

Chapter 3 In the Hall of the Crimson King

Nele continued telling her story around the campfire for the two soldiers; "As you know, what we now call "The Fall" was started when most of the volcanoes on the planet began to erupt, starting with the underwater Mid-Atlantic Ridge. The Magnetic Poles shifted and commercial airtravel as we knew it was over. Only military and diplomatic flights were allowed as we lost the airports located in coastal areas in the first week. Just before The Fall, David had a visit by the creative fire energy that started it all.....

(Scene shifts to Nele's story of David in Berlin...)

Back at his fifth floor apartment in Tempelhof, Berlin, David made himself a bullet-proof-coffee, a light lunch and took them out on the balcony. He was joined by his Egyptian Mau cat who took the seat next to his. Soon the cat napped peacefully, a fresh breeze blew gently by... well, as fresh as it gets for Berlin. He and the cat both felt a connection to nature on the fifth floor balcony garden that came alive with vines and roses in the summer. They both loved to watch red squirrels defy gravity while they leaped from the 20 meter high Linden trees to the roof and back again. Surrounded by the scent of roses in bloom, it was easy to feel deeply at peace in what he called; "The Garden of Love".

Then came the cloud. David felt the cloud before saw it and his awareness shifted. His focus picked up the energetic details others could not.

This cloud had a hypnotic "billowing" effect in it's appearance... as if it were pushed from behind by something much more powerful than the wind. The play of light made it seem like the pastel pink leading the round expansion of the cloud came from within the cloud only to fade quickly off to the side in dark shades of brown, gray then black. Exceptionally rare and strange, this one cloud. Like a smooth precious stone in movement across a clear blue sky, coming his way... David's body relaxed into his seat as he projected his awareness into the cloud. In this relaxed waking trance, he felt his awareness expand out within the cloud. He found himself in dark turbulence, heard a low roar of swiftly moving water... a great volume of water, racing. The violent, horizontal movement of water.. as if the ocean itself was escaping some fiery explosion... the almost nauseating feeling reminded him of watching the seven meter wall of water slam into his friend's home in Kealakekua Bay in 2010. He clearly remembered the shock that went through his body as the Fukushima Tsunami, like an angry living being powered by the rage of nature, came out of the bay and walked up onto the land. The Tsunami pushed aside a rock wall like a child's toy forgotten on the beach and slammed into a 200 square meter home knocking it off it's concrete supports. His mind went numb as he witnessed the house pushed into the side of the hill and then slowly began to move offshore. It was as if the sea wanted to drag the house back into it's depths and keep it for it's own. The ocean's mad grab for the house was only defeated by the house getting hung up and

impaled on its own concrete supports that now acted like dragon's teeth, snapping up the tasty prize for the goddess of the land.

This cloud... carried with it that “feeling” ... the feeling of violent, horizontally moving power that can destroy and take... only to a much greater degree.

The message of this one cloud registered clearly and he felt himself spinning out of control, like a swimmer in a rip tide. A horrible, helpless feeling as orientation and even the inner knowing of “which way is up” is lost. In the undertow he could hear the pitiful cries of the doomed and a fiery, evil laugh. It became too much to bear and he snapped out of his wild, turbulent waking trance.. He blinked several times... found himself sitting upright in his chair, sweating lightly and out of breath. In the sudden return from the “message of the cloud” to his body's “reality on the balcony” he immediately became aware of several things.

A light breeze brushed his cheek, his coffee was cold, the cat and the cloud were both gone.

The Hall of the Crimson King

The conscious awareness that had sent the cloud to David had a home, an anger and a name. His home was in the volcano Eyjafjallajökull in south east Iceland. The Hall stood proudly in the volcano. His names were many, though he preferred “The Crimson King”. His folk were part of the “Hidden People” of Iceland and they spoke an ancient tongue, never used by mere humans...Running south out of the Hall was the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, an underwater volcanic mountain range that forced the European and American tectonic plates out from it, in both directions, to sub-duct under their respective continents. Earthquakes, fiery eruptions and lives thrown into turmoil delighted the King. He was aware that David had received his message in the cloud and smiled. His thoughts then turned to all the others who paid no heed. He felt his anger had no limit, but he knew his patience did. The earthquakes, birds, ash clouds, he had sent so many messages from his fiery home. The self-absorbed ants that called themselves humans did not seem to “get the message”.... It was not long ago, he and his family received gifts, sacrifices, attention.... Men recognized their presence and importance. The reason for existence was to create new land for all life outside the sea to use. What human could do that? Time is different for the conscious energies of the Earth. He remembered when the land and seas were used with respect and appreciated by men and women. When had that changed? Now the garbage dumped into the ocean daily off the shores of New York was found throughout the waters of the entire Atlantic. Filth billowed out of their factories, cars and pathetic flying machines to poison the clouds and put acid in the healing rains. These humans no longer had roots. They took their nervous energy everywhere and destroyed everything they touched. And what did they create? Only garbage. Yes, his patience had a limit, but his anger....

Shifting back from her story, Nele put more wood on the fire and said; “The message that David received that day from the Volcano God was our first, short notice that our

world was about to change forever. David did not know it then, but when he sent me and Joe off on a job to clear a mass grave in south Germany, that was really the beginning of the end.... for all of us.”