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# LORD OF WATER

*Book I*

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*A timeless quest where spirituality and adventure collide.  
An immortal journey across the universe's rarest worlds.*

**by Mike King**

BEST NEW SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

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# INTRODUCTION

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Somewhere in this vast universe, a water planet is in trouble.

You may not know his name yet. You may not know the ancient draw boats that carve their lines across living oceans, or the dorsal pilots who glide beneath the keel like silent guardians, or the White Sapphire Crystal that holds the fate of entire worlds in its heart.

You are about to join a most extraordinary journey and once you do, you will never see the ocean — or the universe — quite the same way again.

He has lived a thousand lives. In each one, the same ancient purpose calls him back — to protect, calibrate and preserve the rarest and most precious things in all of existence. Water planets. The jewels of the universe. The only places where life truly breathes.

There are so few of them. And there are those who would tear them apart.

This is not a story told from a distance. You will feel the ocean spray on your face. You will stand at the bow of Hi-Sun as she rises over mountainous swells. You will hold your breath as our Lord of Water dives in — surrounded by dark

beings intent on his destruction, racing toward a crystal that must be found before the longest day comes to its end.

You will fall in love with the people who join his journey. You will feel the weight of what he carries — and the absolute joy of a man who was born for this adventure.

*Welcome aboard.*

***This is Lord of Water. The journey begins now.***

## CHAPTER ONE

# Blue 3

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The Christmas holiday had been exceptional. Spending all the time that I can with my Grandkids is the love of my life. We explored the creek in canoes, camped on the lakeside, made wonderful bonfires and spent many nights staring at the stars.

Jane and Sam came to collect them today, marking the sad end of the holidays with Grandpa and back to school in two days time. Jane hugged me as she always does, but her hold seemed like something else entirely. She looked deep into my eyes and just held the stare.

"I see you," I told her.

"I see you," she said right back with her cheeky smile.

This is the pay that I receive for saving the water resources of such a precious planet. Blue-3 was in some serious trouble when I first landed. Some very bad and greedy boys indeed. They had certainly been busy trying to bring about her end. Not likely to happen from a mere civilisation going down, but it sure can make a mess of things.

Today Blue-3 really is something else. 2096 is shaping up to be a spectacular year for mankind. Incredible space exploration is underway, with the optimism of finding another

water planet within appropriate travel time. I would hate to be the one to bring bad news and I never would. But until they cross the threshold of light speed, the closest one just happens to be beyond the stars.

It feels good to know that I did good, you know! This planet could have so easily gone down the path that it was heading. Back in the early 2000s, it really did get quite hot with nuclear threats playing politics between the irresponsible superpowers of that time. But it was the moral code of Man that steadied society and placed a calm across the globe, saving it from certain self destruction.

Today, Human Rights and The Way To Happiness are simply a part of society and I must say, I have never seen anything quite like it — a society so woven in with electronic dependencies, yet still able to stay out of this trap as individuals, maintaining and preserving the spirit of man.

Who would have thought that the Declaration of Human Rights, put together with the insistence of a wonderful first lady, would now, 100 years later, be the foundation of our society?

Blue-3 is beautiful indeed. The skies are clearer than I can ever remember as a child and oh! I wish I still had a young body to enjoy the pristine beaches of the world, pumping in better than ever crystal clear, barrelling waves, coastline after coastline across the globe. I don't know! These young whippersnapper surfers with their hover techniques wouldn't know what it means to hold the line in a big deep barrel on a

long and lean gun if their life depended on it.

Ok! I know. "When I was your age, blah blah blah."

Today is something special. I have never felt this calm in the entire term of this lifetime. It is done. Blue-3 is secure and she is perfect. We did good. Man did good and he deserves to build the supercivilisation that is here and now has the ability to do so.

We have not had a single war on this planet for 30 years. Man can be proud and has proven that a "Golden Age" is a reality. We are living it here today. The planet is clean. The water resources are protected. The atmosphere is stable and most importantly, we have world peace.

There isn't a man on this planet who does not have a drink of clean, refreshing water within reach.

Wow! I really am done here.

I suddenly realised what it was that was so calm and tranquil about this peaceful and clear afternoon. I am no longer within my body. My view is from above my wonderful cottage, placed perfectly at the water's edge of one of our flowing saltwater inlets.

I can see across the horizons in all directions. It is time to leave. My body is dropping off to sleep now and will not be awake when the morning comes. My children and their children will be fine. They are spiritually stable and know without a doubt that I am off on another adventure worthy of

the past 86 years.

It has really been something. A final tear of happiness fell from the corner of my eye, now so far down below me. As I lift away from the planet, I back out through the atmosphere and here I sit, looking out in front of me at Blue-3. A perfect water planet! The blue of the oceans glowing with the life force that it holds.

I held my spiritual hands out and gently cupped them below her, watching her turn gently, giving me the feeling that I am the one holding her there.

I can already feel the draw of the next water planet on my journey. She is nested on the other side of the Milky Way, set in closely to another small sized star, and that is where my journey lies.

Of course I could just be there in an instant. That is what a spirit does. But I just can't help myself. I draw back even further, admiring my last gazes at Blue-3. I did good. I really did, but now it is time to go.

I turn for the last time and I won't look back. I head right into the sun and bank to the right, curving around her and out the other side of the solar system. It is just like surfing the galaxies. I pass out to the left of Mars and skim my spiritual fingertips across the rings of Saturn as I really start to turn up the juice.

Light speed is a lot of fun. Especially when you are nothing more than a spiritual glow turning and carving through

thousands of stars and barren planets that this sector of the universe holds. So few water planets, or so it would seem. But this is just the illusion that we create. There is water in abundance, more than all living beings across the stars will ever need. We just have to play the game and make it seem rare.

Ah! There she is. A precious water planet. I turn over the top of her largest moon and drop right into another glowing blue ball of life. Another journey begins. Beautiful she is and worthy to be here forever.

I am here right at the moment needed for my presence. A new baby is on the way and he is going to be loved. As I descend upon a peaceful and loving clan, my mother to be is just bringing her barely breathing newborn boy to her breast. I smile and know that I am right where I knew I would be.

This body is warm and peaceful and very full of life force. My eyes open and I feel the warmth of my mother as we bond with each other. The love we already share. My belly now warm and full. It is time to sleep.

Mmmmmmm!

*Once again our Lord of Water arrives on a peaceful and precious water planet, following his eternal purpose and ensuring the continual survival of water planets across this vast sector of our universe.*

*It is time now to sleep and grow.*

## CHAPTER TWO

# The White Sapphire Crystal

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It's generally around age 16 or 17 before I start getting busy stabilising the water resources — ensuring that the regenerative cycles of the planet are secure and fully checked out, that it will continue to pulse for another million-year cycle before requiring another calibration, if needed at all.

Planets like this one are a gift, so I allowed myself a little holiday time with my partner to enjoy the pleasure of this stable little gem before getting busy on my purpose for being here. A place like this makes it so easy to forget what I came for.

Time to get busy. It's been a pretty sweet 25 years so far.

First task — locate the White Sapphire Crystal. With some long-track memory I can locate the dimensional points always used for a Crystal placement on a planet. Its base sits on the central equator mark of the longest day and internal orbit, closest to the sun.

I am sometimes fortunate enough to find the pod above water. Not this time. Some unknown distance beneath the sea, it is pinned to the first layer of the crust, secretly signalling outward until it is correctly calibrated. The question is — how do I get to the bottom of the ocean at that precise spot, on a

planet with technology barely beyond rubbing two sticks together? Well — maybe not quite that primitive.

This is always the tricky point. Explaining — or more so enlightening — my girl as to why I am here and the seemingly impossible task that lies behind my purpose. We have really started to settle into each other, and the idea of simply settling into a family, playing house in our contented tropical community, is very inviting.

Very nice indeed. But that path will definitely get me into trouble later and could leave me with the near-impossible task of unravelling a faded memory, should I have to assume a mortal body once again and try to figure it all out from scratch. Right now I have it crisp and clear. So now is the time.

