

A VISIONARY STORY BY
JANICE LYNCH



THE

MYSTIC POWER
REALMS

The Story of The Mystic Power Realms

About

In the mystical and faraway lands of Janice Lynch's visionary dream, the seeds of a transformative journey were sown. *Mystic Power Realms* is not just a story—it is the foundation of a powerful workshop series designed to forge deeper connections with yourself and others. Born from a deep desire to understand the complexities of personality and communication, this book introduces a revolutionary way of perceiving and interacting with the world.

The Start of a Powerful Workshop Series

Mystic Power Realms marks the beginning of an innovative workshop series that empowers individuals to transform their lives. These workshops guide participants through a journey of self-discovery, helping them unlock the unique power of their mystical realm and navigate the complexities of interpersonal relationships.

For more information on upcoming workshops, visit thedivinefellowship.com or contact Janice Lynch to purchase the *Mystic Power Realms* online workshop series at (509) 946-8656.

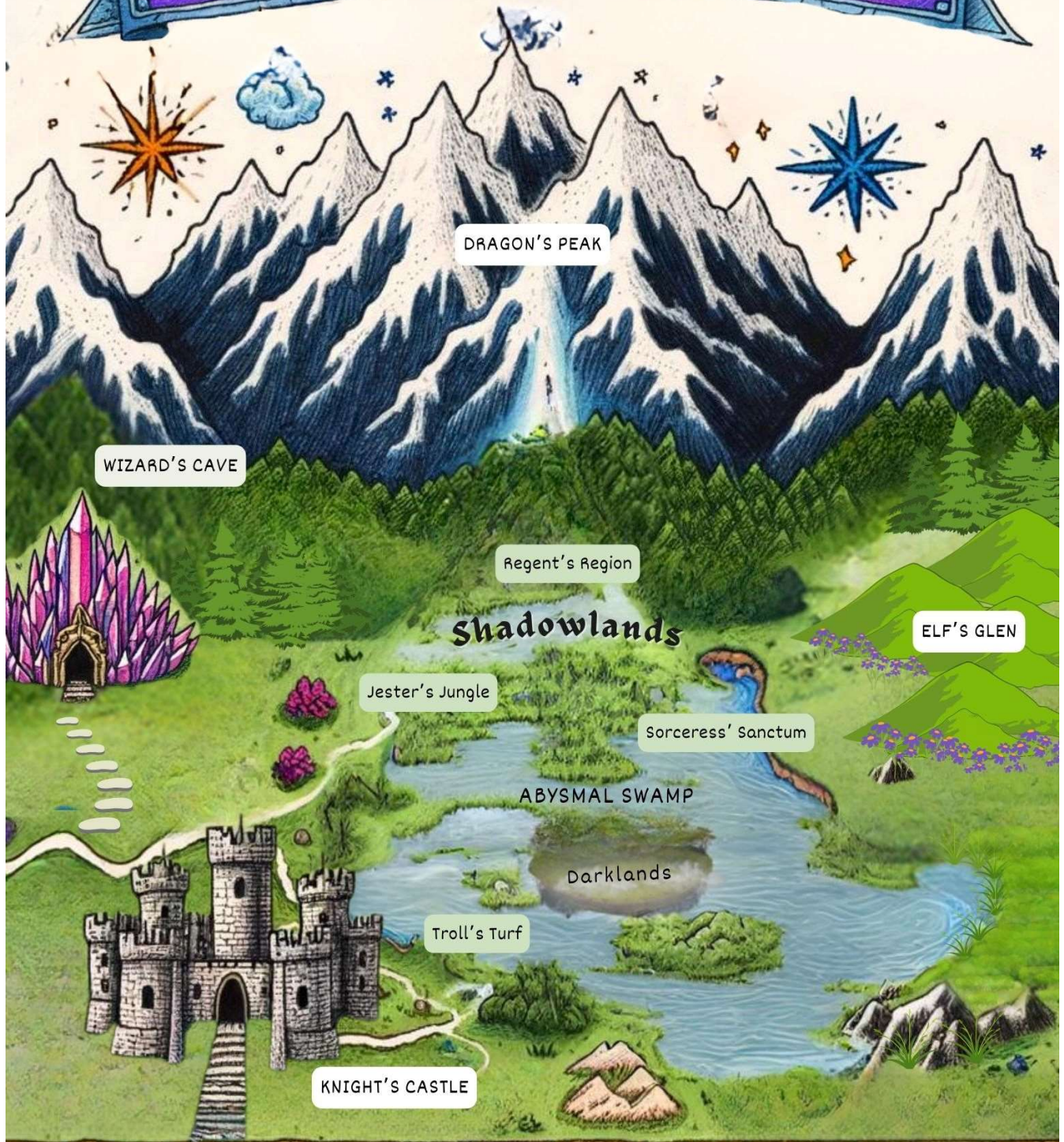
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MYSTIC POWER REALMS



Introduction

Be careful what you pray for. I knew better. Things would never be the same again.

My husband and I take a deep interest in people—how they work, how they are motivated, and how they learn. My husband, Phil, sells things (well, he used to). I guide people. We both utilized personality styles to enhance our ability to communicate. We used a combination of several different personality characterization plans. Each plan had its pitfalls. Personalities characterized by colors required memorization of facts with no real recall clues. Personalities characterized by animals invite comparison and superiority (i.e., my animal is better than your animal. Does anyone really want to be a monkey?) With these and other styles, there still remain those times when someone acts like a particular color or animal but responds totally out of character, defying all set patterns in the style plans.

