

# The Other Way



# The Other Way

Book 3 of the series  
The Story of a Thousand  
Lifetimes

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ISBN: 9789465467320  
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# Foreword

This book is not a new beginning, nor a stand-alone story. It is the next step in *The Story of a Thousand Lifetimes*, a narrative that keeps unfolding as it is written. While reworking the chapters of the third and fourth part, something unexpected revealed itself. It was as if the stories began to rewrite themselves, exactly in tune with what this time of New Energy is asking of us. Old burdens dissolved, experiences shifted into a new light, and what once felt heavy found a softer ground of meaning.

What I discovered goes beyond my personal journey. It feels as though a greater storyteller is present, a facet of the soul that had already introduced itself in the very first part as Tithua. To me she is the representative of the *Cosmic Storyteller*, a presence not separate from me but part of a greater “we.” Her contribution to this book is still barely visible, yet I sense her quiet presence. Perhaps she will only fully step forward in the final part, but even now her voice breathes through the undercurrent of these pages.

In these pages you will find the intimacy of my personal path, the scope of a cosmic tale, and the lightness of a laugh. Together they form the ground for what emerges in this part of the story: the coming of the Dragon and the tearing of the veil. So, dear reader, take a deep breath. Allow yourself to be carried, smile when you can, shiver when you must, and above all, listen to your own inner storyteller. For as you read, you may discover that your story, too, is in the process of rewriting itself.

# Chapter 1

*In the silence of the snow and the crackling of the fire, something new is knocking at my door.*

It is still morning, and snow is falling. I stand at the window of the vast conservatory and watch the world turn whiter. I just can't seem to get going today. Behind me, the fire in the large open-hearth crackles—the only sound there is. The snow muffles even the noises from the farm farther down the road. It should give me a sense of peace, but it doesn't.

It has been nearly a year since I moved into this wonderful house in the middle of nature, a year in which I haven't written a single word. Around the same time, my son Sam asked if he could move in with me for a while, hoping that the silence here would help him get his life back on track. I said yes. He jumped at the chance, but now, a year later, he hasn't made any progress. Everything we try to get his life in order crumbles just as quickly. One debt is barely settled before the next comes knocking. The course of study he chose turned out to be such a disappointment that he spends half his time in bed.

In the mornings, when I wake up, I listen intently for sounds that will tell me whether he has gone to school. When it stays quiet, I feel stress bubbling up again. The number of empty beer cans grows by the day, since Sam refuses to tidy up. Whenever I get near the stairs to the first floor, where he has made his domain, it feels like stepping into a bar. Sam is heading toward another crisis, and it isn't hard to guess who he will turn to for

help. I don't know what to do, so I wait for something that might turn the tide.

I step away from the window, sit down by the fire with my laptop, and look for something to distract my thoughts.

It is still pitch-dark, the thaw has already set in, and my car skids along the muddy dirt road. I'm on my way to Anton's, where we'll leave together for a special meditation evening. An hour later, I drove into his street.

"Do you want to come upstairs first, or shall we go straight on?" he asks over the intercom.

"Let's drive straight there, then we can arrive calmly and have something to drink."

"I'll be right down."

"What exactly is ET-healing? And why did you want me to come along?" I ask as soon as Anton gets in.

"Good evening, Ligteringen."

"Good evening, dear Anton."

"A month ago, I was sent a link, and what I read resonated so strongly that I immediately got in touch. I invited you because I was curious what you'd think—and maybe it could also mean something for you."

"That would be nice, because lately I feel like nothing, like I don't belong anywhere anymore. And I could use a distraction from all the Sam-business."

"I can imagine," says Anton, who a week ago witnessed a fierce argument between Sam and me.

"So, tell me, what is this ET stuff really about?"

"There's nothing new under the sun," he explains. "It works the same way as what we call healing: the healer acts as a channel for healing energy from forces in the universe. Only in this case it's a medical team that doesn't live on Earth but

elsewhere, conveniently called ETs, extra-terrestrials. From what I understand, every healer on Earth who wants to work with the ETs is assigned a personal ET guide, who acts as a bridge to the medical team. You learn to tune in to your guide, and vice versa, so a close and trusted connection can grow. The people we're visiting tonight also work with the stargate. Do you know what that is?"

"No, never heard of it."

"A stargate is a vortex, a power field built according to sacred geometry, in the shape of a merkaba. It creates a high-vibration field that activates dormant multidimensional DNA, allowing old blockages to fall away so you can be freed from encrusted energy. At least, that's what the people who build stargates and teach others to work with them claim. There are also energetic stargates."