Mila comes in with a huge haul of assorted fish and a basket full of seafood. Look at her — she is so beautiful. Her warm eyes find mine as she radiates the satisfaction of the feast we are about to share. Not a spoken word needed. Maybe dinner is a good time to tell her, so I busy myself with the preparation.

"Did you get these from the middle reef, babe?" I ask.

"Sure did. It seems like the more fish we take from that spot, the more come in to take their place. I'm not really sure what that is — but I think we should leave it alone for a few weeks and see what happens. This reef is so good to us and I really want to make sure we don't upset its natural cycle in any way."

"I agree. There are plenty of other spots, and there are some chubby little wild squealers fattening up nicely after last spring."

"Cool!" said Mila.

"Is it okay if I tell you something pretty important tonight, babe? Over dinner?"

"Tell me now if you like," she casually suggested.

"Oh, it's fine — let's finish cooking up this feast and we can relax and talk it through."

"Ooh! Sounds pretty serious to me," she smiled.

"Yeah, okay — a little bit. But I'm sure you're never surprised by what comes out of my mouth."

"Okay. Dinner it is," she agreed.

We wrapped up the afternoon cleaning the yard and veranda. It always feels so good when the sunset starts to shimmer across the ocean swells.

Mila spoke first.

"So — what's this big subject you want to talk about?"

"You want a bit more lobster?" I responded, ignoring her question entirely.

"Come on, 'Oh Great One!' What is it?"

"Well — you know that we are spirits, right?"

"Yeah. And?" She left me wide open.

"And you sort of figure that I'm not really from this place, right?"

"Well, that's not too hard to figure out. You're definitely... different." Mila laughed at me the way she always does about my little idiosyncrasies. "What is it you're trying to tell me?"

"I actually came to this planet with a vital purpose."

"Yeah! To give me something to laugh at!" she replied.

We both laughed.

"I have an almost impossible task to carry out. In fact, with what I have to work with, it may very well be impossible. But I have to do it."

"God! What are you talking about? Can you just spit it out? You're starting to spook me a little — and you know you can trust me with whatever you say, right?"

"Yep."

"That's right. So what is it, boy?"

"Fourteen and a half billion years ago, an agreement was made — that if we are going to keep this universe intact, then certain responsibilities come along with playing such a game. A physical universe filled with life contains specific key balancing components that sustain its ability to support life. Without them, the potential void of infinity fills with chaotic turmoil, death and barren spaces — trapping beautiful beings in rock or suspended in space, unable to find their way out, unable to pick up a body because every planet is dead. The potential for space and life is infinite, but a mass solar system

destabilisation has the power to trap billions of peaceful beings in loss and timeless amnesia."

"Keep going, babe. You've got me," she replied.

"At that time the Council was formed, and the magnitude of the different tasks was set before us. It is truly recognised that the immersion of spiritual beings holds infinite potential. But as we create the space in which to build our dynamics, so comes the responsibility of stabilisation and the protection of that environment — carried by a special few. These key tasks include anchor point stabilisation and distancing, heat and thermal star longevity, entity planning and programming, the freedom of evolution — and among the final responsibilities, the one assigned to me — the stabilisation and protection of water planets."

"It started as something of a joke that we took on our different titles. God of Anchorage. Warrior of Heat. Chief Overlord of Planetary Forestry. And for me — Lord of Water. I know it sounds like a grand and godly title, and yes, it did begin as a game. But to win this game, each and every time around, I have had to truly take on and wear the role that is nothing less than Lord of Water."

"This planet is beautiful — it has settled into a magnificent cycle of life. But I know that should I fail to carry out my task correctly and quickly, what could seem like a single breath in the universe could splat this planet like a drop of water and trigger a chain reaction that unbalances this entire sector, leaving a vastness of waste and frozen death that would take

billions of years to unravel."

"Alright, Mr. Lord of Water — what have you got to do?" she asked.

"Each water planet has been strategically positioned in balancing locations distributed across the universal sectors. It gives the appearance of water being rare, when in actual fact water planets are in abundance — more than enough to sustain an unimaginable quantity of life and dynamic interaction. The reason for distancing these planets, at what seems like too far or too few, is protection — and the time that may be needed to prevent the destruction of any one planet from chain-reacting to the next."

"If global wars were ever about to break out, or technology reached a critical level with the power to destroy an entire planet, the one thing most likely to hold it together is the collective agreement that the planet is so precious — possibly the very centre of the universe — that all will join forces to protect and restore it before it is pushed over the edge. It hasn't happened yet, but I have had some very close calls. Some famine and war-stricken planets have come dangerously close. Should it ever happen, there would be quite a cleanup ahead — and a long wait for the beings of that planet, for those who choose to remain, until bodies acceptable for occupation by a sentient being exist once more."

Mila was watching me with total intent. She knows what I am saying is the truth. Look at her — she is so beautiful. How

could I have ever doubted that she would understand?

"So what do you have to do?" Mila asked again.

I knew she wanted her question answered. The honest truth was that I hadn't even worked out how in this world I was going to achieve it.

I had tried on many occasions to sidestep her questions. But that was no longer possible between us. When Mila asks a question, an answer will be given.

*Could this woman even comprehend the danger and the demands that would be placed upon her, if she chose to follow her man — or simply tried to keep up?*

*The journey begins.*

### CHAPTER THREE

## Show Me!

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Mila sat up as if suddenly startled from the edge of sleep. She looked at me lying there awake and said,

"Show me! I understand what you have to do — but how are you going to be strong enough to make it right?"

I led her to the bathroom and started to fill the sink with water.

"It normally takes a few years to orient myself and rehabilitate my power over water, but it gets stronger each time I use this ability," I explained to her.

As the sink filled I turned off the tap and placed both hands in the water, cupping it over my palms. I opened them out flat and lifted slowly. The water formed up around my hands and I simply lifted the entire mass into the air. I moulded it into lovely swirling forms, just playing with the motion and the flow.

I suddenly noticed Mila's stunned gaze in the mirror and started to laugh. The water fell back into the sink and exploded all over the two of us. Mila screamed in hysterics and we both just stood there laughing at each other for quite a while. Every time she tried to speak another burst of laughter took over. I threw a dry towel at her and went out to get some cold drinks

for us both. She drank and smiled and chuckled and drank some more, just shaking her head in either disbelief or amazement.

She then asked,

"How much can you do with this? And what else can you do?"

"Well, it gets stronger the more I work with it. It's sort of an effortless thing — the harder I try or the more serious I get, the less it seems to work and it actually makes me feel tired. But if I just enjoy the motion and play with it, it feels like I could conjure a tidal wave or something. It just feels so easy. I'm not really sure how far it can go. I think that's totally up to me. Kind of cool, hey?"

Mila walked over to me smiling and simply climbed onto me. I walked back to the bedroom with her wrapped around me like a little spider monkey and we snuggled down into a deep slumber.

The next morning I woke to the sound of a busy house. Mila was cooking breakfast and seemed to be cleaning and rearranging things all over the place. I strolled out and asked, "What's happening?"

She looked at me in that way she has — the one that makes me feel like a complete idiot — and said, "Come on! Get busy. We can't do what has to be done just loafing around here, can we?"

We did have work to do.

We spent the next week packing up the place and arranging for Mila's sister to watch over everything while our journey began. We spent some time with family saying our goodbyes. This place would surely be the home we returned to when all the work was done.

We travelled across the peninsula to the port of the water people. After a good night's sleep at a friendly bed and breakfast, we walked through the fish market and into the moorings. This was a busy port, and the strong oily smell carried with it an industry of many centuries past.

We turned out to the second main jetty and looked down the line of long and swift draw boats. Dozens of proud vessels swayed and motioned with the light ebb and flow of the swell seeping into the bay. The generations of the water people are expressed right here in the essence of these glorious lengths of pride. A draw boat pulls its energy and speed from the motion of the ocean swells and is somehow able to hold that energy for calmer, easier travels.

