

# EEMO

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Version 4.7

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**Dedicated to everyone who dares to dream...**

# Form

Once again the gentle currents bring about the colorful fluttering of the amorphous and flexible substance of this quiet nook of the Pluriverse.

Every time the tenuous vibrations intersect, comes forth a lively stream of musical notes that strive to produce a new composition, an arrangement with a rhythm and melody of its own.

First come a few lengthy notes that quickly head toward the nervous bounces of a *staccato*. Then comes a swarm of extremely sharp notes that, without slowing their pace, full of impatience and tension, move toward the placid equanimity of the middle-range tones. As soon as they get there, without stopping or missing a beat, they continue their hurried march toward the bottom of the musical scale, where they reach a lake of extremely low-pitched tones.

The entire ambiance is saturated with the ebb and flow of luminous and musical substance, the same that since immemorial times has been the origin and basis of every tune, march, symphony, and song.

Eemo could barely feel it, but this time the vibrations seemed to have a different quality. It's as if something tried once and again to give a distinct form to his nebulous being, as if an unknown factor struggled to impose a distinct shape to his very ethereal constitution.

For a moment, a very brief instant, Eemo would take on a well-defined form, which would immediately undo itself, releasing him back into the intangible torrent of scattered sounds and colors of his surroundings. Eemo vaguely remembers having gone through this before, but never in such an insistent way!

As everything follows a gentle to-and-fro motion—from formation to disintegration, from crystallization back to fluxion, from *coagula* to *solve*—Eemo senses that his being is swayed back and forth in step with the softly rippling currents of colored sound. His attention comes and goes, wavering between being and not-being. Oh, yes! This time, no doubt about it, something new and very different is happening to him!

Certain parts of his new quasi-configuration have begun to jell, and very gradually his being comes to a point where it's difficult for him *not* to keep a stable form. For the first time, Eemo experiences the sensation of wanting something. It was a deliciously new feeling, for he'd never wanted anything before! But, wait! Something else is happening! An image is trying to take form right in the middle of his being. What an interesting experience!

Eemo, totally engrossed in all that's happening to him, hasn't noticed that his recently acquired figure had gradually begun to move. Very slowly, his movement starts to pick up speed, and after a while, he's zipping along at quite a fast clip. Now, swiftly and quietly, he crosses the backdrop of reality, constantly moving along the path of a very straight line.

Suddenly, a loud jangle rouses him and makes him take notice of his marvelous surroundings, as well as of the blistering pace he's now moving at. How amusing! And how curious the sensation of being able to move! He'd never done it before, because he never had a form to move!

After a while, his speed lets up and his flight stops right in front of a dazzling formation, full of palpitating sounds and radiant colors. As he moves in closer, he begins to sense a series of pulsations that come in a sequence that he'd never felt before. Strangely, the vibratory cadence, of exact metric and modulation, begins to make sense to him! As he focuses on it, Eemo notices that the vibrations represent something like: *Eemo, come... We have many things to do!*

Although Eemo felt the vibrations within his being, he knew they were coming from a nearby very colorful formation.

—You're now starting to become one of us. Perhaps still a little shaky and somewhat tenuous, but in a while you'll definitely be one of us. Speak up, Eemo... You can do it— is what a very clear voice now tells him.

—*I can? You say that I can? But, how am I to do something that I've never done before?*— thinks Eemo.

—You can do it, Eemo,— continues the voice, —try it and you'll see.

—*Why not? It seems pretty easy. OK, here I go!* He-he-hello. Hey! I c-c-can t-talk!— renders an astonished Eemo, as his newly acquired form flashes brilliant orange and yellow colors, —But, w-who are you?— he manages to utter.

—Hi, little fellow. I'm Exir. But come, we have many things to do!— is the only answer Eemo receives. And as soon as he hears this he begins to move again, this time in a wide hyperbolic trajectory and led by Exir's impressive figure.

# Inattention

Speeding through the phosphorescent fog, while dodging countless formations of ever-changing colors and outlines, both entities continue their journey to somewhere known by Exir, but not by little Eemo.

Their flight takes them past a large purple and violet formation, whose inside is slowly plied by pulsating yellow and pink plasma. Then, they skirt around an area that has an infinite array of greens, oranges, and reds, from which emanates a cheerful throng of twinkling sounds. Next, they move past an exuberant crystalline figure, very transparent and full of flickering white lines, all of which lay on a cloud of precious magenta.

—We're about to arrive, Eemo. We're almost there.— says Exir. Eemo doesn't answer because he's too entranced by the display of enrapturing forms, colors, and sounds.

All of a sudden, Eemo feels that he's violently separated from his companion! All he can do is look on — helpless— while he moves away from Exir. His astonishment and desperation grow as he moves farther and farther away from Exir!

—What's happening? Why am I being separated from Exir? What did I do wrong?—

—Eemo! Come back to me! Right now!!— orders Exir.

—Alright... but how? Where are you?

—You must try to remember my figure. Visualize me the best you can. That'll guide you to where I am. Do it now!— continues Exir's mental order.

Little Eemo, without knowing exactly how to comply with what's being asked of him, tries to remember Exir's form. —More force, Eemo! With more clarity! Make the image sharper!!

Little by little, Eemo visualizes better what he remembers of Exir's figure and colors, and as he completes the image, he notices a slight change in the direction of his flight.

—Try harder, Eemo. More intensity!— insists Exir.

After a supreme effort, Eemo finally produces a stable image of Exir and as he concentrates on it, his flight makes two sharp 90-degree turns and... there's Exir!

—Well done! Good job, Eemo.— is his congratulated welcome.

—Thanks, Exir. But, what happened?

—Oh, it's something very common here and it'll happen every time your attention isn't focused on a goal. If you don't concentrate on a particular place or purpose, you'll be distracted by any fleeting thought. You'll soon understand it, it's just a matter of force vectors. For now, concentrate on following me. Come, we must continue.

—*Purpose? Goals? Force vectors? What could all that be?*— wonders Eemo, —*What is Exir talking about?*

—Right, I sense that I must clarify a few notions. Although, for the moment, we only have time for a brief explanation. First, you should know that you are a *noumenon*, whose formation is in progress and that I'm in charge of helping you with...— says Exir.

—A what?— cuts in Eemo.

—A noumenon, an Idea-Force,— repeats Exir, —but before you can understand this, you must know that we're within the vast Pluriverse, a multiple reality that's brought forth and sustained by the power of Supreme Creative Forces.

Eemo, not knowing what to say or ask, decides to remain quiet and thinks, —*What could Exir be talking about?*

The glowing Exir, softening the intensity of his many lines and assuming more subdued colors, continues with his explanation, —Little Eemo, you have so much to learn. And how very fast it has to be! You must know that there exists a curious but very powerful type of being to which we are linked. Their energy structure is very complex and refined —perhaps the most complicated one of this section of reality. They're called *humans*, a certain branch of the “live entities.” Now, it so happens that these humans have a wide collection of aptitudes, like being able to see, hear, and feel.

They also have an interesting faculty that allows them to *think* and another one they call *imagination*. Ahh! These are functions of astounding power! With them, humans can understand and bring forth whatever they want. Yes, and while they do it, their thoughts guide us toward the objectives they want to achieve.

Likewise, humans can also use the energy of their emotions to speed things up, helping us act in a faster and more efficient way. This gives us a better mood, more hope, and stronger determination. Part of their emotional vibrations are linked to us. That's why when they change their emotional context, our form, colors, and sounds also change. Are you understanding all this?

