

*Excerpt from*

**CHAPTER 22: “A Soar to Source: the Four Realms”**

*Selt visits a glimpse into the story of the sun...*

*hidden within a pocket memory of his own youthful innocence*

Consciousness is, in a way, the accumulation of awareness into perception. He is the full disclosure of what was, what is, and what will be... One can even say that he might be father of Certitude and the son of Sun. It is through the sun's revelation that consciousness is born.

While the imprints and reconnection of the greater story is only visionary vagary to the sulking Selt and perhaps you the reader, this vision imprints deeper within him... enough to move pieces otherwise forgotten.

Selt taste of the origins to the Kingdom of Innocence begins to somehow change him. The ironic loop to it all is that peering into Time through Timelessness will still draw you into the story and history of mankind unkind. The harsh arid stories only make you want to return to the perfection of Timelessness that gazes in at Time only to draw you back in.

From this, the own fragmented consciousness of Selt begins to trace the many trails left by us in our long span on earth. Tracing through many stories in this unfolding vision, it is the entrance of Selt's vision into the Valley of Shadows that he begins to taste the abundance of sadness and pain. It is here that he get a glimpse of four realms found within time. Each of four realms are in parallel to the suits woven into the cards, though their applications are widespread.

The first realm he enters is governed by swamps and blindness. This is closely tied to the Valley of Pain that Madness travels through within the dark underworld. The experience of this valley of swamps and blindness is the encapsulation of the many entangled stories of distorted

reality. This is where creatures and flies swarm in murk and gunk. Within the swamps are the slick and thick rabid furless creatures that hunt for life and light. They ride quick above the gunky nasty pools that the sharp distortions of life and light get trapped within. It is easy to get drawn into the stories of each of those pools of darkness that live within the swamp. Perhaps it is the swamp of Selt's own past that draws his focus here, as Selt himself is a prisoner of Pain.

The second realm his vision travels to is the planes of shadow. Here you can feel the earth, despite that it having its own shadows. Upon this dim playa, people and souls play, though they have their own staggering blindness much like our own world filled with mundanes. This is the optimal place that the controllers of our world like to keep their populations; It's just enough freedom to give the delusion of choice, but not enough to truly set you free. Unlike the debilitating stanky swamps, here you have just enough mobility to keep productive to feed the machine, but not enough to speak your heart.

The third realm his vision travels to is the shadow of mountain. Here upon this shadow side, the souls stare upon the valley of swamps and the planes of shadow, but from an elevated perspective on the small mountain hillside. Here, they stay out of the muck and confusion below, but they still are in the shadows hidden from the light of sun. Controllers don't like people here because they see the darker truth and step away from feeding in their machines of delusional productivity. They'll tear you down from here to toss you to the swamps if they can. In this place upon the shadow side of the mountain, they are merely a short walk away from the light side of the mountain hill. Unfortunately for them, most are too busy sitting and pointing at the darkness down below to realize there is light just upon the other side.

It is upon the other side of the mountain, just a short walk away, we find the fourth and final realm. This is where the grateful dead celebrate within the light of sunlit illumination. You

will find the light of truly living here too. They are bathed within the sunlit light of information encoded within the golden rays. They represent the joy of the afterlife, at least the kind you would like to be part of. It is a warm place of celebration, which you'll find out if you ever visit it within this life or the next. Of course beyond this is the truth and unity of Sun that shines upon them, which is the source of all true information. The story of it all lies within the sun.

While the Sun is our liberator, he is also the cause to all this mess. He gave, with innocence, too much too soon. It was more than they could process. The people below, upon the earthy realm, entered a fevered frenzy of fire and pursued the knowledge he gave without pausing to understand the understanding that should always follow knowledge. They devoured the knowledge, but rarely knew what it truly meant.

The nature of humans is too soon and too fast. From this frenzy, the creation of survival-competition divided them away from unity. The human race created a race when they changed the "Human Grace" into the "Human Race". It has been a competition ever since. The fever frenzy grew to an extent that some reverted to killing to win at a game they are forced to forfeit the moment they die. The foolishly to think that you can win a game that never ends. Had they never changed the *Grace* to *Race*, they would have been able to figure out how to *win as one*. This was man's true *fall from grace*. This division bell rang the great splitting apart that still continues, all from that single fatal split away from a unified being. The divided pieces began to war.