We had walked a third of the way along the wharf when out strolled a young master of the sea. He gave us a warm smile and said gently,

"I'm pleased you've finally arrived. My name's Gary. I've been waiting quite a while now. We sure do have a journey ahead of us."

Mila and I looked at each other in amazement. How could this man have any idea of the journey we were embarked

upon?

## CHAPTER FOUR

# The Draw Boats

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I hadn't really paid much attention to the industry of the ocean and had only read about it in study. This life had been something of a rest for me so far.

Drawings from text really can't illustrate the power and magnetism of the ocean. As the draw boats swayed and arched together I could suddenly see the life in these long spirited galleons — all poised together in the quiet movement of the bay.

Gary guided us through his draw boat, which was soon to become our champion and defender as we struck out into an adventure that might pose more than even this well-equipped and seasoned spirit of the sea could face.

Gary outlined our brief to leave with a quiet certainty that felt entirely natural to our mission.

"Her name is Hi-Sun. She will care for you with great affection, calming your soul as she slides herself across the oceans. She will fight to the end to match the spirit of any storm our Mother Ocean may place across our path. We will go to the markets to complete our stocks, for our journey begins just before the evening falls. The setting of our Lady Sun is the path we follow

— and we'll chase her into the starry skies."

Mila was smiling and so was I. Hi-Sun felt magnificent — warm and trusting, radiating a feeling of strength and confidence, of loyalty, of some touching wavelength I was unable to find a word for. She wasn't the biggest or most modern of the many vessels lined up and ready, but she radiated a wisdom that had already made her our own.

"So we have a poetic fisherman," Mila giggled with a whisper.

"Sure looks like it, my girl. I am certain that the mildest of days will become dramatic ocean tales and timeless legends for many generations to come."

She was still smiling. Me as well. We followed Gary's two trusty deck hands into the markets and assisted with the stocks, along with a few choices of our own. Our two cheeky deck hands, Max and Pei, would disappear at the slightest turn of a head and then reappear at our sides with mystical and strange supplies piling up on our cart.

"Everyone here looks like they are about to burst out laughing," said Mila. "I feel it too — like I could suddenly just laugh out loud for no reason at all, even though nobody else actually is. It feels amazing."

I just smiled. I didn't need to say a word for Mila to fully understand what I meant. The only way I can describe the tone of this place is total cheekiness. This was a timeless, strong community and, judging by the architecture and feel of the townscape, it had been here for many millennia past.

I knew with certainty that I had chosen well — Gary, his Hi-Sun and our two cheeky deck hands. It wasn't entirely clear to me why I needed this crew, but one thing was certain: the direction to go was out and beyond the setting sun. I now had the partnership that could take me one step closer to my life purpose and the task at hand.

*Our youthful and still innocent Lord of Water was right in his observation. The people of the bay were exceptional — their community and values those of millennia past, with a deep-rooted culture and a balanced moral code. And in truth, that was all he had observed. A peaceful water planet of family, community, industry and a genuine sense of value for the spirit of man. The lands of the planet thrived in abundance, with international trade, respect and healthy competition — truly in the spirit of play. Nothing more than a few local young bucks testing each other's strength on a Friday night after a few ales being the heaviest concern of the law.*

*In such an oasis, what more could there be? And was it truly necessary for our Lord of Water to check it over — to protect this precious resource? These should be peaceful times, with no threat in sight. Would this journey turn out to be a simple task? It was certainly what our Lord of Water was hoping for.*

## CHAPTER FIVE

# Chasing the Sun

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A gentle warmth spread over the whole bay. The only movement was that of the swell and tide dissipating into the stillness. Dozens of draw boats lifting together on the peaks of the swell and settling back into the troughs.

They all appeared poised and ready to jump at the sound of a starting gun. But with no sails and not a trace of a mechanical engine, there was no visible way to see what drove these sleek spirits of the ocean. Each and every one of them looked built for speed and endurance — but unless you had seen one in action, you would have no idea how they harnessed the power of the sea.

I had read about them and held a keen interest in the power they carried, but it was now time to slide through the heads and drive through the swells — out and beyond the horizon.

Gary and our two cheeky deck hands spent the next few moments straightening up the supply area and ensuring our quarters were in order. We had all that we needed — hopefully! Gary called out orders with Max and Pei dancing all over Hi-Sun, carrying out dozens of rapid tasks like little

lightning beavers.

Gary held us both in his gaze and assured us there was nothing needed from us. His warm smile gave us confidence, but also carried an air of excitement and exhilaration for what we were about to experience. He gave out his last orders to Max and Pei, then giggled to himself with his own quiet sense of pleasure.

"All in!" Gary called loudly — and on the tip of his command, Hi-Sun lifted and, curving through the water, drove smoothly and swiftly away from the wharf. The lifting motion and thrust forward felt absolutely incredible. Mila and I both lost it, laughing together with pure excitement.

"Wow! What an incredible feeling!" Mila just smiled and smiled.

Gary was riding Hi-Sun from the drive deck, holding two control rods and timing his turns smoothly with the rhythm of the light swell in the bay. Hi-Sun drew long easy turns toward the heads and within what seemed like seconds we were thrusting past them, driving long sleek strides directly through the larger ocean swells.

An initial feeling of slight fear combined with exhilaration filled us both — but we were quickly reassured by Gary, Max and Pei as the three of them simply went about their tasks. Our speed multiplied and the land behind us fell away, becoming the horizon within minutes. Gary carved the length of Hi-Sun at an optimum angle, taking full advantage of the clean lines of ocean swell.

Why we were not pitching up and down with the peaks and troughs of the waves at first confused me. Then it dawned on me — we were lifted clear of the water, our hull steadily placed atop a lower, horizontal driving keel. Gary could read my question. He waved me across to the port side and gestured down to the clear blue water below.

Beneath us I could see a sleek, motionful length — somewhat like that of an eel — bending and driving and holding the line of power as it passed through each rising swell. We were structured above its midsection, which held a clean driving line with effortless ease.

We may as well have been gliding on the back of an albatross. We were fast — fast enough to feel like we could outrun anything imaginable across the water tops of this great ocean. Hi-Sun was breathtaking.

The last dusk of orange glow turned into clean sparkling night, with deep clusters of starry universes stretched out far and wide.

"Now we eat," called Gary. Somehow — and completely unnoticed by Mila and myself — Max and Pei had prepared a feast for our eyes. We ate and laughed and ate plenty more.

Gary gave his orders for sleep. "Eat well, my friends — for tomorrow always brings more than we are ready for. You will need your energy and I will need your assistance. So if you thought you were along for a pleasure cruise, I am sorry to have led you astray. Sleep now, my youthful adventurers. Max

and Pei will have breakfast aplenty for you in the morning."

Gary checked the drive of Hi-Sun and assured himself that everything was in order for the night. Mila and I snuggled in and dozed off to the smooth, gentle motions of our floating friend.

The peaceful skies showed nothing ahead but clean sailing.

*What could this tiny and unarmed team possibly be heading for? Tomorrow would bring a new day.*

## CHAPTER SIX

# Some Friends Have Joined Us

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"Can you feel the pressure change out here? Now we have life and some real power driving our keel." Gary looked like he hadn't moved from his post. I felt like I had only just closed my eyes, but the sun was now well up.

"Don't worry, my young adventurer, Hi-Sun always has that effect on our newbies." Gary laughed and gestured me to come to the deck. Mila still slept like an angel in our quarters.

"Come and feel the speed my friend. We are carving an excellent run and should be able to keep driving this line for a good while."

As I stepped onto the deck I could feel the incredible velocity through the air. Ahead and marching powerfully toward us lay huge lines of ocean swell spanning the horizon, left to right, stacked up and pulsing far beyond what we could see. We were cutting into these mountainous walls of water at just the slightest angle but now the height and span between peaks had risen to an overwhelming magnitude. Somehow we were still gliding on that same even plane, but I had to grip the timbers, for I felt swayed and near falling.

