

Oracle Moon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Several hours later the ship was sailing past the Moon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I agree," said Arden.

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

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

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

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

Arden stepped through.

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

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

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

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

1970

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

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

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

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

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

1979

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

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

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

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

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

She paused, sipping a glass of water.

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

She glared at the crowd again as if analysing everyone.

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

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

1980 - 2010

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

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

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

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

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

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

2012

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Am I pulling to the left path?"

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

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

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

"No."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phil touched Sean's shoulder.

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

"Thanks, I will," said Sean.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sean looked around, a little startled.

"Where am I?"

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

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

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

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

"Did you summon me here?" asked Sean.

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

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

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

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

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

Arden passed Sean a talisman hanging from a cord.

"What is it?" asked Sean.

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

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

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

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

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

2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'll be back.”

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

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

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

I hope Arden makes contact soon, he thought.

2019

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Khaled.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What is it?” asked Nina.

“Nothing.”

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

“It’s stubborn,” said Sean.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“A lovely day, nonetheless,” said Nina.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Who are you?” snapped Sean.

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

“Move.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sean was hustled really close to where Joe was standing talking to one of the other henchmen. These types of people always did the same thing: they threatened the west with another murder. For some strange reason, Sean didn't feel condemned. If this was his time to die, then that was part of some divine plan. The only thing he could think of, was that if his vibrated blood was strong enough, he could foil their whole dark plan.

How was he going to get himself out of this one? There must be something the talisman could do.

Then he suddenly noticed a Full Moon coming up over the very early evening horizon. In fact, it was the biggest Moon he could ever remember seeing! Wow! It was beautiful!

'I feel it has some significance in your case,' said Phil from the past.

Coincidence? he thought.

'There aren't any coincidences for us Gurus,' he remembered saying to Phil back then.

Sean could feel a connection to the Moon, as if he were part of it. The talisman around his neck was emitting strong vibrations. It was like he was connecting to other powers.

Then he turned toward Joe, and a chill rose up his spine. Things were far worse than he could ever imagine, and somehow the Moon, along with the talisman, had revealed it.

He could now see Joe in a whole new light. Behind that balaclava now gleamed large, red glowing eyes. His hands were now a shadowy black, and as Sean watched he could see Joe projecting Shadows, much like the darker ones he'd been clearing from the new Gurus. He was directing these Shadows toward his men, as if he were controlling them – controlling Shadows to send his dark orders to. His suspicions were right: the Shadows were definitely being used by sorcerers.

One of the controlled Shadows came toward him, screaming in torture. Sean stepped back in surprise, but the Shadow was repelled by his talisman. Joe was talking to someone, but he hesitated and turned to look directly at Sean.

Sean knew the sorcerer knew he knew. This whole thing about these terrorists spreading their beliefs around the Middle East was that it was just a smoke screen to enable this monster, or other monsters like him, to do whatever they were doing. It had nothing to do with religion. But what were they? What were they doing? What did these Shadow Demons want?

Joe started walking toward Sean, as a much larger Shadow shot out of the sorcerer's forehead and went up in the sky like a missile. Directly, it returned and struck him where it came from.

Just when he thought this was a big enough monster, there was an even bigger one somewhere else, thought Sean. The Shadow had sent a message to his Master and received a prompt response.

Sean knew what the message was! Be prompt. No talking. Don't take as prisoner. Kill immediately.

Sean thought about running, but then he was suddenly shoved toward Joe. That monster was bad enough as an assassin, but then he turned out to be some sort of Shadow Demon.

Suddenly, he was right in front of Joe, and those big red eyes were glaring down at him.

"You can see me, can't you, Guardian?" roared Joe.

"Guardian?" asked Sean meekly. "What are you talking about?"

"Pretty weak for a Guardian, though," he mused. "I bet the others aren't too far behind. Where are the other Guardians?" He pointed at Sean with his knife.

Sean remembered Arden mentioning something about Keepers and Guardians years ago. Something about temples being gates – what was it he said?

"Your time is over, Guardian" said Joe, beginning to raise a large knife. "Your death will deliver the rest of them to me."

Somehow, during that threatening experience, Sean remembered the words clearly: "They're gates to Keepers and Guardians." He pulled out the talisman. Joe hesitated when he saw it.

"You do have a weapon!" roared Joe.

“I’m not a Guardian. I’m a Guru,” said Sean, trying to be strong in this moment. If he was going to die, he wanted to die standing up to this demon and being as fearless as he possibly could.

“A Guru!” roared Joe. “Still an enemy of the Shadows!”

Sean ignored the demon and focused on the talisman. That was his ticket out of here; he realised that now. Just as he sensed Joe readying his knife again, the talisman started spiralling energy in a clockwise direction. Suddenly, that energy shot out of the small disk and struck Joe’s hand!

Joe was thrown back, roaring with pain from in his hand and arm. Temporarily stunned, Joe tripped and fell on his backside.

The henchman who was standing beside Sean raised his machine gun, but Sean was suddenly enveloped in a spiral of energy and disappeared.

“You made it,” said Arden, after Sean materialised on his ship. Arden looked at Sean, not giving away his thoughts. “That means your status has changed from ‘potential’ to ‘probationary’.”

Sean was hesitate but defiant. Finally, he was to meet Arden again! He was speechless for a while, a little shaken after the encounter with the demon.

“You mean because I survived the first encounter, I move onto the next stage?” asked Sean.

“We are staging a very careful advancement on the Shadows at the moment. Your progression is part of that.”

Sean was silent.

“From now on I’ll need you to take a more active role,” said Arden. “That will mean the work you currently do under the Goddess has ended. You’re now working directly for me. The others are well-versed enough to carry on with the work.”

Sean nodded.

“Now, I need you to help protect the Gurus.”

Sean was a little shocked, but he had been half-expecting something like

this to happen.

“Joe the Assassin, as the west has been calling him,” said Sean after a while. “He called me a Guardian.”

“That’s the name of your new role,” said Arden. “You could call a Guardian an enlightened soldier, but a Guardian isn’t part of any military. A Guardian is part of a collective force, you could say, and only very few Gurus are chosen to join that force. You see, they have to be so enlightened, so attentive, so fearless and so knowledgeable.”

“Well, I’m not sure why you’re tutoring me, then,” murmured Sean.

“You under-estimate yourself as a Guru,” said Arden. “What Guru would be so bold as to enlighten the masses in the places you have been? You’ve worked hard from the start. You’ve continually tried to work it out.” He paused. “You’re exactly the sort of Guru we need as a Guardian.”

“Thanks,” said Sean but still feeling like the whole world had been placed on his shoulders. “OK, so I’m a new Guardian. These enemies of ours, the Shadows. What are they?”

“Joe the Assassin, as you call him, is a Shadow Lord. That means his army, or ‘Shadow drones’, are under his control.”

“You mean the Shadows he conjures up?” asked Sean.

“I mean all of them,” said Arden. “It doesn’t matter if they’re dead or alive. If he controls them they’re his drones.”

“So the dead ones are like connections in his network,” said Sean.

“Precisely,” said Arden. “His Master does this on a grander scale, but he has direct control over his Lords – and the drones, if he pleases.”

“OK, so there are Lords and Masters of the Lords in this Shadow charade,” said Sean. He pulled out the talisman. “What’s the connection between this talisman and the Moon?”

“You know about the left and right paths, or should I say left and right ways.”

“Ways?” asked Sean.

“Same as the ‘paths’ within human beings, but ‘ways’ are more universal. For example, when we talk of planets and galaxies, as you know, normally

the Moon pulls you to the left way,” said Arden. “So this is an effective counter-measure against the Shadows that are working in the right way.”

“So, the talisman connects to this and somehow amplifies it?” asked Sean.

“Partly true, but the talisman is not an amplifier. It’s merely a receiver. The amplifier is on the Moon,” said Arden. He noticed Sean was preparing to bombard him with questions about the source. “Never mind about that now. Your focus is on using whatever powers are at your disposal, not on where they come from. Knowledge can be a useful tool, but it can also be a curse if you’re not ready to bear it.” Arden paused. “But I will say this: your future is the Moon. For now, I’ll monitor your progress. Don’t try to do anything too reckless. I’ll send you the challenges when you require them.”

