The Loving Tree, by Michelle Nosco

Once upon a time Princess Arielle and Princess Nikki were frolicking in the foggy dew of their forest.

It was early morning as the winged creatures twittered and buzzed among the ferns and glistening Royal Oaks and Elms

The two were on their way visit to the Royal Scholars. Waving good morning to the nests of fledglings high above they laughed with delight in the forest dawn and tickled their lips with ferny dew.

A brilliant pink shimmering ***light*** flowed up the trunk of the Loving Tree as they hugged it. A rainbow of colors followed, streaming upwards. Glowing sunrise orange, yellow, green, turquoise, indigo and Royal purple, around the top of its magical canopy and down in cascading green, gold, green, gold, shimming green. The girls glowed as it passed through them too.

Suddenly, they heard a soft gentle growl in the distance. It growled smooth then raspy then smooth then raspy. It was a shiny purple dragon with fierce yellow eyes roaring and puffing its way through the lane.

The girls hid among the ferns. Its scales looked like metal plates as its gigantic head rose high into the air. Puffs of enchanted fog shot upward. As plumes of fog gently fell over the leaves, nests and ferns, the twittering of the forest became muffled.

The little princesses watched, mesmerized, as the delightful fog billowed and rolled among the treetops. It twinkled like fairy dust falling down and around, covering the dewy forest floor. Princess Ariele wondered "what makes it sparkle?" "Such a silly thing to wonder" sang Princess Nikky as the dragon puffed its plumes higher with every flame. It's yummy she squealed, catching the falling fog like snow flakes disappearing on her tongue. With each snowflake her glow dimmed.

The gentle dragon lumbered its way away, down the lane. The girls hopped from fern to fern, following along. The foggy mist made huge spirals as they waved their arms, leaping in slow motion from tree to tree.

Falling further and further behind, they bounced their way across the enchanted forest. Flying more slowly in every bounce, the mist made them drowsy. The beautiful light of their life force was so dim they could hardly see.

As they fell into a deep slumber, the Loving Tree caught them. Held fast by its long embracing branches, the children's last glow all but disappeared. The Royal Oak held them, protecting against the fog while the little girls dreamt of fairy dust and the enchanted dragon.

It was oddly quiet, as the sun rose over the forest.

PART II

Later, when they awoke, each found their prince, and married. Kings, queens and courtiers spoke of an evil spell cast over the girls. The herbalist said it was the fog of copper dragon in the enchanted forest when they were young. Their colors grew muted and their life force dimmed. No children were born of the courtly couples.

PART III

As the dragons treasure grows, so grows the dragons hunger.

Outside the village, night birds call while hidden dragons come sliding and gliding, floating and glowing. Stealthily radiating their invisible flame.
Yet, if you breath deeply, you'll take in the warm scent of rich black earth, with a hint of Jasmine dancing through the air.
Far above a muted dusk in the deep indigo night a bolt of electricity crackles. It is twilight.

The song of a nightingale came from a distance. Even Arielle's buzzing body couldn't keep them from admiring the beauty of its pure, sweet tone. It landed on the window ledge for a moment, leaving a magic bowl for the courtly couple. Making an eerie yet mesmerizing sound the crystal and spun gold of the bowl began to glow. "ooooooooooooh" sang the bowl.
"ooooooooooooh" came the echo of the surrounding walls.

The Prince moved the sounding wand around the frosted edge and began to sing with no words to the singing bowls song. Somehow he and Arielle understood the wordless tones. And, while Arielle's dimming life force buzzed and stuttered, the Prince's palms ever so slightly started to glow.

The light flowed from his hands and seemed to hover in front of them. It wanted him to follow. Soon the glow guided his palm smoothly up and down and up and down, along Arielle's fuzzy buzzy arms and legs. "It feels really warm, not as buzzy" laughs Arielle. The glow dimmed.

