

## The Wild West of Enlightenment Part 2: Mahoot Gives a Hoot

Mahoot felt the wind on her face, a gentle warming breeze; it felt like a caress. It reminded her of her sister Yahoot and how she always lightly touched her face. It was always a light swipe across her cheek. She always felt her sister's deep affection for her in that caress even though she often followed it with some teasing. She thought of her sister. It had been ten years since she had seen her on their own planet. They had both made a conscious, deliberate choice: she would go with Yakaboobis as his apprentice, to his home, and Yahoot made her choice to live a life with Yakataboof on their home planet. Ten years, she thought. What a strange ride it has been. Everything about this Earth had been a shock to her: how crowded it was, how machines did all the work, and how strange the culture and its ways were. For the first few years, Yakaboobis kept her close as he showed her how to ground herself and function in this strange new world. Ah, the first few years. No matter how disorienting everything was, being in the presence of her master/teacher Yakaboobis fulfilled her heart in so many ways. She had given up everything familiar and everyone she loved—her dear sister Yahoot—to be with Yakaboobis in his strange home. While her love for Yakaboobis was dear and personal, he always kept a formal relationship with her. He always pointed her toward the process of truth awareness, of conscious exploration. She yearned for some personal affection from him, perhaps a light caress on her cheek?

He was not that kind of teacher. He taught in experience, wherever they were, but his manner was always impersonal. He showed her how to sustain herself in this world and he showed her how to skirt some of the damaging beliefs and dangers of this world. In some ways this new world she had found herself in was more dangerous and more cruel than her home world, which lacked the sophistication of machines and technology. She didn't like it here much and that alienation led her to over-rely on Yakaboobis. He would push her away at times. When he did, she felt that he was being cruel, but she was resilient and it made her stronger. After her first two years, she got her own place to live and her first job was to teach people how to drive. She tried to imagine explaining to Yahoot about cars and that it was her job to teach people how to operate them. Yahoot would be amazed at this world—she was the more adventuresome of the two. Mahoot wished that the cell phone she had, that could reach anyone in this world, could reach her sister again. Didn't Yakaboobis yearn to see Yakataboof, his closest friend and ally, again? There was no doubting the deep love between the two men. She had never seen a relationship that true and deep before. She had hoped that Yakaboobis could feel that way about her someday. She wondered if she had fallen short in some way that Yakataboof hadn't.

After the first years, after she had oriented to this world and knew how to sustain herself here, Yakaboobis's teachings became more subtle and deeper. He never imposed any rules on her; he offered her options and saw what she was attracted to. He helped her to see and understand the world she was living in. "Mahoot," he would tell her, "this world and all the different worlds are a slice of dreaming. Why this world is the way it is, is because everyone here is dreaming it **this** way."

Mahoot wondered why the people would dream up war, genocide, poverty, rape. "But how do people dream all this, Yakaboobis?" she asked. "Why would people dream such cruelties as war, as rape?"

“And beauty, great art, delightful music, dance”, he added. “All that is being dreamed here as well.”

“Yes, that too, but why would anyone dream the bad stuff that people do?”

“Everyone here dreams according to the depth of their understanding. Some people don’t understand that in their impulse to be fulfilled, to get happy, they create choices that have dire consequences.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mahoot.

“Well, someone might murder someone for what they think is a good reason.”

“Are there any good reasons for murder?”

“Yes, to save the life of someone from an aggressive, hostile person who wants to harm an innocent person.”

“I see.” Mahoot agreed. “But what about the murderer in that case? How does he think he will get happy by murdering someone?”

“Perhaps he feels that taking a life—an innocent life that has done him no harm—will free him in some way, that it will take away his anger and his hopelessness of living.”

Mahoot thought about that for a while. “So, people are dreaming what happens here but they really don’t know—don’t get that they have the power to dream a better life, a better place?”

“Yes, knowing that you are dreaming your own life makes you the responsible one for your choices and their consequences.”

“So if one know that they are creating their life through their choices—they are responsible for whatever consequences happen?”

“Yes, the consequences are valuable lessons or gems of experience, and if owned and understood can lead to ...”

Mahoot excitedly cut off her teacher, “to better choices!” she exclaimed.

“Yes!” Yakaboobis laughed.

“Yakaboobis, when you came to Ashen, did I dream you there?”

“What do you think?” he asked.

“I didn’t really know that I had these questions in me, that I needed and wanted to know more than what was obvious or shown to me on my home world. When you came, you stirred something in me.” Mahoot didn’t mention that she had felt that the longing to know was interpreted by her to be a longing to know the man, her teacher. Now she felt that her attraction to him was the waking up, the stirring in her to know her dreams, and to know herself as not just a dreamer, but a dreamer of truth. “Maybe, maybe I dreamed you to my home planet. Did you dream me?” she asked playfully.

“Of course, like I need another apprentice who is full of questions!” He laughed and, unlike him, he tossed her curls.