2021

Next, Sean journeyed to America. Although the Americans were far more advanced materially than people in other countries, they were still lagging behind when it came to spiritual matters. And it was important for America, more than ever to progress. They might have led the fight against the Shadows on a physical level, but the only true way of defeating the Shadows was on a spiritual level.

On September 11, Sean went to the place where the Twin Towers once stood. Not only was it the day on which the President was going to make an important speech; Sean was also getting signals from the talisman that an attack was imminent.

He stood in the crowd, waiting for the President’s arrival, with no real way of warning about the danger. If he suddenly did anything now, he might draw attention away from the threat and he’d be arrested. Not really helpful if he was the best one to stop this. As it was, the place was crawling with Secret Service agents.

Sean watched as a Half-Moon rose in the sky, and his talisman responded with its power. What was it about the Moon that Arden was concealing?

“Knowledge can be a useful tool, but it can also be a curse if you’re not ready to bear it.”

There was a commotion around the stage as the President was ushered onto it, his body-guards close behind.

The President walked to the dais and looked around at the large crowd with a serious but welcoming face.

“It truly is a great day today. I say that we have finally achieved what we set out to do, on this day, twenty years ago,” said the President beaming with pride. “We have won the war on terrorism!”

The crowd applauded and cheered.

Sean was the only one in the crowd who knew this conflict was far from over.

He noticed the Half-Moon up in the afternoon sky, and he felt his talisman connecting to its power.

“Your future is the Moon.”

Sean’s gaze went from the President to the people who were close by. He noticed almost immediately that someone was out of place. There was a Shadow standing behind the stage, posing as a Secret Service agent!

Unconsciously, he pulled the talisman out of his shirt. He started moving through the back of the crowd, acting as if he was trying to find a better vantage point, but a couple of agents immediately noticed his suspicious behaviour.

He stopped to look at the Shadow, and the Shadow-agent grinned at him. Joe started moving toward the President, but no one was suspicious of him because all the agents were looking at Sean! No one else could see those large red, evil eyes.

Great! Now I’m the suspected assassin, thought Sean.

Sean made a run toward Joe, pushing people aside. Suddenly, a Secret Service agent came out of nowhere and held a gun at him.

“On your knees! Hands behind your head!” he roared.

Suddenly, a small spiral of energy shot out of the talisman and struck the gun, knocking it from the agent’s hands. Bewildered, the agent prepared to

karate-kick Sean, but just as he lifted his leg another burst knocked him flat on his back.

“Sorry,” said Sean as he ran past him. Sean could see that Joe was right behind the President now and was about to strike.

Suddenly, bullets started firing at Sean, and that’s when everything started going in slow motion. While the frightened crowd ran for their lives, Sean dodged bullets, looking in fascination as they were suspended in the air.

In no time he was in front of the stage. Just as the President looked at Sean in apprehension, his face turned to alarm as a knife came around from behind him.

Joe had stuck his balaclava on his head, when the Secret Service agents had their attention on Sean. Now Joe stood close to the mike.

“Oh, my, what a trophy!”

Sean could see he was about to assassinate the President. He raised his hand in protest, and a massive surge of spiralling energy came from the talisman, travelling up his arm and out through the palm of his hand. Joe was thrown back, landing roughly on the ground. In the meantime the President’s bodyguards rushed the President from the stage.

As Joe stood up, bullets showered down on him from all different angles. After all the firing had died down, he sagged down as if he was about to fall over. Suddenly, he looked up and grinned.

“You’re wasting your time using guns,” he shouted.

“I’m not wasting my time with mine,” said Sean, having moved closer to Joe. He held up a the small shining talisman. Joe glared at Sean angrily.

“It amuses me why you have that little pretend object. Where’s the Oracle?”

That must be the name of the amplifier, thought Sean. He pretended not to be surprised at the name and looked at the Moon rising higher in the early evening.

“It’s being used for a higher purpose.”

Joe laughed. “You’re such a fake. A fake Guardian – with no purpose.”

Sean could feel the negativity pouring from the Shadow Lord and he felt

like saying, Yes, you're right. Arden hasn't given me the proper tools to work with.

I didn't even know there was an Oracle till now! Who am I kidding, thinking I'm going to destroy this Shadow? But then he brushed aside these negative thoughts. He wasn't going to play into Joe's hands. There was a way, and the Shadow Lord gave him an idea.

Sean raised his right hand and put his attention on the Moon and the Oracle. He imagined a silver disk stuck in a rock up there, in much the same way Thor's hammer had been stuck in a rock in the movie. He was suddenly taken to a place up there in his mind, a barren place on the Moon's south pole. He discovered the Oracle wasn't in a rock but below the surface inside an ancient casket. There it lay next to a bangle and six bronze rings.

"Well, fake Guardian, I haven't got all day," said Joe.

Sean ignored him, although he noticed Joe's shadowy form was changing. Joe's body was slowly transforming into something else. He turned his attention away and back on the Oracle. He tried to coax the lid of the casket in his mind. Suddenly, it flipped open, even though it was buried in the regolith. He looked up and saw a brilliant flash of light coming from the Moon.

Joe had turned into a taller and darker shadowy form with larger red piercing eyes.

A trail of shining light shot down from the Moon. Suddenly, a silver disk appeared in Sean's hand.

Joe growled and charged at Sean.

Sean held up the Oracle, and a white, clockwise spiralling energy shot out and hit the tall red-eyed monster, who flew back a considerable distance in the air. He noticed there was much more power emitting from the Oracle. The Joe Shadow yelped with pain and glared back at Sean.

"Guess I'm not a fake anymore," said Sean. The Oracle suddenly transformed into a long silver dagger. Sean stared at the dagger. It can transform itself! he thought in amazement.

Sean looked at the dagger and looked at Joe and was about to hurl it at him, when a large dark portal appeared behind the Shadow. Sean knew

through the Oracle that the portal had been spawned from the Shadow Master. He was attempting to pull Joe out of this fight.

Joe hesitated. “We still have unfinished business, Guardian.” He turned and jumped through the portal.

2025

“He got away,” said Sean. “I finally got the Oracle. I had the dagger in my hand. Then he fled.”

“And he was the last one to do so,” said Arden. “You see, just as you became a true Guardian, the rest of your brethren had bailed up the Shadow Master and his remaining Lords.”

Sean and Arden were chatting on the verandah of Sean’s Auckland home.

“What happened?”

“There were nine Shadow Lords throughout the Middle East, controlling nine different terrorist groups. They were called the “Circle of the Nine.” Of course, there were also nine Guardians from many different worlds, you being one of them. You were successful in removing your nemesis from the league. And a part of that work was what you did as a Guru.”

“But he got away,” insisted Sean.

“Perhaps, but he was removed from the Earth realms nonetheless,” said Arden. “Shadows aren’t always destroyed. Sometimes they’re just moved on.”

“Causing trouble somewhere else,” said Sean.

“As you know, we’d been aiding the Americans, Europeans and Australians at the physical level all along. Sometimes this was so they didn’t kill too many because then we’d have an influx of Shadow-drones into the supra-conscious. I’ve explained before how Shadow-drones are used by Lords. Masters project them globally to trigger the lone-wolf attacks – even creeping into subtly spiritual countries like Australia.”

Sean thought Joe’s transformation had looked a little like a dark form of wolverine.

“Don’t talk to me about wolves.”

“So once all the Lords are disabled, they are taken within the Shadow Master.”

“You mean he’s obsessed by all his Lords?” asked Sean.

“No. He absorbs them into his being.” He paused. “Once the Lords were pushed out of the Middle East, the Master knew he had to move from his cosy little place on Earth to re-establish his strengths.”

“How did Joe think he was going to change everything by assassinating the President at his important speech?” mused Sean.

“That’s their weakness. Ego,” said Arden. “Joe is a particularly cunning and evil Lord. Not only does he invoke fear across the global media. On the spiritual side he’s manufacturing Shadow-drones.”

“Their spirits become lost and vulnerable,” said Sean. He paused in thought. “That portal that appeared.”

Arden looked out across the scenic view from Sean’s home. In the distance he could see the city. “The Master pulled him back to use for his last bit of strength.”

