesanic, my dragon DYRA and the other two dragons gave us

a bag with important items for our survival, among others, in mine: I found runes! I was the only one with runes. I gave them to Taliesanic who wasn't surprised I had them. I'm impressed to see these meetings form a whole. Nothing is left to chance! Wow!"

"You're at your third meeting, and I can tell you that you'll discover much more. ... Some will be vital to your mission. I'm happy to live this moment with the three of you. You will complete your initiation shortly. Everything must be aligned. ... I must be in perfect harmony with Odin, the Great Initiator. It will be brief, bright, and complete. It will happen soon... What I know, is that the ideal moment of encounter must be when the moon is perfect, round, bright and protective." ...

"Come, let's walk outside to digest this beautiful story," suggests Duitmas.

"Is it a good idea to leave like this before the chef has come back with good news?" William asks before following them. "If I remember correctly, he had to check if the threat is real."

"Don't worry, I'm here and besides when I say outside, I mean the surroundings, it's right here, around the camp, does it suit you?"

"OK!" replies William, not very reassured...

As they were leaving, they see Makevich running towards them.

"Stay inside!" he speaks sharply. "The threat may be real. We saw footprints in the vicinity and there was trampled brush... It's better to stay safe for now until my warriors return with reassuring news. I wouldn't want to put your lives at risk. I know that your time among us is of the utmost importance to all, and for Mother Earth." ...

An hour has passed when the group receives permission to go out freely and in peace...

"I told you, these people are gentle and courageous," adds Islanda. "In my country of origin, men would have gone after

visitors. It's so different and I'm grateful for it. I thank Odin for his wisdom and his peaceful spirit." ...

"Let's walk now in the cool of the night," opines Duitmas, taking the front of the merry gang.

The sun is down on the horizon. The reddish rays arouse and encourage calm and serenity...

"Tomorrow, we have quite an event to live up to," thinks Cédric. "It's the full moon. Islanda will proceed with our initiation ritual, and we will find part of our genetic DNA... Islanda told us that Pearl of Dew will participate in the ceremony... She said her participation stands essential. I can't wait to find out why and how... Finally, as they say: 'By Odin, what must happen will happen.'"

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The Ritual: Odin's Message

The sky radiates with all its stars.

The moon progress slowly towards its nocturnal zenith. Its whitish glow impregnates the environs. It shortens the trees and rocky reliefs shadow effects. The higher it rises in the sky, the more the shades' intensity and length on the ground decreases.

Cedric, Sofia, and William, lay, silent, in the middle of a clearing. The evergreens surrounding them point to the starry sky. The children admire Polaris, the Little Dipper and the Cauldron which radiate like never before.

"I know that Polaris remains light years⁴⁷ away from us; however, I have the impression that our mother, Marion, lives in this star, remember, ... she said it's our rallying and that she accompanies us," transmits Cedric.

"Hum! Hum! We complete another step as we promised, Mom. I feel as if it's getting harder and harder to keep our pledge," reflects William.

"I wish she was here with us," retorts Sofia. *"I'm sure she would appreciate meeting her ancestors Islanda and Dew Pearl. When Islanda looks at us and smiles, she comes across as like Mom." ...*

"Yes!" Adds William, *"She narrows her blue eyes, and we see her beautiful white teeth." ...*

"The moon is whole and round," notes Cedric. "It seems like a spotlight on us. Sometimes I have the impression that we're the actors in a film, and that soon, we will be surprised then fall into a nightmare." ...

⁴⁷ Light-year: astronomical unit corresponding to the distance travelled by light in a year (9,461 billion kilometres). Google.

“What nightmare are you talking about,” worries William?

“William! It’s just a way of speaking! I don’t know,” resumes Cédric ... “last summer, in Mexico, Sofia drooled... This year it’s you... My turn is coming, and I don’t like it... I have a hunch that it’ll shit ... and I’m not ready.” ...

The three continue to look at the sky, pensive... Suddenly: “LYKA! How glad I’m to see you!” declares Sofia.

LYKA, DYRA and MARA appear in the light projected by the Moon.

Initially, the children straighten and sit like the natives, legs crossed and torso upright...

The three Dragon Masters, LYKA in the centre, DYRA on his right and MARA on his left, greet their protege by tilting their heads slightly...

DYRA, while staring at Cedric with affection, addresses the three: “*Beautiful! Yes, you’re magnificent! How far you have come since your initial commitment! The one you took many millennia ago.*” ...

“*What do you mean?*” asks Cedric, serious and attentive. “*Yes, explain?*” utters Sofia.

“*You forget it because the laws of life prevent it. ... However, what you enjoy in this life, it’s because you have been preparing for it during several existences.*” ...

“*I know,*” interrupts William, “*you will say akin to grandpa that we wear a diving suit, like ‘terranaut’ for this life on earth, and that with this uniform, we will live a new experience, just for this life*” ...

“*It’s a simple and pictorial way to present a slightly more complex situation, interjects DYRA. Since your creation, you have had distinct adventures at different times and each of them has allowed you to learn and acquire skills that will serve you to achieve your mission of this life.*”

“*Yes! Yes! A mission that dates ten thousand years.*” ...

“William!” Calls MARA gently, “we have been accompanying all three of you since the beginning of your mission, which you accepted individually and collectively a long time ago... Since that moment, our reciprocal lives have rarely been together as in this life ... but we have continually been in your company... You had to protect yourself against the dark forces that have been looking for you for millennia.” ...

“So, we have no choice, our destiny is all mapped out and we have to deal with it,” declares Cédric...

LYKA intervenes: “I think it’s important we review what occurred since the collapse of Atlantis, to clarify what is happening now and what must unfold soon. Your returns in another era as at this moment have their reason to be beyond the rituals to activate the key in your crystal. They also permit you to reconnect with your power centres, with your energetic DNA arranged in other times and spaces. In ancient Egypt, the stars allowed Earth to flourish; however, the dark forces prevailed at that period so that the mission of the key bearer had to be aborted. The great dilemma was how to protect the key bearer threatened from all sides and especially by the high priest of Egypt, a deceitful and ambitious character.”

“Black magic is looking for this key,” continues LYKA... “White magic protects it. The gods of the time wanted to protect humanity and allowed the energy of the key to be divided into three parts to be assembled when the moment came. It was during this period that you three volunteered, separately, to protect this energy ... subsequently, together, you prepared and proposed, the plan to fulfill the prophecy. ... Then, as a group, decided to carry it out. Since that moment, your experiences have allowed you, each in your way, and with our continued protection, to be what you’re today.”

