

TIMETRAVEL

Book 3, Chapter 2

Before I write about how I eventually was introduced to an option for a solution to this my feeling so strangely different from anybody else, and was offered a chance to go somewhere else where I could live out my tendencies...I will tell you a little about something else I remembered from this life on The Positive Planet.

Many of this episodes I didn't exactly re-live but just was aware of, or thought back at, when I relived an episodes of my life.

All adults in any village or city at the planet worked for four days and had time off for four days in a row.

The normal situation was that when a father of a family went to work the mother was at home taking care of the children and when his wife went to work, he had time off and cared for his family.

Younger children enjoyed a playful childhood as long as possible and older children began to merge themselves in a specific task they had a talent for and joined a special workshop for the purpose of training their talent among other like-minded.

There were no schools a such, only at a Kindergarten level, where we learned about the most fundamental things and was introduced have to use the Holograms. You learned about things right in this moment it became a necessity for you, and looked it up in the Hologram Databases or asked more learned people in your surroundings about it.

Most young people found a tutor and learned from him or her, meaning a teacher didn't choose who he would like to teach it was the pupil that found the adult who he wanted to teach him.

School was indeed more about learning by doing it.

My mother was very much involved with what we call wellness and went to the big city for four days in a row to be with both men and women that worked with the same things as her.

To my understanding her passion was to experiment with different fruit- and plant-oils to find the most sufficient mixture for you skin-complexion and methods of extracting colors and dye from plants to give the fabric we made our cloth of, different shades of colors.

My father was probably in our terms a chemist by profession and work with different kind of sea-weed to extract enzymes and other chemicals from them and find a healthy way of using them for long term food preservation or even used what he subtracted in the 'building industry' to make more lasting plasters that could be formed and molded into artistic decorations on the very buildings also with the aim it would last longer or in some cases be almost 'unbreakable'. Not that I understood the details of his work or was the slightest interested in following in his footsteps.

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A mans life was destined to become a woman's greatest supporter. His joy in life would be to satisfy any needs she had sexually, emotionally and physically.

He had to grow literately into becoming her other half and reflect any goal she dreamed of and fulfill it together with her as if they were one being divided in two counter fitting individuals.

My father was such perfect partner. He always stood behind my mothers ideas and never once and never had a different opinion on things than she had.

Women choose their partners and men felt honored of have being chosen.

We even had that believe system that the Divine Origin of any aspect of existence was created by the feminine and that aspect extracted the masculine part to multiply it self in the physical form.

My parents greatest worries was among others, that I never seem to have found my purpose in life or having a passion or talent of something specific where I had a chance to work with other people for the goodness of the whole.

Neither had a woman chosen me for her specific partner.

I did thou remember that once in my adult life I felt good about what I was doing as I went with most of the villagers to a distant farm located in a valley far away, where I enjoyed working with other people.

We were all gathered at that specific farm for days with other villagers that helped out to harvest a specific fruit that was ripe at that time of year.

I loved hard labor and all I did was picking this fruit and putting them in a basket I carried over my shoulder and then filled them into a bigger containers that later was transported to the big city where these fruits were either distributed into shops just for eating them as they were or to other facilities were either the juice of that fruit was was bottled or used for other purposes as oil or dye.

In principle the same we do here on Earth.

Everybody in our society worked as volunteers from small children to elderly people.

The trees were cut so they never grew into their full or normal size. They were no taller than any adult could reach up and pick the fruit with out a ladder.

The children picked the fruits on the lower branches and the adults the fruits from the top branches.

The toddlers were placed in a basket at the back of their parents and usually fell a sleep.

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That day I had an eery feeling that I had been there before or rather of having seen the scenery of all the people piking the fruits together, from another angle. I looked constantly in the direction of the mountains behind the fields. I was several times drawn to climb the mountains to look for something I didn't know what was ??

People around me noticed that. "What do you see up there ?" they asked me.

"Nothing !" I replied.

Every time there was a break in my work I thought about going up there, but were constantly off-guided from that idea by the others and since I didn't have a clear feeling of what I expected to discover up there, I never went.

I as was brought back into my present life again I thought: What if I had went up there ? Would I have found the very spaceship I crash landed in ?

