

An Extract from
“Dolphin’s Dream”
by Patrick Adrian

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1

*The branches of the cedar tree
in front of his window bent down humbly.
And somewhere, far away in the sea,
someone was relentlessly dashing
beneath the blue surface.*

The sea was of a deep turquoise colour. One moment they were zooming through the foam of the waves, and the next through the transparent blueness under the surface. It was a delight that Josip Gora had gotten used to over the past few months. He got used to it so much that he couldn't even imagine what it would look like when the delight disappeared. *If* it disappeared. Josip hoped with all his heart it wasn't going to be that way.

Suddenly his companion stopped and popped his head out of the water. He glanced into Josip's direction and with a short movement of his head showed him something in front of them. Josip had to make an effort in order to be able to make out that the fuzzy little dots were in fact fishing boats.

"Oh, no", he whispered.

There was a moment of silence in which only the soft moaning of the wind could be heard. The surface of the sea was painfully blue – only here and there mottled with whitish ripples. Such blueness would normally pull him in; it would mesmerize him and make him forget everything else. Now it was different. The blueness was bringing a foreboding of loss and sorrow.

"Now we must part", said Josip's companion. "I'll leave the Dreamtime, and I suggest you do the same."

Josip was not surprised to hear those words. He had been expecting them. Still, something inside of him kept defying such an ending. Although he anticipated its inevitability, he just could not give himself up to it without a fight. Or at least an attempt to fight.

“But why?”, he said in an excited voice. “What’s going to happen?”

His friend just shook his head sadly. For a moment he stared in the direction of the distant fishing boats, but then he said in a soft voice: “I’ve already told you what will happen. You know very well.”

Biting his upper lip, and with an invisible drooping of his shoulders, Josip turned his eyes away from his friend. Yes, somewhere deep inside he knew what was going to happen. It had been explained to him. Maybe not directly, but the hints and signs were clear, unmistakable. Nevertheless, Josip simply could not accept it.

“I don’t understand”, he cried again. “Why do you have to do this? Can’t you choose something else? Fight against it!”

His friend laughed resoundingly. “Against what? The time has come, my friend; that’s all. My mission is fulfilled. I saw it in advance.”

Josip said nothing. He couldn’t, because his eyes were filled with tears, and his throat shrivelled with pain.

His companion made a quick circle round Josip and then gently poked him in the bottom with his head. “Hey”, he shouted, “what is this now? Is this what I taught you? Have you forgotten about laughter and play? You must never forget, not even when things do not look like you’d want them to. Besides, you know very well that you’ll get it figured out soon enough. It’s how it always goes. At first it seems that a thing makes no sense at all, but within a couple of days or weeks everything fits into place, like the pieces of a puzzle. And this time it’s going to be like that, trust me.”

Josip raised his head slowly and gazed into his friend’s eyes. How could he not trust him? Those were the eyes of pure joy! It was a face of perfect friendliness and wisdom. And only God knew how much energy and time Josip had spent searching for such joy, such wisdom. He didn’t find it where he thought he would. He didn’t find it in the people who should have had it in them. And now it was right in front of him. He was looking in its eyes. Why was he afraid? Whatever was to happen, he knew perfectly well, he would never – never! – lose it. That thought cheered him up a little. Behind a curtain

of anxiety he slowly began to feel the possibility of understanding. And understanding brings peace. A smile began to appear on Josip's face. "That's it", his friend laughed. "That's much better."

For a few eternally long moments they looked into each other's eyes. Then Josip's companion said: "So long, my friend. I'm leaving the Dreamtime. We'll meet again, don't you worry."

Josip just nodded. His friend's eyes were deeper than the universe itself. In them, if he but wished for it, he could see the reflection of the stars, even in broad daylight. In them, he could see hints of faraway travels, which held both sad departures and happy returns. This time though, Josip thought, there were very few hopes for a happy return, and from the place to which his friend was headed, no one had yet returned...

For an eternally long moment Josip stood staring into those eyes; then something changed in them. Something was gone. As if they'd lost the very spark that made them glow so brilliantly before. Josip knew that it was the moment in which the Dreamtime ceased to exist for his friend, that he returned to his usual reality. And yet, even then, even apart from the unusual circumstances that connected them, his friend was unique. It was always such a pleasure to watch the joy shine from his body, in every little movement of strong muscles under silky skin. Josip would have felt a great joy at that moment had he not been so overwhelmed by a feeling of tension and anticipation.

And then Josip's friend suddenly dived and disappeared into the blue depths. He was nowhere to be seen for some time, but then Josip saw him slicing the waves in the direction of the fishing boats. Halfway down, he jumped high out of the water and then disappeared again with a splash. It was a greeting meant for Josip.