“The stars are aligning up as they should. The sage of light lineage, just like the shadow magicians, follows the activities of the cosmos and seeks the signal that the key is in motion. They recognize that it’s in your current lifetime, at the beginning of the twenty-first century that the event will occur. They don’t determine where or how. ... Nevertheless, the key’s demonstration will leave no doubt. Our mandate is to protect you, to educate you, to accompany you in the realization of your mission... Only you can make it... You’re the only ones who know what needs to be done, where, and when it will be done... It’s encrypted in your subconscious.” ...

“Almost five thousand years back, with the gods, privately, you orchestrated all the details, and they’re engraved within you. You can’t carry out the project alone. The key can only be armed with a collaborative effort. It’s only together, collectively, that it will be able to activate. You can’t perceive this secret at this moment, and it will only be disclosed at the time and place you already picked a very long time ago.”

“So, you must understand that your travels and initiation rituals reveal only a piece of the scheme... They provide you only a portion of the know-how and tools you will need to complete your assignment. Your parents, your grandparents, you chose them, and they’re components of your strategy.” ...

“Was our parents’ death expected to protect us?” Sofia interrupted.

“Perhaps, we don’t know, as I mentioned, it’s an aspect of the original blueprint, as you designed it. What you must remember is that your mission depends on you, on your individual and collective dedication, that the ritual that Islanda prepares at this moment is part of the program carried out in stages.”

“So, Cedric, when you say you have no choice, that your destiny is all mapped out, it’s true and it’s false... Long ago, the three of you made a decision, and it’s that decision that brings you back together in this lifetime, and it happens because over your earthly existences you have fulfilled the plan according to your commitments. Your obligation ends with this life, it’s the final stage. You always chose to carry out the plan or not. You’re the only ones who discern the what, the why and the how of your assignment.” ...

LYKA looks at the three teens with affection. Silence carries a sacred respect... DYRA speaks: *“You’re truly magnificent. Understand how far you have come at this point. It’s not over yet but I know that we’re still here to aid with your mission.” ... “We invite you to remain confident and attentive, because the outcome closes in.”*

Each dragon connects energetically to its protegee. Sofia takes Cedric’s left hand and William’s right hand. The two boys look at their sister and together they thank their dragon for being there, supporting and accompanying them. Sofia prays: *“I ask the Universe to help us rise to the occasion, to accomplish what needs to be done to the best of our abilities.”*

“Amen!” conclude Cédric, William, LYKA, DYRA and MARA

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Islanda, Pearl of Dew, and Duitmas silently watch the three children holding hands with their eyes turned towards the stars.

“They’re beautiful, they seem to meditate,” observes Duitmas.

“Yes, answers Islanda, and it’s as well a blessing for me to share this moment with them, with you Pearl of Dew, and with you also my companion... Let’s leave them to their reflections while we prepare the ritual.”

Islanda faces her daughter. She puts her hands on the young shoulders and examine her tenderly. She instructs: “Pearl of Dew, while Duitmas and I finalize the preparations, I invite you also to unite with the forces of nature so that they support and protect you along the path you will soon undertake... I’ll come for you when it’s time.”

Dew Pearl smiles and looks at her mother lovingly, then she walks to the nearby rocky promontory. This is her favourite place to think, meditate... With her eyes turned towards the sea, she appreciates the unruffled water under the starry sky.

“How beautiful you’re tonight! It’s rare that I see you so calm. The Moon radiates on your skin... Is it to tell me to have confidence in you, in me, in tomorrow? Are these three young people of the future really of my lineage? ... I can hardly believe what I’m experiencing, they carry my blood in the distant future... Gratitude fills my heart... I leave happy... Spirit of water, spirit of the forest, spirit of air, you join me on my journey to where the spirit of fire sets... Thank you all for being here.”

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While the teenagers meditate, Duitmas organizes the firewood according to a precise custom to allow the flames to open a door in its centre... Islanda accompanies her companion's gesture with a silent prayer as she positions the fragrant grasslands required for the ceremony. Her devotion pays homage to the god Odin. She asks him to guide her throughout the ritual.

The moon casts its white light and illuminates the little clearing designated for this ritual.

Islanda arranges wolf skins around the fire site. She invites Duitmas to light the campfire and join her, standing north of the flame.

Both place their left hand on their heart, with their right hand they grasp a pinch of grass in the small bag they carry on their belts. Together, in a silent incantation, they present their right hand to their forehead, to the heart then to the abdomen before throwing the herbs into the fire that grows. They repeat the movements on the east, south, and west side of the fire before returning to the north.

Duitmas settles on his wolf skin, northeast of the fire. He takes his drum with his left hand and gently hits it with his right hand.

Islanda walks towards the young people and asks them to come and sit by the fire. Islanda sits north of the glittering fire... With her right hand, she urges the young people to sit also: Sofia at the south, Cedric at the southeast, William at the southwest, and Pearl of dew in the northwest position, at Islanda's right.

Islanda asks everyone to chew a piece of root that she offers them.

She invites them to focus on the centre of the fire.

All pay attention to the crackling of the fire. It's amazing!

The drum's vibration, constant and captivating, now resonates in every cell of their body. The vibration grows consistently, continuously... The fire crackling mingles with the drum beating to fill all the space. The vibrations absorb everyone. ...

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“Odin, wisest among the Wisers, you know everything. You control everything. Thank you for being in my life, for guiding me, for supporting me... Accept my gratitude for allowing me to enjoy this magical moment, to meet these children of the prophecy and to collaborate in their undertaking... Grant us your favour to welcome us in your radiation... Odin, I offer myself to fulfill your will and transmit your message to them, according to your desire, to transfer to them the elements necessary for them to accomplish their mission.”...

Islanda focuses on the embers at the base of the fire. In the centre a blue halo forms in the glowing whirlwind. Islanda perceives the door that opens in the middle of the flames. She feels Odin who invites and attracts her... She hears it in her heart ... soon she distinguishes the image of Odin's radiation as an undulating illustration in the water, he's sitting on his throne with his two wolves, one on each side. He observes her. The yellow light that originates from the vision joins her, envelops her... Islanda lowers her eyes. The cells in her body shudder fervently. Despite her eyes closed, she notices the vibrations emanating from the four young people. These vibrations accompany her... And together, they float in a golden cloud... They feel the tranquility and the solemnity of the moment... Islanda perceives what the children are going through. The four are elated, and worried... Nevertheless, they accept their fate in the face of what they experience.