A Prayer for a Better Way

There had to be a better way. There had to be a way to explain the deviations. There had to be an easier way to describe a personality that removed pre-judged approval or disapproval. There had to be a better way to understand how we humans communicate and interact. So, I prayed about it. I prayed every day for two years. Every. Single. Day. For two years!

The Vision

Working with seminars and classes, my schedule often included weekends and evenings. After burning the candle at both ends for several weeks in a row, I crashed into bed with a nap attack. Three hours later, I rolled over and opened my eyes. Trying to focus on the next task at hand, a delightful story played itself out in my mind. Answers came to all my questions. Theory became truth. And that's when it happened. That's when my life would never be the same. I knew the story had answers for all of us. I knew it was time to share the secrets revealed to me that day. My next task was to substantiate these new truths.

Was all this just a lucid dream that really meant nothing? Or a vision of Divine importance? I had to be sure. The next five years of my life were dedicated to finding out if, in fact, the principles in the story were true. Twenty-eight years later (it is now 2024), I know beyond a doubt that this was a vision of Divine importance – These principles have changed many lives for the better.

Purpose of the Story

Let me share with you the story itself. Later, I will give you the opportunity to see yourself and how you interact with others. I also give you the ability to identify manipulation and resist manipulating or being manipulated.

The Perspective

The story – the vision – began with me as the main character and everything happening to me in the first person. For the telling of the story, I've shifted into the sacred observer role. The story I now share with you speaks volumes of our struggles to emerge victorious as we react to others and interact with others. And it subtly speaks to us of tolerance, harmony, and mutual contribution through respectful interaction.

Let us begin.



Meeting Dragon

Waking Up

As he awakened from what felt like a trance-sleep, he saw himself inside a cave. Eggshells lay all around him. “Who am I? What’s going on?” He wondered.

Just then, he noticed that a beautiful silver and purple dragon sat at the entrance of the cave. Looking at his hands and arms and legs, he realized that he was different. A young human-fairy-elf looking thing. “How do I know that? What am I doing here?” He wondered. Rather than feeling fear, he found himself longing to be with the beautiful dragon – he sensed that this was his mother, and he began to crawl towards her. She turned to see him crawling out of the broken pieces of the shell. She nuzzled the human and sniffed him. She acknowledged that he indeed belonged to her even though he didn’t look like a dragon. She licked him clean of eggshell remnants. She held him in a tender embrace.

Love Conquers All

She cocked her head at the boy, wondering why he looked so different from other dragon babies. Yet, a mother’s love conquers all and his arrival brought her a smile.

Setting the boy down gently, she moved to the ledge of her lair and trumpeted a loud, jubilant trumpet along with a red-blue flame from the very depth of her being. “It’s a boy! Dardame’s firstborn is a boy! The Queen has a son!” Other dragons quickly came to see the new heir to the throne. Shock twisted their faces as they circled and flew near the lair. Mother would have none of this and as Queen she demanded proper respect for her offspring, sending her normal blue-violet flame from her lungs. Grudgingly, the other dragons acknowledged the presence of this dragon prince and his place in their colony. As they flew away to their own lairs, they snickered and spoke disapproval. The little boy



felt badly that his mother must endure hardships because of him. Yet, she picked the little one up and nuzzled him again. The love they shared crowded out any sadness or dismay.

Father's Arrival

Back in the cave, her husband, Elrod, a wizard First Class from the Wizard colony below, had magically arrived to meet his son. Seeing he was more human than dragon, Elrod conjured up clothing for the lad.

“What shall we name him?” Asked Dardamae. Instantly, she regretted the question for Elrod began naming names beginning with the letter “A” and working his way through the alphabet. As much as she loved Elrod, Dardamae found his propensity for details a bit, well, tiring to say the least.

She quickly dismissed Elrod the Second and Quentin as the list continued. The moment he said Zander, she knew that was the name. “Zander it is!” he said.

Growing Up

In an attempt to feed Zander, Dardamae brought a large fish she recently snagged from the lake below. Zander nearly threw up. So, Elrod suggested she sear it with her blue-violet flame. Zander found it delicious, and Elrod brought fruits and roots for him as well. Dardamae roasted some of the roots for him as well. Delicious!

The days passed quickly, and Zander grew quickly, too. Though not nearly as big as the other dragon babies. The snickers and snide remarks continued when Dardamae was not around to scorch the toes of any who showed disrespect. All were wary of her flash-flame warning.

Learning to Fly

Then there was the problem of flying. Zander had no wings. Elrod and Dardamae fashioned some tie-on wings made from scales that had been shed last spring. They were beautiful – purple and silver. He quickly attempted a takeoff. A few flaps of the wings and he achieved lift. With his parents’ smiling encouragement, he jumped off the ledge of the

lair. He was flying! Well, sort of. More like a controlled fall/glide. If he attempted to flap his wings, he lost lift and began to plummet. The flatland below plummeted towards him at an alarming rate. Only when he held his wings out and still could he catch an air stream and glide around.

It felt wonderful! He loved it. Not paying attention, Zander lost his thermal and plummeted into the back of the oldest and most revered dragon, Grandfather. Grandfather told him to hang on and carried him to the lair's entrance. Sent into the cave, Zander didn't really hear the words, but knew Grandfather and Mother had a deep discussion about him. Zander was then restricted to flying – well not flying, gliding – when other dragons had been alerted to stay clear.