"If that's not just hot air, it's exactly what I need—I have plenty of old stuff to shed. Anyway, here we are."

A few moments later Anton and I step into the center, where quite a few people are already gathered. I'm barely through the door when I freeze.

"Ugh, Anton, this place is connected to Damanhur—that community in Italy I visited a few years ago, remember? Look at all those awful symbols, and even the head of that creep over there."

"Where do you see his head?"

"On that shelf—stacks of books with his photo. And the walls are covered with the symbols of their sacred language."

"Do you want to leave?"

"I'm going to ask first what's going on."

I step up to one of the organizers and ask bluntly, "Are you connected with Damanhur?" Silence. The only man on the team

looks at me blankly. "I see all these symbols that are tied to it," I say, pointing to one on the wall for clarity.

"Oh, you mean that? No, we just rent this space, we have no connection to them. Why?"

"I didn't have such great experiences there, and since stepping inside, I'm shaking on my legs."

"Don't worry, we have nothing to do with them. Please, get yourself a drink and take a seat."

Relieved but still shaky, I realize how strongly those memories still affect me. My heart is pounding.

"Come on, let's find a good spot," Anton says. "That matters even more now that you've been rattled like this."

I scan the circle of chairs and choose one farthest from the symbols. But nausea overwhelms me, and I dash for the toilet just in time.

"You've really got it bad," Anton says. "I'm glad it's you hanging over the bowl for once."

"Yes, I'm thrilled too," I reply, still trembling. "What shocks me is how much power that time still has over me. I'm still afraid of that man's influence, and I hate that."

"Don't be so hard on yourself. Everything comes in jolts, and sometimes an old piece suddenly surfaces. That's not a bad thing—it means you can finally let it go."

"'Letting go,' what a cliché. How do you do that?"

"By not thinking about it."

"That's like saying, 'please don't look at me,' and of course everyone looks."

"Then by not giving it energy."

"That comes close."

A quarter of an hour later, everyone is seated, and a meditation begins that calms me and steadies me again. Then

one of the healers gives a short explanation, followed by a pause before the real work starts.

“Dear ones, it is time to connect with our medical team. The stargate helps you activate your energy field and contact the quantum field. Close your eyes and let whatever happen happen. First, you’ll be grounded more deeply by the team. This is very important to integrate the healing into your earthly life and to prevent you from becoming too unbalanced from the high frequencies.”

Incredible—it feels as if a herd of elephants has climbed onto my head and twenty lead balls are hanging from my legs. I sink and sink, as if I’m being swallowed by the Earth. My doubts about the power of this healing vanish at once. Then I sense an unfamiliar energy—so strong it makes me nauseous again, though I’m grateful to be sitting down. A whirlwind of energy courses through my body and connects me to a knowing: the coming time is about self-love and staying true to myself. It fits seamlessly with my wish to live in complete authenticity. So yes, I am on the right path—even if it feels anything but pleasant.

After what feels like half an hour, though I’ve lost all sense of time—there’s a chance to ask questions. A woman from the group speaks up: “I have a healing center of my own, but for some reason I get very few clients. Can the team tell me what I’m doing wrong?”

“I’ll make contact,” one of the facilitators says. After a few minutes she begins to speak: “They say your soul is not aligned with the soul of your center. You can improve this by working on yourself first. You’re not sufficiently connected to your own center. It would be good to direct your meditation toward this. Once you are truly aligned with your soul’s desire and bring

this into alignment with the core of your center, the clients will come.”

That’s what went wrong in my own work, I think. I organized all kinds of things just to bring in money, but none of it was aligned with my soul’s desire. That’s why so few people signed up.

Close to midnight I’m back at my front door. Just before stepping inside, I hear the familiar screech of the owl.

## Chapter 2

*A single knock on the door can unravel the illusion of freedom.*

I am sweeping the floor in my big kitchen when a knock sounds. That must be the tax inspector who has chosen me for a check.

“Please, come in.”

“Good morning, sorry I’m a bit late, my navigation let me down.”

“That happens to more people who try to find this house. Coffee?”

“Gladly.”

He looks around with admiration, and I can almost see the wheels turning in his head. “What a fantastic place you’ve got here. Have you lived here long?”

“Almost a year. The house belongs to the Nature Conservation Trust and hasn’t been given a new purpose yet. Until it does, I’m allowed to live here under their vacancy program.”