"Take a look below now, young man. We have friends that joined our journey some time through the night." I took the port side and gripped even tighter. Hi-Sun had somehow grown taller, her driving keel now multiple lengths below us. Hi-Sun had just naturally telescoped exactly to the height needed to pass over the high swells and maintain a steady plane.

Below us we had a strong school of dorsal pilots gliding at the wavelength of our driving wake. The water bulged out from either side, giving them a cushion of energy as they steered their free ride.

"Why have they joined us?" I asked.

"I'm not really sure, young friend. It has been the custom since the dawn of the draw boats. Some say they were created as our protectors, but I can't imagine what they did before the ride of our time. I am sure that they have been here for eons before us. Perhaps it is only now that they have it so easy to play and express their talents on this free and easy ride."

It was a magnificent sight — watching them below us, caressing and drifting in our wake. With them I could feel some type of protection. Although multiple lengths below us, I could see the faces of each of them looking up at me. Each seemed to introduce themselves, then rolled aside for the next to take their turn.

"It's quite ok!" said Gary, "They are saying hello to you and I can feel that there is something just a little bit different with you on board young man. You can tell me all about it, but only when you are ready. The right moments of this journey will

come to mind."

As I calmed down, so did the overwhelming power of the sea. Hi-Sun was drawing a lovely long line as if she knew exactly where we were bound.

"I am not really sure who is driving this boat, Gary. Hi-Sun seems to be the spirit in control of our destiny, but you stand there at her helm."

Gary looked at me and smiled. I felt that he was telling me — *I know what you know, and Hi-Sun knows it too, and we are all working with you.* Not a word was spoken.

He smiled again and then gestured to my quarters. "Young Mila is waking up, my Lord. You may have to assist her for I feel she may be a little more fragile at sea than yourself."

"Lord!" Hmm. Mila would never let that slip. How could Gary possibly know?

I stepped into our quarters and Mila lay on her side with her gorgeous eyes on me and a relaxed warm smile.

Mila and I spent one of the most amazing days of our lives together. Our dorsal pilots all introduced themselves to her one at a time, rolling under to let the next one take its turn. Surprising to us all, she took to the sea with no surprises and seemed to lift herself into a new state of woman. We joked and played and feasted as our appetites had risen to the occasion.

Below us our company was growing with new members of the dorsals introducing themselves to us through the day.

Each one unique in their own way.

Max and Pei joined us as the day progressed after a long night at the helm for the two of them. As we found out, that would be their shift, to guide us through the night and push the progress of our journey. What was ahead of us, I will think of tomorrow, for today is the grandest day of my life.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

# Time for Some Answers

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"This day has been the most amazing experience of my life," I told Gary, "The ocean is a thousand times more powerful and abundant than I ever imagined, and already I feel completely a part of her." Gary just smiled at me with his warm acknowledging eyes.

"The night will fall soon and we will dine under the wonder of a trillion stars!" Gary spoke with warm excitement, "Max, Pei! Time to prepare an ocean feast fit for our Lord and his lady."

"Well, 'my Lord,'" Mila spoke with a smile, "Perhaps there is time for romance and adventure on this journey of such an important task." She smiled at me very warmly and turned to the front of Hi-Sun to gaze into the direction of our destination.

What is it about this 'Lord' business that I am suddenly being called by everyone? The more I traveled with Gary, the more I felt he completely knew what had landed us here on his draw boat. Perhaps tonight we could find time to talk a bit more and see if he actually was taking me seriously, or if this was simply the way he made all his customers feel.

Lady-Sun once again set out ahead of us and we chased her tail into the horizon as she slipped away for another night.

The stars thickened and became more apparent. Over Gary's shoulder, a long-tailed falling star traced its descent down and over the horizon.

"We have a second moon joining us tonight my young travellers. She will be up later in the evening and will dull the stars somewhat. Our third laying still under the horizon, she would join us on another night. So until she comes, enjoy the stars now, as they glow."

Max and Pei brought their kitchen hot plates to the deck and laid out the food for an open dinner. Pei then lifted and brought across a string of large fresh fish, all strung together.

"I didn't see you pick those up at the markets, Pei." Pei just gestured to the ocean many lengths below the deck of our Hi-Sun. Somehow either Max or Pei had managed to hook onto some fresh fish without any of us even noticing.

"Perhaps tomorrow you can show me how to catch fish from such a high level. It should be fun." Gary laughed and said, "Don't catch too many — Max and Pei take great pride in their work."

"Would one or two be ok with you, Pei?" Pei smiled and seemed to acknowledge that it would be fine. "So tomorrow we fish!" I proclaimed.

We laughed and feasted and laughed some more, with Max and Pei giving us raucous entertainment — dances and wild clown performances. Mila laughed and joined in with a jig of her own. We all settled as our second moon hit the horizon

and suddenly seemed to place a smaller feeling onto us. I caught Gary with a slightly troubled look on his face, gazing up at an angle into the heavens. He then caught my stare.

"It is an evening worthy of your presence, my Lord. Our second moon truly is a satellite of magnitude. I sometimes wonder how we manage to keep her in our orbit."

I looked at the location of Gary's concerned concentration, but was unable to notice any difference in the skies and heavenly bodies above our heads. Gary looked at me again and then started to speak.

"I think that you have some questions for me, my young Lord, and I for you. Would you like to make a start?"

Mila came to sit beside me and took my leg around her arm, resting her head.

"You call me Lord, but I know that you are a man of the ocean. I feel there is something familiar and expected about the way you have taken us aboard."

Gary sat still for a long while and even smiled at Mila and myself several times, nodding in agreement to my question. I seemed to have asked him exactly the right thing. Gary called Pei for his pipe and Pei rapidly served him one with a fine timber casing. Gary carefully selected his smoking leaf and ground it gently into his pipe. He lit the pipe and continued to smile and nod his head in agreement.

"The legend has passed from generation to generation and has gone on to be no more than a lost tale. My mother was a

lady of the spiritual order and I loved her so dearly as she was my true guide and guardian. She was protector of the Book of Legend, carried for longer than our records can show. She instilled within my learnings that there are moments of which duty just comes about. They mostly go unnoticed by the masses, but they are as real to existence and the survival of our planet as the air we breathe. When this moment comes along, you will know it. Do not doubt for an instant that what you feel is absolutely real and it is that belief in life and your ability to perceive of which cannot be ignored. To do so could be the end of you in more ways than you could possibly imagine and the effect of such ignorance spreads its ramifications far and wide. So do not at any time ignore the knowingness that you have, for it is as real as I stand here before you now."

Her words have never left me: "You are gifted, my son, in more ways than you can ever imagine and when the time comes for you to fulfill your duty and responsibility of who you are, you will know. You will know." My mother — the love of my life — passed not too long ago. But I have not forgotten for even one moment that the day would come, and I knew with certainty that I was ready. She was right. I woke early yesterday morning and placed my hand on Hi-Sun to reassure myself that she was ready too. Mila and yourself walked straight through the many uncharted draw boats. The drivers of them all just seemed to fall into a timeless silence and you both came straight to my guide. I know what I see, my Lord, and I am here as your guide and protector. My Hi-Sun and

cheerful crew may not be much, but we are devoted to your purpose and will die before we see anything come before you."

Gary sat back and relaxed into his deck chair with his pipe. He looked satisfied that he had answered me completely, and now without having to say a word I received his question of what it was that I was here to do.

"I am Lord of Water. My duty is to calibrate and protect all water planets across this universe. The preciousness of such is all that is able to sustain life. For without water there is neither life nor an atmosphere that is suitable to breathe. There are many, but they are far apart. For this universe is vast and the dead masses in their abundance make them appear but few. I have lost none, and would die before even one could be stripped of its precious resource. Each one, an incredible jewel and source of life in abundance with magical beauty. My reward is a lifetime of fun as we have had today. But the chore must and has to be carried out. For without calibration, this planet may tip, or lay open to threat from hostile, parasitical forces. We must find the highest point. The Apex of the longest day, pointed high and open to the sun. For there, the White Sapphire Crystal lies. How it works, I will remember when I can once again see the source of her energy. And once set, this wonderful water planet will lay protected for another million rotations around the sun. If I am late by even one day, she could be found — and the risk of her being broken and pillaged stakes the life of every man, woman, child and living creature in this world. But the ramifications also reach further than this planet and would start an unbalancing across all water planets

of this sector where we lay. I feel that we are well on time with our calibration, but until I see the face of the White Sapphire Crystal, I will only then know that all is ok or what has to be done. For when my work is complete, it is back to fun and frolicking with my Mila, and I know I have gained some new lifelong friends."