Mahoot grinned. She thought of her study with her teacher. What am I here to dream? she wondered. How do I consciously dream a better dream? She asked herself.

Paying attention to her dreams helped. She remembered and wrote down many of her dreams after she woke up. Some of her dreams were strange combinations of her home planet and her present planet that she was living on. Whenever she missed her sister Yahoot too much, she dreamt of her and they played together on their home planet, doing much of what they did when they were younger. As the years went by, the dreams of her sister were infrequent and she forgot the details of her face. Tonight was the night that a most shocking and potent dream of her sister would occur, and she would remember every detail of it.

She woke up at 3:45 a.m. and immediately sat up. She could smell the smell of her sister in the room. She smelled of her home world—a smell that was like sage and rosemary. She turned on her light, half expecting, half hoping that her sister would be in her room. Only her smell lingered, but the dream was vivid. Her sister was in a forest that was like her home planet, with the massive spiral trees that spun up to the skies, but there were also elements of this Earth planet—vegetation that only existed here. Yahoot called out to her, “Sister, Mahoot, I am here.” She followed her sister’s voice and they hugged each other under the fern trees.

“Sister, we are dreaming this place together. That is why it has elements of both of our home, our worlds.”

“Yes, you know about dreaming, too?” Mahoot shook her head, yes.

“Yes, I have been practicing what Yakataboof has been showing me.”

“How everyone is dreaming everything that will happen?” asked Mahoot.

“Yes, I have practiced dreaming for a long time now and I know how to consciously dream.”

“You can set up an intention and manifest it?”

“Yes, I can but I am often surprised how creative dreaming is, even with conscious intention! I have been trying to see you in this way but haven’t had the success I wanted. I followed every procedure, kept my intention strong and held you in my heart.”

“Yahoot, I was thinking of you and was sad I was forgetting the details of your face.”

Yahoot smiled. “Perhaps that is the missing ingredient that Yakataboof was referring to. Our hearts were calling each other.”

Mahoot caressed Yahoot’s face, her sister was surprised at the affectionate gesture as it was usually her gesture. She held her sister’s hand and could feel her skin and bones, the warmth of their touch, even though this was a dream.

“I can feel your hand the same as if we were in the physical.”

“Yes, in conscious dreaming you can feel all the sensations, the senses, as if you were in the physical. In some ways they are even heightened.” The other sister explained.

Both smiled and heard each other’s thought—we are consciously dreaming together, they laughed out loud, excited that they could hear each other’s thoughts.

Yahoot showed her images telepathically of her life with Yakataboof. She saw that there was an affectionate element to it. Their study was coming along similar lines. Yahoot showed her that their home planet was stable. Mahoot showed Yahoot her life through the same telepathic process. Yahoot was shocked and thrilled at the differences between their home worlds. Yahoot could see that the differences were a bit overwhelming to her sister. She was also surprised that Mahoot was living an independent, self-sustaining life from Yakaboobis.

“Women in your world live independent lives?” she asked.

“Many do. Most, if not all, are expected to sustain themselves with outside work, even while having families.”

“Oh, your culture in your world is different, strange.”

“It is very crowded here, sustainability is always an issue. Very little sharing goes on. There is a hierarchy of wealth. Many are poor, few are wealthy and control the availability of the resources.”

This information shocked Yahoot. Their home world was sparsely populated and resources were abundant.

“Sister, I have something else to tell you. Yakataboof and I have three daughters. Again, telepathically Yahoot revealed the faces of her three daughters. They resembled their parents. The oldest, Samada, was 8, the middle daughter, Aman, was 6, and the youngest, still a baby, was named Makara.

“Three children, three daughters?” Mahoot was shocked—that was the life she had wanted to have.

Yahoot spoke, “Sister, I am learning much from my husband Yakataboof.”

Mahoot spoke back, “I too am learning much from Yakaboobis.”

“Do you think Yakataboof and Yakaboobis communicate with each other like we are doing now?”

Both sisters laughed, “Perhaps, our teachers are still beyond our understanding. I wouldn’t be surprised if their dreaming is beyond our understanding or imagination at this time.”

“Yes, Yakataboof has been trying to instruct me about what he calls ‘Enlightenment’. I can’t make sense of any of it yet. It is a big understanding that occurs when you wake up from all the dreaming.”

This teaching was new to Mahoot. Waking up from all dreaming? Why would someone want to? What is beyond dreaming? She wondered. I must ask Yakaboobis about Enlightenment. Mahoot reread her account of her dream time experience with her sister Yahoot. To be with her sister again made her heart ache more. She missed her more, not less. I must learn now to consciously dream as well, so we can be with each other whenever we want to, whenever we need to. Her ache, her need fueled her practice of consciously dreaming.

Mahoot called her teacher, Yakaboobis, to tell him of her shared conscious dream with her sister Yahoot. He didn’t respond to her first or second attempt and two days later, she tried again. She felt his absence and wondered where he was, so she called the caretaker of his property.