“Not bad,” the man says.

I pour coffee, and for a moment we sit in silence. A question rises up: “What made you decide to audit me?”

“I don’t decide that myself. The system selects certain irregularities. In your case, it was an unusual profit-and-loss statement from two years ago. If you’ll give me your accounts from that year, I can see what caused it.”

I handed him the folder. He leafs through it and nods. “Ah, here it is. A large expense in that year. This item.”

“That’s the payment to the translator,” I say. “And that’s reason enough for an audit?”

“Indeed. You became self-employed again nearly five years ago, but you haven’t made a profit yet, though you’ve claimed a self-employment deduction. That’s allowed for a few years, but after that, we are obliged to reclaim it.”

“I’m aware I haven’t made a profit,” I say. “But plenty of big companies run losses for years, too.”

“That’s true. Only big companies have employees who depend on their salaries. That makes us treat them differently than freelancers.”

“Strange,” I say. “I depend on my income as well. If I have to pay back that deduction, I might as well file for bankruptcy. Doesn’t that count?”

His neck flushes red. “I understand you, but I only enforce the law. I see you’re making slow progress, but I must file a report. You can apply for remission right away, since I also see you have no reserves.” His gaze moves through the room: no antiques, no art, nothing of value. I suddenly feel poor and failed.

When he drives away, I stand there with the broom still in my hand. The coffee cold, the sand still on the tiles. What remains is a gnawing realization: most people want to do good, but in service of institutions they become marionettes. The system speaks; they obey.

And me? I’m not free either. My own boss yet trapped in rules that place profit above people. Anger wells up, mixed with helplessness. How can a society ever be human if money remains our highest god?

One thing I know for sure: this cannot go on forever. Growth, year after year, at some point it must collapse. And

somewhere inside me, a voice whispers that perhaps that collapse could be the doorway to something new.

## Chapter 3

*Sometimes the universe doesn't ask you to fight, but to let go of the reins.*

Together with Anton I stand in front of a spacious villa near Arnhem. I shiver in the cold.

"Come in," says Janna, one of the ET-healers with whom we've both booked a session. She holds the door open and leads us upstairs.

A little later I am lying on the treatment table. "I thought I was on the right track with my work," I say, "but clients keep cancelling and I no longer know what to do. Hopefully this session can shed some light."

Janna switches on the recorder and closes her eyes. "At this moment it is all about stabilizing the core of who you truly are. You come from far away, from another universe."

On impulse I ask: "Does Tithua come from there as well?" "Tithua is who you truly are," Janna replies. "She is part of your Higher Self. The alignment that is now taking place strengthens the connection, but to clear the path a meltdown is underway. The old must dissolve to make room for the new, especially your fears of taking responsibility for what you bring into the world."

I sigh. "That sounds as if earning money is out of the question for a while. How am I supposed to manage?"

"Relax. Set up your deckchair and surrender. That way your development will move the fastest."

I hesitate. "I also wonder how I can manage in the house where I live with my son. He causes me so much stress."

“See yourself as a ship on rough seas,” says Janna. “The waves your son stirs up crash again and again over the deck. You bail out the water, but he doesn’t row. Make clear agreements and hold him accountable. If that doesn’t work, the situation must change.”

Then I ask another question. “Why do I still suffer from restless legs?”

“Your head is working overtime more than your legs. The lack of control frustrates you and creates blockage.”

“My feeling is that I’m keeping a volcano under a lid.”

“Exactly. Because you didn’t feel connected to your Higher Self, you didn’t dare to express yourself. There was even interference in your eighth chakra, placed by forces that wanted to sabotage your mission. That has now been removed. From now on, be aware of old patterns and interrupt them.”

Silence falls. Janna’s hands move gently through the air.

“Tithua feels calm and soft,” she says. “The ETs call you a powerhouse. When your energy merges with hers, the volcano will be tamed by gentleness. That’s when your life will start to flow.”

“Can something be done already for my restless legs?”

“Only when Tithua and your Higher Self are fully integrated. Then you won’t need that mirror anymore. You carry both softness and strength — a golden combination. When these are balanced, women especially will find you, some for inspiration and some for help. The recent cancellations are part of the meltdown. Trust the process.”

She smiles. “Tithua looks like a princess, with a silver veil and beautiful dark eyes. You, on the other hand, look like a horse held too tightly. Loosen the reins and more will come to you. When you fully merge with Tithua, she will whisper the stories into your ear. It’s time to bet on other horses.”

