

Beneath
and Beyond
The Thunderbirds



Claudette Cleveland

Beneath and Beyond: The Thunderbirds

By

Claudette Cleveland



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Chapter One

Words from the Grave

Joe saw through his tears the fierce red eyes of a larger-than-life wolf glaring at him from across the grave of his recently buried mother and father. Where had it come from? Was it a real wolf or was it what his people referred to as a skin walker? “Scat!” he screamed. The wolf did not budge. More anger than fear engulfed him as he leaped toward the creature, which bared its pointed yellow teeth but stood its ground. Just as he was about to physically engage the beast, it disappeared, leaving Joe tumbling to the ground where the wolf had once stood.

Surprised, Joe climbed to his feet and looked around. No one and nothing was in sight. Was it my imagination working overtime because of my grief? He looked down at the resting place of his mother and father’s bodies. They had only that week expressed their pride in the fact that he had graduated from high school with honors. Not many people in their family had accomplished that.

He had received a scholarship to attend the university in Flagstaff in the fall. He wanted to study agriculture and animal husbandry specifically for high desert climates. He had watched his father struggle to grow corn in a climate where the yearly average rainfall was 6.5 inches. He had also seen his father’s flock of sheep go from a hundred to fifty in one season. Having read that there were new ways to assure abundance in both fields, he wanted to bring this

potential prosperity to his family so they could start to enjoy a fuller life. Maybe then some of their dreams could come true.

The tears rolled down his cheeks as Joe realized that their days of dreaming were over. He wiped the tears from his eyes and opened them. Standing before him was the image of his mother. Around her was an aura of bright light. His mouth fell open with astonishment.

“Do not speak, Joe, just listen. I haven’t long. Your father and I were murdered because of witchcraft and revenge. There is a great deal of jealousy among our people. Do not be angry for this will only bring the same fate to you. There is someone coming from afar who will help you understand this. He comes from the mountains of Tibet. I realize how confused you must feel now, but do not forget your goals. They are important to you as well as to our people. You and your kind are the hope of the Earth. Listen to the stories that Grandmother tells and all will eventually be clear.”

Joe opened his mouth to speak, but his mother’s image was gone. He sat for a long time, letting the questions and thoughts run through his head. He actually felt more confused than ever. The word ‘murdered’ crept into his every thought.

His parents had been found dead in their hogan, a traditional Navajo dwelling. As was the belief, the hogan was closed up, no longer to be entered by a living soul. His grandmother had offered to let him live with her until he went off to the university in the fall. She lived in a compound with his cousin, Morning Star. They were picking him up later that day for the two-hour trip to their home, which was the main reason he had decided to make the visit to the gravesites now. After the encounter with the wolf and the warning of his mother’s spirit, he wasn’t certain that it had been such a good idea.

He slowly got to his feet and started the short walk to town where Morning Star was meeting him. He thought as he walked down the dusty road, I am not ready to share my recent experience with anyone, not even some stranger from Tibet.

Chapter Two

Althea and Tashi in San Francisco

Going through customs in San Francisco took longer than usual because of the terrorist attack on the trade centers in New York. Everyone was checked and doubled-checked. Tashi and Althea saw that many dark-skinned people were being taken to another part of the building. Tashi was happy that he was lighter in complexion than most of his countrymen from Tibet. Being with Althea, who was blonde and blue-eyed, seemed to ward off any suspicions toward him. He understood better now why the Tall White Being from the Hidden City in the Himalayans had been emphatic that he and Althea be married. His western clothes and American passport made it look as though he and Althea were merely tourists coming back from a vacation in Singapore. In actuality, they were coming from a stay in the Hidden City where the Tall White Beings were training them to be human ambassadors for their ancient Lemurian teachings of love and peace. These beings from a distant planet were also teaching them ‘magical skills,’ a norm among the highly evolved beings.

A Tibetan man, who had escaped when the Chinese invaded Tibet, met them at the airport. He had been living in San Francisco for some time now. He spoke to Tashi in his native language.