"Ring the bowl again!" Cried Arielle

As as they did… it began to glow pyramids of color: white gold, green, gold, green. The smooth tone of the bowl fluttered and became a smooth flowing light. Waiting. hovering. It flickered, asking for permission to enter, guiding them to trace its living color-tones on Arielle.

“Yes, yes, YES” they cried together. They could feel its healing radiance.

The toning light fluttered and flickered back and forth again like a butterfly. Color shifting, glowing white as ice blue. Shape shifting, for a moment it flashed like a pyramid. Right side up and upside down. It began to spin like a top . It tickled her torso under her armpit. The spinning light-form began moving swiftly down her arm to her thumb. The Prince followed as it beckoned.

The light seemed to caress her arm making its way back up her shoulder and across her lips. Shimmering golden yellow like the sun it slid like a teardrop past Arielle’s breast and hips, along the side of her leg to her middle toe where it rested.

The Prince and Arielle locked eyes. They’d never seen such brilliant light flow through the young princess’ body. It danced and glowed and flowed and danced. Around her limbs, Citrine wheat glowing into a muted green the light became a beautiful emerald. flashing ruby red as it neared her heart.

Down her arm it glowed and flowed in a sparkling Sapphire around her pinky. With herculean strength, fighting to go up, up, up the light zoomed back up to her head. And, in a shimmer the cool and warm deep blue light went around and down her back, glowing six clear shades of blue all at once. The living emotion of sea and sky, spirit and ether, day and night. She was becoming alive again as the two laughed and sang, the light wove a tapestry of colors throughout and around them.

One more time up up up, around her shoulder to arm and hand, down and up. Further than it had ever gone in one move…a brilliant red burst of flashing shimmer. It dashed in a pirouette around her crown indigo, violet and green gold green dissolving one into another around and around…it began to float down along her sides creating a gown of light all the way to her feet and back again. Princess Arielle was dressed in the most beautiful glowing Royal Gown ever seen in the Royal Realm.

PART IV

MEANWHILE:

A dragon looms and leers around the walls surrounding the courtly couple's castle.

Three more dragons are visible in the distance. Blowing their flames on buildings in town that light up and go dark.

"the dragons of the forest! … outside our wall!" Shrieks Arielle
"ooh… (she begins to collapse) I feel all fuzzy and buzzy. Help me, I can't walk! I can't think!."

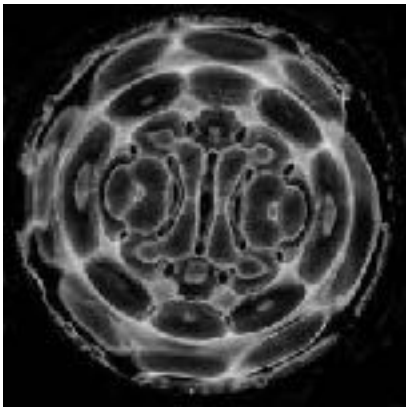
The prince helps her to bed as he holds her.
"Puff, Puff, Hack, Grrrr" came a low throated growl….

The dragons fire is no longer gentle or satisfied with stealing the lives of unborn children. It trades dance for immobility. Turns cell against cell!

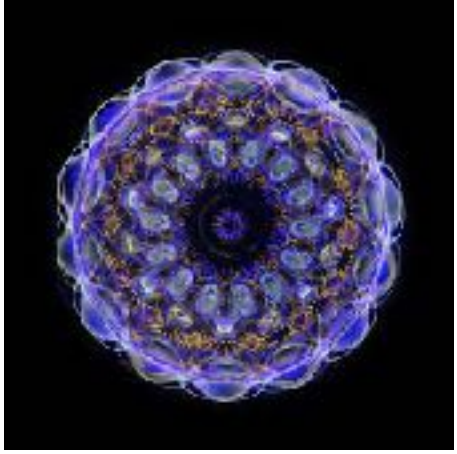
PART V

<u>Daybreak. The crickets sing to the singing bowl hum.</u>
<u>It is the tune of time and the newborn dawn</u>

Haaooooohhhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.
Buzzy becomes smooth vibration.
Coaxing Arielle's limbs with the stronger vibration of love, back to their natural state. Then Buzzzzzzz. Buzzzzzzzz. Buzzzzz , half of Arielle disappeared
the prince toned
"Ommmmmmmmmmmmm"
and Ariel was back.