—Not really, Exir. But, please continue. While you explain it, I can feel all the effects you're talking about. Please go on. Tell me more!— insists curious Eemo.

—In other words, each emotion that the human feels produces an echo in our being, according to the intensity and type of emotion. This is what changes our brilliance, consistency, and colors. Keep in mind that the color red is intensified by their strongest and more impulsive emotions, such as rage, passion, fear, and other similar ones. Yellow lights up when spontaneity, optimism, happiness, and any expansive feeling prevails in them. And blue is activated by calmness, equanimity, and serenity.

—That's it! That's what has been happening to me! Now I understand it.— cried out Eemo, —But, then, it's not produced by something of my own being?

—The tendencies of our feelings are determined by the influences and conditions of the Pluriverse. However, the human's ideas that match those tendencies will be intensified and will reverberate in our being, due to our natural empathy with them. I know you don't fully understand it, but it'll all fall in place very soon. Now, come... we have much to do!

# Purposes and Projects

Their journey has taken them to the base of an enormous formation that seems to be made out of countless smaller components, all of them in constant movement. Some parts move very quickly from one side to the other of the formation's luminous surface, while others, moving slower and deeper within the big object, act as anchors for the ones on the outside. Some of the pieces fuse with one another, while others break off in order to follow their own course. And, in spite of the apparent disorder, if you look carefully, you'll see that everything moves in step with a delicate and rhythmical pattern.

As the two travelers close in on the large formation, they both slow down their flight. Exir floats to one side, letting Eemo reach the colorful surface, where he settles into a cavity that has his exact size and shape. Immediately, the large formation instills into Eemo a strong wave of invigorating energy, making all his colors and sounds assume the same pulsation. Eemo feels very comfortable as he experiences the sensation of belonging and of being corresponded to, and of occupying his very own place in the vast Pluriverse.

As he sees Exir floating nearby, without joining the nourishing structure, he asks him, —What's the matter, Exir? Why don't you come and join me? This here is really delicious!

—That's all right, Eemo. You go ahead and make the best of it, for I don't belong to this formation. I'll let you know when we're ready to move on. In the mean time, I'll continue with my explanations.— says Exir, —At this very moment, you're integrating yourself with one of the so called "Purposes and Projects" that the humans want to bring forth. We could say that you're becoming an integral part of one of these purposes. After a while, you'll see how the purpose's energy helps you complete the image that has been trying to take form in your being. This image represents the *idea* that you're to help piece together, as part of the present purpose.

—Excuse me, Exir... But, tell me, what's an "idea"? What's it used for?

Exir, twinkling his colors intelligently, answers, —Ideas are very particular structures that are always related to purposes and projects. They are quite precise, having well defined functions, and are easily connected to other ideas. With these ideas, humans can make things that form part of that other zone, the densest part of the Pluriverse. It's a place they call their "Material World," an environment where most of the formations are rigid, static, and quite hard. They all have a fixed form and properties that are basically constant...

—Ja, ja, ja... A place where everything is fixed and hard? That's ridiculous. It must be really boring there. Right, Exir?— exclaims Eemo abruptly, —I think that this here is much more beautiful. It's a lot softer and more comfortable...

—Please, Eemo... How can you criticize something that you've never experienced? We'll see what you think about it after having gone there.— cautions Exir.

—Go there? Are we going to go there?— asks Eemo, a little scared now.

—We'll see, we'll see...— answers Exir somewhat distracted, for now his attention is focused on the three strange figures that erratically move toward them.

—But, come Eemo. ; We have a lot to do!

# Arro, Dis, and Inse

—EXIR!! Where are you? Where are you hiding? I know you're around here somewhere... Show yourself, immediately! Do you hear me?— screeches a domineering voice that makes Eemo draw back into his small cavity.

—Here I am. What do you want, Arro? No need for all that racket, for I can clearly perceive you.— is the unruffled answer offered by Exir, whose colors now pulsate in a very precise rhythm, with all his brilliant lines grouped into one solid horizontal bar.

—Ah! So that's where you're hiding. Do I have to remind you that when you address me, you are to use my formal title? Are you listening, Exir? *Her Majesty* Arro. Well, where is he? Have the apprentice noumenon come forth. At once!!

—With all due respect, Arro, I can't please you, because...

—Insolent!! How dare you contradict me? Perchance you don't remember who you're talking to?— interrupts Arro violently, causing a burst of thunder and lightning in her dark figure.

—As I was saying, Arro, you know very well that I don't have to honor your demands.— continued Exir serenely, —You have no authority over me or the young noumenon. We don't belong to your court and thus, you can't order us around —that's what the Law says— in case you've forgotten.

—Is that so? We'll see about that, my irreverent Exir. Don't lecture me about the Law!— says Arro with uncontrolled anger, —Alas! I don't know why I waste my time talking to riffraff like you. I'm going to let you deal with my lackeys. But, remember, be on guard! If you become heedless, you'll feel the strength of my wrath. That's also the Law!!

Closing in on Eemo, who can't shrink any further into his cranny, Arro snarls at him, —And you, you defenseless caricature... We'll soon meet again and then I'll give you a sample of what I can do!!— having said that, Arro turns around and backs away, pompous and haughty, leaving behind her a dense cloud of foul-smelling and murky smoke.

One of the two entities that came with Arro, precisely the tired blue one, says in a downcast and listless voice, —Exir, you'd better gi-i-i-ve up. You know that we'll beat you if you cha-a-a-llenge us. You'll see how e-e-e-verything you do will go wrong, e-e-e-verything will become more and more co-o-ompllicated and...

—Enough, Dis! You and your companion had better go. We have nothing in common!— interrupts Exir in a very firm tone.

The other unstable figure, who up to now had been hiding behind her cohort, comes out and says, —But, how can you be so sure, Exir? You know that Arro is dangerous when she gets upset... Don't you agree? I

wouldn't dare to confront her, no way! ... Or would I? Oh, I really don't know... All this is making me very nervous. I think you're wrong, Exir... Or not?

—And now you, Inse... What can I say? Why do you hang out with this wretched duo. You know that they only use you for their own benefit. When will you wise up and decide to go your own way?

—You really think so, Exir? Is that what you think? I'm not so sure, you know... You could be wrong... Or maybe not?— answers a nervous and unfixed Inse.

Dis, with her languid voice, says to her friend, —Stop it, I-i-in-se. You know that you'll ne-e-e-ver change. Why even try? Come, let us go-o-o... We have to catch up with Ar-ro-o-o.

—You think we should, Dis? Are we doing the right thing? ... Yes? Or no? It seems to me that... *Argh!* I don't know...— mumbles Inse as she follows her friend, moving in a slow and hesitant way.

—Right.— says Exir, relieved to see them go, —We got rid of that ghastly trio. Now we can continue with our own affairs.

—But, Exir... Tell me, who are those strange beings?— asks Eemo, still affected by the ordeal.

—Don't mind them, lad. They're always looking for someone to bother. They have nothing to do with our quest. Nevertheless, you must always beware of their harmful influence. Note that "Her Majesty" Arro, owed to her induction powers, can persuade a human to believe that he's superior to others, making him overblown in his gestures and speech, always presuming to be smarter and more valuable than the rest. Humans call her *Arrogance*. Whereas, Dis affects humans by infecting them with the feeling that they won't be able to accomplish what they want to do, either before they start or when things get difficult. Dis instills what humans call *Discouragement*. Woe is he who listens to Dis!— explains Exir.

—And the other one... Inse?— asks Eemo, now quite recovered from his alarm.