“That’s what I want too.”

“The world is ready for you, and for your essence. Your brain can’t follow for the moment, and that’s good: the information goes straight into your subconscious. Just like after your accident, when your system was reset. This time no blow to the neck was needed. Pay attention to the signs. The cancellations were signs. When the flow stops, that too is a sign. Follow your heart.”

“That is true, but at least the work brought in some money, and I do enjoy earning money.”

“Exactly. It didn’t flow and your heart had already spoken. You didn’t fail; you simply moved to another level. See life as a playground. When you play, things flow. Beware of the trap of ego-needs: that hunger never ends. Align with your Higher Self.”

Then one last message: “Your food intolerances are in fact intolerance for the society you are in. Seek the support of a naturopath. Your body needs care in order to carry the higher vibrations. Soon you will receive an invitation to join a program of helpers from other planets. Take part. And when frustration rises, respond with a zen attitude: *‘How fascinating, what a beautiful challenge.’* Never go into battle; that would be fighting windmills. Give your system time to adjust to Tithua’s vibration. Relax, let it happen. That way it will move faster. For now, we greet you. It was a joy to meet you. Until next time.”

I step off the table to make room for Anton.

## Chapter 4

*Between blue envelopes and silver veils, an unexpected path opens.*

“What will you do with the advice?” Anton asks as we walk toward the station.

“I’m finally going to cash in a payment in kind from a client and take a holiday to the south of France. That’s where I’ll set up my deckchair.”

“Oh yes, that’s right, you still have something owed to you, lucky one.”

“Come with me, I still have plenty to spend.”

“I’d love to, but I have to read to my schoolchildren three times a week.”

“You’re always standing in for others, can’t someone stand in for you for once?”

“No, there are sick and frail people in the reading group.”

“So what?”

“So what? Someone has to read to the children, don’t they?”

I look at Anton, and I know he knows what I’m thinking.

“Then that’s that. Shame. There never seems to be an end to doing things alone. Where is that promised man?”

“Lost, I think,” says Anton. “He lost your trail after all those moves.”

“Probably.”

Three weeks later I am driving back from the south of France. I’ve been away, and there isn’t much more to say. Except that I finally visited Rennes-le-Château, where Mary Magdalene is said to have lived—or at least nearby. Walking there, exploring

the landscape, feeling the old energies—it was extraordinary. I feel strongly drawn to that history and know I'll dive deeper into it one day.

Back home, reality greets me in the form of two blue envelopes from the tax office. I tear them open; my stomach tightens. The repayment, on top of the old debts from my former business, is more than I can handle. I decided to ask for help and register at the municipal credit bank.

"You fortunately don't need budget management," the staff member says, "but we can't help entrepreneurs. Only once you're deregistered from the Chamber of Commerce can we step in. Otherwise, you'll have to settle the debts yourself."

"Oh," I say, caught off guard. "May I think about it for a day?"

"Of course. Call me when you've decided. I'll take the papers with me; if you decide to handle it yourself, we'll destroy them."

"Wouldn't it be better to file for bankruptcy?"

"No. The judge would first require you to attempt debt restructuring. Only if that fails could bankruptcy follow."

I hear myself say, "Actually, I already know. I'll close my business, otherwise I'll never get out."

"Good. Then we can start once we have your deregistration. The whole process can take months. Patience is required."

"That's fine. Life has already given me a solid training in patience."

When she drives away, I open my laptop and deregister my business. As I arrange the consequences, I feel relief wash over me. It was the right choice: the energy was stuck, and I couldn't free it. Time to cry it out and start again, differently.

In the days that follow, my mood shifts between relief and despair. I worked so hard, was this really the outcome? I guided retreats, trained in marketing, built plans, shared endless information, gave away this and that—and this is what remains?

Then an email from my youngest brother pops up: there's room for another advance on the inheritance. Hooray! Just in time—I refuse to wither away behind the geraniums.

Meanwhile the ETs keep pulling at me. I want to learn to work with them. I already see myself with a Stargate in a group, channeling information, serving as a healing channel. With the advance, I can pay for the training. Anton decides to join too.

During the intake we are back with Janna. I go first, lying on the treatment table.

“The ETs are playing cards and show me the Queen,” says Janna at the start of the session. “You want so much to do well, you're a perfectionist. The Queen wants to wield the scepter. But where is the King?”

“I've been wondering that myself,” I answer promptly.