The Prince's arms wrapped around Ariele like the limbs of the loving tree, Whispering:
"Hooooooooope, Hooooooope."
She looked up at him and quietly whispered "We have hope?"
He handed her a glass of water from the singing bowl and as she drank shimmering Mandelas sparkled throughout her translucent body.



Suddenly they started to distort, dropping like tears to the ground as the growl from a distant dragon grew louder.
The Prince toned:
“Laaaaaaaaaaaooooooooooooove”. The mandalas flickered back into her. “Looooooooooooooooooove”
“I love you, too” She whispered

Electricity CRACKLED from the walls and With a CRASH the DRAGON was upon them. It drew in a huge breath sucking the air from Arielle’s lungs.
“WHOOOOOOA”
shouted the prince at the dragon transforming its fiery breath with a single tone!

It started to spin like a top, it’s scales flickering
“MMMMMmmmmAAAAAAAAHH”
His voice resonating the walls to transparency
(David Gibson): “EEEEEEEeeeeeeeeeeee”
joined the screech of owls as the dragons wings fluttered and fluttered
(David Gibson): “EEEEEEEEEeeeeeeeee” it came again as the Prince and Arielle joined in: “LOOOOOOOooooooooooooVvvvvee”.

Suddenly, they were surrounded by a chorus of ArchAngels, Ascended Masters and other beings. Beautiful Birdlike, fishlike, furry and even scaly beings resonated the Godly tones as the dragons began to fall.
“VAAAAAAAAAAAAhhhhhhhhhhMMMM” the sound almost deafening as the dragon began to glow!
“RRRAAAAAAaaaaaaaMMM!” Suddenly the dragons seemed to move in both directions and with a shimmering pop, out sprang the huge newly formed wing of a humming bird….
“zzzzzzzzz” it flickered weakly
“zzzzzzzzmmmmmmmmm” it hissed,
“YYAAAAAAAAAAMMMMM” sang the ArchAngels.

Never had the people of the town ever seen such a sight.
Dragons were zooming to the earth from all directions.
From the Village the castle walls seemed to disappear.
Flickering there and back. The CRASH of thunder
“SSSSSHHHHHHHHAAAAAAaaaaaaAAMMMMM”
and it appeared again, back and forth, shaking the ancient stone from its foundation.

The surrounding clouds billowed and rolled with the bright golden light of dawn, rainbows rippling across its plumes to the disappearing, indigo night.
The vibrations reverberated as a castle in the heavens released a barrage of un-earthly beings

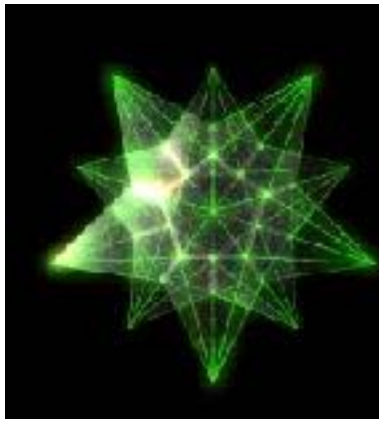
And at once the crash of thunder lit the invisible walls of the village castle below. A league of heavenly bodies flash visible for a moment, descending in one congruent “OOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooooooMMMMMM” and silence…..

Surrounding us with the silent song of the cosmos.
Singing through the veil, a life forming harmony of tones creating dot. Circle radiating outward.
Rematerializing in a harmonic convergence!
Life-force forming, transforming from point, line, plane to space.