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“Odin, wisest among the Wisers, welcome us into your radiation... Bless

these children... Each work to fulfill the prophecy transmitted to me by my ancestors... Now, with your help, here comes the moment to complete my mission towards you, towards them.” ...

The medicine man thumps the tempo in muted sound... The taut skin vibratory noise now surpasses the beating of the drum... Islanda looks at the children in turn, then, with her right hand and with a slight encouraging nod, she invites the four teenagers to stare at the embers’ centre...

The vibration sound fills the space...

As if hypnotized, in a trance, as if in a daze, the vibration impregnates everyone ... each finds himself as if inside the fire, transported by a golden glow. The light becomes the vibratory sound, the vibratory sound evolves into the carrier... Nothing exists anymore...

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A voice from Odin’s radiance enraptures Islanda. She hears a pleasant and captivating sound. Her body vibrates with a soft and enjoyable warmth. She must promptly resend what she receives:

“Messengers of the prophecy, you’re gathered here to complete another stage for your mission. What’s more, you reconnect with your Nordic energy in the presence of your ancestors: Islanda and Pearl of Dew. ... Pearl of Dew, over the next thousand years, your descendants will prepare, protect, and ultimately transmit to these messengers, here present, the tools necessary for their engagement towards humankind. The privilege given to you, at this time, Pearl of Dew, to see and communicate with them, is to lighten your heart in the face of your imminent departure to other territories to accomplish your mission in this life. Over time, we will guide those of your lineage, designated as the bearer of the code to be activated by us, when the time comes.”

“Roaming in the distant lands with your host people, Pearl of Dew, you will discreetly maintain the sacred bond of blood between the Universal Force, yourself, your descendants and these children of the future.” ...

Pearl of Dew shudders with emotion. She feels invaded by a sweet tranquility. She knows intuitively that her departure is necessary, and that no matter what happens, she and her descendants will accomplish their mission. And it's with confidence and gratitude that she inclines her head slightly while thinking: "*Kobshuneesanut*,⁴⁸ *receive my gratitude from the depths of my being. Thing!*⁴⁹ ... *For your benefits... Yes, thank you! Please, guide my steps in the mission you entrust to me.*" ...

The moon, like a spotlight, illuminates the peaceful features of Islanda's face while the flames give a twinkling glow to her eyes.

Sofia, Cedric, and William perceive, fascinated, the lady who seems to collect herself for a moment by tilting her head while looking at the centre of the fire, attentive, as if the crackling transmitted a precise message.

Duitmas, as if in a trance, maintains the rhythmic beat of his drum. The rapid vibration of the taut skin produces a roar that now reverberates in every cell of the participants' bodies.

The teenagers sink deeper into the second state of reality. They hear Islanda's voice calling out to them: "Sofia, Cedric, and William, stand up and place your crystal in the centre of your left hand... Now, place your right hand above your left hand... Bring both your hands to your plexus while focusing on the warmth of your crystal."

"Pearl of Dew, you too, get up."

Islanda approaches Pearl of Dew, places her hands on her head and whispers: "May the Force accompany and protect you, your lineage, until the messengers, present here, accomplish their mission in the future." ...

⁴⁸ Kobshuneesanut, means Manitou, God in Beothuk language, The Saga of the Beothuk, by Bernard Assiniwi, glossary, page 512.

⁴⁹ Thing means "thank you" in the Beothuk language, glossary, page 514.

Islanda invites her daughter to stand at her right. Duitmas, still kneeling, remains in the background and maintains the rhythmic beat of the drum, its moose skin (American elk) spreads a continuous and captivating vibration.

Islanda advances with Pearl of Dew on her right towards Cedric. She declares: “Cedric, hold your crystal with your left hand below and your right hand above your crystal, move your hands in front of you, at the height of your plexus.” ... Islanda, wraps Cedric’s hands and crystal with both hands, her right hand above Cedric’s and her left hand below, then in a firm voice, she relays the sounds dictated by Odin’s radiance:

“SHAWA SAMG QUORA ULTIMATE BRAYA KUNA!”

In doing so, a golden-yellow light passes through Cedric’s hands and his crystal becomes yellow, vibrates, and transmits a golden ray to his plexus and those of Sofia, William, and Dew Pearl. At the same time, Cédric shudders and discerns words penetrating him: “*Lucidity, vision, conviction.*”

Islanda repeats the ritual with William, who in turn shudders and distinctly hears the following words permeating him: “*Courage, determination, intuition, conviction.*”

Islanda approaches Sofia and completes the ritual. Sofia shudders and hears these words permeated in her: “*Intuition, courage, determination, confidence, conviction.*”

Cédric, William, and Sofia feel an intense warmth in their plexus. A conviction of their collective mission settles. They know they’re united and complementary. They experience an assurance and an inexplicable happiness.

Pearl of Dew stands confident in her future. She knows that the gods bless her imminent departure... She knows in her heart what she must disseminate to her descendants until the distant future.

Islanda, still intoxicated on Odin's radiant image, highlights the dragons' supportive work and mission. She reminds the triplets that in the short time that their genetic parents were present, they have transmitted to them the codes and genes necessary to accomplish their mission... Their current life in their world results... In a serene and firm voice, she proclaims:

“Discover your roots, strengthen your blood, purify your spirit.”

Duitmas still plays the drum and observes Islanda and the children who gradually regain awareness of their surroundings. Islanda watches them with pride, her warm smile welcomes them. With kindness, she conveys to them the last message she heard from her protector:

“Your mutual commitment concludes the work of your ancestors, who, each in their way, contributed to who you are, and thus collaborate in your mission. It's now up to you to overcome and discard your personal urges and complete the mission you have chosen since antiquity.”

The bright Moon illuminates for a long time the small group collected near the embers. Late at night, when the children have all retired to sleep, Islanda confides affectionately in Duitmas, her life companion:

“I thank Life, Odin for having the privilege of participating in this important mission for mankind... I can leave happy when the moment comes. I've seen, I've lived, and I know.”

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The Farewell

Pearl of Dew observes the rising sun from the promontory overlooking the large bay. She contemplates, in the distance, white spots gliding on the calm sea.