—Inse? That one is even more dangerous! With her indecisive behavior, she can drastically affect any human that falls prey to her ways. Right from the start, she infuses all kinds of doubts and anguish, which little by little paralyzes the human, who then feels a chronic lack of will-power and decisiveness. If the effect continues, the human will feel unable to take any decision at all. Yes, definitely, you have to be very careful when dealing with Inse! Humans have appropriately called her *Insecurity*. But, look, let's forget about those limiting emotions, for we have more important things to do!

# Ideas

Eemo's appearance now includes many straight lines that intersect with hundreds of small polished disks, all surrounded by thin electric blue currents, which, after traveling around his inside, turn into a magic violet as they well up to his outer surface.

The insistent impression of having something pending makes Eemo's figure pulsate. And each time the intensity escalates, he feels that some parts of his being mimic that rhythm. While this goes on, Eemo asks Exir, —Could you tell me more about the “ideas”?

—I've been watching you and I can see that your formation has advanced a lot. Indeed, I think it's an excellent occasion to continue with that explanation. Recapping then, ideas are formations put together by the mental activity of a human. They use them as templates to give form to the things they want to have or do in their “Material World,” the one you so strongly disapproved. And that when several ideas are grouped together, they make up a project or purpose. Remember?

—Yes, Exir... More or less. But, please, tell me more.

—Basically, they're used to accomplish a given objective. Ideas are produced according to what each human wants to do or have. Truly, they are innumerable and too diverse to even try to list them. But, don't get impatient. In a little while you're going to take part in one of them.

—An idea! Cool! I'm going to have my very own idea!— cries out Eemo, —Is it true, Exir, that I'm going to have my own idea?

—Well, you see, Eemo, as noumena we can't have our own ideas, for we take on those of a human, as you're now beginning to experience. This, together with the self-confidence they feel, provides us with the energy we need to help them, be it to finish defining their idea or to carry it out. It all works in accordance with the determination and degree of conviction they have in being able to produce concrete results.

If they believe that they can *really* bring forth their idea, then we can help them, unswayed, and unstoppable, automatically making use of the line of least resistance and of the most convenient sequence of actions, in the shortest time possible and the minimum use of resources. This also depends on the conditions and tendencies activated by the cosmic events produced by the Pluriverse.

However, if the humans loose their strength or stability because they pay too much attention to Arro, Dis, Inse, or any other limiting emotion, then we noumena also loose part of our drive and effectiveness. In short, the certainty felt by the humans, that is, their faith in *truly* being able to achieve their purpose, gives us the power and skills to find ways of helping them. The more confidence they have, the more powerful and successful we get.— concludes Exir in a scholarly way.

—All right, then! So everything is going to be very easy. You can tell that these humans are very smart and powerful. They can form ideas... That's great! I don't think that something as insignificant as those emotions can slow them down... Right, Exir?

—Well now, Eemo, it's not always that easy. The humans, owed to some components of their basic constitution, and to the effect of certain rhythms of the Pluriverse, sometimes can be very affected by emotions. When this happens, the emotions lie in ambush, attack them by surprise, and sometimes beat the humans.

—Nooo! You're talking about Arro and her friends? But... How can the humans let themselves be affected by such foolish entities? Didn't *you* put them in their place?— exclaims a surprised Eemo.

—That's true, Eemo, indeed I did. But the humans are different from me. Many of them don't know how to deal with Dis or Inse, so as not to be affect by them in a negative way. And thus, they give in to their treacherous influence. But, come now, lad... Cheer up! There are also many humans who have learned to control them, because they know how to deal with their emotional context in a proper way. Hey! Change those dismal colors. Look, you've even started to overcast the formation that's nurturing you, the one of your new purpose. Furthermore, notice that the image of your idea has finished taking form and that now we can see it very clearly, right in the middle of your being... Can you see it?— asks Exir.

—You're right, Exir! My first idea! That's great!— exclaims Eemo while his bright colors come back on, —But, now that I have it... What do I do with it? Will you tell me, Exir?

—Of course, Eemo. Your next step is to get to know all of its details and parts. You'll have to familiarize yourself with its components until you become part of it all. Then, you'll feel yourself driven by the human's will-power, to find all the pieces needed to configure it. Once that's done, I'll continue with my explanations.

—Cool, Exir! When do we start?— asks Eemo, full of sparkling colors and happy sounds.

—As soon as you finish studying your idea.— says Exir, —So get to it, Eemo. For you have a lot to do!

# First Component

All set!

Eemo has carefully and arduously studied the image of the idea and feels that he can't wait a second more. But... Where and how to begin?

Exir drifts over to his side and says, —I can see that we're ready. Very well... Let's get on with it!

—Yeah, but how? Where do I begin, Exir?

—Eemo, do you remember how you located me when we were so abruptly separated?

—Yes, I do. I visualized your image to get back to you. But, what's that got to do with this? Is that the way I'm going to find the pieces of my idea?— asks Eemo with growing concern.

—Yes, that's the way. Choose one of the idea's parts, concentrate on its form and thus it'll all begin.— explains Exir.

Following Exir's indications, Eemo focuses his attention one of the most colorful components, and shortly after he notices that he slowly begins to move away from the purpose-structure that had sheltered him up to now. Very gradually, he picks up speed, makes a 45-degree turn, and shoots off through space.

Adapting himself to the speed, Eemo notices that Exir is right alongside, —You're doing good, lad. Keep it up. Don't stop concentrating on the component, 'cause now we're really on our way!

Thus, after sorting around many multi-colored formations, Eemo notices that his speed lowers until he stops right in front of an enormous object. It's several times taller than he is, but its shape, in spite of its tremendous size, is exactly the same as that of the required component!

—I found it, Exir! I found it!— exclaims Eemo happily. And with the same breath, he asks, —But... What now?... What do I do with it, Exir? It looks so very big and heavy. What can I do?

—Don't worry, Eemo. Everything's fine. First, I must congratulate you for the successful result of your very first search. You've done really well!— says Exir, unable to hide his proud green and orange colors,—As to what you're asking, well, you'll just have to bring it along.

—Bring it along? That giant hulk? But, how am I supposed to even budge that thing, Exir?— asks Eemo in a worried tone.

—That's enough, Eemo. Are you Eemo or Inse? I've told you that you can accomplish anything if you believe it and set your mind to it. Actually, it's very easy. What you have to do is concentrate and visualize that "giant hulk," as you call it, following you wherever you go. The components of an idea, due to their very little density, have no weight. Try it and you'll see.

—That easy, huh? OK, if you say so. Let's see now...

Eemo, using his imagination, starts to visualize the “hulk” as something that floats and follows him. After a while, Eemo moves a little to test the effectiveness of his effort, but... the big component remains motionless.

—No, no, Eemo. You have to *really* believe that it’s going to happen. You must be absolutely convinced that it’s going to move!— says Exir, —If not, you’ll only be wasting your time and effort.

The little noumenon, taking note of his former doubts, reaffirms his colors, stabilizes his brilliant lines, and focuses his sounds. And thus, very resolved, he repeats the operation and... —That’s it! Ready, Exir! Let’s go get the other parts of the idea...

Exir, very proud and satisfied, sees how his little apprentice, effortlessly and very sure of himself, advances closely followed by the great component.

—*Alright*,— ponders Exir, —*The lad’s doing just fine*.

—Thank you, Exir.— answers Eemo out loud, —You’re very kind to think that of me.

—Well, well... I see that my young student is learning to perceive thoughts, well... Even better! Everything’s fine. Let’s continue, for we still have a lot to do!