Gary smiled and puffed on his pipe. Mila gleaming in affinity as she does. The two of them, then the three of us all laughed raucously together.

"Some new friends for life. That is for sure." Gary concluded.

We basked in the brightness and grandness of the second moon, almost able to reach out and touch her with our fingertips.

Another grand night amongst the stars.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

# The Direction of Our Journey

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We spent another evening just having fun and admiring the incredible skies. The second moon was now high in the sky and the weight of her seemed to have lifted. The distance to universes of stars had opened up again and we felt way out there in the infinite expanse.

"We have about two more days until we reach the high point, young Lord of Water, but when we get there, I have no idea what you will have to do. There are no landmarks within 40 nautical miles, and to locate the exact point would be quite difficult for Hi-Sun and me."

Gary seemed to have changed his demeanour — from our cheeky guide on a romantic cruise to our loyal and dedicated guardian. A slightly more serious or should I say powerful tone had come about him, though in the same breath he still wore the expression of a suppressed cheeky chuckle.

"I never really know, until I get there, as to how I handle what has to be done. Just that whenever I get into the location, it comes to me and I fully regain my ability. Come and I will show you what I mean."

I brought Gary over to the water casket and filled a cup. I took a sip and gave him a serious look of expectancy. Then I swallowed my mouthful and smiled. Gary rolled his eyes and gave me a "Well, Come on!" gesture.

I opened my left hand and pouring the cup, held it there for him.

"Water was created by life and itself contains life. We take it for granted, using it for whatever purposes we choose — and it just forgives us, again and again. But it has a purpose it constantly strives to achieve — to flow towards purity, always supporting life. When we prevent this, it becomes deeply upset within its very structure. But don't worry — he can always be cheered up. And this lovely water here is definitely bright and bubbly. You watch him now as he reads my thoughts."

Gary got very interested with the water sitting in my hand as it lifted and leaned forward in the direction of Hi-Sun's bow.

"Come and stand beside me Gary and I will show you what he tells us."

I took Gary under my right arm with both of us looking over the line of the water's new shape. He had formed a lovely curved arrow shape pointing just to the left of our current course.

"He is pointing to the high point of the planet. This is the exact closest point we come to our White Sapphire Crystal on the longest day of the year. We are getting closer and he will guide and ensure us with certainty when we have reached our

destination."

Gary roared with laughter and called for Max and Pei to prepare our quarters for the night.

"Come on you scarpers! Our Lord and his fine Mila need rest for the journey. Busy, busy!"

Max and Pei scampered into our sleeping quarters to touch up before bed.

I took the cup in my right hand and brought my hands together so that the water could rest back inside without losing a drop. I gestured towards Gary but he now seemed fearful to take or drink something that was suddenly alive.

"He is your friend. His purpose is life itself, and you, my dear guide, have more life in you than I have ever seen. He will provide you with life, and may you never be the same again."

Gary was speechless and took the cup, drinking every last drop.

Mila and I spent some time holding each other and talking in the awe of the expansive skies.

Mila whispered, "Let me take you to bed, my wonderful Lord of Water. For I feel that tomorrow has more surprises waiting for us and we both need to sleep."

## CHAPTER NINE

# A Change In Pressure

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I woke before sunrise and noticed a change in the pressure of the air. I walked out of our sleeping quarters and found Gary standing at the side rail. Max and Pei were both at the helm guiding Hi-Sun and looking busy.

"Can you feel the change?" Gary called out without even turning to see that I had come out behind him. "We are nearing the high point of our planet as well as the centre core of this pressure system. The system continually generates the roaring swells of the ocean from the centre we are now approaching. It is located on the high point, centred at the very peak of the planet, reaching out to touch Lady-Sun."

I walked to stand beside Gary at the rail, then turned to him as I spoke.

"I can feel it now — we are within hours of our destiny. I still haven't figured out how I will get to the location I am looking for, as it lies directly on the pinnacle of the high point, possibly 50 leagues beneath the surface."

"You are a wilder man than I, young Lord. I have no idea what you have in mind or how powerful you are. But I am behind you with all of my heart and I tell you here that you can count

on me to my very death if that is what it takes." Gary gave me a good solid stare and turned his mouth just enough to entice my smile.

"You know, I have a feeling that getting to the location won't be too much of a problem — that is, once I figure out that 'minor detail'. But I know that this journey is travelling very smoothly. From my feelings and recall of my past gone tasks, this journey may just have some little surprises in store that we never would have counted upon. We are surrounded by friendship and good power. Let's keep our minds set on this being exactly how the rest of our mission will stand."

Gary nodded and then bounded up to Max and Pei, commanding them to bed down for some sleep.

"You have done another good night's work my two little starlings. Get yourselves some sleep, for possibly tonight we close in on the peak of our journey. We need your wits about you both. I need each one of you ready to dance on your toes."

The ocean swells had changed so much now. The wind had dropped and instead of the long lines spanning the horizon, we now had fatter standing mountains with curves curling out of sight and losing the lines of each other in bulging, swollen swells of lifting water. We seemed to be at the generation point of these long driving waves. As we passed over them they accelerated away, driving out from behind the path we had just carved. We must be nearing the centre of the pressure system. The time had come.

Mila also woke and came to stand beside me. Lady-Sun had still not cracked the horizon, but the light of a powerful clear day already illuminated the sky.

"We are getting closer, aren't we, my Lord?"

I nodded, holding her a little closer to instill my feeling of confidence. Mila just smiled and suppressed a laugh at something she had just thought of. "Today is going to be a big one, isn't it?" she said.

I smiled back and agreed.

"It certainly is my love. I am excited and feel like stepping out of myself. It is time for me to show this planet what I am made of."

Just as I was about to express a little more warning of wild expectancy, Gary called out loud and sharp.

"My Lord, down below! Left and right, hovering wide at each side. These are not friendly fellows."

Out to either side there were sleek and gliding slicer sharks. Their shining skins catching the reflections of clean water and morning sky. The silvery, glistening sharks darted and weaved in groups of more than a dozen as they pushed on the outer limits of our dorsal pilots. Each had a sharp, slender body, their cold lightning-fast eyes gleaming — aware of the dorsal pilots at our keel, and of us, far, far above.

"They fear the dorsal pilots, for the dorsals have the supreme power and knowledge of our ocean. But they cannot be trusted

for one moment. They are both dirty scavengers and capable of vicious attack at any instant. I have seen them in groups of three and four, but never had them closed in on either side with such intention as they have here today. Not one of them is feeding, so I cannot quite see what it is they are following us for."

Gary then took control of the helm and ushered Max and Pei both off to sleep.

"My lady, come to the helm and I will show you how our dear Hi-Sun feels in your hands." Gary took Mila between his arms and showed her the control and guidance of Hi-Sun. Mila smiled and gave Hi-Sun her due respect.

Gary looked at me and once again gave me that cheeky, but at the same time, reassuring smile.

"You will make it, my Lord, and your lady is going to be fine."

I received his message without a single spoken word. I wished that I had such certainty of what I was yet to actually do.

The peacefulness and friendly spirit of our journey had taken a darker tone. Deep within, I knew that the task before me would not simply fall into my lap. This lifetime, this mission — it would test every limit I had.

## CHAPTER TEN

# A Formidable Team

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Max and Pei disappeared to their quarters after a full night at the helm. Somewhere between, Gary must have snuck in some sleep, for he was fully awake and on the job. He handed control of Hi-Sun to Mila and gestured that he would not be long. Mila looked calm and confident and Hi-Sun did not flinch one bit.