“Welcome. I am Jetsün. You will be staying at my house while you acquaint yourself with the customs and language of your new

homeland,” he said, looking at Tashi. Turning to Althea, he said in English. “You will help in the process, as well as be indoctrinated for your forthcoming work.”

Tashi and Althea looked at one another, reading each other’s minds. How much did this man know about the Hidden City? Before they could think about it anymore, a car pulled to the curb and they were ushered into it.

The ride through the city was an amazing experience for Tashi. There was such a mixture of old and new. There were tall, very modern buildings with much shorter, older and more ornate buildings wedged in between. Along some of the avenues, there was little vegetation. Then suddenly, a whole open space of green grasses and tall trees came into view. Many eating-places sat along the narrow streets. It reminded him of all the many food establishments in the Singapore airport. He thought that Althea had called them ‘restaurants.’

The car came to a stop in front of a house that was connected to other houses on the street. Each had its own steps leading up to a small porch and door.

“Come in, come in,” said Jetsún. “Peta has tea waiting.”

Tashi and Althea were guided into a room, which smelled of sandalwood incense. A small low table with colorful pillows around it was sitting next to a fireplace. On the table was a Tibetan pot of tea. Small cakes were next to it.

“Please sit and enjoy. I will be back later, after you have finished your refreshments.”

Tashi poured the tea for each of them. “Doesn’t this remind you of the first time we met in the Hidden City, Althea?”

“You mean when you rolled off the floor pillow and nearly upset the table?” Althea said, laughing as she pictured the scene in her head.

Tashi laughed with her, feeling her warm love radiate to him much like the very first time their eyes met. “I was so nervous. You were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen and I don’t mean

merely in physical looks. There was a glow around you that drew me to you. When you spoke to me, it made me even more nervous. I had thought to myself it all had to be a dream. I remember you offering me cakes similar to these. Now I offer them to you.” He held the small plate of delicacies up to her, never letting his eyes leave hers.

“Tashi, that seems so long ago and yet it was only months,” Althea said, dreamily remembering that special time while taking one of the delicate cakes.

Their reminiscing was interrupted by a bright white glow that appeared suddenly next to them in the room. It took the form of a Tall White Being, who was over eight feet in height, had cobalt blue eyes and six fingers. It was Bashur, Tashi’s mentor from the Hidden City. Talking through their minds, Bashur said “Hello, dear ones. Did you like your adventure to this new land, Tashi?” Not waiting for an answer, Bashur continued. “You will live in this house for several months. Tashi, you will learn to speak English. Althea, you will take him around the city and introduce him to the American customs. I will visit you again before your first assignment, which will be in the southwest United States. You will work there with Morning Star. She is quite exasperated and could use some support. It is a lonely job being an ambassador from the Hidden City. You two have each other to talk to on an equal level. She has no one at this time, but that will soon change. I will explain more about that later.”

As usual, Tashi had a hundred questions. But before he could open his mouth, Bashur was gone. However, in his head, he heard a voice say to him “Tashi, live in the moment.”

For the next several months, Tashi and Althea focused on his Americanization. They went shopping and to restaurants where he could practice his English. They watched television, which brought him up to date on current events, the biggest of which was the terrorist attack on the buildings in New York. One day, while watching news reporters interview a survivor, Althea commented,

“Don’t you wonder why some people lived through that catastrophe and so many others died?”

Tashi immediately responded, apparently receiving the words from a higher source. “Those who survived did not contract to die. Those brave souls who gave their lives to wake up the world to the fact that fear and anger only destroy are the real heroes. How we respond to their lesson will set the temperature for what will follow on a planetary level. If we respond with fear and hate, more death and disaster will follow. If we respond with love and understanding, peace will reign. Unfortunately, there are a great many descendants of the Pleiadian renegades in decision-making positions right now. The Tall White Beings were right when they told us that this is a critical time in the history of the Earth. Unlike the time of Atlantis, the white beings assured us that they would not be idle. They have been instructed by the universal elders to fight the biggest foe on Earth, fear. Unlike their adversaries, they will fight with the most powerful of weapons, unconditional love. That is why we must not be taken in by the vengeful attitude that is running rampant in the consciousness of the people on Earth.”