# Supernal Realm

After having collected several components of different forms, colors, and sizes, without showing any sign of weariness, Eemo asks, —Hey, Exir... Couldn't I just leave all this somewhere while I look for the rest?

—Sure you can. As you seemed so proud marching in front of all these things, I didn't want to interrupt your fun.— answers Exir in a good-humored way, —Right, you can set them aside whenever you want to. But first, you'll have to assemble them. Carefully study each part's position as shown in the image within your being and start putting them together.

Diligent and quick as usual, Eemo joins the pieces, forming a colossal multi-dimensional puzzle.

—I'm done... Shall we go?

—Well executed!— says Exir while admiring the big, bulky structure, —Put your ID on it so others will know that you're using all of this; this'll avoid misunderstandings. Shortly after, a shining plaque that says “EEMO” hangs on the front of the tall assembly and they're once more ready to go. Eemo, now concentrating on the next piece of the idea, waits to be projected toward his new search, but... nothing happens!

—Yes, I know, lad... I noticed it. It seems that the next component is going to be a little tougher to get. Its shape is hard to distinguish and each time you focus your attention on it, your colors lower their intensity. I've seen it happen before.

—Why is that, Exir? What's going on? Why doesn't it work like before?

—It's not your fault, Eemo, don't be upset. It so happens that the human still doesn't have a clear notion of this part of his idea, which doesn't really matter. The problem is that he doesn't believe he can find a solution, and as your colors indicate, I'm afraid that...

—Ja, ja, ja! Didn't I tell you? We meet again, noumena— interrupts an unpleasant but familiar voice.

—Dis! You again! What do you want now?— explodes Eemo, with all his colors flashing furiously as he confronts the pale blue figure that has just arrived.

—Calm down, Eemo.— says Exir as he steps between them, —Unfortunately, the human has already been affected by the emotions. This time it's the human who has to solve the issue.

—The human? Ha!— says Dis with sarcasm, — You think that the human can beat me? In your dreams! I've got Inse and Wome, the worrisome, working together with me on this case. And you... Ja, ja, ja, you won't be able to stop our success!

—You're wrong, Dis.— says Eemo, now in a more serene tone,—Your victory will be short-lived. You can be sure that you won't succeed while I'm in charge of this idea. You forget that I, as a noumenon, am more powerful than you, a mere emotion? That's what the Law says!

Before the surprised Exir could say a word, Eemo continues,—You’ll see, Dis... I’ll find a way to help the human! Come, Exir, let’s leave this dreary character. I don’t want to continue this conversation.— as soon as he said it, Eemo turns around and speeds away followed by Exir, who can hardly keep up with him.

—Hey! Wait up, lad. Not so fast!

—Sorry, Exir, but I just couldn’t stand it any longer.— explains Eemo as he slows down, —I’ll show those emotions a thing or two. I’m going to find a way to help the human. I feel it deep down inside of me!

—Bravo, Eemo! You’re learning very quickly. Sure you’ll find a way! Come, I believe I know how to solve this situation. I think we should visit the “Supernal Realm,” a very refined energy level, one that has much more powerful functions than this one. As those vibrations are part of our being, they’re also part of the human’s makeup. I think we’ll need to use them to help the human escape from the trap set by the emotions. Come, let’s go there... Follow me!

Eemo, ready to follow Exir, notices that he’s not moving. And, as he’s about to ask, totally amazed, he sees that Exir is beginning to *vanish*!

—Hey, wait a minute Exir. What are you doing? Wait up!

Returning to his usual shape and colors, Exir says, —Oh, right, I forgot that I haven’t shown you how to do this... sorry. Look, what we want to do is change “density zones.” And in order to do this, you must “let go” of your connections to this one, our present density zone. Do you understand me?— explains Exir.

—No. What’s a “density zone”? Where is it? I don’t see you moving, Exir.

—We don’t have to move, because it’s right here. We’re not aware of other density zones because we’re totally focused on *this* setting, the one you perceive around us now. Look, everything has in itself many levels of existence, each one with a slightly different vibratory rate. Some energy levels are very compact, others are more insubstantial. What is subtle is the essence of everything and while we have our attention fixed on what is denser, it’s difficult to perceive what is subtle, unless you practice shifting your awareness up and down the scale, from one density zone to the other. How should I make it clearer... The things that now surround us seem to have a certain consistency, but they’re really the product of the extension of the vibrations that come from the “Supernal Realm.” Get it?— asks Exir, —So, in order for us to go to that other realm, we have to stop paying attention to what’s here, on *this* energy level. Come, let’s try it together. Lower your interest in the things that surround us and imagine that you’re floating toward their very essence. Softly... Very calmly... Very peacefully...

In Eemo’s mind, everything starts to placidly dissolve. It felt just like when he was being swayed by the rhythmical to-and-fro of the beautiful multi-colored waves, those that now seemed to be part of a long bygone past. Thus, after a while, the two noumena begin to “fade,” very slowly, without moving, very gradually...

Little by little, Eemo awakens and is again able to use his senses. He notices that the surrounding formations are very similar to those he left behind on the lower, denser level, for standing there is the incomplete assembly of his idea. However, now everything has an unusual transparency and glow. When he approaches one of the formations, he feels that his own energy level rises, almost acquiring a phosphorescent brilliance.

—Don’t touch it, Eemo,— says Exir softly, —for you’d change its expression, back in the denser ambiance we just came from. Be very careful not to alter anything here.

—What is this place, Exir? Everything looks so radiant...

—Here, the vibrations are much more diaphanous and pure. And they're also more powerful because we're nearer to the Origin of Everything, the Primal Cause that engenders all there is. That's why you can feel more its force. After finishing the project you're presently working on, you'll be able to come here as many times as you like. You know how to do it and as you can see, you also exist here, naturally, with the consistency that corresponds to this other density zone.— explains Exir.

—Very well... Now tell me.. What should I take back?

—No, Eemo, we can't take anything away from here.

—So? Why are we here? How am I going to continue my work?— asks Eemo with new and evident despair.

—We can't take anything with us, nor do we need to. We just came here to use the *attributes* that this zone awakens in us. That's the only thing we can take back, for that's something that belongs to us because it's part of ourselves. Take a look at the image of the idea in your being. Look at the pieces that you still have to locate. See how their outline is much clearer now?— explains Exir.

—That's right! Now I can see them clearly. Cool! Can I go and get them?— asks Eemo.

—Yes, of course. Those components must be around here somewhere, even if they still don't have an expression on the next denser level of reality. Look for them in the usual way. Go ahead, I'll follow you.

Eemo goes through the now familiar process and soon they're standing beside another part of the new idea.

—Well done, Eemo. But, remember not to touch it. Let's take it back to where we left the assembled pieces of the idea. Shall we go?

—Sure, let's go!

Back at the huge assembly, Exir says, —Place it carefully where it belongs. As you can't touch it, do it by imagining that it floats to its proper position. Go ahead.

Eemo easily fits it into the right place.

—That's it. Now, every time the human tries to visualize his idea, he'll not only perceive the parts that he already knows, but will start to reflect on and deduce the exact form of this new component. After evaluating the possibilities, he'll choose the most convenient one. Then, his own creativity will make the component extend "density lines" and finally take form in his mind, right beside the other pieces of his idea.— explains Exir.