Leaning over the port side I caught the attention of our main dorsal pilot. He seemed to be holding the line with his team, comfortably gliding in harmony with our driving keel. The slicer sharks kept out wide on either side. Although giving the appearance of constant danger, they demonstrated a definite fear and respect of our dorsal pilots, braving only the outer limits of our driving wake.

I wasn't able to see why our pilots would be such a threat, other than them just holding their space with such boldness and confidence.

He was definitely the one — I consistently caught his attention and observed how he commanded his team. A being of such grace and power is a magnificent presence to be a part of. I completely knew that he was connected with me and I with

him. He could just duplicate my thoughts and I his. I asked him if I could have some small demonstration. He rolled onto his side to look directly into my eye.

That was a yes!

There is no language between us. We simply duplicate each other on pure concept.

I asked my powerful friend if he could place four of his pilots on the outer side of himself, positioning them in a half spearhead line — one, two, three and four beside him. One at a time they slotted into formation like the one-sided wing of a piercing arrowhead. I could scarcely believe it — it occurred so instantly that it felt as though each one of them was now following my command directly.

I looked back to my fine leader and thanked him with the greatest of confidence. He rolled and the other four turned and swirled around him, generating a driving, twisting spearhead with himself as the central projectile. I had now been fully acknowledged and had no doubt that I had the ability and the team behind me to reach the pinnacle of my destiny.

I had made an incredible step forward. The dorsal pilots and I were now one formidable team. But as the reality of what lay ahead settled over me, one question remained — my destination lay far beneath the surface. How I would reach those treacherous depths, I did not yet know.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

# My Water, Again

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I had been working on larger and larger amounts of water to move and mould, as this is the only tool I have to achieve my goal. I had been turning small amounts of water at a distance, lifting and holding small puffs above the surface that appeared to be no more than wind-blown whitecaps on the ocean below. But I knew my ability was growing, lifting larger and larger aqua balls, then releasing them to explode across the surface.

I asked my main dorsal pilot to work with me and he turned in agreement, looking up. I formed an arrow-shaped air pocket just above him. My main dorsal rose to it and captured the water, forming an arrow on top of his back, just above his eyes. I held the formation in place and it became one with him.

I could clearly see the air encapsulated within the arrow, and he moved about freely with it lightly hugging above him. I asked him now to take it deeper and see how well it could withstand the distance and pressure. He slowly turned towards the lower depths and it held beautifully. Then as he began to penetrate the deeper blue, the arrow dissolved into a mist of tiny bubbles.

Hmm! Let's try again.

We ran this through three more times, but each ended with the spearhead dissolving into a puff the moment my dorsal pilot reached the deeper blue.

I tried smaller and smaller arrows and was able to achieve deeper and deeper depths, one after the other. I was pushing for more depth, but then I realised I was able to generate the air pockets at will. It had nothing to do with distance — it was about what I could generate from wherever I stood. I smiled deeply and lifted a large swirling spool of water just for fun, letting it spiral up into the sky.

I can now generate the power of water at will and have regained the pleasure and excitement of my purpose in life. I am Lord of Water. I have power and dominance over water. I am protector of water planets in this universe. Tomorrow I will take my first steps into the ocean, to reach the high point of this planet and secure her water stability for yet another million turns of the sun.

My dorsal leader launched high and long into the air, soaring many lengths above the surface. He landed with perfect grace and carved back into the depths, turning and taking his place in the formation of my mighty warriors.

I had forgotten where I was and looked up to find Gary had been standing there with me — for how long, I did not know. He just gleamed at me and spoke,

"Wicked. It looks like you have found your space, my Lord."

## CHAPTER TWELVE

# Agreement

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Gary and I walked back to the control deck and found Mila peacefully talking to Hi-Sun. They were both doing an amazing job together, with Hi-Sun smoothly carving a line through the high ocean swells.

"What are our plans for the day, my Lord?" Gary asked. "I know we are growing close to the high point. What is it exactly that you have to achieve when we get there?"

"Well Gary, I completely trust you. But what we are dealing with ahead may be more than either of us can physically handle alone, and so I must take you out of any mystery you may have about this amazing planet."

Gary looked intent and ready to receive what I was about to land upon him.

"We are spiritual beings Gary, and I can see that you have a natural ability as a spirit of the sea. You are more than a one-life man, and obviously with the harmony you share with the sea and all those about you, this is not new to you. But the planets and the universe itself is not as such. It is not some wonderful 'mother of all' that will take care of us and bring us along a 'destiny' that we have no control over. This universe

was placed here by us, and it has finite resources that balance, and can be toppled over if subjected to excessive forces of the wrong kind. Our destiny is in our hands and although this planet may appear all too large and magnificent for any of us to make a difference, this definitely is not the case. An unbalancing of the planets would not be swift, but once the other water planets of this sector began to topple, the rippling effect across the eons would be more than we would ever be able to set straight. The task itself will be quite simple in the days to follow, but as simple as it may be, the lives of billions — and those of all other water planets — depend on what we do here and now with this calibration. The technology of this planet is all that is needed to sustain and continue a harmonious and balanced civilisation. Our draw boats are one such spiritual technology, as are the other incredible technologies of this wonderful and clean planet. We have been lucky enough to have passed straight through and beyond the technology of robotic-type devices and the like that have plagued other planets and their civilisations. The mechanical influence of evil forces can have a very damaging effect. This is the enemy we are up against — fighting to defend this water planet."

I knew that I had chosen the right man the very moment I caught his eye back on the docks. This is the fun of it — there are no odds against us, with our spirits joined in such a wonderful game. We all smiled and gleamed out into the horizon. The agreement was within us all, and down below our dorsal pilot team glowed with confidence for what we were

about to achieve.

Agreement is the most powerful force we have. I was now truly enjoying myself — more certain than I had ever been. What lay ahead was the most epic moment of this life. Of all our lives.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

# Parasite

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The tone of the whole crew seemed to be drifting. Mila was now wrestling with Hi-Sun, Max and Pei were arguing. Gary looked like he was in a haze. I just couldn't put my finger on it, and I couldn't move.

I looked across to Gary and he was looking back at the stars once again. He looked down and back across to me as tears started to stream down his face. The sky above us split and a large alien vessel, surrounded by crackling sparks of static electricity, began to lower down above us just to the port side. Mila stayed as she was, wrestling with Hi-Sun, with Max and Pei completely ignoring Gary's call to arms.

Gary yelled harder and harder, but only silence was coming from his mouth. He was sweating in a frantic panic. All I could do was stand there and watch as this vessel lowered in closer. Its wings crackling with static arcs that stretched out across the horizon, thicker than any lightning bolts I had ever seen. The vessel settled right above where we had been trying to establish our drop zone to the Crystal.

A piercing hum started to build in volume until we all knelt in agony. Max buckled in excruciating pain as his ear drums

exploded. He slumped and rolled right off the edge of the deck with Pei screaming at the rail, watching her partner fall into the abyss of the now black tumultuous ocean water below. Hi-Sun lost all momentum and began to slide back down towards the ocean's surface, her pace dying away. Everything was failing, and Gary was now hunched on his knees, wailing in agonised loss.

Mila fell to the ground and was now unconscious. I tried to move but was unable. I just froze like a helpless, lost child. We hit the water's surface and our wonderful dorsal pilots were scattered in all directions. The first one was hit and the slicer sharks started taking them out one at a time, tearing them apart in a bloody, shredded frenzy. The dorsals had all lost their power and within seconds were torn apart by the slicer sharks.

The vessel went silent and then — BOOM! A massive beam thrust vertically down into the ocean, spearing into the water and driving a parasitical vacuum into this, only moments ago, precious and clean planet. Mila stood and looked at me in lost despair, her tears streaming, her eyes filled with a grief I had never seen before. She reached for me, but just as our hands were about to touch, Hi-Sun lifted and split in two, right between us both. We were thrown apart as Hi-Sun now became a billion splinters.