Mother's Decision

As Grandfather departed, Zander saw a beautiful blue tear on the tips of his mother's eyelashes. It grieved the boy that he could not fly. He really, really tried and he did well, considering. Mother knew. Yet, mother made a decision. With a quick turn of her magic ring, Elrod appeared. He kissed her and they shared a loving moment. They spoke quietly for a bit. Father came to Zander and held him by the shoulders like he was taking an inventory of the boy. He was gentle yet felt a bit detached. With a nod, Father told her that he had an idea. With two twists of a magic ring that matched Dardemae's ring, father and son disappeared from the ledge in a poof of smoke.

Meeting Wizard

The Crystal Cave

Instantly, they arrived at the crystal cave. Elrod called other wizards and presented Zander as his son with a problem. He commanded them to find a way for Zander to fly. In a flurry of activity, Zander was measured from head to toe. Marks were made on large papers on nearby tables and in notebooks. In moments, a young lad brought Zander a wizard's robe of deep blue with silver stars – just like his father's robe. It certainly took the chill off as the crystal cave was a bit cooler than his mother's cave that was always bathed in sunlight. He was then escorted to a study hall filled with students, candles, books, and notebooks. The lessons began.



Lessons and Distractions

Between the lessons and the constant measure and re-measuring, Zander longed to be outside in the fresh air and sunshine. Father noticed his lack of attention and sent him to the brook to gather moss. Zander didn't think the moss supplies were low; he just needed Zander to stop fidgeting. Or if he must fidget, at least it would be where Elrod didn't see it. "You disrupt my concentration," Elrod explained. Zander wondered what concentration might be.

Zander rather enjoyed learning to read. As for the rest of it, lessons were way too long and he tired long before they were over. Being out in the sunshine was just what was needed. It had been many months since Zander left the dragon's ledge. As he lay down on the moss in the warm sun, he fell into a peaceful sleep. There wasn't the constant wind here like there was on the ledge, and the peaceful sound of the brook soothed his soul. He must have drifted off because he was awakened by a loud trumpeting. A dragon trumpeting. Red-Blue again. Queen Dardemae's signature fire-breath for a son. Yes, it had been a full season, and she now had another baby that just hatched. Looking up, he

spotted the other dragons coming to greet their new prince. Zander truly hoped this one became the prince his mother desired. Perhaps someday, he would meet this dragon prince, his brother.

Father's Plan



Racing back to tell father the good news, he was greeted with anguished wizards fussing all about. They placed a flying cap upon Zander's head and handed him a pair of goggles. "Today's the day," Elrod said. "Today you fly."

"Timing couldn't be better!" thought Zander. "I can fly off to see my new brother and show those cranky old dragons that I can fly!"

One by one the wizards gave Zander instructions. Father reminded him that all this should be very familiar because it was in his studies of late. Oh, dear. Well, he sort of paid attention. How hard could it be? Contact! The engine started to roll down the runway. Father shouted something about a fuel gauge. "What's a fuel gauge?" Zander wondered.

All gave Zander the thumbs up, and he gave the thumbs up back to them. They cheered as the little plane scooted down the runway, gaining speed, grabbing air, and taking flight.

Flying to See Mother

"I'm flying!" Zander shouted to himself. He could turn and climb and do loop-de-loops. So much better than gliding. Climbing upwards towards the lair, he found he could not climb too steeply or the engine would begin to sputter. A long upwards spiral ought to do it. Before long, he was flying by his mother's lair. She ran out of the lair, ready to destroy whatever it was that could cause her baby harm. "Mother, it's me! I'm flying," Zander yelled. She smiled at Zander and held up the baby brother for him to see. A purple and silver dragon all right. Looked just like her. Except for the wisp of hair on his chin – just like on their father's face. Zander nearly cried for joy. Unfortunately, tears in your eyes make flying

difficult. Without so much as an extra moment, Zander turned the plane and nearly ran into Grandfather. Zander counted himself lucky that he could maneuver the plane quickly and that Grandfather's flame burned a little cooler these days. He only singed the tip of the tail of the plane.

A Sudden Problem

Turning his focus back to the Crystal Cave and the wizards there, Zander heard a beeping sound coming from a gauge. Could that be the fuel gauge? Descending, the plane began to sputter. This could be a bad sign. As the motor cut out for the last time, Zander resorted to gliding. He knew a bit about gliding. It should be a snap to get back to the runway. Except this little plane was a little heavier than he thought. He was falling too fast. He wasn't going to make it. He was headed straight for the Abysmal Swamp.



Meeting Troll

Crash Landing

Zander's head hurt and his vision blurred for a few moments before it cleared. Looking around he saw that, indeed, he had crashed into the Abysmal Swamp. Through an aching head he remembered being warned about the Abysmal Swamp and its very strange residents.

Encounter with the Troll

Stumbling out of the cockpit, Zander leaned against a large rock. Good thing he hadn't hit that rock before coming to a stop! He heard a banging on the plane and a big green fellow breaking pieces off. "Hey, that's my plane! Leave it alone!" Zander exclaimed. The fellow ignored him and continued to rip pieces off and stack them on a wagon. "I said, stop!" The fellow wouldn't listen to a word Zander said. He told him who made the plane. He didn't stop. He told him who his father was and how important the plane was. Nope, the fellow didn't care and just angrily took what he wanted.



Then the fellow puffed himself up and ordered Zander to help him. "Get over here and get the seat out of the cockpit. I want it." Zander was not going to help tear apart what the wizards took nearly a year to put together! "Get over here and help me or you're going to be sorry!" The fellow puffed himself up bigger and clenched his fists. He threw a piece of propeller at Zander. He obviously didn't care what the truth was; he was going to take what he wanted. If he shed some of Zander's blood in the process, it was Zander's fault for getting in his way.