Eemo is now ready to look for the last piece of the idea. And Exir, who has been watching him, says, —It looks like we won't be able to use this method to locate the last component. Look at the image. Neither its edges nor its colors can be clearly seen. Blasted! What an untimely setback! We'll have to study this situation further. Let's go back to the "higher density" zone. In order to do this, I want you to remember your usual shape, colors, and consistency, as well as those of the place where we came from. Begin now, Eemo... We still have a lot to do!

# Vile

—I feel very heavy, Exir!

—You'll soon get over it. Let's rest for a little while, until we get used to the higher density.

While they continue “densifying,” an agitated figure appears at their side and a shrill voice lashes out, —What have you done? Why do you keep meddling in my affairs? Can't you stop bothering me? Don't think that I haven't noticed that you found another component of the idea, in spite of the work of my friends. But, I can assure you that you won't be able to get the last piece. I have now hired the services of Vile! Do you hear me, Exir? Not even you can beat us now!

—Hello there, Arro. What's the problem? Something go wrong?— asks Eemo, with pretended naivete.

—You know very well what happened... Pest! This is all your fault!— says the pompous entity, close to whom float a faded blue figure, along with another thin and nervous one.

—Yes, it's all your fault... Or not? I'm not too sure about that yet, but...— mumbles Inse.

Interceding, Exir replies, —When will you understand that we can't stop as long as the human insists on bringing forth his purpose? Don't you know that it's the Law? Concerning Vile, it's best that you leave him out of this, or don't you remember how terrifying things get when he's involved. He's dangerous both to you and...

—Dangerous... *to whom?* My phosphorescent friend...— intrudes a voice loaded with sarcasm and aversion.

—And now you, Vile. What do you want?— says Exir while his colors become firmer, his pulsations take on a metric pace, and his many lines form an angular *mandala*.

—Well, well. What have we here? A noumenom and a half...— continues Vile, exuding scorn, —Come, little one, come closer to me...

—Keep your distance, Eemo! Don't let him get near you! Leave him alone Vile. Just go away. We have nothing in common!— says Exir firmly.

—Well, hello there... if it isn't my insignificant friend Exir. Indeed, I know you don't have a very high opinion of me. But, I'm not looking for you, nor do I want to deal with these three foolish emotions, which depend so much on me. But I *could* be interested in an apprentice noumenon. Hmm, I believe we're going to get along just fine, that is, after I show him a trick or two...

Circling around Exir and placing himself right in front of Vile, Eemo says to him, —With all due respect, my unknown Mr. Vile, I think you rely too much on your assumptions. I sense something in you that is neither compatible with my nature nor my purpose. Why don't you leave us alone and just go away.

—Soooo, the little guy thinks he can order Vile around. How dare you! The nerve of it all! Take this, apprentice!

Suddenly, a part of Vile's figure shoots out and prods Eemo, who immediately feels jolted by a powerful paralyzing discharge.

—How'd you like that, rookie? Want some more?— asks Vile in a spiteful way.

Everything happens so fast that Exir isn't able to stop it. Still, once he comes to, he forms his own elongation. At the very end of it, a small luminous star appears and begins to glow intensely white. In a flash, Exir places it squarely on Vile's extended tentacle. As soon as Vile feels this, he tries to draw back his appendage. But, it's too late and he helplessly watches a portion of it disintegrate, while the entire affected area turns into dark, inert, and foul-smelling ashes.

—Why you miserable nuisance! How dare you do this to me?— cries out Vile, as he reabsorbs what's left of his damaged extremity, —I'll show you a thing or two...

Exir, now pointing his brilliant star at the exact center of Vile's body, slowly but decidedly moves toward him. Vile, feeling very uncomfortable by the closeness of the bright light, recoils so abruptly that he crashes into his three cronies, sending them all very ungracefully to the ground.

—It's time for you to leave, Vile.— says Exir in a very firm way, —And, please take your "helpers" with you. Furthermore, from now on, stay as far as possible from us. Go away!

—All right, have it your way. I'm leaving, for now. But, I can assure you that I'll get even, Exir! From now on, you won't have a moment of peace. That's a promise!!

Vile painfully gets up and begins to retreat, with his entire being firing off terrible red and crimson flashes. The other three entities, still disconcerted by what happened, quickly arrange themselves and decide to follow their defeated champion.

Once the undesirable entities are gone, Exir remembers about Eemo's ordeal, and asks him, —Eemo, my boy... How are you?

—I-I'm feeling a li-little weak.— answers Eemo with a trembling voice, —Ha-have they gone?

—Yes, they've left. But, you don't look so good. Pay attention, lad. I want you to remember how the vibrations of the "Supernal Realm" felt. Do you hear me? Do it now.— instructs Exir, —It's very important that you do it right away, and that you do it correctly. Proceed, Eemo.

—I'll try, Exir. But I d-don't know if I'll b-be able to...

—You can do it, Eemo, go ahead. Begin right away, before the residual effect of Vile's vibrations affect you any more.

Eemo does as told and, little by little, he begins to calm down. He feels how the inflow of the powerful and pure vibrations gradually neutralize Vile's influence. And, after a short while, Eemo recovers his lively colors and tinkling sounds, and says, —OK, Exir. I'm feeling much better now!

—Another point in your favor, Eemo. I'm happy for both of us!

—But, who was that bully? Why does Vile hate us so much?— questions Eemo, now fully recovered.

—You must know that Vile, in spite of only being an emotion, is very dangerous. He'll do anything to have his way. When his harmful vibrations apply their noxious influence, everything becomes chaotic. We noumena become weak and lose the power to pursue our objective. The humans lose their ability to think

clearly and start to do all kind of irrational things. They begin to feel intimidated and may react in a violent way or fall into a depression, many times reaching incredible extremes. It's a real disaster! They call him *Fear*, or by his other name, *Panic*.— explains Exir.

— How awful! And what was that brilliant white light you used to scare him away?

—That's something you'll have to learn to do. You see, to produce that effect you have to concentrate all your kindest feelings into a single point of your body. And while you do this, you must be very determined and truly feel that the best of yourself flows to that area. The white light appears by itself. And when you move that part toward any negative or ill-fated emotion, it'll have to retreat for it can't stand the closeness of so much love. Do you understand me, Eemo?

—Yes, Exir. I get it.

—Good. Then, let's continue with our work, for we're running a little behind schedule. Come, we still have a lot to do!

# Broken Circle

Once again they're back beside the incomplete idea. Eemo, very afflicted, looks at the large space left by the last and missing piece.

—Oh, what am I going to do, Exir? How am I going to finish my work? Should I go back to the “Supernal Realm” and look for it there?— asks Eemo sadly.

—No, I don't think that'll work this time.— answers Exir, —The human seems to be very affected by Vile's influence. He's worried about not being able to accomplish his goal. And, as long as the idea is incomplete, he becomes more and more afraid of not being able to finish it. As his fear grows, his mind becomes blocked and it'll be each time more difficult to complete the idea. It's a kind of *vicious circle* that Vile set up in the human's mind. As this particular idea is a key part of the project the human is working on, its solution is crucial to him. The more the human worries, the stronger Vile's circle becomes. Unfortunately, the human now spends more time and effort in *reaffirming* the problem than in trying to find a solution. If this goes on, it'll be each time harder to break out of the vicious circle. If the human doesn't sense the trap himself, there's little we can do about it. But, wait... That's it! I've got it!— exclaims Exir.

—What is it, Exir? What did you get?

—Yes! Why didn't I think of it sooner. Eemo, listen to me, this is very important. You must do exactly as I say. First, I want you to intensely visualize the edge, that is, the outline of the area where the missing piece should be.— explains Exir, —Once you've stabilized that image in the center of your being, use your essential vibrations to surround it. In other words, you have to place the dark silhouette of the missing component on a very bright background that you'll set up with your essence. Can you do it?