Mila and I, falling apart and losing sight of each other forever.

I opened my eyes and sat up straight, sweating and panic-stricken. It took a moment to realise I was sitting on the side of our bed. I was covered in sweat and shaking as though I had never felt fear before.

Mila was lying beside me in a calm and peaceful sleep. Outside was as calm as ever and if anything, the pressure systems had all come to a lovely quiet null. I touched Mila's forehead and then stepped out onto the deck of Hi-Sun. Max and Pei were the only two awake and both smiled as I stepped closer towards them. I stood at the helm beside Max. Pei stepped across to prepare me a warm cup of mill tea. She handed it to me and I enjoyed the warmth as it flowed down and into my stomach.

The images of the dream slowly faded and I found my orientation once again. We are very close now. Today is the day, and if all runs smoothly, I will be able to make contact with the White Sapphire Crystal.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

# Today Is the Day

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We all shared a hearty breakfast. Today we go to work. We were right on the key location now and there was no way any one of us could possibly sleep through this day. We have one chance. To miss this window means coming back next year. Not a hope in hell. This time next year I am going to be fully chilling. This planet is a loafing paradise and with a woman like Mila, there is not a single way I can think of to better enjoy it.

Close the door on this now and we have the rest of our lives.

I briefed Gary on how the day will go down.

"All I am doing is checking that the calibration is clear and this big beautiful planet will drift around this gorgeous Lady-Sun for another million rotations. My dorsal pilots will ensure my protection with the greatest of confidence. They are pacing below in anticipation for a day that will set them free and guarantee more generations to come than any one of them can comprehend. All I ask of you, Gary, is that you hold our Hi-Sun in tight on the highest point while I do my work. We have a larger gang of slicer sharks that have somehow tracked in on us, waiting to consume my remains. It is not going to

happen, but I never underestimate the vicious potential of such entities. Our dorsal pilots know what we are dealing with, even though the slicers play their role in the chain of life on this planet, they too are aware of that strange knowingness and will never let their guard slip against those cold, scavenging creatures."

Mila smiled and showed no sign of fear. Gary stood solid and placed his hand on Hi-Sun to reassure me that she was completely up to the task. Our little deckhands, Max and Pei, just kept the flow of food moving and cleaning up as we spoke. We shared mill tea and joked for a while before I stood to take the lead and spoke.

"Well, Gary, I suppose it is time to show you how I will reach the depths of the ocean. We are today at the highest peak of water. Within a few hours we will be sitting closest to the sun that is possible for any one point on the oceanic surfaces of the planet. But this planet is unique. At this very moment each year we have a perfect equilibrium of our three moons. The largest of our trio will itself sit directly above us, holding the tide in its full draw, pulling the tides of the planet towards her. At this precise point of equilibrium we have an inner peak of the orbital eclipse. From there, every single particle of us and all that is part of this planetary mass will fall away and continue to do so for half of the year until we begin our journey back to this high point once again. The eclipse is coincident with the equilibrium of our orbit. This has been occurring now, perfectly, for billions and billions of years."

Mila looked up at the growing shadow of the moon and said nothing. She didn't need to.

We all sat with our biggest moon high in the sky and drawing in closer with our Lady-Sun closing in towards midday. Below, the dorsal pilots slowed along with Hi-Sun holding the space around our keel. The slicer sharks had again grown in numbers and seemed more aware of what was taking place. More than I could ever have imagined for such spiritless hunting entities. There was a certain hum of energy about their circling pattern. They were holding their wall of attack close at bay, waiting for what looked like an inevitable strike.

I know these dorsals and I know that they are worthy of this task. Otherwise the slicers would have already taken the keel area. The respect, or more so fear, the slicers had for our dorsals was an inherent emotion set by millions of years of evolution. It was a part of them. The large moon drew in closer and began to cast a shadow across the span of the horizon.

I looked to Gary and Mila. We knew that it was almost time. I stood at the very point of Hi-Sun's bow, feet spread shoulder width across the joining balustrades. The moon closed in under the sun and within moments would cast a full black sky directly beneath Lady-Sun. I pointed my body like a spear. Hi-Sun slowed into position and I dove in a high arc out over her, turning down towards my dorsal pilot escort waiting on the ocean surface below.

I held my line and drew up directly to the front of my main dorsal. At the edges of my vision I could see the slicer sharks

instantly closing in, pressuring the outer limits of our area. My main man was waiting for me calm and solid. As I struck the water, a clear, sharp air bubble formed around me. I pierced long and deep as my dorsal friend hugged in against my chest and became a part of me. We drove down deep and fast into the darkening blue below.

The black shadow of the eclipse fell across the water above us. We drove deeper still. Whatever lay ahead, there was no turning back now.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

# Location

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He moved so powerfully. I had instantly become a part of him as we dove to the bottom of the ocean. I'd forgotten how easy it was to form the water about me and how little effort it required to generate my own breathing space. I have been slacking for too many years.

The slicer sharks followed closely on our flanks, but they were no threat to our guard of dorsals. I could easily feel the location now and my main dorsal just turned with my thoughts, deeper and deeper into the blue. It was now time for the Crystal to illuminate as the sun above was fully blocked by the moon between us and the depths of water were far too much for the eclipsed light to penetrate. I drew together all of the fluorescent creatures that lit the depths of the deep sea, and a large glow formed about me.

As we neared the ocean's floor, I could feel the gravitational forces centering into our final location. My dorsal duplicated my thoughts exactly and it was no longer necessary for me to guide him. We now had the location within our reach.

We settled on top of an epic underwater mountain that fell away deep to either side. Peering down at the apex, there was

nothing more than abundant ocean growth and deep sea creatures all around. The Crystal, with its incredible ability to camouflage itself within its surroundings, would not be visible to any entity — even at close inspection.

With my main dorsal I drew a tight circular spiral around the apex of this mountain. The other dorsals joined to increase the drawing force. We formed a spiralling current of water and began to draw from the summit any loose debris and life forms that had made this mountain their home. A little bit of an upset, but a small price to pay for the continuing survival of it all.

The mountain top cleared away and all that remained were solid stone and some larger ocean life forms holding on to their home. We slowed and everything cleared around us. My dorsal warriors formed a guard about me and I was able to settle just above the central location of the Crystal. I formed more fluorescent creatures to illuminate the peak, but still there was nothing to be seen. I then gave that one command that suddenly came to mind, "Be Seen!", and there she formed right before my eyes. Right where she had been all this time.

A perfect White Sapphire Crystal was there right in front of us as it had been for one million rotations past, and so many more. I passed my hand across the glow and the map of our current location pinged into three dimensions about us. Planetary location, surface area dimension, rotational views, readings of purity and most importantly, a timeline of predicted communications from within this sector of the universe.

My heart stopped and I blinked my eyes over and over again.

"No!"

All the years I had spent loafing with no sense of urgency whatsoever had led to this. I was too late. Such a simple task to carry out, but one second over the 1 million year time limit meant danger and possible extinction for a planet abundant in life and spiritual community for billions. A destabilisation had begun. All of these easy days added up to nothing, as here I am staring at the Crystal with "extreme emergency" loaded across its timeline. There was RED.

Damn it! There is nothing that I can do here, and now on my own, I am left with no choice other than to call out for a cleaner. I checked the calibration once again and the Crystal was locked — as surely as the eclipse would drop away from Lady-Sun in just moments to come. I passed my hand over the Crystal to bring the intergalactic communication line to life. I had already wasted a lifetime loafing — I chose a call for help.

The three dimensional display collapsed and the ray of red shot like a laser straight up, through the eclipsed moon and into the centre of Lady-Sun above us. The command had been sent out and within half a year a cleaner unit would arrive, locking itself in on the outer slingshot of the planetary orbit. This had never happened to me before and after what I now had to accomplish to clean up this mess, I swear this will never happen again.