“David, hi. I have been trying to get a hold of Yakaboobis.”

“Hello, Mahoot.” He responded. “Good to hear from you. Haven’t seen you around here for a bit. Yakaboobis, he’s not here, went on one of his spontaneous trips, not sure when he is coming back. He usually calls me the evening before he returns.”

“Oh,” Mahoot was disappointed that she hadn’t been invited on her teacher’s latest adventure.

“That’s all I know,” David said. “Anything you worried about? Need help with anything?”

Mahoot was surprised at David’s personal assistance of help. He was always friendly toward her but remained impersonal.

“No, I’m fine. Just wanted to tell Yakaboobis some good news.”

“Glad to hear things are going well for you. Try again, he might be back by Friday.”

“Okay, thanks, David.”

Mahoot called on Friday. There was no answer, either on his land line or cell phone. Should I be worried? She wondered. Or maybe, I just feel left out.

That night she decided her dream intention was to find Yakaboobis and maybe he would tell her where he was and what he was doing.

She woke up several times that night with no apparent success. Deciding on one more push, she closed her eyes and opened them again and saw Yakaboobis by her bed.

“You called?” he asked her.

“Yakaboobis, you are here. How are you’re here?” she asked.

Yakaboobis smiled, “I felt you call and I came. Haven’t I always?” he questioned her.

“Why am I awake, and not dreaming? Are you really here?” she asked.

“Every appearance is a dream, Mahoot.”

Mahoot was confused. She reached out to touch Yakaboobis. She could feel the warmth of his skin on hers. She remembered that she had felt her sister’s hand in their conscious dream.

“This is a conscious dream,” she told her teacher.

“Yes, you have been calling me.”

Mahoot felt a bit embarrassed that she had called her teacher so many times and now he was appearing before her. She wasn’t sure what she wanted to tell him. She also felt insecure that she didn’t know where he was.

“Where are you?” she asked.

Yakaboobis laughed, “Right here with you.”

“But isn’t that your dream body?” Mahoot asked.

“It is one of my dream bodies,” replied Yakaboobis.

“Do we have more than one dream body?” she asked.

Yakaboobis laughed again. “Well I do!” he said.

“Mahoot, I am on a wandering in another dream body that you might call my physical body.”

Mahoot was thoroughly confused now. She wanted to ask him why his physical body was also a dream body, but instead she asked him, “Can I meet you where you have wandered to, can I help you?” she asked.

Yakaboobis looked at her. He was thinking something over. “I am on another planet that only exists in a higher plane. You are not ready to come here.”

Mahoot’s curiosity was really sparked. Her life with her teacher was undefinable and just plain unexplainable, too. She didn’t know how he had brought her to his home planet Earth from her home planet Living Rock. My teacher not only travels from planet to planet—he travels through dimensions and planes. She wished she could talk to her sister Yahoot about all of this. It was all so confusing, astounding, and just unbelievable—that is, except for someone that it actually happened to. She could see that her teacher was watching her reactions.

“Don’t worry, Mahoot. You’ll find me soon enough. Your understanding is growing.” Yakaboobis disappeared and Mahoot was left alone with her stunned mind churning at all the impossibilities and possibilities of her life with her teacher. The words of her teacher, “You’ll find me soon enough” left her with a well-intentioned imprint. Oh I must find him, she thought. How will I do this? She wondered.

How do I dream travel to another planet, another place that’s in a higher plane and manifest my physical body there? I’ll never figure this out, how indeed! She wondered, is this really possible? Was Yakaboobis challenging her with this journey—a journey that no one can know how to do, never mind actually succeed at? Yakaboobis always spoke in a straightforward way—taught that way as well. He did not teach with stories or in metaphors. If he was on another planet, he knew how to get there. He was suggesting that I can do it too—that is the only clue I have—his belief that I can do it and my own experience of doing it once by coming here to his Earth. He brought me here. How did he do it? She wondered. Most of what she remembered about leaving her home planet, Living Rock, was her tearful goodbye to her sister Yahoot. How did he get her here? Was there some kind of machine or tool that he had that allowed it? This Earth has some remarkable machines, tiny machines that hold thousands of songs and send messages to anyone on the planet. Were there such machines or devices that could send your dream body to another planet and then once there, manifest your physical body there? Can you have more than one physical body? As advanced as Earth appeared to be compared to her home planet of Living Rock, she never heard of such a device nor did Yakaboobis show her such a device—and he had shown her many devices.

Mahoot called David again and inquired about Yakaboobis. “No, Mahoot, haven’t heard, I am surprised—thought he would be back by now.”

“This might sound strange, David, but does Yakaboobis have some kind of small device that helps him travel?”

“What do you mean? He has a navigator in his car.”

“Did he take his car?” she asked.

David thought this was a strange question. “Yeah, his jeep is gone. Don’t be worried, Mahoot, he’ll be back soon. He always just appears like disappears.”

“Oh, sorry, David, I’m not worried about Yakaboobis. I had a dream where he challenged me to find him.”