“How do you know so much, Tashi?”

Looking directly into Althea’s eyes, Tashi responded. “The words just come to my head. I think, Althea, that we are being helped a great deal through this time of turmoil. We must keep ourselves clear of fear. Only then will we be of service in the universal crusade for a world of love and peace energy. The energy of fear and anger will destroy the Earth.”

“It seems like such a mammoth job for us. We are so few.”

“Maybe in number, but not in power. We are only the ambassadors of a huge army of peaceful, loving warriors. They will guide us to people who are ready to join us. Bashur told me that we would be ready soon to start our work here. In a few more months, we will travel to the southwest United States. He suggests we meditate more and the answers to our doubts will be given.” Tashi took Althea in his arms and said, “Althea, we make a strong team and look who we have in the reserves.”

Althea looked up and saw Bashur standing behind Tashi. She smiled up at him and hugged Tashi tighter. “I’m with you all the way, Tashi.”

Changing the subject, Tashi asked, “Do you know what I would like to see in San Francisco? I would like to see the Golden Gate Bridge up close. I remember when we read the mind of the man on the plane from Singapore. His thoughts said that he would be part of the group that would destroy it, similar to the disaster in New York. I remember the news reporting that the government had doubled the security there because of some intelligence of a threat to that landmark.”

“Good idea, Tashi. We can take a streetcar. Streetcars are rather rare and it will be a fun and new experience. Then maybe we can walk along the beach.”

“Let’s get started,” said Tashi, excited about the itinerary for the day.

Althea and Tashi found Jetsún and told him of their plans for the day. He told them where to catch the streetcar that took them to the bridge.

The two got off the streetcar on a street corner that was alongside the beach. The historical red bridge was fairly close. It was much larger than Tashi expected. When they had flown into the city, there was some fog and only the top of the bridge showed.

They walked to a hill that was just above the bridge and sat on a rock. “I have to ask, Althea. If it’s called the Golden Gate Bridge, why is it red?”

Althea laughed, her eyes crinkling at the corners. “I was wondering the same thing. That’s why I looked it up on the Internet. The strait that serves as the mouth of the San Francisco bay is called the Golden Gate. The afternoon sun makes the strait from the Pacific Ocean into the Bay of San Francisco appear golden. The bridge was built to span it, connecting the mainland with the San Francisco peninsula. It was a very dangerous crossing by boat because of the treacherous currents and it’s several hundred miles to drive around

to the other side of the bay. The orange-red color was used so it could readily be seen through the fog, which seems to be prevalent here.”

“That makes sense. When was it built?” Tashi quizzed, always wanting more information.

“It was completed in 1937 and was quite an engineering accomplishment for its day. It’s an important American landmark. That may be the reason the terrorists wanted to show their strength by blowing it up. Oh Tashi, do you think we heard that man on the plane’s thoughts correctly?”

“After hearing your explanation, I’m certain we did,” he said in a rather dreamlike state. “If the Tall White Beings are right, we have a lot of work to do if this planet is to ever find peace again. The spirit of Lemuria must rise once more or there will be no planet.”

“Let’s walk along the beach. It will help us clear ourselves of any anger we might be feeling. Bashur emphasized how important it was to feel only the love energy or we will be adding fuel to the already roaring fire of fear of the mass conscientiousness. Fear seems to be an epidemic right now,” Tashi told her, taking her hand as he gave her a loving smile.

Tashi and Althea walked down to the edge of the water. A slight breeze was blowing at their backs. They talked and enjoyed the sun warming them, for without it, they would have been quite chilled. At one point, Tashi reached down to pick up something lying on the moist sand.

“I remember mother describing something like this in one of her nightly stories. A child of one of the refugees from Lemuria was standing on the edge of the moving water. She picked up something like this. It had symbols etched on it and she wondered what they meant. Symbols were very important in their teaching back then. What is this called, Althea?”

