



Extract from The Line of Hope Book Three of the Circular Scrolls

Prologue

*'Then reach out with thy thought, till it be drown'd...
And though thy soul sail leagues beyond,
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea...'*

I am at the entrance to a cave; my guide is at my side, hands, a presence, no more; darkness is all round but the path before me is lit from within. Walk down the path; it is a directive; across the top of a quiet waterfall flowing in from the left to the right; a very steep drop to the right but the water moves quite slowly; *slow falling water; letting go, letting go*; I am given a gift; a ring; a pearl ring; *completeness, wholeness, defence against danger, the mature soul*; and a strange rhombus which floats; *the path to self-realisation*; I am flowing down through my body into my heart; *what do I see?*

My palms are pale but my skin is black; I have marks around my wrists; I am beautiful; *how do I know this?*

He wants me for his own; he is swathed in white robes; I can see only his eyes and the big ship and we are sailing away from the shore, from my land... and I ache, my heart, my soul; my soul cries out its pain to the mountains, to the great twin peaks but the dry, hot wind casts it away to roam the graveyards of the long dead...

And here is another plain, but not of dust and thorn; this one is blue and there is a line between the blue and the blue and far and away a voice says to me *there is the line of hope...*

As I leap, the water comes up to meet me; I will surely drown to find my freedom...

Sam woke with a start.

Her heart was pounding, her stomach was still in the dream and her T-shirt was sticking to her chest. And somewhere between conscious thought and memory there was the echo of a voice....

Extract from The Line of Hope, Book Three of the Circular Scrolls, by Bridget Trafford.