“Oh,” laughed David, “that is intriguing, sounds like fun. In you dream, did he tell you where he is?”

“Sort of, but I have to figure out how to get there.”

“Can’t you drive there?” asked David.

“Maybe part of the way, maybe I can figure out where Yakaboobis drive to.”

“Listen, I have an idea. Yakaboobis likes to study maps. Come over and we’ll check to see if there is a map lying around that he recently was checking up on.”

“Oh, okay.”

David let Mahoot in. “I found a map tucked under a book right by his night stand. It was a map of Arizona. “Do you thing he drove to Arizona?” asked Mahoot.

“I know he’s been there before,” answered David.

“Where does he go?” she asked. She had heard of the Grand Canyon and wanted to see it.

“He bought an outdoor sculpture for the yard—one that swirls in the wind. He told me he got it at a gallery in Sedona.”

“Do you think he went there?”

It’s a possibility, not much to go on. He challenged you in a dream to find him, why not have another dream and ask him where the hell in Arizona is he?”

Mahoot laughed, “You got a point, where in the hell is he and how will I know where he is exactly?”

David laughed back, “This is fun, I always thought Yakataboof was the funnier of the two, but I have to admit, Yakaboobis has got me wondering what he is up to. Dream challenge on! Right, Mahoot?”

Mahoot looked at David and responded, “Yeah, right on!” Did David know more than he let on? Mahoot had the impression that David was not only Yakaboobis’s caretaker, maybe he is also his apprentice, but why would her teacher and David never reveal that to her?

“Time to dream your awakening!” Someone was shouting this at her—time, time time, dream reverberated through her and she fell unconscious onto the floor. She appeared unconscious to anyone who might have seen her on her living room floor, but she was not unconscious of herself. She saw her body lying on the carpet and she touched her prone body with her other body that was animated. Strange, touching myself. Her body was cool to the touch and as she gazed at herself, she wondered how she could be watching her own self. At this point she heard David knocking at the door and she could hear him let himself in. He saw both of them, herself lying apparently unconscious on the floor, and her other body watching herself and him.

"How are you don't this?" he asked her. "How are there two of you?" he was asking her as he stood in front of her.

"You can see me too?" she asked.

"Yes, I can, do you have a twin? Is she alright?" he asked.

Mahoot turned what she believed to be herself over onto her back. She gasped with recognition, "Yahoot, Yahoot!"

"Do you know her then?" asked David,

"Yes, this is my sister, Yahoot."

Yahoot opened her eyes and saw her stunned sister's face.

"Whoop! Whoop! I did it, I did it!" she exclaimed.

"How? How?" asked Mahoot as she helped her sister up.

Yahoot tried to stand. She was still shaky and held on to her sister.

"How did you get here?" asked Mahoot.

"I found out something very interesting about your home, Earth."

"What do you mean?" asked Mahoot.

"I can come any time, I know the secret of how to get here."

David smiled, "So you know, how did you figure it out?" he asked.

"Yakataboof had a picture of Yakaboobis that he prized above all other possessions. I thought it was of sentimental value as I would have loved having a picture of Mahoot for the same reason—a way to remember her. Yesterday, he left the picture by the bed as he was taking a shower—he usually kept it in this shirt pocket. I picked it up to tuck it into his shirt pocket and a strange thing happened when I touched it. I saw Yakaboobis as if he was actually here, but I saw him not in my room. I saw him in his room here on Earth. I dropped the picture, I was frightened by my experience. Today, I looked at the picture again and even though I saw his image—that faded and I saw you, Mahoot, here in what I presume is your home. I wanted to talk to you, I called out to you and the next thing I saw was you standing over me with your friend asking you who I am!"

"Are you really here?" asked Mahoot. "Are we dreaming this?" she asked.

"Yes and no, I presume," she answered. "I don't know if my body is dreaming all this back home, what do you think?"

Mahoot was not confused anymore. "We are both here as our physical selves."

David confirmed their reality, too.

Why did I see my sister as myself? She wondered.

"Do you have some water, Mahoot? This strange kind of traveling has made me so thirsty."

After Yahoot drank three glasses of water, Mahoot introduced her to David.



Yahoot studied David's face. He didn't seem as surprised as her sister Mahoot at her sudden appearance.

"Where is Yakaboobis?" Yahoot asked. "I would sure like to see him."

Mahoot sighed, "Me too, we are trying to find him."

"What do you mean?" asked Yahoot. Mahoot filled her in on her recent conscious dream of Yakaboobis.

"Gone missing and he wants you to find him, huh?" Yahoot winked.

While Mahoot explained about the possibility of Arizona, Yahoot glanced about the room. She wondered what most of the devices or machines did that she saw. Yakaboobis had told her about what his home world was like. She had wanted to see it with her own eyes and here she was. Big whoop, big hoot, this is going to be fun, she thought.