—I think so, Exir. I'll try.

—You'll have to use the full power of your imagination, along with a very big dose of concentration and confidence. Furthermore, you'll have to sustain the effect at maximum intensity for as long as you can, to get the desired result. Are you all set? Good... Begin whenever you're ready.— says Exir.

Eemo, very determined, starts to do what Exir requested. And after a short while, the edges of the missing piece begin to appear right in the middle of his being.

—You're doing very well, Eemo... Hold it... That's good! Now, give more intensity to the background... More white! Use more of your essential energy.— indicates Exir, while he watches the effect that his young pupil is producing. —Think about the vibrations of the “Supernal Realm”... Imagine that its luminosity flows down into you. Send it toward the outline of the missing piece. *Feel it, Eemo!*

While the little noumenon holds the image firmly, he focuses the rest of his attention on the beautiful luminous substance that's coming to him from the “Supernal Realm.” With this radiant energy, he forms an ultra-bright mist on which he places the dark contour of the missing piece. The image now seems like a black coal placed on an immaculate white surface.

—Keep it up, Eemo, you're doing fine! Hold it for as long as you can.— encourages Exir.

Suddenly, the edges of the missing piece quickly begin to be outlined by a fine white line, much more intense than the pristine background. The line, after connecting all the points of the outside contour, continues through the inside of the piece, thus revealing all its joints, angles, and curves, until it stands perfectly well defined. What a tremendous display of energy!

Eemo, exhausted by the great effort, feels that he can sustain the image no longer and... But, what's happening? The image of the missing piece keeps on glowing by itself! What's going on?

—Bravo, Eemo! You did it!— exclaims an overjoyed Exir, whose colors now sparkle merrily, —You did it!!

—I d-did? That's great... But... what did I do, Exir?

—You broke Vile's vicious circle, that's what you did! You gave so much luminosity to the backdrop of the missing piece that you managed to draw the human's attention! That made the human let go of the problem and look directly at the component, that is, at the wanted solution. All this gave the human the opportunity to think and decide that, after all, a solution *was* possible! Did you see how powerful the essential vibrations really are? Great! I must sincerely congratulate you, Eemo.— says Exir, with all his colors gleaming proudly.

—Thank you, Exir. You're very kind. And thanks for your wise guidance.— answers a now recovered Eemo, almost jumping out of his brightly colored form.

—Now... Off we go to get the missing part!

The location and positioning of the last piece was now a routine job for Eemo, and soon he had completed the idea, his very first one, so appealing and precise that he can't stop feeling very proud about his work. And Exir, who's standing right beside him, also enjoys the feeling of the satisfaction that comes from a job well done.

—Yes, Eemo, it's very beautiful and perfectly put together. Now we have to take it to the human's "Awareness Zone" and you'll have completed your first assignment. Are you ready?

—“Awareness Zone?” What a strange name. Where is that?— inquired Eemo, —Will you help me find it, Exir? After all, this is my first idea and I want to do everything right.

—Sure, Eemo. Calm down. I'll help you all I can, but you'll have to do the job by yourself. Now, pay attention. Humans have a very peculiar way of perceiving things. Normally, they don't notice anything that's not within their “Awareness Zone.” For example, they don't perceive anything of where we are.— explains Exir, —Still, some humans *do* notice this part of the Pluriverse. Some of them, after seeing the beautiful natural scenery of their own environment, along with all the interesting creatures that live there, started to suspect that all that must have been created by something or someone very powerful. This has awakened in them the desire to look beyond the limits of their “Awareness Zone.” These individuals have gotten interested in understanding “Total Reality,” that is, the Pluriverse. Then there are the young humans, “children,” they're called. Ahh, these bright little fellows see everything! With their crystal clear perception, they integrate all the levels of Reality to complete what their reasoning powers, still in delicate formation, cannot deform... Uh, sorry... Still can't understand. They love to play with us. I'm sure you'll like them once you meet them. It's a real shame that when they grow up, they are compelled to pay way too much attention to the affairs of their “Material World” and to forget about this other side of Reality. This, little by little, makes them believe that their tangible environment is all there is. It's really too bad... Maybe someday things will change...— says Exir in a rueful voice. Making an effort, he recovers his well-natured manner and

disciplined bearing, and tells Eemo, —But, what we must do now is to take the idea to the “Awareness Zone,” so that the human can make the best of it. Shall we go?

—Whenever you’re ready, Exir.

—Let us proceed then... For we still have a lot to do!

# Valuable Rubbish

Just behind a beautiful lace curtain of tenuous musical notes, the two noumena find an enormous barrier.

—What’s that, Exir? What are we doing here with all this junk blocking our way?

—This is the place we’re looking for, Eemo. It’s the boundary of the human’s “Awareness Zone.”— answers Exir.

—That? That big and ugly pile of rubbish? Why didn’t the human look for a nicer place, somewhere prettier and more illuminated? Exir, are you sure we’re in the right place?— asks Eemo, as he gives a sideways glance at the big heap of objects whose lifeless colors turn on and off without a coherent order, and whose constant whispering sounds resemble millions of incomprehensible mumbling.

—Yes, Eemo, quite sure. You see, humans are a little eccentric when it comes to their “Awareness Zone.” Each of the things you see here is, or was, part of one of the many concepts, opinions, and beliefs that this human has received in the course of a lifetime. As they were assimilated, that is, as each new one was interrelated with the ones that were here before, they began to surround the human’s originally free and spacious “Awareness Zone.” After a while, without noticing it, the human lost the capacity to look at our environment. What’s really strange about it is that most of these objects are pretty moldy and much of this trash... uh, sorry... “Conceptual Structures,” as they like to call them, are obsolete, incomplete, or simply mistaken. Their colors, so worn out and depressed, indicate that their usefulness, if they ever had one, is completely spent. Nevertheless, the humans insist on carrying all this with them, giving form to what they call the “Basis of their Knowledge.” I don’t know why they want it, for they only use some of the concepts for a short time and then dump it back here, as you can see.— concludes Exir.

—You mean the human doesn’t use any of this?— asks Eemo, understanding each time less and less.

—Well, you see, Eemo. Some of these things have been here for quite a long time, lying in the same place where you see them now. Still, those on the other side, the ones that are on the *inside* this big wall, are used more often, at least for now. They give form to what the human calls his “Present Facts and Concepts.” But, as the human constantly receives an inflow of images, sounds, and other perceptions, new mental structures are created all the time. These replace the former ones, and the old ones are thrown away... I mean... stored here, outside of and around the human’s “Awareness Zone.”

—Why would anybody want to carry around all this rubbish? I don’t get it. And how am I supposed to pass with my idea, with all this junk blocking the way? How does the human see this other side? Or doesn’t the human like this beautiful environment?— is the barrage of questions asked by Eemo.

—Concerning the last part of your questions, I’ll have to say that the constant influence of Dis, Inse, Vile, and of many others, have affected the humans so much that very few of them dare to come out of their “Conceptual Barrier”... Regarding the way to handle your idea, we’ll have to ask an old friend of mine to help us. For now, leave the idea right here and come with me. Let’s go find him... He’s always around here somewhere.— says Exir.

As they move along the perimeter of the great barrier, Eemo realizes just how big it really is. As they advance, they find all kind of bulges, cliffs, crags, masses, and cracks, until Exir finally sees a very slender figure, glowing with slow purple, violet, and white pulsations.