“You mean he got away!” said Sean.

“Yes, as I mentioned earlier he had to move from his cosy place on Earth. He’s continuing his rein on another world close to Earth,” said Arden. “That’s why I’m eager to get you and future Guardians and Keepers strong enough to help Caldon at Udicia.” He paused. “But first, there will be a little dress rehearsal on Mars.”

Sean knew the war had only just begun, but to actually hear Arden verbalise this made things a little clearer than the vibrational knowledge he obtained from the Oracle.

“If there are no Shadows to fight anymore, there must be something I can do.” He was thinking out aloud.

“I told you your future,” said Arden, looking at the Full Moon coming up in the afternoon sky.

Sean spotted the Moon and stared at it for a while. In fact, he looked at it so long that when he turned around Arden had gone.

Then it occurred to him what he had to do. Arden said the next battles would be on Mars and a close world. The Moon had always been a stepping stone for NASA and space exploration. Could it be a stepping stone for Earth and a quest for galactic transformation? He pulled the Oracle from his shirt pocket and held it to his heart.

Sean thought it could be because with his new connection with the Oracle anything was possible.

2034

Sean was staring at the Moon again. He was on a sight-seeing flight around the Moon on board a new tourist venture called “Trans-Moon”.

He’d got into NASA easily enough, but they hadn’t built ships for years. Most of the astronauts were now flying with the flourishing private industry.

Sean’s vision was to establish a permanent settlement on the Moon, but in order to do that he needed first to establish where it would be, and secondly, to find out which one of these private ventures would help him achieve that. He had gained sufficient knowledge about the space industry, with the last eight years of intense study and physical training. Now, he needed to concentrate on the commercial side of things. He needed either to convince one of these private space ventures to take on his vision – or somehow take it on himself.

The reason for establishing a base on the Moon was that the base had to be viable. To send a group of Guardians to the closest world to help in a galactic transformation wasn’t going to be enough. There might be many Gurus now, but a lot of them were of the mindset: “If we’ve already been transformed beyond time and space, why do we need to actually cross them?”

Sean couldn’t argue with them; they were right. Space wasn’t the place for Gurus. It was only for Guardians. They were required to go beyond time and space, both spiritually and physically. Guardians had to be one step in front of

their younger brothers and sisters, for their protection.

He looked out of the circular window of the spacecraft and stared at the surface of the Moon. His first thoughts weren't positive. It looked barren and desolate and very isolated. But then he connected with the Moon at a more subtle level and could feel a sense of something much more powerful and all-pervading.

It was like the spirit of God was shining. Coolness emitting from the Oracle confirmed this from within his space suit pocket. It was the spirit of the left way. His "pathway" has been all about the left way.

He remembered what the Goddess had said: "First you must establish your left path. Then I need you to work very hard on the right path."

Was he establishing the left way of future Guardians? It was a scary thought. There was definitely more at stake here than building bases and creating an industry on the Moon.

They entered lunar orbit, and the "No seat belt" light came on above the passengers' heads. Sean released his seat belt and watched in amusement as other passengers lost their flexible smart phones, ultra-thin tablets and water bottles to the zero gravity.

He floated toward his circular viewing window and stared down at the surface of the Moon. He was so close he could almost feel the desolation of this world. That was the ultimate test for Guardians, like Gurus of the past who went up on mountain tops to obtain their enlightenment. This test was to go beyond the test of self; this was the test of will.

He took the Oracle out of his suit pocket and held it toward the Moon. He knew the Oracle came down from the Moon, but its origin was Earth. It had been positioned on the Moon for a purpose. Apart from the powers of the Moon itself, he could feel some other connection.

His attention was suddenly drawn to the south pole of the Moon, and for a split-second he saw a flash of light. Then, a bright rainbow appeared for another second and vanished. He groped for his flexible smart phone within his pocket and pulled it out, pointing it to where he had seen the rainbow. He missed taking a picture, but Google Moon maps told him the position was

Shackleton crater.

“Your future is the Moon.”

That was where the base had to be built. The Oracle was placed there, and there in the same casket were six bronze rings and a bangle – the rings of the Keepers. The Oracle told him the rings and the bangle were to be worn by seven primary Keepers, but in all there would be forty-two. Forty-two Keepers and one Guardian would make up a collective force.

But there hadn't been a collective force so far, only himself. He needed the Keepers to make up that force. It would make sense to make up the staff numbers on the Moon with Keepers. In any case, without the Keepers he wouldn't have enough power to defeat a Shadow Lord if one happened to come uninvited to the Moon. He had to make sure Earth was ready for the first “external” attack from the Shadows.

2048

Trans-Moon had a new spacecraft that could land on the Moon. It was called a Lunar Cargo Lander, or LCL, and it looked a lot like an aeroplane without any wings or tail. It had four landing legs, two at the front and two at the back. Its primary use would be to transport tourists and cargo between the Moon and International Space Station 2, known as ISS2. It was built at the space station with parts ferried up by Virgin Galactic.

Three astronauts embarked on its first test flight to the Moon. Bryan Mason was the pilot, Neil Tyler the representative of Trans-Moon and Sean the recently appointed Moonbase director of the half-built Moonbase at Shackleton Crater.

Bryan, an American, had a muscular build and brown hair. He had spent many years in the Navy as a pilot before becoming a test pilot for NASA. Neil, by way of contrast, was a thin nervous man with glasses who was more accustomed to sitting in board rooms than going on field trips.

Fourteen years later, Sean was once again looking out the circular window

of another spacecraft at the Moon.

“Still a barren old rock,” commented Bryan.

“Yes, but we might be able to shed some light on it,” said Sean.

“You mean commercial light?” said Bryan.

“No nation will support this venture until it makes a profit,” said Sean. “The only way is to mine Helium 3.”

“To fuel these new fusion drives,” said Bryan.

“Companies down there don’t care about spaceships,” said Sean, “but there’s much interest from airline companies in using this technology for cheaper and faster travel across the globe.”

There was silence for a while.

“That’s not the ultimate goal, though, is it?” asked Bryan.

Sean looked at the man with a smile.

“You know you’re the first one to ask me that. No, there is a bigger picture. I plan to build a bigger spacecraft and go to Mars – and beyond.”

A few hours later they were approaching lunar orbit.

“Strap in, guys,” said Bryan, cutting in the retro rockets to slow their approach. “We’ll be landing soon.”

Sean looked out at the barren landscape that was coming closer and closer. He held his hand on the Oracle to focus on the powers of the Keeper rings.

Suddenly, an explosion was heard outside.

“Someone’s firing at us!” said Neil in shocked surprise.

“Shadows,” said Sean, trying to visualise a shield around the ship. Their energy weapons would cut through this ship like butter.

“Who the hell?” snapped Bryan.

“You know when you asked about my ultimate goal?” said Sean. “This is it! Fly lower.”

Bryan dropped the LCL down in a lower altitude as another energy

weapon shot past them. They were sitting ducks, thought Sean.

“What is it?” asked Bryan, frantically working on the glass-panel computer console.

“Them. The Shadows,” said Sean. “They once lived amongst us on Earth. Now they’re upset that we drove them out.”

“Shadows?” asked Neil nervously. Sean could see Neil wasn’t handling this very well.

Another shot was fired. This time the lights dimmed and there was some electrical damage.

“They’re going to kill us!” said Neil.

“Apparently my shield isn’t strong enough,” said Sean. Probably because I don’t have any Keepers yet, he thought to himself.

“Well, you’d better increase its strength,” said Bryan. He didn’t understand where the protective power was coming from, but his sensors were telling him it was there.

“I don’t think I can fire at them,” said Sean. “But…” He imagined the shield expanding like a sonic explosion.

The alien ship was struck, knocking it back into a higher altitude.

“You did it!” said Bryan.

“It’s not over yet,” said Sean. “How far is Moonbase?”

“We’re under a hundred kilometres away,” said Bryan, increasing the propulsion. “Stick your helmets on.”

After some low flying over the lunar surface, they suddenly heard explosions around them again. This time, one of the shots managed to hit their rear rockets.

