

TIMETRAVEL

Book 1, Chapter 1

I would like to invite you on journey, far back in time.

A journey, I once made.

And I am making again, from time to time.

It is about past lives I lived. And there is something contradictory in that !

So instead of calling it "My Past Lives" I call it timetravel - to be more accurate.

Wouldn't it be nice to go back to *the days of Atlantis* ?

It is so hard to believe it ever existed. There are no solid proof says the scientists !

I can't give you any solid proof neither !

If you ever lived there, and there's a good chance you did !

My story as I experienced it will touch something deep inside you and you will just know.

I lived many lovely lives in ATZL as I prefer to call it. Atlantis is the Greek name for the islands

And there is a reason for why so many people even come to think of it now a days, it's because whats happening on Earth right now have great similarities with what happened in the last days of ATZL.

The Beginning

You will have to read this experience from the beginning like any other book.

It is an experience I had in the early 1980s. That started all this.

And there was no Internet back in those days and it is even not so long ago.

In my childhood I lived in a family that was fanatic religious. They were so religious *they 'hit people on the head with the bible' !*

So as I was only eight years old I decided I would not believe in their negative version of God.

Later in life I became totally agnostic. And was more interested in science.

Then one day I was late for work, in the late 70s, and I just got the job, so I didn't wanted to be late.

I took a taxi.

I was very annoyed with this taxi driver. He talked and talked and all I could think of was:

"I am gonna be Late !"

"You should really read this book it will change your life for ever !" he suddenly said.

"I'm sorry I was distracted by the traffic - What book ?" I asked.

We were there. Right outside the business I worked for.

He quickly wrote me a note, and I paid for the drive and put the note in my pocket.

It took a very long time before I ever wear that jacket again. I thought; you better wash it, before wearing it again. And as usual I emptied the pockets and found the note.

It took even longer time before I brought that note with me to the library and borrowed 2 books of that author.

And it turned out the taxi driver was right !

The content of the books **did** change my life.

It was Erich van Dänikens "**Chariots of the Gods**"

Later I have learned - it's a destiny many people have had.

I wasn't so much his documentation or findings - but his questions. That put me on a quest.

It felt like I've heard it all before - somewhere - I just couldn't remember where ?

Flashes of images passed through my mind....
Particularly of an Island in the sea with tall green cliffs rising with waterfalls coming from their peaks.

When you find one book - it leads you to the next book and so forth.....
I began to study Astrology. Ancient cultures. Ancient religions and also bumped into India and Hinduism with their believe about past lives.
I thought it was their way of explaining why some lived happy lives and others pretty harsh lives.

In spite of that I earlier had several weird experiences, like a de-ja-vu kind, I didn't put anything into it.

One day I read a book of a danish author about spirituality, chakra's, auras and **the seven rays of light**.

He was very good of explaining things and I found it worth a while looking into. Particularly because I had the weirdest dream a while before, that inspired me to write a novel. A kind of fiction.

As I saw the colors of the 7 rays in his book it kept spooking that those rays were not like so...*they had a different row*. I also knew I worked with these rays - but how ?

For some reason or another we got acquainted and he visited me now and then.

I had a daughter 8 years old and he had a sweet daughter about the same age. We talked of many different interesting things and he invited me to a group meditation in the city were he worked with channeling the light.

I never tried to meditate before and it turned out it was easy for me to do so.

It was quite relaxing so I meditate at home as well, now and then.

I of course thought that everybody experienced the same thing as me. So I asked him: "Don't you think it is weird when you come up into these geometric shapes of light that look like pentagonal dodecahedron and hexagonal-what ever-shapes ? And then later they unfold and you feel you are filled up with all this knowledge ?"

He had never heard of that. I had to expound that further.

"Yes, - you know when you first meditate on the light and then you go out of your body upwards until you see these huge geometric shapes and curves of light and enter the center of them ?"

He was even more puzzled. He declared he stayed in his body and enjoyed the light, didn't think of anything and feel energized afterwards.

So we never talked about that again.

He noticed a drawing on my wall, a portrait of a man that I had created recently.

"Who is that ? he asked.

"He looks like an Atlantean !" He remarked.

It's Mahara. The leading character in my novel about Atlantis.

Then I had to explain what drove me to write about that subject in specific.