“As a woman you sit firmly in the saddle, but where is your other half? The balance between yin and yang is missing. As a woman you have control, but something is absent—are you allowed to be fully a woman? Where is the King? You don't have to do it all alone. There is a veil over you, keeping something out, and that something is light.”

I listen tensely, thinking of Max who left me despite our heaven-made agreement, and once again I swallow the grief. Still out of balance? Perhaps that was the cause of my business collapsing.

Suddenly my attention is drawn to the foot of the treatment table, and I see a tall male figure appear.

“I see someone standing,” I say, pointing to the spot. “There. He’s a man, and he makes a strong impression—I mean strong of character. He commands respect as he stands there with an almost aristocratic bearing. He doesn’t look very ET-like; he seems quite human, though I have no idea how I even expected an ET to look. But with him I would gladly work.”

“He lets you know that he wants to enter into an agreement with you and truly work together, with the emphasis on *together*.”

“I feel as if I have to give something up to do that, is that right?”

“Yes, giving up going it alone. Check everything you see and perceive with your guide. He now presents himself as Popeye the Sailor. You are Olive at the helm of the ship. He, Popeye, will assert himself, and that will take some getting used to. It asks you to soften, to become receptive, and to build the partnership with your guide’s energy. A stronger link is needed between your heart and your pelvis—that work begins now. Your thought patterns are also being adjusted, for they keep snapping back into the urge to control. They—the entire medical team of your guide—are loosening that grip. You are Olive, and your greatest threat is Brutus—your brain. Whenever you let yourself be kidnapped by him, Popeye will reappear. The advice is to rest within yourself, without resistance to what comes. Don’t underestimate what happens when you rest: you give your system the chance to shift, so that pieces that have no place now can find one. In truth, you don’t need a deckchair but a hammock, so you can surrender completely.

A rocking chair would also be good for you; its movements suit you. Right now, they are transmitting information through your throat chakra, which will later make it easier for your guide to communicate with you."

Silence falls.

"Popeye is kneeling before you now and asking you to marry him."

"What? Marry me? How so? I thought this was about working with an ET—and besides, I want an earthly relationship!"

"It is a spiritual marriage, a sealing of your cooperation."

"Oh," I say, still bewildered, "in that case I accept the bond."

"Your guide now slips a ring onto your finger. I must say he makes a regal and very pure impression. He tells you that he has known you for a long time. There is a brotherhood, and he wishes to serve it together with you. He is very aware of your qualities and respects them. 'My queen,' he says. You carry authority."

"Authority? Why? Marriage, a ring, he has known me all along... I don't understand."

Janna does not answer my question but continues. "Your guide's team consists of eight to ten members, and you may invite them as well. They ask you to make daily contact. They say you are already giving healings—you recently helped a cat."

"I don't know anything about that."

"You're also given a tip to make meditation more effective for you. Don't call it meditation, call it contact with Spirit. Be open to it. Sitting still isn't really your thing—walking in nature is."

"I suddenly see a name," I say. "Is it Asthar?"

“That’s something I have nothing to do with,” says Janna. “It’s between you and him, and how you make contact is personal.”

I feel Asthar—or whatever his name may be—standing behind me. He places his hands on my shoulders, then one hand on my heart, sealing the bond. Feeling unreal, I stepped down from the treatment table.

Then it’s Anton’s turn. He listens with growing irritation.

“I sense another energy has joined us,” Janna says. “Do you feel it?”

“No, I feel nothing at all,” Anton replies curtly.

But I feel it clearly: the energy of the lama, one of his guides. Neither Anton nor Janna mention it. It presses on me until I ask carefully, “Could it be that a trusted guide of Anton is here, and not a new one?”

At that moment, the energy surges through the room. Janna steps back, Anton reacts too.

“Clearly noticeable,” he says.

Janna stays silent.

On the way to the station, Anton’s dissatisfaction is palpable.

“Not happy?”

“They said contact would be made with my ET guide, but I felt nothing. You?”

“Only the lama,” I say.

“Janna didn’t respond to your remark. I found that odd.”

“But she did step back when the energy filled the room.”

“Maybe so, but I’m still without an ET guide, while you walk away with one—and one who even wants to marry you.”

“Yes, that was bizarre. Maybe the lama is your guide, and you don’t need an ET one?”

“Then Janna should have seen that, shouldn’t she?”

“You’d think so. Or perhaps she simply doesn’t know the lama’s energy. What will you do now?”

“I’ll let it sink in first.”

We walked in silence. In my mind, the man by the treatment table still stands before me. Bizarre hardly covers it.

