

“Why am I here?” asked the young boy.

The old man sat in his overstuffed chair, puffing on his pipe and stroking his cat. “The ancient ones and earth spirits have summoned you. Time is growing short.”

“Summoned me for what?”

“You are one of an ancient race of beings known as the Old Ones and will spend time in this realm with many others remembering the old ways. What you understand as your universe is larger and more complex than your imagination can comprehend. There are many realms spread throughout the stars, with a dimensional pathway that connects all of creation. These pathways are known as the Dragon Matrix.”

“What is this place?”

“Anara. One of many realms connected to your own.”

“Who are you?”

“An elder. We protect the wild places and earth beings. Nature is an intrinsic part of the realm of Spirit, and many in your world have forgotten this deep connection. We have the ability to travel on the timeline. One of your futures will put you in a position to have a powerful voice for good. You will be heard. There are others who will be joining you with other roles to play. This is a time of great awakening.”

“What can I do? I am only twelve.”

“You do not need to do anything. Just be who you are. An amazing force of Spirit sleeps in the soul of each of us. This force connects us all. We have known for some time that we would be opening these pathways as the quickening unfolds. It is time for many to reconnect with the old ways of magic.”

The boy looked bewildered.

“There is one more thing. I have the ability to change what I look like. My name is Draigo. Let me show you my true form so that when we meet again, you will know me.”

* * * * *