He didn't wait to see what was going to happen. Although he felt a twitch of curiosity, it would have been too difficult for him. Besides, they made a deal. No matter how much he wanted to help and stop what was going to happen, he knew he could do absolutely nothing. He sighed deeply and left the Dreamtime.

When he came back to the real world, Josip found himself on the same spot as when he left for the Dreamtime. He was surfing with a moderately strong south wind. If someone had been watching him, they wouldn't even be able to guess what had in fact happened to him. The entrance into the Dreamtime was not accompanied by any external effects. Josip's body stayed in the same place. His movements stayed the same, perhaps only becoming a bit more accurate, more precise. In fact, he succeeded in his first attempt at entering the Dreamtime, because he managed to keep an inner calm during such a powerful and demanding physical activity.

Still, although nothing could be seen from the outside, the inner changes were immense. Josip learned how to change his state of consciousness in such a special way that his reality changed simultaneously as well. In that way he entered the Dreamtime – the name of the place where he used to meet his now already lost friend.

Leaving the Dreamtime and returning to his “ordinary” reality meant the end of a blessed experience of a changed reality. It was only then that Josip felt the full weight of his loss. It pressed down upon him like a heavy burden that someone unexpectedly laid on his shoulders. He shivered, thus losing the concentration needed to keep up the speed of surfing. He turned round rather clumsily and headed off towards the shore in the distance.

If someone had indeed been watching him, right then they would have noticed a difference. Only a moment before he was a perfectly coordinated machine, achieving its goals by avoiding every, even the smallest, mistakes. He was a white beam on the surface of the rough sea. Nothing could stop him. Now though, it seemed as if those invisible threads, connecting his mind and his body to the sea and the wind, were cut. He stopped short, like a puppet whose puppeteer decided to leave in the middle of the play. Instead of being in one place, his spirit was lingering in several places at the same time.

The wind gave him trouble. The sail wouldn't listen to him, and the board underneath his feet seemed to be doing exactly the opposite of what Josip wanted. The lack of coordination of his movements reflected the lack of coordination of his feelings. On one hand, there was pain and sadness; on

the other, there was a vague feeling that everything would be alright. But, how was he to carry on now? Everything he did for the past few months was guided and kept in motion by the existence of the friend whom he now lost. He felt left alone.

He couldn't see the images from the Dreamtime anymore, but he could very vividly imagine them. What will happen? Is his friend going to find those hated fishing nets and get stuck in them, partly on purpose, partly driven by Fate? Perhaps he'll struggle with them for a while to no avail, and hopelessly try to get some air that will only be a few inches too far away. He'll throw his body wildly about wanting to free himself, but it will only make him more entangled in the nets. And thus, without air, he'll die.

Or perhaps he'll simply begin to annoy the fishermen, scaring the fish from their nets? Perhaps he'll be persistent enough that someone gets fed up with it and kills him just to get rid of his pestering. Fishermen used to do this a lot. Nowadays they don't do it so often, but still...

Those were dismal thoughts, which Josip couldn't defy. Struggling with them, as well as with the wind and the sea that now seemed so unfriendly, he somehow managed to get to the shore and take his gear out. He took his surfing suit off, had a shower and lay on the bed, gazing absent-mindedly at the white wooden ceiling above his head.

And then it happened. In his heart, somewhere deep down inside, he heard an unpleasant and painful sound. He pressed his hand onto his chest wishing to protect himself from any further pain, but it was unnecessary. In fact, what he felt was not even pain. It was a clear and infallible insight. At that very moment his friend left the world of common reality as well. And in the same way in which the spark that bound him to the Dreamtime disappeared from his eyes some time before, now the spark that bound him to the "ordinary" world was gone as well. The two of them never met in the ordinary world, although they shared it as they shared the Dreamtime. Even if Josip had hoped before that he would meet his friend in normal circumstances, now it was clear that it was never going to happen.

Finally accepting the irretrievability of his loss, Josip could not take it any longer. His eyes filled with tears and he let them run down his face. He

gave way to long, loud sobs. When he finally stopped, he raised his head and murmured to himself: “I failed. He’s gone.”

At that moment, although Josip could not hear it, the wind got a little stronger. The branches of the cedar tree in front of his window bent down humbly. And somewhere, far away in the sea, someone was relentlessly dashing beneath the blue surface. His appearance was unusual and very rare. The oceans embrace such a being only once in many thousands of years. An external glance at him would not reveal much, but he *was* different. For instance, unlike other sea creatures, his contours in the deep blue sea were not dark. He shone with an inner light. But the gleam that could be seen was only a faint reflection of the real light he possessed in himself, and such a light can only be seen by our inner eye.