“Sorry, guys, the rear engine has been knocked out,” said Bryan. “We’re going down.” The LCL dropped suddenly, and Bryan kicked the retros in. “Hang on! This will be a rough landing.”

Neil was holding onto his seat with white knuckles, while Sean had his

eyes closed, focusing on the power of the Oracle shield.

They came down fast but Bryan had had many hours of training in prototypes with NASA. Sean opened his eyes as dust kicked up outside.

“Right, everyone,” said Bryan, retracting the legs of the lander. “Into the LRV, the Lunar Remote Vehicle.”

They all quickly transferred to the LRV, as more explosions rocked the surface outside. Bryan quickly worked over the glass-panel console, pressing the touch-screen to activate the airlock at the back of the LCL.

“Hang on!” yelled Bryan. As soon as the back airlock was open, he hit the power, the electric vehicle whining from the acceleration. They flew out on the regolith, doing a wide arc to head toward the base.

“Where are they?” asked Neil.

“Not sure,” said Sean. He looked out at the Sun, hanging low on the horizon. “Stick to the shadows of the craters. Make it hard for them to see us.”

“I had the same thought,” said Bryan.

They drove on, Bryan using the LRV’s computer navigation to find the best path in the shadows. Soon they came to a large open sea.

“It’ll be too far to drive around this,” said Bryan. He looked at Sean. “You better get your medallion out and give us some cover.”

Sean checked the Sun. It was almost below the horizon.

“We’ll wait twenty minutes. It’s almost night.”

Later, they started off again.

“We’re still about eight kilometres from the base,” said Bryan. “There’s a lunar lander in the spaceport and a command ship in orbit. That will get us back, anyway.”

“If worse comes to worst, there are enough supplies at the base for us to survive for months,” said Sean.

“Those monsters might destroy our way home!” exclaimed Neil.

Sean looked at Neil. He didn’t have any combat skills at all. He was just a

business man. This would be a very nerve-wracking experience for him. Bryan, on the other hand, was a former Air Force pilot in the American Navy. He would be accustomed to these types of situations.

“I’m sorry I got you guys involved in this,” said Sean. “I know it wasn’t part of the deal.”

“You’re right it wasn’t,” said Neil.

“You weren’t to know they were going to orchestrate this,” said Bryan.

“But I should have. That’s what they do. They’re cowards. They don’t fight honourably. They always attack when their opponents are in a compromised position,” said Sean.

“That’s what we did,” said Bryan after a while. “I mean, the Americans.”

“Your nation made some mistakes with the best possible intentions, but you transcended,” said Sean. “They haven’t, and they’re still fighting like savages out of the Dark Ages.”

Suddenly, an explosion rocked the LRV.

“They found us,” said Bryan.

Bryan floored the accelerator on the LRV, and they shot across the wide, open expanse. They were sailing across for some time before the explosions started rocking them again.

Sean went into a meditative state and focused on the Oracle. He imagined a large spiralling energy directed toward the enemy spacecraft. A white spiralling energy shot out of the Oracle toward the Shadow ship above them.

Suddenly, they heard a loud explosion, followed by the sound of a rapidly descending ship. Directly, they heard a crash on the surface. Then, all was silent.

“You did it,” said Bryan, looking elated. “I don’t what that medallion is, but we would have been dead by now if it wasn’t for it.”

Neil wasn’t convinced the danger was over. “The ship didn’t explode. They’re coming for us!”

“You might be right,” said Sean. “Shadows are hard to kill.”

“Sorry, guys, but Neil is right. The sensors detect they have left their spacecraft and are pursuing in some type of hover craft. It has no wheels.”

“That means they’ll catch up to us soon,” said Sean. “I’ll direct some fire power behind us.”

While Sean fired some spiralling salvos behind them, Bryan focused on closing the gap between them and the Moonbase.

“We’re in sight of the Moonbase,” said Bryan. They had left the open expanse and were passing craters again.

Suddenly, a shot hit their rear end. The end of the vehicle was picked up and pushed over into a crater. They rolled a few times gracefully, as the gravity took the severity out of the crash. However, it wasn’t enough to save everyone. Sean checked Neil beside him.

“Neil’s dead.”

“Damn it!” said Bryan. “OK. We’ll have to make a run for the base across the surface.”

The two men bounded across the surface, making a stop behind a rock as the Shadow’s hover craft closed in on them.

Sean held up the Oracle, and a large white spiralling energy shot toward the approaching craft. It lifted the vehicle up into the lunar atmosphere, pushing it back several hundred metres.

“Good job! I’m impressed,” said Bryan through their comm-link. “Let’s keep running.”

They kept up their bounding leaps across the surface, finally making it to the half-built Moonbase.

They checked the head-up displays in their visors for the access points of the base. They were about to enter a side exit when Sean sensed strong vibrations from further on.

“This way,” said Sean.

“Shouldn’t we head straight in here?” said Bryan. Although he was the commander, he now knew Sean’s ability with the Oracle.

“There’s something powerful up here that is making a connection to the Oracle,” said Sean. “Something that will give us some extra protection.”

Although they were in Shackleton Crater and it was quite flat, because of some excavation they had to climb a small ridge.

When they finally reached the flat part of the base’s roof, they noticed a large hatch going down.

Sean stepped on a large area and felt the gravity change. He jumped up and down. It was normal Earth gravity. He started to release his helmet.

“What are you doing?” said Bryan. “You’ll be killed!”

Sean took off his helmet and grinned at Bryan. He breathed in.

“How can that be possible?” said Bryan.

“The Oracle was buried here for many years,” said Sean. “This area, which is basically the roof of the base, is just like the surface of Earth.”

“It’s incredible,” said Bryan also gingerly taking off his helmet.

“There’s a circular area here,” said Sean. It lit up as he stood on it.

“What is it?”

“It’s the Moon’s connection to the rest of the universe,” said Sean. “You could call it an energy centre, or even a portal.” This is what he had been making connection with all these years.

Suddenly, three dark forms came bounding over the rise. They wore sleek, black uniforms and had translucent bubbles over their heads, which looked almost invisible. Under that bubble were shadowy heads, and the only thing that gave their face some distinction were the bright red slits for eyes.

“We meet again, Guardian,” said their leader.

Sean recognised the voice immediately, it was Joe, but his accent had changed slightly. He didn’t need his terrorist disguise anymore. He was now attacking the Earth externally. Joe was probably part of some broader

Shadow terror group, which many Shadows were not privy to, until they become worthy enough to join.

“Joe. I see you have stepped up in the world,” said Sean. “If that’s what you call it.”

“Very sentimental of you, Guardian,” said Joe. “But I’m not here for sentiments. My name isn’t Joe. Never was. I am Garos.”

The three Shadows raised guns which looked like something out of a Sci fi movie. Sean looked at the energy guns and held up the Oracle. Brian stood behind Sean, wishing he had some type of weapon right now.

Suddenly, the circle below the two men lit up, and the Oracle lit up even more brightly in response. The Shadows fired in unison, and the energy rays were absorbed. The Oracle expanded as its power increased. Not only was it holding back the energy beams; it pushed the three beams back toward the three Shadows. Sean knew the powers were coming from the Keeper rings below and that conventional weapons were no match.

The energy picked up the three Shadows and hurled them over the rise, their bodies flying gracefully to the ground below.

“Are they dead?” asked Bryan.

“Probably not,” said Sean. He looked down over the rise and saw two bodies. One was missing. “Joe got away.”

Moments later, they were about to suit up when the Shadow’s hover vehicle appeared out of nowhere.

“He’s relentless,” said Bryan.

“Remember the Terminator? Joe is worse,” said Sean, holding up the Oracle.

Shadow Drones suddenly started coming out of the side of the hover vehicle, but these Drones were monsters compared to the scary little apparitions Sean saw years ago in the Middle East. Sean thought they looked like evil flying foxes, but on closer inspection their heads were wolf-like in appearance. The monsters looked at the them with red, savage eyes.

“God, I wish I had a weapon!” said Bryan feeling helpless. There was a sudden flash below them, and a bronze ring shot out of the regolith and

appeared on Bryan's right pointer finger. He stared at it. "If it shoots lightning bolts, it will do."