Was what I was occupied with exactly the same situation I saw back in the other life, as I crash landed at the planet?

One day, as I had been in the wilderness from a longer period, I came home and just as I was about to climb the last hill between the wild and my village, I saw a huge bird flapping it's wings around at the ground unable to stand nor fly. It was the type of white paradise bird that were everywhere in my village. It seemed pretty odd that it was so far from the village and the usual trees it hanged around in.

As I came closer I spotted some red color all over it's wings and body.

These birds fancied a red juicy berry they ate all the time, so to distinguish whether it was remnants of fruit juice or blood I carefully approached the bird and put myself in a squatting position and slowly dipped one finger in the red substance and put it into my mouth to taste whether it was blood or juice.

To my amaze it tasted of iron and I immediately knew that the poor bird was terrible harmed and it's wings seemed to have broken.

I couldn't take it up into my hands because it chopped me as I tried to lift it. I thought this is something I don't know how to handle, I must go find help from others who knows how to handle a wounded bird.

As soon as I had thought that thought, two men grabbed me from behind pulled me up in a standing position and yelled angry at me: "How dare you harm that poor bird !" and "Are you drinking it's blood ?!"

I didn't get a chance to answer them, they dragged me back to the village where my father was standing preparing some food and demanded I was brought to the Counsel of Elders immediately.

My father said nothing and followed the two men into one of our transporting hoovering vehicles and we all went with out any further conversation to the big city.

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A few members of Counsel of Elders listen to the men's statement, of what had happen and after that I was called in with my father and got my right to explain my viewpoint the situation.

At first they wanted us all to go home and proceed our lives as normal.

Later both my parents and I were called in and this time the entire panel of members from the Counsel of Elders were represented.

Mostly elderly women and the rest was old men.

It was that day my mother had to admit that she was fully aware of my odd behavior for a long time, she knew it was wrong that she hadn't told anyone or asked for help.

My father said nothing.

The the counsel asked my parents to leave and I was alone in the room.

The counsel then told me to talk about everything I loved and cherished and what it meant to me.

In the beginning I didn't feel comfortable talking much, but after a while I loosen up and told them about the Forest and have I lived happily for longer periods with my little monkey friends.

They all listen carefully to everything I said and only had comprehension questions for me.

All in all a pleasant hearing.

As we were finished they ask me which one of them I would like to talk with in the future ?

It would be as many conversations in confidence as I needed and about finding a solution for me that I thrived with.

I looked around and saw an old woman's friendly face smiling at me and I choose her, and after that I was free to go.

The counsel neither believed or disbelieved my explanation for what really happen nor the villagers. They were neutral.

From there on I ended up having regular confident conversations with the old woman.

Finally she defined what she saw in me, an urge for adventure and danger, interaction with all living being, a great curiosity for learning - and that she saw no fault in that - but - as she explained to me; all this made my mother worry deeply about me and that itself lowered her vibration and spread 'ripples' into the entire consciousness of my close family and the villagers to. What I was or did was not negative in itself but created lower frequencies that disturbed the peace and balance of our environment.

The scientists that created the hologram images concerning the wildlife didn't even enter the woods or other places of wilderness, they kind of 'remote viewed ' one animal species after another. Since we all have decided from the beginning we would nature take its course and we would not interfere, we liked that everybody respected that decision - furthermore she explained to me that the observer has an influence at the object or situation he or she observes, what you expect to happen at a subtle level, might be projected into the subject for the observation.

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So when I entered the deep Forrest and lived with a specific group of animals they might adopt my behavior patterns and I theirs, as I saw it with the pet animals we had living with us in the villages.

That in it self could create disturbances in the balance of the wilderness.

Finally I was brought in front of the entire Counsel of Elderly that suggest that I could join a program among the Star Nations that would bring to a distant planet where I could live out my nature among like minded.

I got time to think about it and as I told my mother I preferred to join the program she was devastated. "You do understand that you don't come back in this life time ?"

I did, and I didn't mind.

Both my parents got counseling to adjust to the situation and to be in joy and happiness to let me leave and go somewhere that fit with my true nature.

The villagers held a Goodbye Party for me and my parents assured me they would always love me and look for me in a future life and bring me back to them again.

They didn't say goodbye,- but see you in the future !