As much as Zander hated to leave the plane behind, he knew he had to get out of there. If he helped this fellow even just one little bit, he would never escape. He knew if he even got close this fellow was strong enough and mean enough to make Zander help him. So,

he ran. “Coward!” the fellow yelled. “You don’t deserve to have a plane like this! No one will help a coward! Come back here and help me right now!”

Lessons Learned

Zander had heard stories of Troll’s slaves. They are too afraid to leave so they stay and stay afraid. If Zander hadn’t known the dragons and their fierce power, it would have been easy to get sucked into that. Once around a dragon who is majestic and powerful – who uses their power to fly to greater heights rather than to crush another soul, a stinking little troll doesn’t seem very threatening.

Meeting Sorceress

The Encounter

Daylight in the swamp was muted. It was hard to see the sky for all the low trees and hanging moss. Headed in the right direction, Zander hoped to reach the Crystal Cave in a couple of hours. Time passed and Zander began to feel a bit concerned. This was not exactly the place anyone would enjoy spending the night. Just as that thought crossed his mind, he saw a large mound with an entrance looking like a cave entrance. Moving closer, he was surprised to see a tall woman dressed in wizard’s robes at this entrance. Perhaps he made it home sooner than he thought. As he opened his mouth to ask directions, he was met with a barrage of questions. “What do you think you are doing here? Who do you think you are walking into my domain? What kind of idiot are to try and steal my hard-earned dinner?”



Which question should he answer? None of those questions really had an answer. Mostly those questions seemed to just make Zander feel stupid and guilty. The only thing wrong

he had done was not paying attention to the fuel gauge hours ago. The questions kept coming. "How could you be so thoughtless?" This woman looked like she was wearing a wizard's garment, but something was off. The tone of her voice was demeaning. Her questions didn't seek any information or data. The expression on her face was filled with disapproval.

When Zander didn't understand the Wizards, they looked at him funny, but he could tell the wheels in their head were turning as they were trying to understand him. This woman didn't seem to have any interest in understanding. The questions just seemed intended to freeze a person like a deer in the headlights. Zander felt discomfort with her, but not like the fear extracted by the Troll. That was fear for safety and well-being. This was feeling fearful of one's lack of value or worth through the rapid-fire queries and the dismissive tone of voice. This unwarranted criticism elicited undeserving shame.

Realization

After living with real Wizards, it was easy to see that this woman must be a Sorceress. Sorceresses look a lot like Wizards, yet they do not have the desire for information nor the hunger for learning. They just need to ask questions that make other people feel inferior. Instead of conjuring up magic, they conjure up worthlessness and unworthiness.

"What's wrong with you?" the Sorceress continued. "Don't you see it's getting dark? Do you think you are going to stay here?"

"Yikes!" Zander said as he started off in the direction he came. "If I don't get out of here, all that questioning is going to make me start questioning myself and I'll become trapped! I'd better find my way around this Sorceress's territory. This is certainly not my home!"

Meeting Jesters

Unexpected Encounters

Backtracking, Zander realized he had lost a good measure of time. He must hurry now to be back before dark. Father would be concerned about him – well, at least concerned about the plane.

As he hurried along, two new people stepped into the pathway. They looked friendly enough. At least they were smiling. . . sort of. Smiling in return, Zander began to introduce himself. They looked at each other and burst into a round of laughter. It seemed as if they thought his accent was funny. Well, that's the least of Zander's concerns. He asked them for the shortest way to the Crystal Cave. Another burst of mirth. It seemed as if they found Zander really quite funny. Asking again for the shortest route home, these two began to make fun of his 'swampy' clothes. Their clothes were 'swampy' too, but that didn't seem to matter. Next the style of his robe was the center of their scornful laughter. "You look like you are someone important! Ha ha! Not! Just kidding!" they said in a mocking tone.



Shaking his head, Zander began to cut over to another nearby path. More laughter. Seemed as if his walk was funny. This felt a lot like the snarky remarks his mother endured because he was different. He turned back and told them, "That's not funny. That's hurtful." They looked shocked that he was such a spoiled sport. "What a grump," said one. "Doesn't know how to have any fun," said the other.

The Challenge

The more they made fun of Zander, the angrier he got. He couldn't think anymore. It was as if he became a Troll himself! Stomping towards them with fists clenched, he was ready to hit something or someone. "Who do you think you are, teasing me like that?"

Instantly, Zander recognized both the Troll's fury and the Sorceress's demeaning tone. These two characters must be Jesters. What else could trigger him to act so unlike himself? "The Abysmal Swamp is sucking me under," Zander realized aloud.

Turning on his heels, Zander made a run for it. His exit took him away from the Jesters and away from his pathway home. He heard the scornful laughter of the jesters as he quickly moved along.

Despair and Hope

Nightfall was imminent. Between the fear he felt due to the challenge from the Troll and the belittling by being questioned by the Sorceress and the scorn of the Jesters along with the triumph of flying and the joy of a little brother, Zander found himself exhausted. All those emotions exhausted a person. There was no way he could make it to the Crystal Cave by nightfall.

Just as Zander began to slip into the despair that is inherent in the Abysmal Swamp, he saw a lantern. Dare he go see who was there? Perhaps it was Father looking for him! One small shred of hope sustained him as he stepped towards the lantern's faint glow.

Meeting a Regent

A New Encounter

It wasn't his father. Instead, it was a wealthy-looking woman in a boat with the lantern attached to the bow of the boat. She looked very tired as she tried to row her way to the shore. As she approached, Zander asked for directions and her face turned from weary to pity for the poor, lost boy. "Oh, you poor child! You look like you could use a good meal and a clean bed! Come with me



and get you fixed up and in the morning we can see better and know what to do.”