“It’s called a sand dollar,” she responded, thinking that Tashi had never been this close to an ocean.

Tashi turned the sand dollar over and examined it. “These are the

symbols that were described in the story that Mother told me in Tibet of my ancient ancestors who were refugees of the lost continent of Lemuria.”

“You can keep it if you want. Let’s take it back with us and study the etchings on it. Maybe there’s a message in them or it will just be a reminder of our time here as well as your mother’s story.”

Tashi put the sand dollar carefully in his jacket pocket and continued walking. The further they walked, the stronger the wind got, until they could hardly stand erect. They were being pushed forward at a forty-five degree angle. Its chill and the spray of the water were piercing through their clothing. As they looked toward the road that ran parallel to the ocean’s edge, they saw huge sand dunes forming wherever the blowing sand was stopped by some structure on the beach.

“Let’s try to make it to that road up there. Maybe the buildings will shelter us some,” Tashi suggested, concerned that the steps to the road would be closed off with the mammoth drifts forming. He had never seen mountains made of sand.

They battled their way to the street, finding a small path to it on the outer rims of the ten-foot high stairs. Once across the street and in the protection of the buildings, Althea spoke, her body shivering. “Wow, that’s some wind! The sand feels like small crystals of glass hitting my skin. I’m cold. Let’s see if there is somewhere to get something hot to drink, preferably indoors.”

Tashi and Althea walked to the next block and on the corner, spotted a small dingy place called ‘The Java House.’ “Here we are,” Althea told Tashi.

“What’s a java house?” he asked. “I don’t know the word ‘java.’”

“It’s a coffee house. They sell cups of coffee. Let’s go in,” Althea said, taking Tashi’s arm as they walked through the door.

Entering, they were overwhelmed with a sadness, which permeated the room. Althea led them to a counter and asked the man behind it for two large coffees. The casually dressed man with one earring and a ponytail asked what kind they wanted. He rattled off a

list of six different blends and pointed to a list hand-printed on a sign next to an antique cash register. Althea chose one and watched as he filled two Styrofoam cups with the thick black liquid. He handed the cups to Althea and asked for eight dollars and sixty-four cents. She handed him a ten-dollar bill and received her change.

“The cream and sugar are at the end of the counter.”

Althea doctored up the ‘dynamite,’ as the man had called it, with plenty of sugar and touch of cream. She thought the sugar and cream would replenish some of the energy that she and Tashi had expended just getting to this local oasis. They sat at a table for two located in the middle of the room. Most of the people hugged the perimeter, sitting on various couches and chairs, none of which matched.

The ceiling and walls were painted black, which by now had faded to a dingy gray. Three people, the gender of which was questionable, occupied a yellow Naugahyde sofa, which probably was white at one time. They all had long hair that hung in greasy strands past their shoulders. They were so immobile that they looked like statues that had been sculpted in the fifties. Their clothes were either bought at a vintage store or taken from a grandmother’s attic. Duck tape made interesting patterns on the sofa’s surface in a feeble attempt to contain whatever stuffing was left.

Sitting by herself at a small table and sipping at a cup containing the high-octane liquid, caffeine laden coffee, a woman in her mid-fifties gazed out a window, blurred by years of cleaning neglect. Althea and Tashi looked at one another, for they had both heard her thoughts. She was dreaming of a time gone by when a lover was an intricate part of her life. Even though it had been years since he left her without a good-bye, she still harbored the one hope that he would return and they would live happily ever after.

Tashi saw a small tear at the corner of Althea’s eye. “It is sad that people don’t realize that they are creating their own reality. It doesn’t need to be this sad for that woman, but she is either enjoying her misery or doesn’t realize what her options are,” he said quietly so that he could not be overheard.

“I know, Tashi. It’s just that I feel so much compassion for unhappy people. I just want to shout at them, ‘It doesn’t have to be this way! Look at me!’ I have found happiness after drowning in my misery for years.”

“You have so much patience and compassion, Althea. You are a great teacher. I have much to learn from you.”

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