“Beautiful mountains of ice, my heart fills with gratitude... Thank you! Yes, thank you! I admire you for one final time before leaving... My path separates from this place on this day... I revere you before parting. Next year, when you return, I will no longer see your bluish whiteness mingling with the blue of the sky and that of the sea... I will no longer admire the golden glow of the rising sun on you in the morning... However, in my heart, you’ll always remind me of my origin. I bring in my memory a thousand and one images of the shapes you have shown me over the years... Farewell! I say goodbye to all of you.” ...

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The clan members rally in front of Chief Makevich’s “mamatik⁵⁰.” An expedition band prepares.

Each year, representatives of different indigenous groups travel enormous distances to gather before the cold season and exchange products: sealskin moccasins to walk in the snow, weapons and tools made from bones or walrus teeth ivory, or from stones. They fraternize among clans sharing the sea. Makevich, as with his father, his grandfather, and many generations before him, participates in the annual gathering.

In general, his companions are craftsmen, chosen to let them acquire and transmit new knowledge about their skills. They

⁵⁰ Dwelling.

transfer their experiences during the cold period.

This year, Pearl of Dew partakes. She's promised to Maikan,⁵¹ from the Innu nation. Makevich invited him two summers ago to visit and learn with the Beothuks. Last year, the young man went back to his clan with a gifted a Beothuk huntsman. The latter, a caribou hunter, must return with increased proficiency. Maikan came to perfect his expertise over sea fishing and study medicinal herbs with Duitmas and Islanda. He's to succeed his father as the medicine man of his clan. Dew Pearl and Maikan spent long moments together and the sages of the clan see their union with a positive eye. Thus, Pearl of Dew will live with her host clan.

The triplets wait outside with Duitmas. They're pensive and silent, while Islanda and her daughter bid farewell. Sofia looks intently at Islanda who, ceremonially, detaches the leather strap and medallion from her neck, she attaches it to Pearl of Dew. She sees the two women eyeing at each other intensely, each places their hands at the level of their respective chests, they welcome each other lightly with their heads while beaming. Sofia holds back a tear.

The two women approach Duitmas, who proudly greets them with a slight nod. Pearl of Dew carries a loaded leather bag on her back. She looks at Cedric, then at William and smiles. Now she's moving towards Sofia. She leans her forehead on Sofia's, takes a step backwards and grins at her before turning to Duitmas and follow him to the gathering place.

There, the clan welcomes Pearl of Dew with joy. Everyone salutes the young woman... Anin, Bawoodisik, Ge-Oun and Camtac call out to William, who joins them. Cedric and Sofia observe.

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⁵¹ Maikan means "wolf" in Innu language, Text by Jean-Louis Bordeleau in Ici Côte-Nord, Radio-Canada, June 21, 2018.

Makevich, meets with Duitmas before greeting the triplets. He knows that the children of the future will leave before he returns. He explains that the journey to the ancestral place⁵² takes as many days as the fingers of three to four hands considering the weather. The gathering festivities last as many days as the fingers of the hand. Then, it's necessary to count the time to come back home. Hence, the trip could last two full moons.

Clan members accompany the expedition to their boats. Makevich gives the signal. The warriors row hard before disappearing at the turn in the bay.

Night is falling. Sofia, Cedric, and William sit by the fire. They know it's the moment to return to their era. They meditate under Islanda's and Duitmas' affectionate gaze. They focus on the crackling of the fire and the thud of the drum that soon buzzes... Then the sound Duitmas softly beats becomes louder and louder, an ambient and pleasant smell of sage smoke gets more obvious... Tam! Tam! Tam! Tam! Tam! ...

William opens his eyes first and sees he's lying on his wolf skin in the large bark canoe. Soon, Cedric, and Sofia wake up and nod at him.

The sound of the drum continues its rhythm...

Shanawdith approaches the canoe and requests the three teens to exit the canoe with their wolf skin, then he invites them to join him in his tepee.

⁵² Port au Choix is known as an archaeological site along the west coast of Newfoundland. Port au Choix Peninsula and the Pointe Riche peninsula jut out into the Strait of Belle Isle to form a narrow isthmus. Archaeological remains make it possible to identify the human presence at more than 1300 years before our era. Parks Canada website for Port au Choix Historic Site of Canada. August 2022.

Cedric, Sofia, and William observe the old medicine man who looks at them with laughing, bright eyes. They perceive the affection and respectful admiration of this man.

“Did you meet any great people?” asks Shanawdith.

“Yes!” respond in chorus the children smiling.

“Your grandparents are waiting for you in the park at the entrance to the site. You will be joining them soon. My mission ends... Yours continues.” ...

“May the Light accompany you and allow you to discover your roots, strengthen your blood and purify your spirit.” ...

“*But Islanda told us these words!*” ... thinks Sofia as she looks at Shanawdith who answers her gaze with a smile.

Shanawdith stands up and invites the youngsters to do the same. He greets them affectionately and presents each with an ochre-red stone associated with the Beothuk culture.

“This red stone will remind you of your Nordic origins and its traditions.”

With his left hand on his heart, he opens his right-hand towards the door... He urges the children to join their grandparents. Shanawdith closes the door behind them, then stretches out his arms to the sky thinking:

“Kobsbuneesamut, Grand Manitou, I know That your Force guides and protects these children in the many challenges That lie ahead. I’m grateful to you for allowing me to collaborate in their mission. Now I’m ready to meet with my ancestors.”

—000—

Nostalgia

The triplets walk, pensive, towards Louise and Thomas. They sit at a picnic table with a bottle of water in hand. They smile at their proteges...

“I think it’s serious!” opines Thomas, rising.

“Let them come, don’t rush them with questions,” replies Louise.

Sofia, still silent, approaches Louise, hugs her, and rests her head on her grandmother’s left shoulder. The two stick together tenderly.

William does the same with Thomas. Cedric remains thoughtful. He contemplates the ocean nearby.

Only the seagulls’ shrieks disturb the Boyd’s Cove tranquility. Cedric notes the white birds’ erratic flights in the afternoon sun.

Louise and Thomas understand from experience, although Shanawdith’s guidance lasted only a few hours, the adventure may have occurred over several days, if not weeks... They recognize the journey is complex and loaded with teachings. Without knowing the details from these events, it’s now their role to protect and coach their three teens for them to integrate what needs to be.

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The following days generate many nostalgias among the Corribus. Visits to different historical sites fail in bringing them back completely to their current era.