A good meal and a clean bed would be greatly appreciated. Even if she gave him directions, he was too tired to go any further. “Yes, please. Thank you. I’d really appreciate it,” Zander replied. The sturdy woman’s face lit up, and she navigated the boat over to the shore and Zander got in. He offered to help row, but she would have none of it. She expressed concern that he was too tired already.

Guilt and Manipulation

Reaching the dock near her home, Zander attempted to help her out of the boat, but again she would have none of that, saying she was capable, and she knew he was so very weary. When they reached her home, a nice dwelling on a hilltop, she offered him clean water to wash and some clean clothes. Peasant’s clothes.

By the time he was finished getting cleaned up and dressed, dinner was served. A simple meal and Zander was truly grateful for her kindness. He offered to help with the dishes, but again, she said no and insisted he go to bed to get some rest. She showed him a small cot next to the fire. She threw another chunk of wood on the fire.

“A good night’s sleep will revive my spirits, I’m sure of it,” Zander thought to himself. He was asleep within moments of his head hitting the pillow.

The Morning After

In the morning, he awakened to breakfast already on the table. “How can I ever repay you for your hospitality?” Zander asked.

“Oh, you could gather some firewood after breakfast. That would be very helpful,” she answered. “Since I did use extra wood for you last night.” Zander wondered why those last words hurt him in his heart. They were true, after all.

Wood gathered and stacked, the woman handed Zander a fishing pole. “Go catch us some lunch, would you, dear?” The woman asked. Zander longed to be back on his journey, but she did rescue him when he couldn’t go any further on his own. So, he took the pole and

headed out toward the lake. “Oh, and here is a bucket,” she said. “Collect some berries while you are there.” Oh, but first she handed him a broom and asked him to sweep out the fireplace. He was the reason there were extra ashes. It did keep him warm last night, after all.

Zander began to stammer at the increasing tasks, knowing those tasks were keeping him from his journey. The woman broke down into tears. “After all I’ve done for you?” she wailed. Zander had never seen a woman cry before, so this was profoundly upsetting to him. His dragon mother would never cry. She would find a way – her own way – not relying upon anyone. Zander didn’t know what to make of those tears. He immediately started sweeping. Then the cow needed to be milked and it was midday before he made it to the lake.

A Revelation

At the lake, he realized he felt confused. He had offered to help, so why did it annoy him she demanded his help? And how does one fish exactly? He wished he had access to his Father’s library at the Crystal Cave. He was sure there was a book about that. Mother always brought home the biggest fish. She had an eye for it and only wanted the best and the biggest for herself and her family. He would watch her from the edge of the lair, and she made it look easy. The hook on the line looked a lot like Mother’s talons, so he figured it out. Soon he had several little fish to bring back with him. Not the biggest and the best but considering how many times he had to rebait the hook, it was a miracle he caught any!

Returning to the house with his prize, he found only disapproval of such a small catch. Trying to explain the lack of experience, the woman began to wail again. It seemed as if she believed Zander was unappreciative and didn’t care at all how she felt since he forgot the berries!

Just to appease her or maybe it was just to get away from her wailing, Zander set out to go back to get the berries. “I feel like a slave to her wails,” Zander said aloud. “Yes, she did help me, but I offered to row the boat and she wouldn’t let me. I offered to help her out

of the boat, and she wouldn't let me. I offered to help with dishes, and she wouldn't let me. She wasn't being kind! She set me up! She set me up to owe her!"

Escaping the Regent

Looking down, Zander saw that the bucket of berries was full. Going back to the house he was going to tell her he was leaving and let her wail if she must. He hoped he could go through with it ... Those wails devastated him.

As he approached the house, he heard snoring. Quietly placing the bucket near the front door, he tiptoed around the back to the clothesline and exchanged the peasant's clothes for his own damp robe and quickly strode away from there.

A Regent. She must be a Regent. They rule over you with guilt and false kindness. He was happy to see the house disappear behind him as he strode over the rolling hills.



Meeting Knight

On the Road Again

Within minutes he came upon a wide roadway. There wasn't much around for many miles, just a castle off in the distance. It was a good thing he had eaten berries as he picked them. Maybe he could get a bite to eat along with directions when he reached the castle. He cautioned himself about receiving any favors and determined to earn whatever he received. The sun was warm, and his previously damp robe quickly dried. Finding a nice shady spot, he sat down for a quick rest. In moments he was asleep.



A Grand Entrance

Thundering awakened him. Foul Weather? No, horses! Lots of them. The riders wore shiny armor and bright feathers in their helmets. A banner was held high, and a royal-looking figure led the troop. Looking in the direction from which they came, Zander saw a wagon carrying several freshly killed deer following the riders.

Seeing Zander step out from under the tree, the column slowed to a stop. The leader was a knight. "She has the power to take my head if she should choose," Zander thought to himself. Yet, Zander had little fear of that. The Troll frightened him more. He knew what this skilled warrior was capable of, yet he felt safe in her presence. The Knight dismounted and approached Zander. "Are you lost, young man?" the Knight asked.

Finding Help

"As a matter of fact, yes," replied Zander. "I'm looking for my way to the Dragon Realm."

The Knight seemed surprised by this answer and replied, "Well, we are about to have a feast at the castle. How about you join us and my scouts and advisors can help you on your way."

“I have no way of paying for your hospitality. I only require information.”

The Knight chuckled – not a mocking laugh like the Jesters, but a genuine mirthful chuckle. “Oh, you’ve met our nearby Regent, apparently. Well, my staff will find suitable tasks for you, and I will pay you an honest wage for any work that you do. You can ride on the wagon.”