"Drones aren't real, in a sense. They're dead spirits. This one can potentially control you with them. He's using really dark drones, because the standard Shadow drone doesn't have any effect on Guardians and Keepers," said Sean.

"Shadows, Guardians, Keepers?" said Bryan baffled.

"Yes. Just fire at them with your ring. Don't let them look at you too long, either," said Sean.

The flying wolf drones came down toward them, roaring and breathing fire.

Sean blasted them with the clockwise spiralling powers of the Oracle, while Bryan fired at them with his deadly Keeper ring. As the drones were struck they were neutralised and absorbed by the Moon's portal.

Suddenly, a drone broke through and landed in front of Bryan. It flew toward Bryan, knocking him back and toward the edge of the roof's perimeter. Sean blasted the offending wolf and ran toward Bryan. Bryan's head was still in the breathable atmosphere, but his legs were over the ridge in the Moon's atmosphere.

"Forget me," said Bryan. "Watch out!"

More Wolf drones landed around Sean, and he realised he was surrounded. One of the other drones flew into Bryan, knocking him over the ridge.

The drones closed in and Sean tried to move his attention away from Bryan's death. He looked at the Oracle and had an idea. The closest wolf was about to breath fire, when he threw the Oracle at it.

"Hey, doggie. Catch!"

The Oracle flew through that wolf drone, then the next and so on, until it returned to his hand. The drones were neutralised and sucked into the portal.

He looked up at Joe's hover vehicle and immediately threw his Oracle. The Oracle sailed quickly at first, and then exited the artificial atmosphere before slowing down and striking the hover vehicle. The hover vehicle started flying around erratically, the lights on the craft flashing on and off, before regaining

some control. Then it flew away.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder and he jumped. It was Bryan.

“How did you escape?” cried Sean, hugging him. “Of course, the ring generated a shield around you.”

“I think you have some explaining to do, Guardian,” said Bryan in mock seriousness.

“I know,” said Sean.

“I take it he got away,” said Bryan.

“Again. But he’ll be back. But this time we’ll be ready.”

May 2055

Sean sat in his office on Moonbase, staring at his computer screen. Sean was now sixty-two. His hair was greying and untidy, and his face was a stubbly mess. He was rather large now and he wore a pair of light-green, Moonbase overalls that looked a little tight around his large frame.

“Arden,” murmured Sean. He wondered where Arden was, as he hadn’t seen him for many years.

An electronic buzzer announced that someone was at the door.

“Come in,” said Sean politely.

Arden gracefully walked through doorway.

“Oh, my God, I was just thinking about you! I haven’t seen you for a long time!” exclaimed Sean. He was glad to see him again. “Please sit down. Would you like a tea or coffee?”

Sitting down on the Moon was a weird sensation when one first arrived there, as it took a little longer to hit the chair. However, he guessed Arden was well and truly used to different types of gravities.

“Tea would be lovely,” said Arden. “Good to see you again.” He looked at Sean’s pocket where he knew the Oracle was probably located. “A bit quiet on the Shadow front.”

Sean passed him a prepared travel mug he had carefully made earlier and

took one for himself. Drinking with open cups was not recommended, as hot liquids could easily spill in the low gravity.

“Yes, it’s been a little while,” said Sean, “and I’m not getting any younger. I see you haven’t aged at all.”

“Well, that’s another story,” said Arden, “but now that we’re on the subject of age...”

“I’m expected to retire,” said Sean. “I know. The Oracle has been advising me of a new potential.”

“Yes, a young lady who will make contact with you very shortly,” said Arden.

“Mr. Cummins, I’m Elise Boyer, a sales manager from Future Solar.”

Sean stared at the young woman who’d appeared on his computer display.

“Elise, nice to meet you. Our solar farm is working beautifully up here, thank you. What can I do for you?”

“Good to hear, sir,” said Elise, “but this has nothing to do with the solar farm. I would like to tour your base, to get to know more about the mining operations there.”

“Oh, something your company’s working on?” Sean suddenly knew that this was the new potential Guardian Arden had spoken about a month before.

“No. No. It’s just a personal venture. I’ll be coming up as a tourist,” said Elise.

“You’re welcome to come up. I’ll show you around, if you like,” said Sean.

“That will be wonderful. It won’t be for another six weeks, but I’m looking forward to it.”

“See you then.”

July 2055

A Caldor Galaxy Cruiser intercepted a small Shadow Scout Ship in lunar orbit. There were fierce exchanges of fire, but the small ship was no match for the Cruiser.

Fires broke out, and they lost critical systems. Eventually, they lost their ability to defend themselves.

Saying nothing to his crew, Garos quickly ducked away, suited up and jumped out an airlock, propelling himself toward the Earth's Moon. His ship exploded into flames a short time later.

Garos was free-falling to the Moon's surface, like a parachutist falling out of a plane. Presently, he read the altimeter inside his soft, translucent space helmet. If he misjudged his landing, he was going to be spread out all over the place, just like all the rocks he could see down there on the surface. He gave a verbal command to his suit's computer, and tiny rockets ignited from his feet and elbows.

The regolith slowed its race toward him. A few metres from the surface he cut the rockets and suddenly fell to the surface. The Moon's gravity was weak, and so his fall turned out to be a little slower than he'd expected.

As he gave further verbal commands, oxygen supply and geographical information flashed inside his helmet. He was only a few kilometres away from the Guardian base.

His body transformed from a dark, evil shadowy form back into human form. Once his transformation was complete, he immediately set off toward the base. After a short time, he was doing quite large leaps across the lunar surface.

Sean was in his office when a sudden rush of negativity washed over him. He touched the Oracle and felt it emanating heat. He expanded his senses through the Oracle, searching for the source. His mind projected around the base where he found nothing. Then he started searching further out.

He could feel, rather than see, his attention combing out several kilometres from the base. Steering toward where it felt hotter, soon he located the source of that heat. A lone Shadow was out there running toward the base!

He stood up suddenly, grabbing the Oracle, and raced down toward mining operations.

Sean jumped into a Lunar Buggy and made his way out onto the surface.

“Bow,” said Sean over his spacesuit comm-link as he arrived at the mine.

“Yes, boss,” said Arnold Bow, the foreman of the worksite.

“Get everyone inside. We have a situation on the surface,” said Sean.

“I was digging up the Moon one day,” sang Ray Jefferson over the comm-link. He chuckled. “I love this job.”

“Don’t give up your Moon job,” said Bow. “Sorry, boss. Will do. Why? What’s up? Hey, John, back your tipper up a little, will you? Ray’s struggling to load you on the uneven surface.”

“Immediately,” said Sean.

“You got it.”

As Sean returned to the main door, he heard a voice inside his head.

“Sean, it’s Arden.”

Garos approached the base some time later. Visually, there was not much to be seen, as most of the base was built underground. Lights lit up around the Spaceport, where huge metal doors gave access to the Lunar Cargo Landers. Further down, there was a large opening for the mining operations. A few

vehicles and space-suited figures were moving around there.

After briefly assessing the scene, Garos charged at the base.

Sean listened intently at this sudden telepathic communication.

“Sean, this is Arden. I’m in orbit in a Galaxy Cruiser called Vardo.”

“Yes.”

“We’ve just intercepted and destroyed a scout ship, commandeered by the Shadows. One of the crew escaped before it exploded. We believe it to be Garos.”

“I sensed a Shadow coming,” replied Sean.

“He’s camouflaging himself against the Moon’s surface.” Arden paused. “Based on the time and place he went down, he must be very close to you by now.”

“I knew Garos would return to try and destroy this base one day. It was only a matter of time” said Sean.

“Even Garos alone could do a lot of damage to Earth in this newly transitional state,” said Arden

“I’m conscious of that,” said Sean.

Garos finally advanced on Moonbase, heading directly toward the opening. When he got closer he saw that most of the staff were turning to look in his direction. Most of them were returning to the base; one was driving an excavator, another was driving a digger and another was in a tip truck. A few other space-suited figures were waiting near the airlock. Closer to him, another space-suited figure was driving around in a Lunar Buggy.

He scanned their intercom frequencies through his suit’s computer.

“...be him,” finished one of the voices.

“Hey, that’s a slick-looking suit. Must be testing a prototype.”