Yahoot showed Mahoot the picture she had of Yakaboobis—the picture that had helped her travel directly to her sister. Mahoot studied the picture, the face of her teacher. He was looking straight ahead, right into the camera. His presence, his look and gaze into the camera was pulling her in. She wanted to be with him and his pull through his strong magnetic eyes jolter her body to move forward as if she was moving right into him. She saw Yakaboobis sitting on a red rock formation and saw what he was looking at. His gaze revealed a landscape of red boulder rock formation and desert like brush and flowers. She heard him say "vortex" and when she looked at his hands, he was also looking at a picture—it was a picture of her. The pull to move into the picture abruptly ended. She turned the picture over and unlike the back side of pictures, it had another image on it. It was a picture of her.

"Did you see anything?" asked Yahoot.

"Yes, I saw Yakaboobis. He was in a red rock desert environment. He said the word 'vortex'—I don't know if he saw me." She turned the picture over to show her sister the image of herself there, but it was gone. "Strange, I thought I saw my own image on the other side of this photo."

David chimed in, "I think Yakaboobis is in Sedona. It is a new age kind of community and they call some of their nature spots vortices—used to call such places 'power places' in the past."

Yahoot asked, "Do you know how to use this imaging device to travel us there?"

Both Mahoot and David shook their heads. "I've never seen this kind of traveling and communicating by a photo before." She looked at David.

"No." He turned the photo front and back over and over. "It just looks like an ordinary photo that anyone could take with a camera. I don't know how Yakaboobis is using it as a communicating and traveling device."

The tree were puzzling over this. Yahoot spoke up, "How do we get there, then?"

It's about a long day's ride to get there, an overnighter by car." She looked at her sister, she needn't ask her question.

"Yes, I'm coming."

“What about your family?”

“I imagine Yakataboof has figured out that I am with you. He probably left the picture out in the first place, he knew how much I wanted to see you.”

There was an awkward silence as David was trying to figure out his usefulness in this endeavor. “Need a backup driver?” he asked.

Mahoot was surprised at this volunteering to come. Her first instinct was to say no, but again her instinct that he knew more than he was telling was still there. And again, she wondered if he was more than Yakaboobis’s caretaker. “Can you change a tire if need be?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Okay, let’s get an early start, let’s leave around 6—sunrise.”

After a quick breakfast of weird crunchy flakes, Yahoot borrowed a change of clothes from her sister—the clothes were weird too. The material was softer to the touch, but it all hugged her figure so much. The shoes were strange, too, made of material that she didn’t recognize. Her sister said that the clothes on this planet were often a combination of plant and animals. As Yahoot had never seen an animal of any size before, she wondered how that could be. Her sister had told her that people also eat animals on Earth as food. Everything is strange here, she thought. Yahoot studied everything with her curious mind and observant nature.

Riding in the vehicle was amazing, she thought. She asked her sister what propelled it to go forward. David was more capable at answering some of her questions. She noticed that her sister seemed quite competent at driving and making the car machine go where she wanted it to go. She watched the scenery go by, wanting to remember everything that she saw so she could talk about it to Yakataboof when she got back. Surely, he must miss his world. It is so impressive and complicated, she thought.

“Hey sis, how is it going?” Mahoot asked. “Everything about this world was shocking to me in the beginning. I didn’t want to leave Yakaboobis’s side for quite a while.”

“Yes, it is all so strange, but being here with you, sis, I missed you so much I am having the time of my life.”

Mahoot looked at David through the rear view mirror. He seemed to be taking all this in stride. Again, she wondered if David had any off-world or highly unlikely adventures with Yakaboobis.

Mahoot answered her sister’s questions and she had a lot of them. “I heard that there are a lot of people here, billions! I can’t even imagine that many people and where do the people get all the food? Are all the animals hiding, since they are eaten and used as clothes as well?”

David laughed, “This world is strange even to the people who live here. We’re just used to it and the way things are here, but that doesn’t make it any less strange.”

Yahoot thought, the shakti here, the shakti of Earth must be very big and perhaps very old. Yakataboof and she had talked about the shakti of Living Rock and both had seen their planet’s shakti as a young woman—still a girl—she was called Ashen. She wanted to ask her sister if she had met the shakti of Earth, but her question was interrupted by her sister pointing out different sights to her.

“We are coming to Las Vegas, a city of millions developed for gambling and other pursuits of pleasure.”

Yahoot looked at the city with awe. It was lit up with lights that made the evening a glow like a bright sunset. There were many cars driving alongside them in many lanes and she was a bit frightened. How did everyone manage not to hit each other?

“We’ll find a place to eat,” said Mahoot.

As the traffic began to crawl due to congestion, Mahoot studied the buildings and the people more closely. There was a man making some kind of gesture that she assumed was that he needed some kind of help, or maybe a ride. As they came to a dead halt, she looked at the man and he eagerly looked at her.

“Sis, I think this man needs help, should we offer some?” she asked.

David looked over and said, “That man? Oh my god, that’s...”