## Chapter 5

*Where flames dance and coins fall, it becomes clear that waiting is also a choice.*

Pondering yesterday's events, I sat at breakfast the next morning. I had been so eager to start the ET-training, but doubt has crept in. Why didn't Janna respond to the powerful presence of the lama? Had her ET guide given her a signal to remain silent? And if so, why? Do I still have enough trust to continue myself?

My thoughts drift back to that beautiful man and his proposal. I smile, warmth flooding through me, yet something feels unsettled. That's why I decided to consult the I Ching. It never ceases to amaze me how six simple coins can open a window to your deepest knowing.

After breakfast I light a candle, take the coins and the book, and sit down on my meditation cushion. The hexagram that appears is *Youthful Folly*. Not a promising outcome. The message is clear: I want to escape my loneliness, and in doing so risk missing what truly belongs to me. The travel companions will disperse. Wait for a better moment. *Great fortune is coming; it is decreed from above*. A familiar line — I've received it before, though so far that great fortune hasn't really arrived.

*"That might be because you tend to change direction so often,"* whispers my brain.

*"Quite possible, Brutus,"* I whisper back.  
Just then the phone rings. Anton.

"I'm not sure I should continue with this," he says. "That's why I called Karina, an old colleague. She works with a biosensor and is also clair-sentient. She offered to help us look into our doubts about the training. Will you come?"

"Of course, gladly."

Karina lives in a small courtyard village on the Veluwe. After tea we begin. Anton tells his story and takes a few more words than necessary. Karina lays a hand on his arm, attunes, and asks her questions. The biosensor responds clearly: the training won't give him what he expects, but it will bring him something else, something valuable. Her guide adds: *it will be good for you, something unexpected will happen.*

As I watch, an image flashes before me: the training team breaks apart, and Anton begins working with one of them.

"Strange, I see the same thing," says Karina. "The team breaks apart but the training will bring you something positive."

Anton sighs. "There goes my financial reserve."  
"You're doing it again."

"Predicting the future and making it manifest. Leave it open; allow space for what wants to come," I reply.

He nods. "Alright, you're right. I'll do the training."

Then it's my turn.

"Is the ET-training good for Joy?" Karina asks. "No."

I glanced at the biosensor, remembering the I Ching.

"Does the training suit Joy? Yes. Is there another reason it's not good for her? Yes. Financial?"

I explain that I've already received an advance on an inheritance. Karina pauses, then says: "Something else will come your way that fits you better. If you spend your money on this now, you'll miss it."

"The I Ching said the same," I say.

"One more message," she adds. "Later this year you'll meet something or someone who offers you a better opportunity. Pay attention to the signs."

Driving back, Anton and I laughed.

"Typical," I say. "You wanted to hear the training wouldn't bring you anything, and I wanted to hear I should do it. And now it's the other way around."

That evening I sat in front before the fireplace, staring into the flames, feeling empty. *Sorry, Asthar. It seems our work together is delayed — maybe even ended.* Then I feel his hands on my shoulders. Not a farewell, more like a promise.

"We'll see," I whisper, pouring myself a tiny glass of whisky. "Cheers, dear life. To whatever comes next."

## Chapter 6

*Between red and blue pills, I search for the path of my soul.*

The next morning, I woke up unexpectedly energetic. Today I'll finish the paperwork, and then my accountant can file the tax return. After that, everything will be settled, and I'll finally be done being an entrepreneur.

My thoughts drift back to almost nine years ago, when I had to close my business after the car accident. Back then it was an act of fate. But now? This feels worse. I should have succeeded, made a profit, and been successful. *Should, should, should.* Did I start too late with marketing training? Or was I on the wrong track altogether, just trying to earn money out of obligation?

This past year has taught me: without passion, you're out of alignment with your soul's desire, and money becomes a battle. When you shine in what you do, everything flows. So where did I go wrong? What does my soul truly want? How do I find out?

Wait. During the second ET meditation with the stargate I was told: *it is your stories and channelings your soul longs for.* Can I live from that? Does it even matter? It makes me happy. And doesn't money follow the flow of energy? Then why torture myself with worry? I stared out the window. *I don't know anymore. To be honest: I don't know anything at all.*

"Mom, let's just do what we enjoy until the world ends — because it really will," Sam once said. Could he be right? Is the Earth beyond saving? Or is it humanity that's beyond saving? One heavy shake and she could get rid of us. I am thinking of the *Matrix* films. They show so clearly how society is controlled