On, off, on, off, on… green, gold, green, gold, shimmering green. The dragons spun around,
Sphere to tetrahedron in a shimmer of light.
In a flash of sound Tetrahedron transforms within itself, its own dragon dual.

Cube and octahedrons within each other recreating as the dragons transform.
“Haaoooooohhhmmmmmmmmmmm”
it was the song of the universe, resonating life force, transforming dragons with every beat of the hummingbirds wings.

Hexahedron and octahedron ripple rainbows through dragon flesh and nerves and sinew. Icosahedron and dodecahedron, duals of each other, glowing, shifting between three upright bisecting golden rectangles.



Multi-dimensional mandelas form in soundless resonating tones between dimensions.
“OOOOOOOooooooooooommmmmmmmmm”
From Air to Ether, from plane to plane. A persistent, continuous hum, an irresistible, stabile force. Emitting, unending. No end and no beginning, the Alpha and the Omega.

The 5 Platonic solid crystal patterns of mineral mandalas make countless variations, flashing between dimensions as the ArcAngels sing our songs and recreate flesh after the dragons destruction, making way for creation. Its’ long, snarling muzzle transforms into the beak of a hummingbird, breathing in the golden nectar of renewal. And the angels sing with crickets in the harmonic realm.

The stronger vibration transforms the weaker **Radiation Dragon**.
Sing the volume up and watch the **Virus Dragon** disappear.
With the harmonic bouquet of a souls note
Lighten the **Toxic Dragon** with the **Heavy Metal Load**,
Ba Boom, Ba Boom, Ba Boom the binaural beat of love from Arielle’s heart re-ignites her dormant brainwaves from the enchanting **Dragon of Pesticide fog**

And Now, when a dragon reappears to make Arielle fuzzy and her energy rises and buzzes within, she tones the song of the cosmos and allows her mandalas to spin and twirl, to go down, down through the floor to the ground, to ground herself, like the Loving Tree.

We are stardust, million year old carbon, we are golden, and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the garden.
“OOOOOOOOooooooooohhhhh
OOOOOOOooooooooohhhhh……..”

And we all live happily ever after
THE END

EPILOGUE

Hello David,
Attached is my final paper for your SHC 100 class.
Feel free to ask any questions. Much of our class studies have been integrated into the story which loosely follows my life, having been exposed to DDT as an adolescent, Heavy Metal Toxins, Virus and recently I've become sensitive to EMF's from incoherrent electricity in building walls, an electrical transformer and Smart Meters through SoCal Edison on the other side of my apartment wall (yes, I have also moved but my body still buzzes as a learned fear response to stress. The solution to calm the buzzing is often toning and using the crystal or Tibetan bowls. It has been lessening)

Your curriculum and the SHC 100 introductory class has helped me to live with the effects of EMF. What I have learned has been translated into a children's story so people will listen and not be afraid. Usually people don't want to hear about the things that aren't recognized by their doctors. It scares people when they don't know how to mitigate the effects of something unidentified. I hope this story gives them a way to visualize the dragons that haunt our wellbeing with the hope of using sound healing to overcome their unbearable effects.

The dragons in my story are based on the "Unforgiving Four" introduced in Anthony Williams Book "Medical Medium, Life Changing Foods". These four threats to our health are: 1.Radiation 2.Pesticides 3.Virus' 4.Heavy Metal Toxins. They wage an invisible, unofficial war on this planet and all its inhabitants. People are vulnerable and unwitting targets with side effects that are virtually untraceable and worse than this the medical establishment barely recognizes the causes saying that "sick people aren't really sick" failing to accept the health challenges set before them by the 4 dragons of the Unforgiving Four. Fortunately Sound Healing techniques have worked to help ME mitigate their effects. Today, I am actively helping to transform legislation and farming practices. More on that another time. Perhaps there's a sequel there. I'm a hopeful believer.

Thanks for your creativity in helping me visualize a healthy world with sound healing,
Much love and light,
Michelle Nosco