The Lunar Buggy raced over toward him on a collision course, forcing Garos to make a wide arc and run toward the main air lock.

Sean kept quiet, keeping his identify hidden for the moment.

“Grab that guy,” said another voice.

‘Keep away from him,’ warned Sean.

Garos moved with such speed and agility that all the other space-suited figures just stood there in disbelief. Garos made it down to the mining operation’s main doors in no time, pushing a couple of suits out of his way. Studying the controls on the outer airlock, he hit the switch. The door came down and the room was being pressurised.

Once the room was pressurised, his translucent helmet started receding into his suit. He looked around the workshop – a spare buggy, a few large capsules full of helium 3, space suits and tools spread about the area. He was scanning the room for some type of weapon, when something caught his eye. It was a gun-shaped object along with a tripod.

He picked up the instrument, ignoring the tripod, and studied it closely. Yes, he knew what this was and pushed the trigger. A foot-long laser beam shot out of the instrument. He knew it wasn’t really a weapon, but it would serve as one.

There was a clang at the airlock. The humans from the Moon’s surface were preparing to decompress the room.

He walked over to the inner airlock and waved a wrist-banded device across the electronic device that was sealing it. After a pause, it opened. He quickly went inside and made his way into the base. As he walked, he gave his suit’s computer a command, transforming his sleek-looking space-suit into the Moonbase’s light-green overalls.

Moonbase was built within volcanic lava tubes under the Moon’s surface. The lava tubes were created millions of years before when the Moon very young. All they had to do in the base’s construction was to seal the access holes.

One was big enough for the Spaceport, another for surface access. Some additional excavation had to be done to create rooms and other spaces, but apart from moving in the contents, that was basically it.

Garos entered one of those lava tubes now. Along each side were rows of doors that served as the Moon community's living spaces. When he reached the end, it opened out to an amenities area. This included a galley, dining area, recreation area, shops and toilets. Several staff were sitting around eating and chatting, while others watched television on ultra-slim panels hanging on the lava-tube walls.

He eyed computer terminals, which were basically glass panels sitting on top of posts, and Moon-walked his way over to them. A few metres away from the computers, he held his wrist up. The device on his wrist immediately downloaded whatever it could, overcoming any encryption it may have encountered. A small head-up display shot out of his wrist, which he studied briefly.

Sean and the team were finally about to release the seal on the outer airlock and enter.

"Who the hell was that guy?" snapped Arnold Bow as he took off his large-bubbled space helmet. "He sure was a slippery little fellow."

"Can't be human," said Ray Jefferson as he took his helmet off. "Did you see that suit? I haven't seen any reports of prototypes like that."

"We'd better be careful," warned Sean. "The network has gone down. I couldn't get through to Customs to warn them." Sean looked toward the inner airlock.

"Not many places to hide inside the Base," replied Jefferson. "Shouldn't be too hard to find him."

Sean looked at Jefferson with a serious look and said nothing. He opened the airlock and started leaping through the tunnel.

"Where are you going?" asked Bow.

"I'm going to warn the Customs guys," called Sean, not stopping.

Quickly dumping his space suit, Sean raced through the main tunnel until he came to the amenities area. He noticed the people there hadn't suspected any intruder as yet.

After the amenities area he went through a short tube, where he came to a fork in the lava tubes. Feeling heat from the Oracle, he veered to his right and entered the base's generation area. Power was stored here in many batteries, which came from the massive solar farm on the surface. Oxygen was converted here, from water that came out of the ground a few kilometres from the base at Shackleton Crater. Scrubbers worked here also, keeping the air clean throughout the base by venting carbon dioxide outside.

Sean saw Garos trying to sabotage the oxygen processing plant with a laser cutting tool. He'd already destroyed several of the scrubber units.

"If you keep doing that," said Sean calmly, "we won't be able to breathe."

"That's what I'm hoping," replied Garos. He soon realised the older man was Sean. "Well, well, well. Haven't you got old!"

The Shadow's voice was piercing and radiated negativity, but Sean was well-accustomed to it.

"I might be old, but I'm still very dangerous," said Sean.

Garos charged at Sean, who jumped behind the processing plant. The cutting tool clipped a piece of metal from it.

"Your Caldon friends destroyed our ship," snarled Garos, moving around the plant to find Sean. "You..."

Sean karate-kicked the cutting tool from Garos's hand, and then kicked him to the ground.

"Go back into the black hole you crawled out of," replied Sean sternly. Garos hesitated as Sean walked toward him.

A spacecraft could be heard approaching the base. Suddenly, Garos jumped in the air toward the lava-tube wall, climbing up it, as agile as a vampire. Then he took off, crawling fast along the wall.

Sean, not deterred by this unnatural display of talent, pulled the Oracle from his pocket. He held the Oracle up vertically, and a spiralling energy shot

out of the centre. It missed Garos, hitting the wall somewhere behind him, throwing debris everywhere.

Garos had managed to get away. Sean knew he had to catch Garos as soon as possible. Every minute that evil menace was roaming around, the more danger the whole base was in.

As the Lunar Cargo Lander approached the Moon, its rear rockets disengaged thrust. Rockets at the bottom of the vehicle fired as it began its descent to the Moon base.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” announced the Stewardess. She was young, with her hair tied up in a bun, and wearing a uniform similar to an airline company’s. “Would you please make your way back to your seats.”

She walked carefully along the ship’s aisle, shoes sticking and un-sticking her to the floor. She grabbed an ultra-thin electronic pad and a PET bottle that were floating in front of her. “Please secure any loose items. We’ll be landing in about ten minutes. Is there anyone here touring the base?” Most of the passengers worked in the mining operations and were returning from Earth, but tourism was becoming popular.

“I am,” said a woman at the end of the aisle. She was wearing a smart pair of overalls which obviously weren’t Moonbase issue. She also wore a pair of glasses, even though zero gravity threatened to take them away. Like the stewardess, she looked to be in her mid-twenties.

“Really,” said the stewardess making her way carefully to the end of the cabin, to her seat in the middle of the back. She pulled herself down into the seat against the zero gravity and buckled up.

“Hello, I’m Sally,” said the stewardess.

“My name is Elise.”

“Pleased to meet you.”

“Same,” replied Elise.

“What brings you to the Moon?” asked Sally.

“I guess I’m curious about the Helium 3 mining on the Moon and its future potential as an energy source,” replied Elise. “I work for a green energy company called Future Solar.” She shrugged. “I guess I have loved helping shape the solar power industry.”

“Mostly a power source for future spacecraft,” said Sally with a smile. “I know our company is about to replace the current rocket propulsion with fusion drives.”

“Which will ultimately be our ticket further into the solar system and beyond,” said Elise dreamily.

“You should be up here with me,” giggled Sally. “You seem quite enchanted by it all.”

“Well, this trip is a start. Do you spend a lot of time in space?” She fiddled with her glasses, and they started floating in front of her.

“Well, enough to know that you have to keep an eye on your things,” said Sally, grabbing Elise’s glasses. She passed them back to her. “Once you’ve mastered that, it feels like home.”

“Thanks. Sounds great.”

“No problem.”

The Lander jolted as it approached Moonbase. The reverse thrust from the rockets shook the vehicle, making a loud roar. Elise looked at the base below, as two huge metal doors opened on the lunar surface.

“That’s impressive,” she said.

The Lander descended through the doors and landed softly on the tarmac of the spaceport.

“Thanks for flying with Trans-Moon,” said Sally over the PA system.

As Elise passed through Moon Customs a short time later, she tripped and ended up gliding down to the ground on her face. She looked up to see a gentleman holding out his hand. The man was about her age, Australian like herself, tall, with brown hair.

“You OK?” asked Steven Withers. He just happened to be the pilot of the LCL they’d just disembarked.

“Fine, thank you,” said Elise, putting her glasses back on. “Except for your gravity. I’m struggling to walk at the moment.”

Steve’s face changed from concern to understanding. “Here, let me help.” He pulled her to her feet effortlessly in the light gravity and assisted her and her suitcase to the nearest chair. This was a couch of the style you might see in a shopping centre. In front of it was a glass-topped table. On the walls across from them were several ultra-slim panels displaying nature, art and scenes of Earth from ISS2. Behind them, a group of people were still being processed through the Customs area.