At Signal Hill, the easternmost rocky promontory of Canada, Cedric stares in the distance. “*You know, as I sit on this rock and*

contemplate those icebergs⁵³, lagging, I feel as if I'm living the final scene Pearl of Dew saw when she left her clan," transmits Cedric.

"Me too, I find it difficult to come back," replies Sofia as she seizes her brother's left hand in hers.

Later, on the ship crossing from Argentinia, Newfoundland to Sydney, Nova Scotia, Sofia, Cedric, and William admire Polaris again and share their emotions and memories of their parents.

On the trip's last evening, in the Trois-Pistoles region⁵⁴, Louise and Thomas are looking for their proteges. They discover them, silent, near the river sitting on a tree trunk. They observe the sunset over the mountains stretching along the St. Lawrence North Shore.

"I think they're going through a bit of nostalgia, and they have another step to take," notes Thomas.

"Yes," replies Louise, seizing her companion's right hand in her left hand.

Together, they head towards Cedric, Sofia, and William

"I find you very pensive," says Thomas.

Cedric answers without turning to Thomas: "Yes! I'm thinking of Pearl of Dew and her descendants. The region on the other side of the river belongs to Innu territory, the Montagnais as the French called them. I try to visualize what life was like a thousand years ago and in the centuries that followed." ...

"Hum! Their subsistence differs from nowadays," utters Louise.

"Yeah, I reckon the difficulty in those days. They travelled by canoe or walking; everyone had their belongings... I guess they

⁵³ April through June is typically when iceberg alley is in full swing, with the season often extending into early July.

⁵⁴ Trois-Pistoles, a small municipality located on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, province of Québec, Canada.

had few changes of clothes and a few trinkets.” ...

“And hygiene,” adds William, “they didn’t have to shower or bathe daily.” ...

“You understand, habits and customs evolve,” mentions Thomas.

“The epochs offer us their challenges, their joys, their pleasures, I know grandpa, but here, it’s different... We, we lived for some time with Islanda, Pearl of Dew, their clan, we enjoyed their environment, with them, we shared their food, their activities, no luxury ..., nor the comfort benefit from nowadays ...; however, I loved my experience.” ...

“Speak for yourself brother, it was a little tough for me,” utters William...

“Yes, you had it more than a little rough, Wil... Cedric and I were with Islanda and Duitmas, and I swear it wasn’t easy to follow you from a distance... Your condition stressed us out pretty much.” ...

“It happened as it should,” adds Cedric. “We may know that the three of us must accomplish the mission together, but when we have to live the situation, we suppress all that.” ...

“It’s as LYKA mentioned, we forget our previous existences whereas, when we go on our journeys, it’s as if we have to forget it because we have to experiment in another space-time.” ...

“Hum! Words of wisdom, William, do you know why it must be like this?”

“What do you mean grandpa?” Asks Sofia.

“Simply, that our lives on earth come one after the other and I can hardly imagine the idea of returning with the fresh memory from my last life which may have occurred a few centuries ago... I wouldn’t fit into the era I’m in at that time.” ...

“LYKA made us think about this topic about our engagement and our returns to the past,” declares William.

“Go on, it intrigues me.” Says Louise.

“He made us understand that we’re part of the plan, of the mission, that we participated in its preparation... In fact, it’s for our protection, and that of the missions... We must live every situation in its time... Each helps us evolve, acquire what we need for the next one... In short, he recommends we be confident, everything happens at the right moment.” ...

“He told more than that,” interjects Cedric, “he also mentioned that each of us, we walk alone, we’re responsible for our decisions that there are consequences to our choices... I also understand that if Pearl of Dew hadn’t chosen to cross the sea to live with the Innu, we wouldn’t be living what we’re going through now.” ... Cedric grits his teeth and remains silent...

“Cedric, I have the impression that there’s something you want to tell and don’t say,” intervenes Louise...

“I’m all mixed up, grandma... I understand that Islanda, Pearl of Dew, her descendants, you, grandma, mom, Marion, ... you all, have transmitted to us elements to help us accomplish our mission. ... I understand that we will have other journeys to complete, wherever when, what, we will see ... but when I think of Pearl of Dew’s behaviour, her strength, her attitude in her simplicity... Her curiosity over nature’s mysteries ... her resignation to follow her destiny ... frankly it surpasses me. ... I’m impressed, and somewhere in me, I would like to meet a companion who shares the same values, the same thoughts about life... I know we’re more than a thousand years after her... Yet a few days ago, we were with her, with Islanda... It’s crazy, what’s going on in my head, I’m all mixed up.” ...

“Hum! Cedric, your statement is significant... I sincerely believe the Universe hears you... You’ll get an answer.”

“Grandma! What should we expect now?” “Well, Sofia, I consider that for now, it’s important to listen to what is rising in you, not to deny your concerns, but to note them and ask yourself whether they’re the right questions. The responses will come.” ...

“How about having dinner together and after lunch we could perhaps talk over what happened when Pearl of Due left for the North Shore and what went on during the last thousand years?” “Great idea, grandpa, I’m hungry,” declares William as he stands up.

“Hum! He’s always hungry that one,” thinks grandma, smiling.

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The triplets examine the Newfoundland map displayed on the bed. Thomas questions and helps them track a path across the rocky peninsula. Which trail did Pearl of Dew follow? “Looking closely at today’s map, it’s conceivable to complete the canoe ride from the Beothuk archaeological facility in Boyd’s Cove, to the ancestral site in Port aux Choix, with only a few portage locations.”

Thomas traces with his finger on the map an imaginary line while estimating the distances and the canoeing duration for each segment. “I consider that since the Beothuk made the trip yearly, they would choose a canoe trail to carry their equipment and, ideally, they would do as little portage as possible. If I lead the expedition, I will pick this route.”

“Cross the large bays, hoping for a calm sea, to get to this point on the peninsula. I think the group crossed the peninsula through the Soufflet River here, then the Lucky Strike Brook, Middle Gulch, and the series of lakes you see there to land in the Port Sanders area. From this point, there’s about ten kilometres to reach Port aux Choix. To come back, they probably followed the same path, but in the opposite direction.”

“Wow! That’s around 160 kilometres... They must have paddled during six to eight days to complete the trip to get there.” Mentions Cedric looking at Thomas.

“You must be in shape... Last year we did a two-day expedition and we rowed more than five hours to do twenty kilometres ... 160 kilometres, that’s awesome!” Declares William, out of breath.