Oh, it was because of a dream I had. So weird then I told my friend about it and she said why don't you write a story about it and for a long while I had kept on writing all night and read it for her, chapter by chapter.

But the art thing is, I explained to him - In the beginning I just wrote and made it up as I went along, but now the story is unfolding in front of my eyes, like I'm a witness to a happening and the weirdest things come forth.

Like they crossbred a tiny plant with a lot of seeds in it and then it became a huge plant like a tree with no seeds in the fruit - a banana palm tree.

They took wild grass and crossbred them so they created the 4 cereals we still have today.

I talked of many more details. Like giants. The buildings and the water system with locks so the ships could sail upwards like in steps into the city in middle that was like Venice with waterways.

He asked a lot of questions then he send me to a bookstore in the middle of town.

He said that in this store there was a tiny, old worn book at the lower shelf for sale.

It was written by *Theosophical Society* and called **The Story of Atlantis**.

I did so and read it within half a day. I was about to faint.

I underlined all the words and things I had written in my novel in that very book. And there were so many similarities it couldn't be a coincidence. I was really shocked.

So bad I never wrote one more line of that novel.

Then I proceeded coming in the meditation group and one day something art happen that started a collision of events that never seem to end....

The Beginning

I went to visit the meditation group in town where my friend the author worked as a light-channeler and healer many times. Some times I brought a friend with me or I came alone.

One evening I had taken a seat up front since there was a special speech and a meditation afterwards. The room was crowded with people since the speaker was a guest and very popular.

We were a bit late, and people kept coming.

I looked at the stage and all it's decorations with flowers and crystals and admired the display as I suddenly recognized a man that entered the room behind me. (I hadn't even turned around to see who he was ?) "Why is he here ?" my thoughts were, "He should not be here !"

Shocked by my own thoughts and feelings towards this man, I turned around to see who he was ?

I had never seen the man before in my life, and shook my head. He was a tall, slim man with dark hair and a beard. Very neat looking.

I looked at the stage again and a new even wilder feeling came over me. "Who's that slot he is bringing with him ? He should not date a woman like her ! She is nobody compared to him !"

And then I thought: "He is mine !"

I felt furious and like I had *knives in my stomach*. I turned around and saw he was with a beautiful fair haired woman in a very gorgeous dress.

I couldn't understand why I had these feelings, or why I seemed so angry of that woman. I didn't know her either.

They looked as a very handsome couple and both seemed to be nice people, so why did I have anything against them ?

How come I 'recognized the man' before I ever looked at him, as if I recognized his soul not his looks ?

The uncomfortable shift between me feelings some sort of jalousie over his entrance with a woman and me being stunned over my own thoughts and emotions went on for a while until the speech began and I really tried hard to focus.

After the speech and a meditation we all went into another room where there was served tea and cakes. The couple disappeared early and I went to drink a cup a tea met some people I knew from earlier and had a nice conversation with them. All in all a pleasant evening and I went home by train and read some brochures I received, went to bed and didn't think more of this weird experience

A nightmare

The same night I had an awful nightmare.

It was dark and cold and pretty windy. I froze because I was only wearing a nightgown and a shawl.

I stood close to some trees and autumn leafs flew through the air in all colors.

Around were soldiers in uniforms with horses. The Uniforms were old fashioned with a white cross over their jackets.

They wear tall hats with a thin strap under their chin.

The dream took place not in the present but in the past.

One of them held a lamp high in the air over what seem to be a body of a man lying under a tree.

The man wore bootes and his pants were similarly to the soldiers. His upper torso was covered with pale fabric and what covered it was bloody.

One of the soldiers pulled the pants of the man a bit down and halfway rolled him to the side.

He pulled up his shirt and showed me a birthmark at his lower back.
I nodded as he showed it to me. I was shivering.
Then he said something to me in a foreign language I understood as a question some how like:
"Are you ready ?"
I nodded again.
Then two soldiers pulled off what seemed to be a pale sack that covered his head.
I screamed out loud as I saw his head and fell on the ground crying wildly.
His face was so scary.
And his skull was cracked and some of his brain and a lot of blood came out.

The sight was so scary that it woke me up all sweaty with a heavy heartbeat.
I felt like I had to throw up. And had difficulties to fall a sleep again.
I immediately knew that this dream and *the man I thought I recognized*...had something to do with each other.