“I hope your trip from Earth was a good one,” replied Steve, looking a little awkward in his flight suit. “Well, sit there for the moment. Would you like a drink? Tea? Coffee?”

“You’re very kind. Not right at the moment,” said Elise, starting to feel relaxed. She tried to imagine drinking coffee in a cup in one-sixth gravity. “You make people feel right at home.”

Steve beamed. “We’re like one big happy family here. Humanity has really started going that way in general – much more family-orientated. We don’t have to be blood-related, either. It is really good to see the Earth uniting. But here, I think, it’s really standing out. It’s like our quest for galactic transformation has become our collective business.”

Elise was enchanted by Steve. She blushed a little. “I know exactly what you mean.”

Steve laughed. “You are a very spirited young lady.” Steve paused. “Oh, I think Mr. Cummins mentioned you. He was keen to show you around.”

“Well, I came here to learn all about your Moonbase, after all.”

“Well,” replied Steve, “the chief has apparently disappeared for the moment. Why don’t I show you around?”

“That would be nice,” said Elise.

“Fancy a stroll into Moondome?”

“What about my bag?” asked Elise.

“It’ll be fine for a few minutes. Unattended bags aren’t a problem. Everyone here is, well, very trustworthy.”

They walked up a steep corridor which led to the only part of the base that was above the ground.

“Wow!” said Elise. “This is truly magnificent!”

“Yes. This is the highlight of the Moon,” said Steve.

From the doorway Elise admired the scene before her. The centre was mostly grassy parkland, dotted with park benches, a gazebo and even a barbeque. Around the edge of the dome grew a wide variety of trees, shrubs and flowers. The air was abuzz with nature’s sounds. Butterflies, insects and small birds could be seen flying around.

On the grass a group of staff sat meditating, while others chatted together, admiring the nature around them.

The actual dome itself didn’t look like it was made of very strong material. In fact, the top part looked almost transparent. There was also a magnificent view of space.

Steve jumped in the air a little. “That feels great when you spend a lot of time in the Moon’s gravity.” He took a deep breath. “So does that.”

“Oh,” said Elise, nearly tripping in the long grass. “There is normal gravity in this dome. How’s that?”

“Fascinating, isn’t it? The Oracle created this sanctuary,” said Steve.

Elise and Steve sat down on one of the park benches in the centre of the dome.

“What’s the Oracle?” asked Elise.

“It’s a medallion that Mr. Cummins owns. It was buried here by an alien about eighty years ago,” said Steve.

“Did he tell you this?” asked Elise.

“Well, one day I just happened to come into his office and he was fiddling with it,” said Steve. “I guess he had to tell me about it after that.”

"I guess I've got more to talk to him about than I thought," said Elise.

They sat in silence for a moment.

"Just think of what humanity can achieve when we start venturing into space," said Elise.

"It's highly likely this would be how we'd be travelling," explained Steve.

"Just think of it, something much larger than this," he said, gesturing toward the dome around them, "with apartments, shops and recreational facilities, all inside a huge Star ship."

"Alpha Centauri, here we come," said Elise.

"There and beyond," said Steve. "But our distances will only depend on our propulsion technology at the time. The idea of hyper-sleeps or travelling in space for a very long time is not realistic."

"Yes. We're human beings after all," replied Elise. "We need Earth and nature to sustain our existence."

"Exactly," said Steve. "Mr. Cummins always makes sure his staff get back to Earth when they're supposed to."

"How much does Moondome compensate for the period of stay?"

"That's something they're studying," replied Steve. "They still don't have anything that emulates the rain, wind, waterways, the sun – well, a normal sunny day, anyway."

"Well, we're not God, after all," said Elise.

"Well, we weren't as close to him until everyone became transformed. At least when we became Gurus," said Steve.

"And the Oracle?" asked Elise.

"That's Mr. Cummins' baby. He won't divulge much about it other than that all the Keepers on the Moon will become part and parcel of it," said Steve.

"Keepers?" asked Elise.

"They're a collective force, if you like, that makes up all the powers of the Guardian, the holder of the Oracle," said Steve.

"A Guardian?" asked Elise.

"You ask many questions," said Steve. "Are you sure you're not from a newspaper rather than a power company?"

“No, I’m just a simple girl who’s suddenly walked into something more interesting than I originally thought,” said Elise. “Now, what’s a Guardian?”

Steve sighed. “Like I said, our boss is the expert on all this stuff, but I did ask him many questions after I saw that Oracle. He told me a Guardian is an enlightened soldier who is trained to fight the Shadows,” he said, looking at Elise with a grin, “and a Shadow is basically a demon.”

“I really need to speak with this boss of yours,” said Elise.

“Perhaps you’re getting a hint of what this Moon operation is all about,” said Steve.”

“Well, I know it’s not to see what’s on the other side of the galaxy,” said Elise. “Sounds like we’re preparing for some sort of galactic battle or something.”

“I don’t think that is too far from the truth,” said Steve.

Elise and Steve left the Dome and returned to the main tunnel. A cone-shaped capsule went past them, carried on a long electric jack-truck. A man in overalls and a hard-hat stood at one end.

“What’s that?” asked Elise.

“That capsule is full of Helium 3,” said Elise. “They load them into the LCLs and send them back to Earth, releasing them into the atmosphere. They’re collected from the ocean from ships.”

“Wow!”

Soon another one approached, slowing as it came close to Steve and Elise. It stopped and the driver came toward them.

“What do you want?” started Elise, as she realised he was about to grab her.

“Is that the way to Moondome?” he demanded. Steve and Elise ignored him. He gestured to Elise. “Come with me.”

Steve couldn’t say anything for a moment, completely taken aback by this

man's aggressive approach.

"What do you want her for?" demanded Steve, walking behind them. Then he could feel a tremendous negativity emanating from the man. "Who are you?"

Elise could sense it, too. She suddenly had this horrible feeling around her stomach. She could also feel burning sensations around other parts of her body.

"Stand up there! Hurry up!"

Elise promptly stood on the platform. The man headed into Moondome, crashing through the doors.

Sean guessed that Garos might have tried to access the base's systems at Moonbase control. He could sense where he had gone, anyway, by following his burning tracks. This led him straight up into Moondome. When he arrived, most people were looking transfixed, some looked very dazed, while others were looking quite ill.

Garos was standing in the gazebo, in front of everyone, holding a young woman. Surprisingly, she looked much better than a lot of other people. She obviously had a strong spirit. That must be Elise, he thought.

Sean guessed Garos might try to morph into Shadow form. If he did that, the whole base would be affected.

"Looks like you're running out of options!" shouted Sean. He pulled out the Oracle and held it toward Garos. Garos pulled Elise in front of him.

"It's all a matter of timing, Guardian," spat Garos. Looking over Elise's shoulder, his face momentarily flashed Shadow form, with piercing red eyes.

Sean dropped the Oracle down to his side. What was the correct timing?

Sean focused on the Oracle, and it gave him the answer. Garos was waiting for the Moon to eclipse. An eclipse was the source of negativity at any time, but an eclipse of the Moon while a Shadow was on it was much worse.

With a connection to the Master and an eclipse, Garos would be able to

amplify tremendous negativity back onto Earth! It would affect all those Gurus who hadn't properly established themselves as yet. It might be enough to re-establish the Shadows on Earth!

It was not just a simple attack against the Guardian and his Keepers. Also, who were the seven primary Keepers? He felt Moondome was about to reveal all the answers.

"You're almost out of time, Guardian," said Garos. "Soon the Moon will be in position, and I'll be Earth's new ruler!"

He ignored Garos. Focusing on the Oracle, he thought, "Please empower me with the Keepers." The Oracle emitted a brilliant flash of light from the inside the gazebo. Garos moved away, pulling Elise with him.

Six shooting stars of light arose from the ground inside the gazebo, and started spinning in a clockwise circle in the air. Suddenly, they shot out of the gazebo. Five of them struck random Keepers around the dome. The other slowly headed for Elise.

"Stop this!" demanded Garos. He pulled out the laser cutting tool, and the beam shot out like a Jedi knight. "I'll kill her right now."