“I find it interesting that you realize that. You have seen how natives’ life was physically demanding in those days, and how the contact with nature remains instinctive ... they catch their food on the way.”

“Maybe they put lines in the water to save time.” ...

“William!” utters Sofia.

“Well, why not?” retorts William, shrugging his shoulders and opening his hands upwards. “It would save time ... to eat!”

Thomas now deploys the map of Québec and identifies the Innu’s great territory. He points with his right index to known sites along the North Shore.

The siblings and their grandparents talk late in the evening. They imagine different scenarios of subsistence, common life, hunting expeditions, fishing and even fighting with other clans, either to defend themselves or to protect their region which is their pantry...

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Lifestyle resumes its course. The school holidays are ending. Physical training, combat techniques, historical research, scientific and esoteric studies, compose their regime. Outings with their dragon provide distraction and much appreciated coaching.

Sofia, Cedric, and William, meet in Sofia's room after an epic hike with their mythic companions. They comfort themselves over their arduous training sessions when Sofia interjects: "You know guys, I'm intrigued by the medallion Grandma wears. . . . I'm more fascinated since we observed Islanda hand it to Pearl of Dew. . . . I wonder if it's the same one we saw with Quelf. With Islanda? Does it come from Pearl of Dew? Why is it part of our lineage? I must question grandma, are you with me?"

"Yes, of course, Sofia, I'm with you," answers Cedric. "Me too," adds William.

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That morning, Sofia approaches Louise, kisses her on the left cheek then, gently, she takes in her right hand the medallion that Louise wears around her neck. She asks: "Grandma, you were right when you told us that Islanda would don the medallion. And now I know that Pearl of Dew is one of our ancestors. I saw the scene when she received her mother's locket before leaving for the Innu people. . . . I can't believe it! How did you discover all this?" . . .

"I have a counsellor who informs me and whom I listen to. . . . He speaks to me through my dreams."

"It's still special, grandma, proceeds Sofia, we find the medallion in different circumstances through time. . . . First you, then Quelf among the Celts, then Islanda in New Land, Pearl of Dew amid the Innu, now you. . . . What's the message in all this?"

"With Islanda, we learnt of our Nordic ancestries and how it relates to our Celtic origins." Cedric persists: "however, how was it during the last thousand years, between Pearl of Dew's time and ours? We don't know.

"Wow! So many questions suddenly!" Thinks Louise.

“We don’t know Québec’s autochthones’ history, other than what you told us from your manuscript, and what grandpa told us during the trip,” notes William. “Maybe we should learn more about it in schools,” continues Cédric. “Perhaps it would aid to have a better relationship with them.”

“So, grandma,” asks Sofia, “what would you say if the three of us conduct a psychometric exercise with your manuscript? Not only will it inform us about the natives’ heritage, maybe it will also help us get a grasp over the medallion.”

“Yes, especially since Islanda thinks that the medallion plays a role in our mission, and we would like to be briefed about the history of our lineage...” Adds William. He’s very interested in the subject.

“If you understood how much we scratch our heads to find out more about the reason for this medallion you wear around your neck grandma,” insists Cédric...

“Grandma, do you know why you have the medallion? Did your advisor tell you about it?” asks Sofia.

Louise brings her left hand on the medallion attached to her neck. She remains pensive.

The teens respect her silence and wait.

Louise straightens, saying: “OK, I’ll fetch the manuscript.” She adds, looking at the triplets: “I would like Thomas to be there too. Someone can go to invite him.”

“I’ll get him,” utters William, rising from his seat. “I think he’s in his garage.”

William rushes in and returns moments after leaving the room.

“Wow! You’re fast, Will!” declares Cedric as he sees his brother come back with Grandpa Thomas.

“He was on his way,” replies William. “Just mention to hurry because grandma allows us to perform a psychometric exercise with her manuscript and she wants him to be there. He followed me rapido-presto.”

“Well, what’s going on?” Asks Thomas as he settles comfortably in his Elran chair.

“I’m here,” reports Grandma, slightly out of breath. She holds under her left underarm the big manuscript with the Le Mans’s coat of arms.

Cedric walks up to her and indicates: “I notice that the Le Mans coat of arms on your manuscript has the same stylized oak you have on the medallion,” notes Cédric astonished.

Louise looks at Cedric intensely and answers: “Wonderful! Isn’t it? This allows us to reconcile all our historical notes up to your stay in Celtic land with Taliesanic.”...

“First, the book of the Le Mans’s family dates to Quelf in Celtic land, and the medallion with the notes on the native side goes back to Islanda then Quelf.”

“Ah! Finally, a link that connects us to Quelf we met with Taliesanic! I say this because we saw the symbol on his wall when we were with him,” adds William, confident and proud of himself.

“However, why the name Le Mans? And why did Quelf make a stylized medallion in the image of the Celtic oak?” Queries Cedric.

“Many questions will be answered during your journeys in time,” responds granny.

“For the moment, I tell you the part which relates to your trip to Celtic country. So, the medallion comes from Quelf who handed it down from generation to generation to the women of the other clans until Islanda. She passed it on to her daughter Pearl of Dew who, transferred it within her lineage. Eventually it rested inside the Picard family. Which brings me to my father Noël, me

and now you.” ...

Louise pauses and looks Sofia straight in the eye. “So, you, Sofia, will become the holder of the medallion and the manuscript.”

Then, turning to the boys solemnly, she goes on to declare: “You boys provide the physical, emotional, and spiritual support in your trilogy. Your involvement with your sister is of paramount importance. Until you mature, you must be present and loyal to Sofia. She’s to assume the leading position; Prophecy demands it. No, not the first in all, but the one that produces the difference when the mission unfolds. I hope I make myself clear!” Declares Louise in a firm tone.

“You’re crystal clear, my love.” Replies Thomas who supports her.

The children look at Louise intensely and with a broad smile and head movement, signal they understand the message.

“Moreover, since the beginning of our training we notice we have many more experiences to conduct before it’s over. The mission isn’t for tomorrow!” Remarks William very comfortable with the finding...

“Careful,” opines Thomas, “preparations are also part of the mission and all your learning put you right in the middle of it.”

“Yes, I know that” answers William.

—000—

The psychometric exercise occurs in the hours that follow and confirm what Sofia, Cedric and William learnt from their grandparents and what Islanda revealed to them. Other questions require answers, including passages where they believe they have recognized Spanish, French, Chinese, Egyptian, Viking remains on an island and even Mexican... However, no details.