“Thank you, sir, or ma’am or . . . bumbles Zander.

The Knight smiled a gentle smile. “Just call me Viola.” Zander smiled and gave her his name and a handshake. He hopped up on the wagon as the procession passed by. Arriving at the castle, Zander was amazed at the wonderful sights. Brightly colored banners flew from the turrets. The court in beautiful garments waved from the balcony. As the meat was unloaded, the stable crew began to remove the saddles from the horses and lead them to freshly cleaned stalls to be fed and groomed. Zander jumped down from the wagon and began to assist in removing saddles. He was quickly halted and given work clothes, so his Wizard robe may remain clean. With a nod from the Knight, he and the stablemaster agreed on room and board in exchange for work done. It seemed fair to Zander. Once attired correctly, he was shown how to groom the horses and took great pleasure in seeing their coats shine as they contentedly munched on their fine grain. He had only seen horses from a great distance as they roamed across the valley below the Dragon’s lair. He had always thought they were beautiful and found them graceful in their running through the fields.



Castle Life

After all the horses were fed and stabled, he washed and changed back into his robe. He was led into the castle. Finely carved furniture and beautiful artwork adorned every room. He was guided into the dining hall where the meal was just beginning to be served. At the feast, everyone was elegantly attired. Dancers danced, musicians played, and

courtly couples met, greeted, and danced. Zander was treated like a guest, and even the Knight's son invited him to go riding the next day. Ride. On a horse. It should be easy. "If I can catch a fish, I can do anything," Zander thought to himself.

First light awakened Zander and he hurried to meet the young master in the stables. Zander was allowed to choose a horse that pleased him. He chose the black one that shone even when the sun wasn't on it. The young master laughed as Black was a rather spirited horse. Whatever that meant. The stable hands taught him to saddle the horse and how to mount. Once aboard, the beast chose to turn anxiously in circles as if to hurry them along. Once the young master gave Zander some pointers, they turned their mounts out towards the hills. Both horses began to run. Zander's horse, Black, refused to allow the other horse to lead. Black took the lead and took the lead quite quickly. Zander's heart raced as fast as the horse ran. He quickly learned to hang on and anticipate the rise and fall of the trail before them. Exhilaration filled his lungs as did the fresh air. It was like flying but staying on the ground. When they reined the horses into a walk, the young master noted his riding ability. "That's the fastest Black has ever run! He could beat any horse in the entire kingdom, I bet!" said the young master.

After the run, Zander returned to chores and took a simple lunch with the stable hands. That evening he found that there was a price to pay for one's first ride. Though he looked forward to another ride tomorrow, he soaked in a warm tub that night.

A Day of Riding

First light of dawn brought the Knight, other aristocrats out to the grassy hilltops for an impromptu picnic. Zander was to ride Black again. This time, he was encouraged to really see how fast he could run. The Knight's son rode with him again along with some of the other young nobles. This time the Knight's son had changed mounts to another spirited horse. Now knowing what spirited meant, Zander had no doubt this would be quite a run. They allowed the horses to warm up a bit, though it was hard to keep them from tearing off just for the sheer fun of it.

The time had come. Zander's heart beat faster as they lined up for a start. He could feel Black under him tense with anticipation. With a signal from the Knight, they launched. Again, Zander's heart sang with the freedom of the ride. He felt like he was flying. As they turned the course, he saw the joy in the eyes of his new friends as well. Though he hated to make the rest of them look bad, he urged Black to pick up speed. They not only took the lead but began to distance themselves from the rest. Zander and Black raced to victory!

After a cool-down walk, Zander and his friends dismounted. The horses were led away to be cared for as Zander was led to the Knight to discuss the win. Working with the horses freed Zander's heart. Not just the race, but the working with the grooming and taking care of the tack. Viola asked about the win and Black – how Zander was able to get him to perform so well. Zander shared not only his exhilaration and his link with Black but also that Black seemed to have a perfect saddle. Viola assigned him to work with the saddle maker so that each mount could have a saddle best suited for that mount. Viola instructed Zander to show the other riders how to communicate with their mounts by body language and attitude. Viola felt with this helpful information, each horse and rider team would then perform beautifully – like poetry in motion.

Soon, his reputation traveled, and other nobles requested Zander to come to their castle to help with their horses. Even though Zander did not owe this Knight, it would be a dishonor to move to another castle. That night, the Knight informed him that several younger horses were ready for the bit and would like Zander to start them on their training.

Homesickness

As much as Zander loved working with horses and the leather, Zander found himself longing to find his family again. He wondered about his little brother. He wondered about his father. Zander must find his way home. He must go. He would leave tomorrow.

Viola offered Zander one of her royal horses for the journey. He delighted at the thought of such a fine traveling companion. He dared not. He did not know what awaited him nor how he would feed himself, much less a wonderful horse. He was provisioned amply, and

with a heartfelt goodbye from all, he took his leave. This was the first place he remembered being truly happy. Knights knew about quests, and Viola honored his journey. He was welcome to return when the quest had been satisfied.

Leaving the castle and returning to the main road, Zander could see the cliffs and the Dragon's lair in the far distance. Going straight ahead would take him back into the Abysmal Swamp. Unwilling to go there, Zander followed the longer journey, the road around.

Meeting the Elves

A New Realm

Being back on the journey rejuvenated his heart. The rolling hills began to become a forest. The trees and shrubs and moss were greener here than any he had ever seen. Almost too green to be real. A sign up ahead proclaimed this as the Enchanted Forest. Zander hoped these were the same trees that he flew over so many months ago. Food provision should last many days. After a quick meal, he began to pack up to hit the trail again.