—There he is, look over there... Ixion! Ixion! Over here!— calls out Exir.

When the slender entity finally hears his name, he softly floats toward the noumena.

—Greetings, Master Ixion. I'm happy to sense you again.— says Exir.

With a voice that discloses his very advanced age, the entity answers, —My dear Exir! I'm also glad to feel your presence again. How have you been? And... who do we have here?

—I've been fine, Master Ixion. This is my friend and apprentice, Eemo. Come, Eemo... Come and meet Ixion, one of our finest and most effective associates... Possibly the best!

—Hello, Mr. Ixion.— salutes Eemo timidly.

—How about that, *Mister* Ixion... Jo, jo, jo... What a charming lad. I haven't been called that in a long time. Call me "Ixion," son, as all my friends do. So, Exir... What can I do for you?

—I'd be very grateful if you could help Eemo introduce his recently assembled idea, you know, in there. Think you could spare some of your valuable time to help us?

—But, of course, Exir. It'll be a pleasure to assist this young lad. Not many apprentices come nowadays with their first idea. I remember that in the old days many new students came, all of them impatient and eager for the humans to receive their shiny new ideas as quickly as possible. Jo, jo, jo... Yes, those were the good times and... But, what am I doing? You're both hurried and here I am telling you old stories. Right, I'll tell you about it some other time, Eemo. I believe that Exir has already heard them. Let's see now... Where's the new idea?

—We left it a little way back. Would you like me to get it?— asks Eemo eagerly.

—We'd better go there, son. Let's go see how big it is.

And thus, after a short hike, they're back beside the big idea.

—Hmm, this one is really well built. It seems rather big, but I think we can manage.— says Ixion, —Please wait here, I won't be long.

As Ixion gently floats off, Eemo just can't hold back any longer and...

—Yes, Eemo, I know. You want me to tell you about Ixion... Right? Well, first of all I must point out that your doubts are totally unfounded. Don't let his slow gait fool you. He's perfectly capable of handling the job we need him for. He's done this for an eternity and I must say that his work is excellent. Too bad the modern humans are always in a hurry and have so little time to appreciate his services. But, look! Here he comes...

—Yes, my friends. You're in luck. The opening is just a trifle bigger than the idea, but I think it'll do. Please, be so kind as to follow me. And don't forget to bring along your idea.

After dodging all kinds of obstacles, the three entities, followed by the large idea, arrive at the cavernous hole found by Ixion.

—That's it,— says Ixion, —That's where we'll introduce the idea. Place it right in front of the gap, but don't try to insert it yet. In order to do that, we'll have to wait for the right moment.

As soon as they arrive, curious Eemo scampers up to the opening to look inside the great barrier. All that he sees on the other side is a tremendous disorder: pieces of images flying from one side to another, sound fragments hanging here and there, portions of sensations mixed with incomplete concepts... a real jumble of things in constant and very quick movement. Many things merged, others separated. Some formed long chains, and many others just floated around.

—So, what do you think, Eemo?— asks Ixion, who had also climbed up to the big hole.

—To tell you the truth, I don't know what to think about all this. It all seems so agitated and confusing. Everything moves so fast. I really don't know what to make of it all, sir.— answers Eemo.

—Yes, indeed, it does move quickly. The human's thinking process always seems so very complex. You know, sometimes the human sees his own world just as unsettled. Jo, jo, jo... Nevertheless, my many years of experience tell me that the human is busy with something quite calm, perhaps he's reading. Which is good for us because, in order to insert your idea in there, everything has to be as calm as possible. While we wait, why don't you position it better?— suggests Ixion.

Eemo maneuvers the idea until it's right in front of the opening and asks, —Why don't we just push it in right now, sir?

—To guarantee the success of the operation, it's necessary for the things in there to slow down their fluttering around. Then we'll have time to do everything just right. Be patient, son. The right moment will soon come. If we don't do things properly, the idea could crash into something and break apart before it reaches the right place. I've seen it happen before.— explains Ixion,—I remember the time when a young apprentice noumenon, very impulsive and a little disobedient, didn't follow my instructions. And, well, the thing is that after all that trouble to put his idea together... *Whoosh!* He pushed it in at the wrong moment, right when an enormous and heavy image was passing by on the other side. Needless to say that the idea rammed into the image. What a disaster that was! Imagine, Eemo, that young lad not only had to go in there, jump around dodging everything that was moving to gather the pieces and put his idea back together, but he also had to recover all the parts of the broken image and repair it as well. Ahh! What a headstrong youngster he was. Remember, Exir?

—Ixion, please... I don't see why you have to tell that story just now. All that happened such a long ago, that...— said Exir, visibly embarrassed.

—You, Exir?— asked Eemo, utterly astonished, —That happened to you? Wow! I can't believe it. You, always so sensible and...

—Now, lads!— interrupts Ixion, who'd been constantly watching the inside of the human's "Awareness Zone,"— *Now's the right moment!* The human is busy elsewhere in his mind. Push the idea now! Do it quickly, for you never know when the human will use this section again.

Eemo immediately starts to pass the idea through the opening in the barrier. —Careful with that edge!— indicates Exir, —Fit it in on that other side! Don't let it bump against the wall. That's it! A little more to the left... A little more... OK, it's in! Now push it and let it go, Eemo. Let it hook up with the human's mental currents. Look! The human has already noticed it! See how quickly it moves toward that other group of objects and joins them? Perfect! Now the human can use this part of his objective in a creative way.

—Nice job, boys. Well done! I congratulate you and must bid you goodbye, for my services are required elsewhere. Goodbye, my friends.— says the old and wise Ixion.

—Farewell, Master Ixion. And thank you for your help!— says Exir.

—Goodbye, Mr. Ixion. Thanks a lot!— adds Eemo.

—*Mister Ixion...* Jo, jo, jo... What a nice boy.— mumbles Ixion as he gently floats away.

After looking for some time at the churning inside of the human's "Awareness Zone," Exir says, —Come, Eemo. Let's go to a calmer place. Your idea is in good hands. I guarantee that the human will take good care of it. Remember that it's also very important to him. Come on, take a last look and let's go. It's only the first of many ideas that you'll get involved with. Moreover, it's quite possible that the human will ask you to take part in the action that every idea brings forth.

—You think so, Exir? Do you think the human will call me to help him?— asks Eemo a little surprised.

—Of course he will. Who else knows his objective as well as you do? You'll see that when the time comes, you'll feel it deep inside in your being. Now, come, we have to go.— concluded Exir.

After a last nostalgic glance, Eemo turns around and resolutely moves away together with Exir, leaving behind the exceptionally ugly and messy barrier. It was time to look for new things to do!

# Distance, an Illusion

Both noumena are now back in their familiar surroundings of beautiful forms, countless radiant colors, soft textures, and marvelous sounds.

— Summarizing our adventure, so that you'll remember it properly, let me remind you that you should always be on the lookout for an untimely attack of the emotions. Be firm with them and they'll move out of your way— explains Exir. —Further ahead, you'll get to meet many other entities. For example, there's Pism, the lord of pessimism, and Quatan, master of quarrels and tantrums. And then there's Sagri, who produces sadness and grief in the humans. It comes with the job, you know. Nevertheless, not all of them are bothersome. You'll also get to know many who will gladly help you, like Ixion did. There's Hapjo, who brings happiness and joy, and Opist, the eternal optimist, along with the Princes of the Natural Kingdoms, the Elementals, the Djinn, the Sylphs, the Nereids, the Elves, and many others.