And while Josip Gora was trying to understand the meaning of his loss, and trying to see – or at least imagine his future now, the shining creature kept on racing towards his unknown goal. Although they were getting farther and farther apart from each other, their destiny was tied. Both of them had much to do. All the worlds needing to be explored were waiting for them.

2

*It has started
with some unusual dreams
a few months before.
Dreams of water.*

Everything began with some unusual dreams a few months before. Dreams of water. At first, it began with the endless blue water that embraces the whole planet. It was as if he'd been watching the Earth from Space, feeling delighted when he realized that it *was* actually blue. A blue planet! The seas, the rivers – clean, clear, blue – like a jewel glistening in its own inner light. Even the continents, green and brown, emphasized the predominant blueness of the cradle, which brings forth all life.

Water, the life-giving energy of the blue planet, was slowly sending out its message. Yet, it was not a message for him. He was there only as an observer. Perhaps later, he felt, he would take on the role of a messenger. But for the time being he was only contemplating, absorbing, drinking up the indescribable beauty of the blueness.

Josip Gora wasn't surprised by the recurrence of those dreams. He just probably didn't notice that first night that it was some kind of a sign. He simply enjoyed the beauty of the dream. When he woke up at daybreak he went down to the shore and gazed out at the sea. The sun was rising in the east, and on the other side the moon could be seen above a nearby island. Although there were no more stars in the sky, it seemed to Josip that their reflection could still be seen sparkling beneath the slightly rippled surface of the water. A soft northeastern wind was playing with his hair, still tousled by sleep, and his eyelids, a bit heavy. He was awakened by the power of the experience he had in his dream, although his body needed some more rest. It was only just after 5 a.m.

Josip was sitting on the shore, with his eyes open one minute and closed the next. For a moment he thought he was still dreaming. The blueness in front

of him felt exactly like the amazing blueness *in* him. He surrendered himself to it. When he opened his eyes again – in fact, when he became completely aware of what he saw with his physical eyes – it was already half past five. He got up and went back home.

Josip ascribed that first dream, and the experience after it, to the unique moments spent by the sea. He enjoyed it all so much that he began to believe that his impressions encircled him and somehow stole into his dreams. Although that was partly true, the following night he had another dream where he watched the blue world below him, yet realized that something else was happening.

Josip Gora was used to having unusual experiences. Only two years before a path in his life took him briefly to “angels”. In his youth he chose a profession that prepared him to work with children and people with various physical and mental difficulties. A strange concurrence of events, together with an inner impulse against which it was senseless to fight, took him in another direction. Thus, he spent a very short time working at the job he had been educated for. Even though he never regretted it, he felt a heavy weight inside of himself. He still needed to do something to “finish” the work he began when he chose his calling. He felt he owed something to the “angels” – that’s what he called the children with whom he planned to work with.

When he finally got the chance, Josip was only partly ready for it. But soon enough he became adjusted, and made full use of the situation. It dealt with an encounter between a mother and family of a boy born with a serious heart disease, along with some other physical anomalies. The boy lived only for three years, but in that short time he managed to transform the hearts and souls of all the people who came into contact with him. Above all, he managed to change those nearest and dearest to him: his mother, his father, and his grandparents. That was the reason why Josip called him an angel.

The circumstances of Josip’s encounter with him were both very interesting and unusual. Although he never met or saw him physically, it seemed as though he knew everything about him. Besides, the boy’s arrival was announced to Josip! Yes, some very peculiar things happened in connection with it all. He met his “virtual” girlfriend, Dany, with whom he at first communicated over the Internet, and afterwards on a sort of a telepathic-astral

connection. Dany helped him a lot in understanding his own role in life, as well as the role of the angels in the lives of the people. The whole process lasted for about a year, and resulted in his book, which, as Josip was told later on, changed the lives of many.¹

He always felt it to be true that children who suffer from some kind of disability or handicap are in fact sent to earth to instruct the rest of us. However, he'd never experienced it in such a powerful way as in the case of the angel Eduard he wrote about. And Dany was here to direct him, to explain some things to him; perhaps mostly to puzzle him and open him up to some other dimensions of reality. In that way Josip was systematically open to the inner transformations, which resulted in his newfound maturity.

Thus having touched such angelic aspects, connected to what people usually call "misfortune", Josip in fact took one step back in order to finish the job he had begun some twenty years ago. He knew he achieved something because he no longer felt the same heavy inner feeling and oppression that he unconsciously carried about in him. The book got into the right hands. He received letters and telephone calls from the angels' parents, saying it was much easier for them to live now than before, that they were granted greater understanding, and were therefore able to feel true happiness with their child.