An Unexpected Encounter

Giggles. “No, not the Jesters again!” Zander moaned. More giggles. Not scoffing snickers, just delighted expressions of joy. He turned just as . . . kersplash! A splash of water hit the ground right at his feet. Moments later another water bubble hit him square in the face. Giggles. He saw one of them. A small boy of a creature. Wire-y like Zander. He winked at him and shouted for him to duck. Too late. He was doused again. The boy creature motioned Zander to join him behind a tree and handed him a water bubble and pointed out a target. Working with horses had strengthened Zander's arms and a quick throw hit

the target smack on the back of her head. Whirling around, she bombarded him with several quick throws of water bubbles as he attempted to scramble out of the way. The war was on in earnest. The young one provided him with water bubbles, and he hurled them at the girl and the others in the game. He found himself giggling as he landed another bubble. Sides revealed themselves quickly. Each splash of a water bubble incurred a giggle or a squeal of delight and a returning barrage of water bubbles.

Soon they were all drenched, and a truce was called. Five young men and women joined Zander to build a fire to get dry. He shared his provisions with these young people as they shared names.



They were Elves. Zander found himself amazed at how much he had in common with these Elves. They, too, tired easily from lessons. They had lessons like the Wizards, but only for short bursts of time, then they were released to play. History lessons didn't come from books; they came from sitting around a campfire and the old ones sharing their stories. The grandfathers and grandmothers told the best stories of times past and the Crystal City of

Light along with tales of dragons. These old ones may know the way home for Zander!

With quick movements, the provisions were stowed, and they sprinted off to introduce Zander to the old ones. It seemed as if their grandfathers enjoyed being pestered and interrupted by the young ones. How strange.

Skipping and jumping through the forest, everything was play. Other young ones joined in as they went along. Soon they numbered nearly twenty young people in all. A loud noise from the side announced someone coming to join them. This was a big someone. To his shock and surprise, a young dragon appeared in the clearing where they had gathered. A dragon. "What's a dragon doing here?" Zander asked.

“This is our Prince!” The young woman replied. “He is the son of our Elf Queen! You are not afraid, are you?” she asked. If only they knew! The group continued their trek through the clearing and on towards the village. The young dragon and Zander hit it off immediately. “How far can you fly?” asked Zander. “I cannot fly,” sadly replied the young dragon. “I flap my wings and can get off the ground, but that’s it.”

“Oh, you need lift! You need to jump off a cliff or something!” said Zander.

“Jump off a cliff!!! No way!” replied the dragon.

A Plan Takes Shape

It was quite a stir to see so many young ones coming into the village all at the same time, so grown-ups left whatever they were doing to go see what was going on. The old ones came out to see what was up as well. Zander asked about the journey to the Dragons lair.

It was a three-day walk from here to the base of the cliffs, they said. But once at the base of the cliffs, there was no way up. It was too steep to climb.

“We’ll fly!” announced Zander. He pointed to the young dragon. “You and me! We will fly up to the Dragon’s lair!”

The young dragon looked shocked and dismayed at the same time.

The Elf Queen arrived. Everyone bowed as she took her place next to her son. “What’s going on, Danbright?”

“This one wants me to fly him up to the Dragon’s lair!” Dan replied with great astonishment.

The queen smiled. Her heart was jubilant at the thought of her son learning to fly and be free. She would love to see him smile and laugh as he caught the updrafts and felt the wind lift him above all the cares of the world. Danbright didn’t smile much, and that was hard for the Queen of Elves to see.

“That’s an excellent idea!” she replied. “That sounds like a lot of fun!”

Danbright didn't look happy at all. Zander explained to him about wings. Danny started to open his wings, and the crowd scrambled out of the way. Danny refolded his wings as Zander explained about lift, flapping, gliding, and turning. Zander knew how to make saddles, so that would be easy. Zander knew how to fly a plane, so he knew he could help Danny fly. And by riding on his back, Danny wouldn't fly alone! Danny's eyes widened as if Zander spoke into his soul. For the very first time, a glow sparked in Danny's eyes.

"Whatever you require is yours," said the Queen as she turned to attend to the next thing that caught her attention.

The trees, the village, and the elves running about kept Danny from getting his wings open. He was anxious now to try. The two took themselves back to the clearing. "We need a treeless hill with a drop off or at least a place for a running start," said Zander. Just then a hawk screeched above as it glided on the thermals. For the first time, Danny realized he was going to soon fly. He was thrilled.



Crystal City of Light

A Stunning Discovery

After a suitable saddle was made, an ideal location found, and several practice sessions, the two were ready. The Queen, the villagers, and the other young elves came out to watch. Taking a few wing beats to gather lift, Danny jumped from the high ridge and took several wing beats to gain altitude. Zander cheered him on and coached him through banking turns to the left and to the right.

The Dragon's lair was still a long way off and quite a way above them. They needed more altitude. Powering higher and higher, Danny gained confidence and flew with grace and power. They took a slight detour over the Elf village. They could hear them all cheering, and even the Elf Queen was waving her scarf as a signal to them of her joy. Banking to the left again, Danny and Zander saw the most amazing sight in the clouds.

The Floating City

A floating city! A city that looked like it was made of crystals. "How in the world?!" they both wondered aloud. Without a second thought, they both focused on a closer look. Danny effortlessly flew them to the Crystal City of Light. A huge open drawbridge beckoned them inside. Without fear, they flew in through the archway and landed in what appeared to be the city square.

A Warm Welcome

There were Elves here. And other Dragons. And Wizards. And Knights. And other beings seemingly made of light. All living in one community. Zander dismounted and one of the light beings approached the two visitors. This light being introduced himself as Elesian. “We’ve been expecting you,” he said. “There is much to tell you.”