Feeling a strange sensation, Eemo is about to ask something, but is not able to because Exir continues with his speech, —Judging on what you feel in your own self, you'll always know if someone's presence is convenient or not. One more thing, you'll greatly benefit from visiting now and then, for pleasure or need, the "Supernal Realm." Who knows, with practice and perseverance, maybe you can go to even higher, more powerful and ethereal regions of the Pluriverse. You know, there you'd meet other kinds of Friends and Mentors, most of them very willing to listen and help you. They have a wisdom, kindness, and virtue that you still haven't met. But, surely, you'll find that out on your own and...

—What's going on, Exir? Why are you telling me all this? Aren't we going to see all that together?— asks Eemo, who can't hold back any longer.

—Well, Eemo, now that you ask me so bluntly, the answer is: no, I don't think so. I believe I've fulfilled my duty to teach and form you, and now I must go and tend to the issues of my own human. For, you see, I too have a lot to do.— explains Exir gently, —Aw, come now, Eemo. Change those sad colors. Look, I assure you that we'll meet again sooner than you think. For, how far apart can we be, if it's only one small thought away?

—Are you sure you have to go, Exir?

—Quite sure, Eemo. Some day you'll be asked to carry out a service similar to what I've done for you. Considering the way things are in the human world today, I think that many good, brave, and tenacious noumena like you will be needed. Will you help me train them? Besides, you' saw how much fun it can be... — says Exir, trying to cheer him up.

—Sure, Exir. You know I will. ;You can count on me! Sorry that I didn't understand it before. But, tell me, is your human close by?

—Yes, he is, he's only one thought away. You know, he's a bit of a loner and an idealist. He likes to find out how the Pluriverse works and sometimes he writes stories.

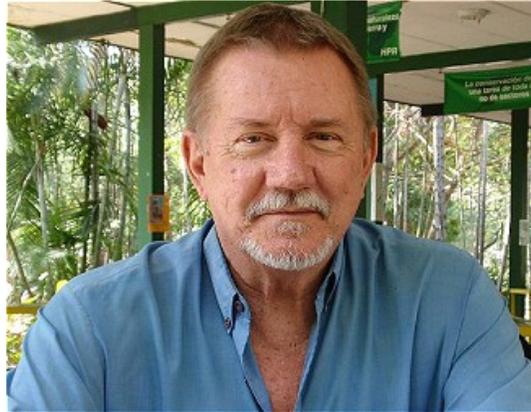
—And me, Exir. Am I to stay here alone, all by myself?

—But you're not alone, Eemo! You now form part of the human that's reading the end of this tale, as I form part of the one who wrote it.

And you, my dear reader, please take good care of little Eemo. Thank you.

\* \* \* \* \*

## About the Author



A three-way hybrid, that's what I am. My childhood was definitely European (Belgian), my pre-teen years were pleasantly influenced by the American way of life (in Glendale, California), at the beginning of the *Rock 'n Roll* era (anybody remember?), and the rest of my life exposed me to the fast-paced Latin American culture (in Venezuela and several Caribbean Islands). This established in me the order and discipline of a Northern European, the modern vision and progressive imagination of an American, and the lively soul of a Latino.

Professionally, I'm a Computer Systems Engineer, who specialized in setting up Data Processing Systems for industries and large, high-rise hotels in Latin America.

For the past 30+ years, after having looked into several controversial fields and rejecting a lot of ineffectual data, I've been designing a system that I named ASTRONICA (which has very little in common with classic Astrology). In a nutshell, it's a technique that anyone can use to (1) know their inborn attributes, qualities, and skills, and (2) to evaluate the various astrophysical events (exocauses) that inevitably influence us and our environment. You can test the efficiency of [Astronica](#) for yourself - come and visit the website (its in Spanish and English, online since 1997). Try out any of the free and user-friendly apps that you'll find there—they're all based on Astronical algorithms. You can go there either with a desk PC or a laptop. But if you're mostly on the go, feel free to use a tablet or a smartphone. No registration, no cost, no hype—the apps work just fine!

After retiring from the Hotel Computer field, and having put together the Astronica system, I began to write in two different fields: fiction and non-fiction. In the non-fiction section, I've written several books that have an Astronical undercurrent (*Astronica*, *Dinamy* and *Polarity*, *The Cosmic Tree*, and *The Hidden Circle*).

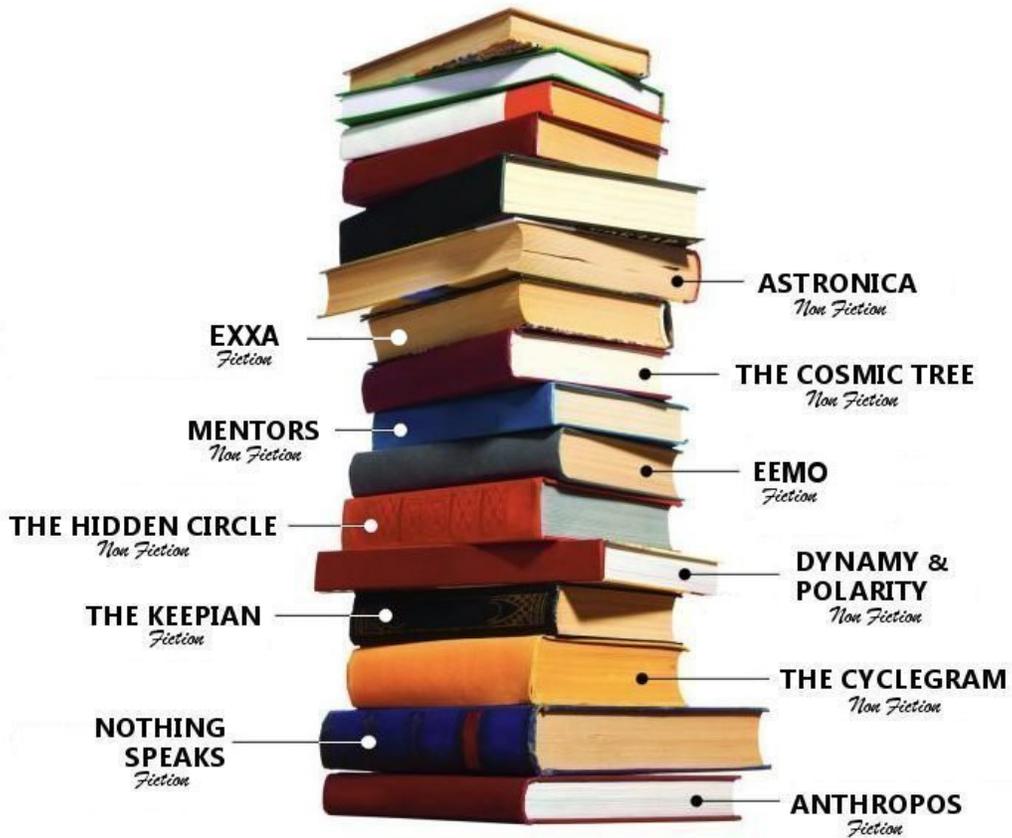
My writings in the fiction section usually include characters that live in the imperceptible setting that's at the borderline between our everyday reality and the rest of the Multiverse. I like to call this genre *MetaFiction*: the Reality that lies beyond perceptible reality.

Now and then, when my Muse prods me, I take another shot at story writing, so feel free to look me up.

Hope you liked the story as much as I enjoyed writing it. Thanks for taking the time to read it.

\* \* \* \* \*

## My Other Books



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Astronica's Website: <http://astronica.free.nf/index.php>