The Crystal closed up in front of me, and above, the light of the abating eclipse began to move down on us. I had been so engulfed in the Crystal that I had not even noticed what was happening all about me. My main dorsal was holding a fierce defence just above. And above him my other dorsal warriors in combat with slicer sharks at all angles. The sheer superiority of the dorsals now showed as the attacking slicer sharks were smashed and battered about the waters above me. I was part of an ultimate fighting team protected by the best. But why would the slicers be attacking? What is their purpose?

I could then feel a presence that was nothing I had come across, ever before on this planet. For the first time, I felt genuine fear. These were not hunters acting on instinct. Something had reached into the deep and stirred them — an ancient evil resonance, pulling at the darkest corners of this ocean like a tide none of them could feel or resist. They were not even aware of what drove them. Only that something distant and enormous had called.

Then out of the darkness below appeared dark evil forms that made the slicer sharks look like fish bait. They were coming straight at me and with my dorsal warriors above me in violent combat. I had nothing. I sat like a bloodworm on a fish hook, ready to be swallowed whole.

These dark evil entities were slick and powerful. Then as they closed in, the front two seemed to smile at me with glistening rows of razor-sharp teeth. I urged myself to escape in any direction, but had not a chance. My defence was

nothing and just as I thought of my main dorsal, it was too late.  
In an instant, everything went black.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

# On the Deck

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Our main dorsal pilot drove hard, straight to the glistening surface above. It was a retreat for all dorsals. He drove straight through all of the slicer sharks, leaving the deep sea black entities far behind. The light intensified as the moon was now moving off its eclipse of the sun.

Gary, Mila, Max and Pei all peered down intently as the main dorsal drove directly up towards them. He struck the ocean surface and soared straight up to the side of Hi-Sun. He slowed, level with the side deck, and leaned over the rail. He opened his mouth and a limp, but alive Lord of Water spilled out ever so gently onto the deck. All four ran across to cradle him.

Our main dorsal turned back to the ocean and again pierced into the surface. He drove down deep to take care of his dorsal team and smash aside any slicer sharks that may be causing trouble. He was at his highest guard and alertness — he too had never come across such black evil entities in all of the oceans.

Max and Pei had blankets, towels and aids for our Lord of Water before Gary had even uttered a word. He lay on his side

— alive, but staring into his own thoughts while he caught his breath. He then sat up and looked at both Mila and Gary. With his attention now on Gary, he asked the one question,

"What was it you saw in the skies back on that night. You saw something and it unsettled you. What happened back there?"

Gary sighed and lowered his head.

"I know the stars, my young Lord. I live my life by them. They are my guide. That first night of our journey, there was a missing patch, as if covered by some type of blanket or blocked by some floating mass in the skies. It was only for a moment, I know my guiding stars and I saw what I saw. I looked away and back — and then it was gone. But it was there. I have never seen a block in the stars in all my days."

Our young Lord took in what Gary said and then reassured him.

"Raise your head, Gary. You saw what you saw and I completely trust what you say. But you did not put that mass up there in the skies. The Crystal is locked in now. We have company and we are forced to deal with it. I have sent in for a cleaner, but this will not arrive for another half of the year. So our journey continues and I guess, my dear Mila, our loafing time together will just have to wait. But I tell you both, now we are alive and we are fighting for the survival of more than this planet. What you saw that night may be more evil than any of us are able to comprehend. Its purpose is only the plundering and marauding of this planet's resources. But we have life on our side. And with such strong purpose and reason, I know

that we will protect and save the eternal future of this precious water planet. So smile my dear friends. We thought that today our journey would be over. But it has only just begun and as for this task, I now know the way for what is ahead of us. But today we are all together and beaming with life. So let's feast and enjoy the skies of this wondrous eclipse, for tomorrow our journey to the outer slingshot of our winter orbit begins."

Our team sat together in celebration of life — and of the extraordinary journey that lay ahead. Below, the dorsal pilots were all intact and appeared more vibrant than ever from the action of such a day. Together they had formed a spiritual allegiance and as one, all began a journey of hope and freedom.

None of them knew what was coming. But together, alive and beaming under the fading eclipse, they were ready.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

# Slab

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Slab filled his flight log robotically as another painfully boring day passed waiting for the outer orbit to turn. Stuck with nineteen moronic dumbbells was the last thing in this universe that he needed for company. He had been a universal extractor with six successful missions into various sectors, sucking life of various forms and then sneaking back through the wormholes to be home again with his companion dark beings and rulers of the greatest of all black holes, *Phoenix-A*.

This was his first mission into the water universe. All entry had been placed on hold since the past forces had so thoroughly had their backsides booted, back so many millions of years prior. But the balance of this evil and dark sector grew thirsty and had unbalanced to such a degree that aqua-anti-matter was vitally necessary to hold the great dark universe in place.

Even dark civilisations require balance to sustain themselves. These nasty characters had made a home of what is nothing more than a giant kidney for the universe, pulling all filth in from the edges of the oh so many universes that surround them and then emanating a once again pure energy filtering through the various membrane walls, back in, wide

spread, and continual in quantity, enough to balance the flow.

Slab and his ancestors for so long past had found refuge, somehow a haven and universal center for those so strongly in agreement to death, destruction and pain for all others eternally. A home never imagined on the eve of the universe's creation. Slab had now proven himself, without a doubt, as the elite of universal extractors able to ruthlessly, and without the slightest touch of emotion, ransack a planet and return with minerals, fluids and slaves to obey future orders of his missions to come. Six missions of perfect record is the top of the dark extractor elite making him the first selection for a long awaited re-entry into the water universe. Long awaited and very overdue.

Slab closed his log with the final words of his report of cold, dominant and destructive symbols "INSKY BACKUNIBLAST SMACH AQUA ANTI. DISS KAR GIR MIG TI NI FA KU ZEN IST KAN KAN TAN...". Translated to: "ALL WATER WILL DIE. ALL NINETEEN RIGS IN POSITION ON STANDBY FOR OUTER ORBIT. SEVEN DAYS TO COMMENCEMENT OF WATER CONVERSION. EXTRACTION TIMED TO COINCIDE WITH OUTER ORBIT ARRIVAL. ALL WATER WILL DIE."

Slab leaned back and enjoyed a little chat time with himself as he closed the log, one day closer to the death of a water planet.

"These groping, hopeless operators couldn't suck a dummy if their mama's butt cheek depended on it. I think after this successful mission — after another glorious mission of

annihilation and total destruction, I will demand my time in the dark — deep in the black, surrounded by the suffering I've earned, soaking in every last dying echo of this pathetic water world before they dare hand me the next. Can't believe they have sat so long. Cowards of our history books. Finally they have me. The only one with enough balls to cut in and fry them all up once and for all. Not one rig has touched that ocean yet. Clean entry. Perfect surprise. Even the deep ones are stirring down there. They always know we're coming."

Slab took a slow glide at an even height along the line of his nineteen extraction rigs, each piloted by an enslaved, hypnotised operator, programmed to follow orders no matter what. Each one poised across the ocean surface, ready to commence extraction. Seven days till execution commencement seemed to him like a light year away at this moment.

*\* Phoenix-A — The largest known supermassive black hole in existence, with a mass of 100 billion solar masses. One solar mass equals approximately  $2 \times 10^{30}$  kg — roughly the mass of our Sun. To comprehend the scale: Phoenix-A is 100 billion times that mass, making it the most dominant gravitational force known to science — and the dark universe Slab calls home.*

## EPILOGUE

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Our water planets are the most precious resource that we have. Each one a living, breathing entity. Take care of the one that holds your home, for she is your garden and that of so many generations to come.

You do come back, despite the false belief being spread by the materialistic and psychiatric dogma that has infiltrated our culture. Your future lives and happiness depend on the care we take here and now with our wonderful water planets.

You wouldn't poison your own bathtub, would you? Hopefully you will be bathing in the pristine waters of this planet for many, many lifetimes to come.

*To all the future generations and a crystal clear planet!*

*Share the journey — visit [www.lordofwater.com](http://www.lordofwater.com)*

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