"Terrorism is becoming a bore..." started Sean.

A bronze bangle materialised on Elise's right wrist. Tremendous vibrations went through her body as the powers of the bangles established themselves.

Stunned, Garos let go of her and started walking backward, dazed. Suddenly, he began transforming into his evil-looking wolverine form.

"You're out of time," said Garos in a deep voice. "The Moon is eclipsing."

Garos began growing dark hair rapidly across his body, his space-suit suddenly ripping into pieces. He fell to his elbows as his arms and legs extended, forming into beast-like legs with claws. Pointy ears and razor-sharp teeth grew from his head, which expanded and took on a dog-like shape. His eyes turned blood-red and he roared a dreadful roar.

"Oh, dear," said Sean, staring at the Shadow Wolf. He looked around at

the Keepers and realised Bryan wasn't there!

The Keepers were looking at Sean expectantly. The realisation of what they had become had dawned on them, but they didn't have enough time to know how to act.

Sean wasn't sure, either, because this was the first time he'd had a collective force. He fired the Oracle at the Shadow Wolf, but the power that came out only made the beast angry. It roared, its red eyes glaring, its razor-sharp teeth bared.

Sean's powers weren't enough. He had to work with the Keepers to strengthen his power.

As the Eclipse came into alignment, the whole Moon went into darkness. It suddenly felt like a big cloud of doom hit the Moon, and everyone's stomach dropped. A lot of people felt sick, and some vomited.

The Shadow wolf began his plan to project his powers over the Earth. He stared at the portal, which began to suddenly rotate in an anti-clockwise direction. From that portal he conjured up several Wolf drones, which he projected at the closest Keepers.

The Keepers who weren't the ones carrying the rings were suddenly possessed by those drones. Garos's intentions were obvious, but Sean was sending spirals of energy at him. Sean understood what Garos was about to do.

Annoyed, the Shadow wolf slowly walked toward Sean, intending to finally rip the Guardian apart. He was now in a strong position to do it as the Guardian was uncertain of his position.

As the Shadow wolf got closer, Sean could see more and more of its disgusting features and felt more and more of the tremendous negativity that it projected. It roared close to his face, this time raising not a sword but a huge claw.

The claw came down as Sean held up the Oracle, which enlarged itself into a shield. He was knocked back, the Oracle skidding along the grass.

The Shadow wolf sprang toward him, just as Sean was trying to stand up. He was struck again and landed hard, his head hitting the grass.

Sean was dazed but still conscious. He looked along the grass and could see the Oracle as little further away. He stared at it, ignoring the fact that the Shadow wolf was about to finish him off. He reached out. Surely he could summon it! But it didn't move.

Lying on the grass, with the Shadow wolf right above him, Sean thought this could be the end! A giant paw shoved him down against the grass really hard.

"Look, Guardian," roared the Shadow Wolf. "It's over."

Sean could see the portal was really becoming dark. The eclipse was underway, and Garos was about to make it even darker.

Sean turned toward the Oracle, strongly desiring it to come to him. The disk was suddenly in his hand, and a surge of power pushed the beast back enough for Sean to stand up.

Suddenly, a beam came from behind him, striking the Oracle and igniting its powers. Turning quickly to see where it had come from, Sean saw Bryan standing in the doorway, defiant.

"Sorry I'm late," he said.

Sean held up the Oracle as the powers started spiralling around it. The other Keepers, as well as Elise with her bangles, directed their energy toward the Oracle also.

The Oracle had become really bright. Sean thought about how he'd been helping to develop the left way of the Guardians all these years. It was time to use the right way.

"We are the Sun," said Sean.

The Oracle turned into a miniature Sun, and its light shone out through the dome. The powers started to turn the portal back into a clockwise direction, slowly at first, and then increasing in speed. The Shadow wolf roared as the light burned into its fur. The portal started sucking all the negativity out of the dome. Those Keepers who were possessed suddenly felt cleansed.

The Shadow wolf became hairless, its skin burning. It roared in pain as it was being dragged to the portal. It stuck its claws into the grass, staring at the Guardian as it slid. It tried to jump toward Sean, but this brought the Shadow

wolf closer to the portal.

Just as it looked like Garos was never going to be taken away he was suddenly hanging at the edge of the opening. The Oracle suddenly formed into a dagger, which Sean threw at the beast. The dagger struck the Shadow wolf right in the heart. It roared and slipped into the portal. The Oracle returned just before the portal sealed itself off.

Sean materialised on the bridge of the Vardo. He and Arden held each other in a hug.

“I must thank you for your support, Arden,” said Sean.

“My pleasure,” replied Arden. “As you know, we work better if we’re together.”

“And speaking of working better together, didn’t the Keepers do a wonderful job down there?”

“It was noted,” replied Arden. “I sent this information back to the Galactic Council, and they were delighted.” Arden gave Sean a serious look. “As for your Guardianship, it’s over. I will come down shortly and inaugurate a new one.”

“It’s been a great honour serving you,” said Sean.

Later, back at Moonbase, Arden found Sean, Elise, Steve and the rest of the Keepers enjoying a chat in the lounge, which was part of the recreation area.

As he approached they started clapping, knowing Arden had a major part in all this, too. Arden smiled as their love and gratitude poured into his heart. Sean stood up and gave Arden another hug.

Arden sat down at the lounge area with them, admiring the vanguards of truth against the Shadows from Earth. He savoured the present moment.

He glanced at Sean as he pulled the Oracle from his overall pocket and

passed it to Elise, who was sitting right beside him.

“Elise, this is yours.”

As soon as it fell into her hand, Elise felt a tremendous calming feeling. She went completely thoughtless, enjoying being in the moment.

She studied the disk in this state. Initially, she could only see a sixteen-pointed star made up of interlocking triangles, surrounded by eight and sixteen petals. The further she went into the meditative state she could also see a three and a half coiled spiral and flashes of a swastika – not the Nazi swastika, but the one that is found in Eastern religions.

“What is it?” asked Elise. “It’s amazing.”

“It’s called the Oracle of the Guardian,” said Arden.

“What’s it for?”

Arden smiled. “It can be anything you want it to be, because the power of the Oracle is infinite.”

“Why are you giving it to me?” asked Elise.

“Because you have replaced Sean’s role here,” replied Arden. “You are now the Guardian on Earth.”

There was a long silence.

“You speak of Earth as if you’re from somewhere else.”

“Yes, I’m from a planet called Caldon. It’s several light years away from Earth.”

“This is big,” Elise whispered to herself.

“You don’t need to worry. The Oracle will reveal its secrets to you as you require them,” said Arden.

“These Shadows – what are they?” asked Elise. Would she have to fight these creatures now?

“You needn’t be concerned about the Shadows,” replied Arden. “The Oracle will train you, will help you, will work for you in much the same way as it helped Sean defeat the recent one – not from direct mental will, but through thoughtless desire.”

“If Earth has truly reached the Age of Peace in our spiritual evolution,” asked Elise, “why are we under attack from these Shadows now?”

“Well, you’re not actually on Earth, for a start,” pointed out Arden, “and I guess the Shadows now see you as a threat to their conquest of the rest of the galaxy.”

“So they do have a dark plan,” said Elise.

“Yes, they do, but their plans for Earth did not succeed. They were defeated at the end of this last age, the Age of Confusion. But for a lot of planets out there in the galaxy, the Age of Confusion is still the order of the day.”

“The Shadows were on Earth?” asked Elise, surprised.

“Dictators, terrorists, murderers, rapists, paedophiles, fraudsters, and so on. You could understand that,” said Arden, “but the Shadows also worked where unenlightened people would never consider. You’ve seen how well they can disguise themselves. However, in most cases on a host planet, they don’t need to do that. They just invade unsuspecting hosts.”

“Yes, I understand that,” said Elise.

“Your Earth is very safe. It’s now under enormous protection from the Divine. This, in itself, is a huge part of the collective strength that’s building the grand scheme of the galaxy. The Guardians and their Keepers make up the fighting force against the Shadows. This can come from being strategically placed without being aware of it, or by being given a direct order by a higher power.

“Your strength now stands with your brothers and sisters from the stars. We stand united as one big family. We stand for the universal truth.”