Isle of Imaginaria- Chapter 6

At daybreak the next morning, Markie and Five began their journey on the rocky path next to the stream. As she refilled her canteen, Markie looked out over the vast grassland and remembered the elephants. She remembered how she felt in that moment…grounded, strong, courageous…

She took the piece of black tourmaline out of her bag and and then tied it to a piece of fringe on her messenger bag.

The blackberry patch was next…Markie ate as many as her belly could hold, then filled her messenger bag to the brim. A little wave of nerves hit as she looked up the steep incline…Markie clutched the stone on her bag…

The air grew cooler as Markie and Five climbed higher.

She repeated aloud….(overlay me and Helen)

“I am alive, connected and aware…I am alive, connected and aware…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*Intro Music\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The incline was barely noticeable at first…Markie enjoyed the sounds of the birds singing to each other…and the bright citrusy smell of the bergamot trees all around….

But real nervousness set in as the peak of the mountain came into focus…the terrain became more rugged….white snow blanketed the top of the mountain….

Tall evergreens zigzagged down from the peak, all the way down to the base…

Exposed granite formed little ledges and cliffs….

Juniper and sage covered the ground….creating a spicy smell in the air…

Markie also noticed a stillness to the air; a certain majesty about the mountain…she continued to climb higher and higher until she reached the summit. She set up her camp sight…and there in the quiet…the stillness…she waited.

But with no sign of another scroll, Markie didn’t know what to do next. She felt anxious.

She spotted an overhang in the distance….just past a little patch of cardamom plants….

There, Markie sat in the stillness, and noticed how breathtaking the panoramic view was. She reached into her bag and took out the blackberries from breakfast…

She took a long slow deep breath in.

And then another.

It was then she saw it…peaking up out of the dirt…a clear sparkly stone…a piece of rainbow quartz, just like the one she saw on Tarsha’s shelf. And as she held the stone up to the light to see the rainbow….

A grayish brown 6 foot tall, 300 pound bighorn sheep…a ram came into focus…

The alpine creature had large curled horns and hooves with a split.

And there he sat….on a ledge….

And a short distance away, Markie saw his family. A greenish brown 4 foot tall female sheep…..

On olive ewe, grazing and watching her baby play.

So Markie sat, eating berries, one by one…and watched the furry family as they ate dinner. She placed a piece of the rainbow quartz in her bag and continued to watch the little ram fam….

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*Native American flute in background\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

And while mom and dad ate their fill, Markie noticed the baby seemed frustrated….

One juicy huckleberry hung just out of reach on a bush that had already been picked over. The berry dangled so far over the cliff….baby sheep was tempted, and cried out with disappointment….much too young to make the leap…

Markie watched with amazement as the daddy ram leapt towards the berry and landed on a 2 inch foothold on the edge of the cliff. Sure- footed and courageous…he leapt back across with the berry for his baby.

Thankful for the ram, and thankful baby ram was safe….Markie locked eyes with the ram and smiled as she left on offering of her leftover blackberries for him.

That night at camp, Markie had trouble drifting off to sleep. So she stargazed…and remembered her dad’s voice….

She took a long deep breath in,

Then let it out.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*insert audio of dad talking about a constellation\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Dad: “I wanna show you this one Markie; it’s called Orion. It’s my favorite….but it’s only visible in the winter sky…..”

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And as she drifted in and out of sleep….she could hear her dad’s voice….so clear….it was like he was there again…

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*dad voiceover\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Dad: (while stargazing) The easiest way to find him is to look for his belt….those three stars in a row, right there, see Markie?? That’s where he hangs his sword…”

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She could hear his laugh….she could feel his bear hug one more time….she felt his strength….

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*flute music\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Markie went back to the same overhang to watch the sun rise. She noticed the berries were gone….and there were hoof prints all around the cardamom bush. And there, tied to a cardamom pod….a scroll….

Markie unrolled the scroll….

A large 6 petaled lotus was painted orange on the inside with a note that read:

“You are a radiant soul. You have heard the call of the ram. Your vibration is one that is in line with his energy. Whenever you are feeling stuck on what to do next….recall the confident spirit of the ram….remember that a new beginning may have a very small opening, but if acted upon…can still be secured.

At the crack of dawn, take the path that is marked with pink wildflowers on either side. Follow it to the stand of cypress tress and look for the bunny…

A 100 foot topiary tree shaped like bunny ears….

Once there, set up your camp sight and say aloud…

“I am motivated to pursue my true purpose…I am motivated to pursue my true purpose….

Then wait.”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*Outro music\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

On the next episode of, The Isle of Imaginaria…..