“Who?” asked Mahoot as she had a hard time hearing over the frequent bursts of honking.

“Mahoot, that’s the Rainbow Sage.” And of course the Rainbow Sage was by the side of the road, he thought.

“Do you know him? Should we invite him in? Does he need help?” asked Mahoot.

Yahoot didn’t even think twice, she jumped out of the car and opened the door for the strange man—the man David called the Rainbow Sage—to get in. He didn’t hesitate at all and climbed in next to David. The traffic broke up and Mahoot was honked at to start going.

The Rainbow Sage was an odd looking fellow even for the likes of Las Vegas. He wore his hair in long dreads that were multi-hued. He wore a long skirt with a double breasted vest with no shirt underneath. On his feet were sandals that appeared to be uncomfortable and impossible to walk in. He had a large velvet purse that hung from his shoulder. When he got into the car, he tucked his purse between his legs on the car’s floor.

“Thanks for the ride. Where are you good folks headed?” he asked.

Yahoot was about to explain their plans to this strange looking individual but David interrupted her, “Where can we give you a ride to?” he asked. He asked his question in the most welcoming manner—if this is truly the Rainbow Sage, he thought, we are most fortunate and he felt (this is our lucky day). This bodes well for our quest to find Yakaboobis.

“Well, I have a long journey ahead of me. I’m being called to meet up!” the Rainbow Sage didn’t mention with whom. “If you folks are agreeable with it, could I go as far as you guys are going?”

Mahoot didn’t want to give this strange fellow that kind of permission. She felt that they had already taken on enough with trying to find Yakaboobis. David jumped in before she could discourage him. “Sure, we feel most fortunate that you are riding with us.”

“Thanks, my name is Rem Boh. People call me Rainbow. David was about to introduce himself and the sisters but Rem Boh became very still and from what David could see, he was in a very deep Samadhi.

Mahoot watched the strange man from her rear view mirror. She recognized that the man was in a deep state of meditation. His Samadhi state affected everyone in the car. Yahoot quickly fell asleep, David was smiling, his eyes closed, he was also sitting very still. Mahoot felt a glow and she saw the atmosphere laden with a glowing white light that had nothing to do—or nothing in common with—all the glaring lights of Las Vegas.

She drove outside the big city. The silence in the car was so still that driving at 85 mph seemed like an effortless glide across ice. She could hear her sister breathing. The effect of Rem Boh's meditation state made her thoughts beg for attention. Thoughts wouldn't hold and her sense of self felt like mush. When she felt fearful that Rem Boh's meditation could cause harm to them due to the meltdown of normal perceptual awareness, she heard Rem Boh cough and take a swig from a bottle he took out of his purse.

Mahoot was surprised that after Rem Boh's deep meditation, he became very chatty. He asked David a lot of questions, as David was sitting to his left. Yahoot was still asleep. Mahoot listened in and she couldn't believe he was telling Rem Boh that she and her sister were from another Earth.

Rem Boh was delighted by such an idea and Mahoot realized that Yakaboobis must have confided in David about her life when she had come to live with Yakaboobis.

Rainbow exclaimed, "I too am on my way to see Yakaboobis." He smiled into his hands and patted his beard. "I knew you would be coming by here."

"How did you know?" asked David.

"All information I need to know appears in my hand." He showed David his hand, and as strange as this might seem, in a digital typewritten font it read "Meet gals from Earth 2, on—it read the very corner where they stopped and he met them. As Mahoot strained to see the message on his hands from the rear view mirror, Rainbow held up his hands so she could see better. When she could see the message clearly, he rubbed his palms together and held up his hands to show her that the message was gone.

"I like your girlfriends," he said to David.

"They are not my girlfriends," David responded.

Rainbow laughed and said, "Oh I see, I didn't mean it that way."

David blushed, "Oh, I'm sorry. Mahoot and Yahoot I don't know very well, just becoming friends."

"Yes, yes," said Rainbow, "They are outstanding women, that's what I meant."

Yahoot woke up and was disoriented to find herself in such a strange occurrence.

She looked at her sister and said, "I was way out. I was dreaming about Yakataboof."

Rainbow held up his hands and showed his palms to the women. This time his palms read, "Get to Yakaboobis quickly."

The women looked at each other and Yahoot said, "That's what Yakataboof told me in the dream."

They drove through the night without stopping. Rainbow shared his limitless supply of granola bars that he had in his purse. They reached the city limits of Sedona. Rainbow became more urgent in his manner and the route to where Yakaboobis was appeared in his palms.

Mahoot was worried. Was Yakaboobis in some dire circumstance? She found it hard to imagine what kind of danger Yakaboobis could be in. Rainbow was urging her on in a most adamant manner. They turned on to a dirt road that was off the main road. The road became rough and it was filled with potholes of water as it must have recently rained. Yahoot was at full alert. The rocky hills and plateaus appeared to be shimmering. After an hour on that awful road, everyone was tense except for Rainbow. He clapped his hands and that made everyone jolt. David could see he was looking at his palms “Stop the car. He is there by the boulder.”

