



## Extract from Blood Brothers Book Two of the Circular Scrolls

### Kevin Again

It was on just such a day, when the early spring sunshine was turning the new born leaves to the colour of the little rough green snake that slipped through the undergrowth at her feet, that Kevin appeared again.

\*

To Sam his appearance was nothing remarkable; just another small creature investigating *her* presence on *their* territory. But her heart was ahead of her eyes and when he spoke her name, with its strange blunt sound, their shared memories surrounded her like the spirits of old friends. And *his* name came back to her in a moment, although her tongue, for so long bent on other lines, struggled at first. And then it was as it always had been, though perhaps she had not so clearly recognised it in this way before, like two parts of a self conversing with each other.

\*

At first Sam did most of the talking; so much had happened. As she talked she realised that there were many things she did not truly understand and yet wanted to. It was this *wanting to*, which was juxtaposed with the inherent acceptance of her race, which was at the root of the conflict she sometimes felt within. Kevin apparently knew and understood this consuming need to have answers.

“Kevin, this is really good isn’t it?” They were walking through the trees together in the early morning light, Kevin, as always had been, on Sam’s shoulder.

He was gnawing at a pine nut at the time and made a noise that was a cross between a grunt and sniff and carried on eating.

“Kevin - Could I stay here - Forever?”

That got his attention.

“I mean, I feel as if I’ve got a family and everything.”

“So you’ve got used to the ‘bits’ then?” said Kevin with a smirk.

“Yeah” Sam sniggered. “I feel *right* here.”

“It doesn’t work like that Sam; you’ve got to *complete*; or stop and start again.”

“You mean I can’t just switch and leave one track in the lurch” said Sam reluctantly.

“That’s about it. You could try - but it wouldn’t be very - comfortable.”

"You mean I'd probably be classified as skitz – skitts - nuts don't you? They'd say I was mentally disturbed, and give me counselling, and want to investigate what went wrong in my childhood."

"Yeah. Or worse. They might put you on drugs to keep you in *their real* world." Kevin shuddered.

"So how long can I make this last" said Sam wistfully.

"As long as it takes Sam." Then, seeing the look of dissatisfaction on her face, "There *is* a purpose in it all - obscure though it may seem to you at the moment, and you are learning and growing. And you're investigating past experiences, ones that may help you to understand, in the broadest sense of the word, where you are and also perhaps, what you want for your current life - and it's all adding to the picture."

"Ah yes. The picture. I remember *the picture*. Do you mean it's all pretty well planned out?"

"More than that; I mean *you've* planned it out - including the ending. Our logical minds work single track, tunnel vision, in accordance with the criteria of the time frame in which we are living. So if that criterion is age, or money, or status or environment - we say-*I can't do this- get there- this can't happen - now- then* etc. because of a), b) or c). But if you allow the intuitive mind free rein, through dreams, daydreams, imaginings; if you remove the constraints and focus on the desire, you will draw it to you through whatever channels you have left open for it to approach you."

"Good and bad?"

"Oh yes. Good and bad; It will probably be a lot clearer looking back" he added consolingly.

"That's not really very helpful right now" said Sam in frustration, "especially when -"

"Perhaps it's as well that I'm not turning up too often then?"

"Perhaps" agreed Sam.

They carried on walking through the trees in silence for a while. Sam was aware that whilst wrestling with her thoughts on the inside she'd stopped looking around her. This made her say,

"They, we, believe that the way to understand things that you don't understand is to look around you."

She stopped, and then started again.

"That the way we understand things in the spirit world is by giving them form or shape in this world."

"Is that what you believe?" said Kevin.

"I'm not sure. Yes, I think so. Well part of me does anyway. The whole of me when you're not here. No question."

"Makes a lot of sense to me. So you can read what you need to know about anything right in front of you. A huge, coloured, multidimensional encyclopaedia... I like it!"

"And nothing ever dies, it just changes form."

"I seem to remember discussing something like this before in some other place" said Kevin thoughtfully.

"I feel as if I belong here Kevin, really belong. When I look around me... And sometimes I dream...sometimes I see things...people... But I don't belong do I? It's just wishful thinking isn't it?"

Kevin said nothing for a while. Sam was silent too. Then Kevin said,

"What does belong really mean do you think Sam?"

"I Dunno" said Sam despondently. "I suppose it means you've got some place where you can be, where you're accepted and - recognised in some way - and something else -"

"How about safe?"

"Yeah. Safe is important."

"But safe means different things to different people - and animals. For an animal, unsafe is something they accept as part of living. They don't expect to feel safe. Their security is in their ability to hunt or run or dig or fly - in other words in their fitness for living. Humans are different - they tend to attach safety to the things out side of them. But its safety within that's important for them too. Because the other sort, the outside sort, something or someone can take away. Do you feel safe here?"

Sam looked around her. She looked at the huge old trees which formed this ancient forest, with their many ringed trunks which told their age, under their gnarled branches, outstretched to the great round; she listened to the sounds about her, of bird and beast, some very close, some so far in the distance they were almost imperceptible; she felt the earth beneath her feet, the pressure of its strong firm support through the telling soles of her moccasins; she felt the wind against her cheek, its breath in her hair; she felt the steady rhythm of all living things beating through her in time to the beating of her own heart. There was so much here unseen, that she had yet to see, to understand; so much unknown, except in the foretelling, that she should have been afraid - but was not. She looked down at her feet and body remembering how strange and scary it had all felt in the beginning. It was like a dream. Where was the beginning? Did dreams have a beginning?

"Am I dreaming Kevin?"

"If all this" he waved an expressive paw, "is thought made manifest - given shape - so we can understand it more easily - who's to say what is dream and what is reality."

"The medicine man once told me that the Great Spirit lives in us and we are part of him; he said it was like a drop of water and a big river - one very big, one very small, but both containing the other."

"And do you feel safe here?" persisted Kevin going back to the original track.

“Yes” said Sam simply. “Like the drop of water in the big river - like there’s no question about it. Like there’s no beginning and no end.”

“In that case Sam, whatever happens, wherever you end up, travelling, seeking, you will find your way back here.”

Sam looked away from a future she could not see and straight at Kevin then. Her eyes bored into him as if he was rock with the answer tattooed through his centre. Eventually she said,

“I think I may have seen that already. What about you Kevin? D’you have some place that you feel like that about?”

He looked back at her and she saw in his bright, shiny pebble eyes something that she recognised but could not quite give a name.

“Yeah” he said casually. “I belong with you.”

*Extract from Blood Brothers, Book Two of the Circular Scrolls, by Bridget Trafford.*  
ISBN 142514306-7