“That will be for another time,” says Grandma. “For today, it’s enough.”

“I remember grandpa, you promised to draw us a graphic showing our lineage one day. I can’t wait to visualize all the possible A.D.N. crossovers. I’m eager to see how we relate to all this.”

“Yes Cedric! The more visual it is, the easier it’s to understand,” adds Sofia.

Thomas proposes to clarify and complete with them, after each journey in time, the genealogy diagram grandma keeps in the manuscript.

“I think it will inform them and facilitate their understanding,” says grandma to Thomas who rises from his seat and heads for his room. “I can’t wait to see how you’ll unravel all this generational traffic. Finally, I trust you. It always works well when you get involve. For now, I require a little rest before preparing the meal.”

“OK, Louise, we’ll prepare it together if you don’t object,” replies Thomas.

“Well, well, I must think about all this,” declares Sofia. “If you don’t mind, I retire to my room. See you later.”

“Me too,” answer Cedric and William.

“I need to know more about the Le Mans’s coat of arms.” Considers Cédric. “I’ll research.” ...

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Estraak, the Sorcerer

Andreanas wonders as she returns to her hotel room: *“I feel spied upon and for some time a strange man follows me to the step... He’s been watching me for the last two days... I know he’s not from our school, so, why does he tag along with our group? ... I could be wrong, but my inner sense keeps warning me that something is awry... That guy’s vibes disturb me, I must find out why... Enough, I must act... Tomorrow, the first thing in the morning, I will go to this man and challenge him about his intentions towards me. I’m sure he’ll be there watching me again... I’ll ask him what he wants.”*

...

“The summer games end in three days. So far, the students perform as expected and their behaviour commendable. They gained many gold and silver medals... The news quickly spread through social media at home... I’m happy for them. They worked hard and their discipline and dedication pay off. The young athletes will come back with a lot of praise, glory, and respect from the other participants.”

“Time to sleep and get ready for tomorrow’s competitions and more so to find what’s the situation with that intruder.”

—000—

It’s 7:00 in the morning. Andreanas walks out from the hotel lobby. The stranger rests by his car smiling at her. He carries an envelope in his right hand. His appearance denotes a certain pride. Andreanas closes on him and notices his indigenous features: an aquiline nose, prominent cheekbones, ebony-black irises, luscious lips, long braided hair.

Andreanas stands proudly near him and stares in his eyes: *“Who are you and what do you want? ... Are you going to follow me for an endless time like this?”*

The man looks at her intensely, smiles at her with all his teeth: “I have a notebook in this envelope which I must give you in person... I’m to inform you on your roots and your biological father identity... I was waiting for the right moment to share this information with you, face to face. I received formal orders. Your father expects your visit in Argentina in the village of Purmamarca. That’s where you will meet him. He’s called Estraak.”

“Wow there! Wait a minute! Who are you? ... Whom do you take me for? ... You think I’ll believe you because someone in Argentina sends you to tell me the good news... You say you have information on my origins in this notebook! ... You want me to reckon you from the outset! ... I don’t know you! You don’t know me! ... No, but! Am I dreaming or what?”

Andreanas fumes... She stares at the man with her flaming emerald eyes.

The male remains calm and maintains his distance from Andreanas. He puts his left hand on his heart, looks at the redhead woman, and in a soft and peaceful tone: “A thousand apologies, mademoiselle. What a lack of courtesy on my part. Let me present myself. My name is Gelnikham, I’m from the Mi’kmaq nation. I live in the Labrador region, NunatuKavut to be precise... I have been in communication with your father since he travelled to our lands for a business trip a few years back. You were probably still a child... Last year, he handed me this envelope with a notebook for you and made me promise to meet you and hand it to you... He also told me that this year you would visit this part of the world and I will know when and how to contact you ... not long ago I was notified of your coming ... so, here we are.” ...

“But wait out! ... In the dream I had recently, I heard I would receive a message a Mohawk Aboriginal sorcerer, ... and you tell me that you’re Mi’kmaq. How can I trust you with such an important detail about your identification?” Andreanas glares with all the fire in her eyes...

“I explain immediately to lift any confusion. My mother, a medicine woman whom your father met, is of Mohawk origin and so am I. I’m from the Mi’kmaq nation on behalf of my father. Your father must have concluded that I’m Mohawk too. I think it’s clearer now... Isn’t it?” The stranger asks smiling.

“Yes, thank you for the justification, I sense your sincerity. Otherwise, I would request you to leave.” ...

The man takes a moment to breathe and looks her intensely in the eyes. Andreanas supports his gaze. He likes it... He goes on in a singing voice: “Here we’re at last! I can’t tell you more. It’s all in this notebook. Now it’s up to you to get through this epic tale... What I can say about your father is that he’s a charming man, an important businessman from the Argentine community. He operates on the international scene. He’s waiting for you with open arms. It has been following you since childhood. ... He’s a great sorcerer and between sorcerers and medicine man, we understand each other... I leave you with this notebook. You will never see me again. I promised Estragak the last time we met at the Sempiterras group reunion in Argentina. Goodbye, mademoiselle, I wish you a happy and profitable discovery.”

The man hands her the envelope then gets in his car. He drives away. He looks in his rearview mirror. He observes a young redhead woman, wide-eyed, mouth ajar and right hand slipping into her hair in astonishment.

Andreanas remains stunned for a moment. She watches the vehicle disappear in the bend. She holds the notebook in her left hand. ... She examines it from every angle. She doesn’t dare to open it. She fears it to be like a Pandora’s box.

“What will I discover that I don’t already know? The Sempiterras! The group that threatens the Curretaras... Brahima has informed us, my half-brother Daarksoor, my adoptive mother Cremona and myself, about them... Hum! What a surprise? What will I discover? Who’s my real father? My biological father? ... Hum! I must go to my athletes; we have competitions waiting for us. ... I’ll read the notebook tonight in my room. If my father

thinks it impresses me, he's royally mistaken!"

—000—

The day goes by with words and sentences flashing back in her brain. Andreanas is often distracted. Some students notice this and ask her: "Ms. Darcaux, you seem far from us right now. Can we do anything to help you?"

"That's very nice of you, but everything is fine. I reassure you. A family situation that has come up. I'll investigate it tonight at the hotel. Enjoy all your moments because we're two days from the end of these games. We'll talk about it later."