Mahoot looked out. There was a good-sized boulder about a hundred feet from them. Everyone rushed out of the car and without any hesitation ran to the boulder.

David saw Yakaboobis first. He gasped, Yakaboobis was lying down. He looked to be unconscious and white, and cold to the touch. In his hand was a picture of Mahoot and on the back side of his hand was the evidence of a snake bite.

Rainbow read the situation, “His life force is almost gone. He has been bitten by a snake.”

David said, “Probably a rattler.” David bent over and picked up Yakaboobis with the sister’s help.

They drove him to the closest medical facility. They could see from the doctor’s face that the doctor thought he wouldn’t make it. He hovered around death for about a week after they amputated his hand.

“What happened to your hand?” asked Yakataboof.

“Earth hopping cost an arm and a leg—well, just a hand—these days” laughed Yakaboobis.

Yakataboof hugged his friend, his teacher, the man he would always love from the bottom of his heart.

“How did you lose your hand?” asked Yakataboof.

Yakaboobis waved his only hand in the air and pretended to grab something and place it where his hand was missing—a hand appeared. “Found it!” he laughed. “Duplicate bodies are great, aren’t they?”

“I am hovering between death and life—got bitten by a rattler in the desert.”

Yakataboof tried to hide his concern. This might be the last time he would see Yakaboobis in his duplicate body. He also knew that Yakaboobis must be on some important mission and this might be his last. “How can I help?”

“Has Living Rock become stabilized?” asked Yakaboobis.

“Yes, the shakti, Ashen—the only living girl—we are getting along well. There is still some rockin going on, but no catastrophic splits—just healthy planet adjusting.

“Good,” replied Yakaboobis. How is your family, then?”

“The girls are fine, but Yahoot is on your version of Earth visiting her sister Mahoot. I left a rather big clue around that let her time travel.”

Yakaboobis laughed, “We are in sync, then, good.”

“You have figured it out, then?” Yakaboobis asked.

“Yes, Big Mama Shakti of Earth, her daughter is Ashen—she inherited her mother’s job—Earth 2 is the future place of Earth 1—after the big change—everything got much simpler—a new possibility emerged. Big Mama Shakti absorbed the worst possibilities of the consequences of environmental collapse due to mankind’s interference and mistakes. The peoples that continued after the catastrophe had new imprint for life—this was Do Feelin and Big Mama Shakti’s work.”

“How do you like future Earth?” asked Yakaboobis.

“Pretty decent place, the people respect and need each other and their way of life is happily dependent on cooperation. And a few mystics are sprouting here and there. One of my daughters is leaning towards the transcendental art.”

Yakaboobis was satisfied. “We’ve done good work, Yakataboof. I have one more thing to ask you.”

“I hope not just one more!” exclaimed Yakataboof.

“Well, perhaps not!” The two men talked over Yakaboobis’s plan. Yakaboobis’s duplicate began to fade before he could hug his dear friend goodbye.

“He’s going to make it,” the doctor told the weary four. Mahoot forgot herself and gave a hearty hoot—a big hoot that she would have only let loose on her planet. Yahoot laughed too and her laugh sounded just like a hoot too! David sighed a sigh of relief. The Rainbow Sage asked, “Can we see him?”

The doctor said, “Yes, one at a time.” All four of them just walked past the doctor and went to be by Yakaboobis’s side.

Yakaboobis was sitting up. He looked tired but he was present and greeting them. “Good to see you again, Yahoot.”

Yahoot fought back her tears and awkwardly replied, “Yes, sir!”

Mahoot felt her heart break open, her teacher would make it—he is alive.

David was beaming and the Rainbow Sage spoke up, “Good to see you, boss. I got your messages.”

Yakaboobis gazed into the sage’s eyes and nodded his head in appreciation and thanks.

“I’m busting out of the joint later today. Everyone ready, I’ll show you why I was in this desert town. Are you willing to help? I’ll need all four of you. You are all ready.”

“It’s on, we’re ready. The two sisters were smiling from ear to ear. When all the friends left the hospital, they all laughed to see a wide rainbow with very colorful bands spread across the sky. They all looked at the Rainbow Sage. He laughed and said, “Couldn’t resist.”

Even though Yakaboobis had been at death's door, he urged them on near the place where they had found him. David saw that Yakaboobis's trusty jeep was still parked there. Yakaboobis checked his jeep, the keys were still in the bottle holder well. He unlocked the glove compartment and pulled out his map. "Just in case you guys need to find your way back home," he laughed, "We need to walk the rest of the way."

Mahoot, Yahoot, David and the Rainbow Sage followed Yakaboobis through the desert. It was a beautiful evening, not quite sunset, but almost. David watched Yakaboobis closely, he was worried that Yakaboobis was not strong enough to take them on this adventure. It must be important, he thought. Mahoot, too, was worried about Yakaboobis's health. Coming that close to his life becoming extinct had terrified her and saddened her. This man is my very heart, she thought.