Learning the Truth

Elesian took them to the center of the Crystal City of Light. A clear crystal floor beneath them granted them a visual of the entire Mystical Realms: the Dragon Realm in the high mountains, the Wizard Realm in the network of caves, the Knight Realm in the rolling hills, and the Elf Realm in the Enchanted Forest. In the middle was the Shadowlands, where the Trolls, Sorcerers, Jesters, and Regents dwell. In the center of the Shadowlands exists the Darklands. This is where those who, in despair from the Shadowlands, find themselves in a very dark place of addiction and misery of all kinds. Elesian praised Zander for his escape from the near imprisonment of the Shadowlands. Elesian praised Danbright for his escape from the imprisonment of his own fear.

A New Perspective

Elesian confessed that those within the Crystal City of Light had worked magic to create the opportunity for Elf to become Dragon and Dragon to become Elf. “The distress each of you felt came from the fact that you didn’t fit in and didn’t belong. This pushed you to try something new. This new thing is a new perspective. One does not have to be ‘either/or’ any one thing! Here in the Crystal City of Light, we choose to access all the Power Realms in a clear way. We claim Dragon energy to focus on a goal and stay the course to completion. We claim Elf energy to open our curiosity, bond in camaraderie, and experience joy of living. We claim Knight energy to work from a place of honor, dignity, and deep compassion. We claim Wizard energy to learn, know, and become wise.”

A Mission Given

“This will be your mission, should you choose to take it. Journey to each of the Power Realms and inform them of this new possibility. Help them to see the Shadowlands for what they are and how to escape them and their own individual Abysmal Swamp.”

“We offer you this key to help you on your journey... The clearest way to help someone (even oneself) escape from the Shadowlands is to utilize ALL the Power Realms:

1. Start with the true goal of communication and clarity. (Dragon) Not demanding your own way (Troll).
2. Bring genuine compassion into your heart (Knight). Not pretending to care so someone owes you (Regent).
3. Be in an open and curious mindset (Elf). Steering clear from pre-judgment or ridicule (Jester).
4. Then, ask a clear question asking for specific information. A question seeking data or a yes or no. (Wizard). Not a demeaning question without an answer (Sorceress).

No one can stay trapped in the Shadowlands when the perspective of the Crystal City of Light is presented. Certainly, people may choose to remain in the Shadowlands because the sick power they derive from seeing others suffer is the power they feed upon. It is non-sustainable, so they must find others to feed upon.

True power from the Mystic Power Realms exists freely and without bondage. True power in each of the Mystic Power Realms bonded together allows one to fly free from fear and distress while they learn and move joyously towards their goal from a compassionate heart. This is True Power. We hope you share this True Power with others you meet from this day forward.”

A New Journey

Zander and Danbright took it all in. They felt the truth of it all. They felt honored for the journey to get to this place. They knew they would share what they learned and help any stuck in the Shadowlands – even themselves.

They moved to the great crystal drawbridge and waved goodbye. Once again, the handsome and strong dragon, Danbright, and his delightful friend and coach, Zander, took flight. First stop – meeting little brother.

The End

Putting the Story to Use

Real-World Application

The Mystic Power Realms isn't just a cute little story. It's a life-changing technique for a happier world. Let me share with you a quick example:

At the Grocery Store

I was in the grocery store and noticed a very tired-looking mommy with a little one in the shopping cart and a young boy beside her. The little one in the cart was fussy and the young boy was jumping around and talking loudly. I heard the mommy begin to belittle the boy. She was saying loudly, "Why do you have to be so obnoxious? What's wrong with you!"

Chastising the mom for belittling the child would not have been helpful. Instead, with my heart's intent on helping them all, (A Knight's compassion.) I went over to them and tapped on my watch. There was nothing wrong with my watch and I knew what time it was. Even

so, I asked the mommy, “Do you know what time it is?” (A clear Wizard question. Asking for data, requiring only a yes or no answer.)

She looked at me as if she had been caught off guard. She stammered a bit as if to switch gears – not even knowing what time it was much less whether she had a watch or knew what time it might be. She gathered herself up quickly and smiled weakly as she looked at her watch and replied, “It’s 10 till 10.”

A Positive Outcome

“Oh, thank you!” I said. (The joy of an Elf.) “I’ve got an appointment here in a bit that I just cannot miss! (A Dragon’s goal.) I really appreciate your help!” (Knight energy of kindness.)

I returned to my shopping. As I moved away from her, I heard her say to her boy, “Well, honey, let’s go see if we can find your favorite breakfast cereal. Ok?”

The little family moved off joyfully towards the cereal aisle, and I tucked this little experience into my heart to share with you now.

Changing the World

We can change the world – our world. And we can do this easily by using the Mystic Power Realms.

Discover Your Power Realm

Thank you for joining us on this journey through the *Mystic Power Realms*. Your adventure doesn't end here—in fact, it's just beginning!

Take the Power Realm Quiz

Are you ready to uncover the secrets of your own mystical realm? Find out which Power Realm you embody by taking our Power Realm Quiz. This quiz will help you understand

your unique strengths and how you can leverage them to create positive changes in your life and interactions with others.

Start Your Journey Today

Visit thedivinefellowship.com/prquiz to take the Power Realm Quiz and begin your journey towards self-discovery and transformation.

Embrace your true potential and let the magic of the *Mystic Power Realms* guide you to a deeper understanding of yourself and the world around you.



Mystic Power Realms

Forging Deeper Connections With Self And Others