—000—

After a light evening dinner, Andreanas retires to her room. She washes her hair as if to clear her mind of the information she received from the medicine man. She settles on the couch near the window. She withdraws the envelope from her portfolio close to her. She contemplates it for a while before opening it delicately. Surprise! A visa for Argentina and a message accompanies the notebook. "*Hum! He's rather confident! It's true that I need a visa to go to Argentina. He planned everything. The note tells me that he had mandated Gelnikbam to care for it. I'm more and more amazed.*"

She places the visa and envelope on the table near the window. She fondles the notebook thinking: "*What secrets do you hold for me?*" Finally, she consults the first page and she's astonished. "*Wow! No ambiguity here! ... From the onset he introduces himself as my biological father. He inserted the birth certificate to prove it!*" ...

Andreanas closes the notebook... She keeps her eyes half shut a moment... She opens the book again... She decides to read the handwriting aloud. Reading aloud facilitates the memory and understanding. "I'm your biological father Andreanas. Rest assured... I deposited you under the tall grass near Cremona's

house, on the Reunion Island. ... I wanted you to be under her mother's wing. I knew she didn't have children and that she desired one. I couldn't keep you because your mother left six months after she gave birth to you."

Andreas places the notebook on her lap again. She remembers with her adoptive mother and half-brother Daarksoor. She also recollects Brahima, considerate to her, teaching her the rudiments of magic and witchcraft. The sorcerer tells her that she's a natural, her talent will emerge in time. "*Brahima is my mentor, he trusts me, and I trust him!*" ... She resumes reading the notebook aloud, attentively. "My schedule required me to do so... I'm sorry... However, I follow you growing up: in all your activities, you're learning, the little follies you permitted yourself... In fact, you have a magic spell linked to your emerald eyes that allows me to envision you wherever you go, no matter where you are, who you were hanging out with... My objective is to protect you, always. ... and in time, to give you what you deserve." ...

"Last year, at the International Congress on Multiple Pregnancies in Mexico, I was with you. I saw how your half-brother, Daarksoor, under the pseudonym of Halil Ghator treated you. I know a lot about Brahima, Cremona, Daarksoor and, of course, concerning yourself."

"The situation evolves continually and now it's time we met face to face. I must speak with you. I need your help. The stakes are enormous... I must see you; time is running out: 2020 is approaching and I want us both ready to act to become the supreme masters of the whole earth... It sounds weird what I'm telling you, but it's a reality... I look forward to seeing you in the flesh. Since the time I dropped you off, part of my life is focused on yours... I'm waiting for you in Argentina. I live in the village of Purmamarca, 56 km north of Jujuy. It's the province in the northwest of Argentina. It's beautiful here. You'll see. You will meet all those who work for our cause. ... I look forward to your visit, my daughter."

“There you go! The notebook says no more, but just enough to pique my curiosity. He seems to know about the prophecy involving triplets! Hum! Of course, I’m coming, and I’d better get to perceive you better... I will fly tomorrow to Argentina, if possible.”

“First, I must cater to the students’ needs. ... I’ll do what’s necessary so that they aren’t without resources. Fortunately, the accompanying teachers and parents can help. They should understand my predicament. I’ll contact them after I know when I can fly to Argentina.” Andreas checks with the appropriate airlines for a ticket to Argentina. She remembers while it’s summer in Canada, it’s winter in the southern hemisphere.

“According to the information on the website, Purmamarca’s climate is cold, but dry and sunny at this time of the year. This is the best season to visit the Quebrada de Humahuaca. And the village, where my so-called father Estraak lives, is worth a stay... The region extends between the Purmamarca River lined with poplars and the Cerro de los Siete Colores, the mountain of seven colours. It’s one of the most beautiful landscapes in Argentina at 56 kilometres north of Jujuy, the northwestern province in Argentina. He wrote the truth... He knows his geography. I wonder how long he has lived there. A lot of questions come to mind... He hasn’t finished answering me... I have much to catch up...”

“Well, I must go through Montréal to fly to Buenos Aires. There’s no direct flight from St. John’s Newfoundland to Buenos Aires... So, I take a plane to Jujuy airport. There, my so-called father will pick me up, himself. I will recognize him from a photo he sent me on my BlackBerry. He just texted me on my mobile phone telling me not to worry. Everything is under control, he says. He has access to all the electronic networks! Furthermore, he’s aware of all my activities... It requires sustained observation on my part.” ...

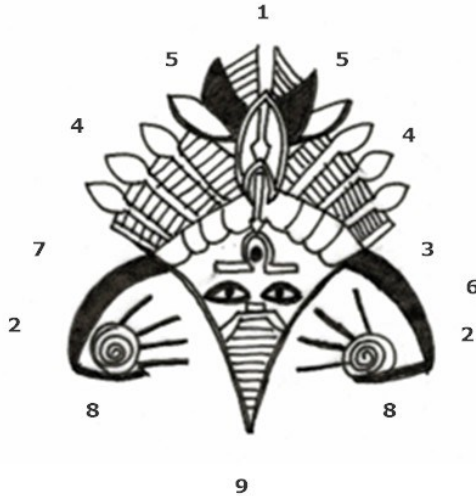
Within the next two hours, tickets are bought, luggage prepared and coordination with the teacher-parent delegation completed. *“Now, I must sleep to be in good shape tomorrow... I’ll pay the hotel bill after breakfast before I leave for the Montréal Airport... A short stop in Montréal, then a flight to Buenos Aires, Argentina and, from there, I fly regional air transport to Purmamarca... Ouf! The next 36 hours will be tiresome... Fortunately, I bring my passport everywhere I go... It saves me so much trouble! It’s an effective practice I hold since my childhood. It comes from*

Brahima.”

Andreanas Looks out the aircraft window. She thinks over the restless night ... remembers the child competing against Daarksoor for Cremona’s attention... She reviews Brahima’s teachings, his severity and firmness towards her... The clouds fly by and her thoughts are now with her father ... a man unknown a few hours ago... A notebook was enough to trigger everything...

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Annex A: The Curretaras Coat of Arms



- > 1. Universal Strength Chimney Fueling the Curretaras
- > 2. Two Paths: Chaos and War
- > 3. The Black Pearl
- > 4. Eight Flames of Obedience (8000 years)
- > 5. Curretaras Wizards's A.D.N.
- > 6. Saurian Origin Pupils
- > 7. Curretaras Supramacy Crown
- > 8. Dominant Sight Over Humans
- > 9. Door Open to Darkness

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