After twenty minutes, they reached the boulder where Yakaboobis had collapsed after being bit by the snake. David stepped ahead and cautiously walked around the boulder. "All clear."

The boulder was a large one with a flat top and Yakaboobis welcomed everyone to sit on it. He stood in front of them and they could see he was struggling to find the words to say what he needed to.

"I came here, a week ago, to make possible the impossible, which seems to be my life's work." He smiled and continued. "I need all of you here, for your help." Everyone's attention was riveted on him. Each one of them had nodded their head when he had mentioned that he needed their help. He continued, "Yahoot, you are here to help your sister. Mahoot, you have done well, but now you have a choice to make. The impossible happened when you were able to come here to Earth with me, this kind of travel happens only with duplicates. Duplicates resemble the primary body in every way, but only have a particular time to get a particular job done. I was worried about you, that your primary body would begin to weaken, break up, and dissolve. I called the Rainbow Sage to determine your condition and what might occur for you. He has meditated on this and what his palms have shown us, well, Mahoot, you are a new kind of being."

Yahoot looked at her sister, what is he trying to get to? She wondered. The Rainbow sage held up both his palms and he turned to face Mahoot. She looked at his palms and the words on his palms—she read them out loud. "Mahoot is both a bipop woman and a universal shakti."

Mahoot gasped, "What does this mean?" she asked Yakaboobis. "I'm not sure, as universal shakti, you are the force and energy, and a bipop woman of Earth 2, you have movement. You are the force of universal energy and the movement of universal energy."

Mahoot stared deeply into Yakaboobis's eyes. "I don't know what this means. I don't feel any different. I am just Mahoot," she looked at her sister Yahoot. Yahoot reached to hold her sister's hand.

"In time, this difference will reveal its importance—its importance to all of us and to Earth 1 and Earth 2. This place looks inauspicious, just another part of the landscape, but it is a doorway, a vortex. I visited it a few years ago and it traveled me to Earth 2 without a duplicate body. I couldn't stay very long, my body was having a rough time structurally staying together. I returned quickly, but not without learning something very important!" Yakaboobis paused and looked at the faces of his companions. All were trying to assimilate his fantastic words, except for Rainbow Sage. He was smiling and holding up his palms for only Yakaboobis to read. Yakaboobis read, "Your body is only light," he smiled and continued. "I learned that Earth 2 is Earth 1 far into our future."

Mahoot was shocked by all the news. My home is actually the future of this place. She looked at David. Of these people.

Mahoot spoke up. "I'm all confused. Where do I belong?" she asked Yakaboobis.

Yakaboobis hesitated before he answered. He smiled and gazed into Mahoot's eyes for a long while. In his gaze she felt all his love for her and she wondered why he had never shown the depth of his love for her before. In his gaze she enjoyed the depth of his love that she had always wanted to feel from him, and she also felt herself—and she felt herself not just for the first time, but she recognized herself for the first time. She felt her vastness and how she moved through all, and that she was not just a form, a woman, a bipop. She was the energy and movement of life. Her understanding was growing her. "I am not just me, a woman. I am the force of a woman, I am the force of everything. I am the movement of force as life."

Rainbow Sage held up his palms and faced her once again. His palms read, "That is so."

Yahoot looked at her sister, "Sis, I don't understand any of this, but my heart feels wide open." Mahoot hugged her sister. She looked at Yakaboobis and felt such gratitude for his help in unveiling what she was understanding.

He stepped forward and pulled her off the boulder. "What are you moved towards? We are at the vortex."

Mahoot knew that movement was change and that she was the center of it. She ached for her home in the future, of her life with her sister. She looked at her teacher Yakaboobis and felt her love, respect, and gratitude towards him. She still felt she had so much to learn from him. She was torn to go, and wanted to stay.

Rainbow Sage stepped forward, "Now that you understand who you are, there might be another possibility that will serve both your universal work and your life needs."

Mahoot didn't know how it was possible—she only knew that true understanding was living her—as she was. She is living as that possibility now, that dream that no dreamer had dreamed before, or could.

"I will stay and I will go," she said.

Her body fluctuated, disappeared and reappeared and disappeared again.

The three men headed back to the cards. Yakaboobis turned around to glance at the boulder one more time. He heard a big hoot and laughed out loud and saw Mahoot running towards him.

Yahoot woke up in her bed. Yakataboof was massaging her feet. "You've been out for a long time. Your daughters were missing you," and the girls hugged their mother. "Yakataboof, I was with Mahoot and Yakaboobis," and she tried to tell Yakataboof of her adventure till she was interrupted by a loud hoot. Mahoot was standing in her bedroom door. "How?" she asked. "You are home, you are home."

Mahoot smiled, she was so happy to be with her sister and her beautiful nieces. "Well, you cuties," she tickled the girls and beamed her happiness. "I am here to dream your awakening."