Josip knew he could never have achieved such results had his life not gone precisely in the direction in which it had. He fulfilled his mission in that particular part of his life. The debt was paid and now he was free to carry on. He not only helped many people understand the reasons and purpose of life, but also helped the angels to do their work more easily – and that made him especially happy! It was true, the parents began to pay more attention to their children, and became more open to learn from them. To help people was one thing, but to help angels – it was something completely different! Josip was happy.

After the adventure with the angel-children, Josip lost contact with Dany. Dany was actually still there, but far less often than before. She also must have felt that their mutual mission was over. An e-mail here and there would remind Josip of his uncommon friendship with a person whose reality was at first completely virtual, "Internet-like reality", and later transcended into even

1 Patrick Adrian , *An Angel in Disguise*, Kindle Edition 2014

an more unusual and abstract area of a spiritual frame. Still, memories of times with Dany were ever so vivid and precious to Josip.

That was precisely why he thought of her when, the following night, the dream of the blue world returned. When it recurred on the third night and again on the fourth, Josip had to ask Dany for her opinion. He did not want to use the Internet. He wanted a clear answer. That's why he did what Dany and he used to do on so many occasions. He sat down, closed his eyes and visualized Dany in front of himself. When the image of her became vivid enough and when he thought he saw her wink at him, Josip laughed and simply asked, "Dany, what's going on? Is this some sort of message?"

The image of Dany flickered a little –like interference on a TV screen. And then he heard her whisper: "Listen. Wait. It's getting interesting."

And that was it. A year or two ago, such an answer would have upset Josip. He would have insisted upon an accurate answer. He would ponder for hours on the meaning of every word, and on how to put it into practice. Now he was different though. He changed in the course of time. He changed due to the many events and experiences gained through them. He was more patient.

"Alright", he thought, opening his eyes and letting Dany's image fade away from his mind. "I'll wait and I'll listen. It is interesting anyway."

Still, he wasn't prepared for what happened the following night. Instead of an outside view of the blue planet, which prompted feelings of enthusiasm and admiration in him, Josip had a horrible dream. This time he was in the water, watching what was going on around him. He suddenly saw a strange shadow approach him. He was afraid because it all reminded him of second-rate films about sharks and sea-monsters. However, when the shadow came nearer, he was very happy to see it was a dolphin. Seeing a dolphin always made Josip feel warm inside, as it did to most people. This time, though, it wasn't like that. The fear was gone, but it was replaced with a feeling of particular uneasiness. The dolphin was watching him, his eyes very serious. And he wasn't smiling, which was odd because dolphins always look as if they're smiling. Perhaps that was what brought about the feeling of uneasiness. The dolphin just stood in front of him; watched him. Then he slowly, very slowly lowered his head as if he was ashamed. Or it may have been caused by sorrow

and pain – because when he raised his head again, tears were running down his face. Josip didn't know whether dolphins could cry, but the one in his dream did. Much to Josip's horror, the tears changed into blood.

He woke up, his heart thumping loudly, with an indescribable, uneasy feeling in his stomach. "What's happening?" he whispered to himself. He knew it wasn't an ordinary dream. It was too real, too clear. Besides, it happened after that recurrent dream of the blue planet. The whole next day Josip was under the influence of that dream. He was in a bad mood, and deep in his thoughts. He planned to do something, but spent the day shifting himself from one place to another, trying to read a book... first one... then the second. When he took the third one, he realized he was wasting time. He was saved finally by the afternoon wind that drew him out to windsurf. A few hours of dancing with the wind helped him to calm his thoughts and feel a sort of inner readiness to face the message that was forcing itself on him.

Indeed, that night the message came again. He dreamt of the dolphin again – the same dolphin, although he could not say how he knew that. This time he watched him being attacked by another dolphin. Josip had never heard of anything like that. He was certain that it could never happen in real life – dolphins never attack other dolphins! The first dolphin did not try to protect himself. He even *allowed* himself to be beat, as if trying to end his agony as quickly as possible. Then a man appeared in the picture, and after him, a lot of fish, who stood and watched everything as well. The scene was utterly appalling.

The following day was again terrible for Josip. He could not calm down at all. Windsurfing in the afternoon didn't help either. Nothing did. He felt discomfort in his stomach, which grew into a numbing pain. He kept seeing images in his mind from that night's awful dream. When it happened again the following night, Josip was horrified. But he simply couldn't do anything. He tried to talk to Dany, but she wouldn't come to him. Or maybe Josip was so upset that he simply couldn't achieve the inner peace necessary for spiritual contact. All in all, he was alone. He told a couple of friends about his dream, but it didn't help. The advice he got was the same as what Dany gave him: "Wait. Something will happen to make you understand what it's all about."

And so Josip waited. After a few days the dreams stopped, but then

returned every ten days or so. Although in different forms, the scene was always the same: for some reason, the dolphin was bleeding.

No matter how hard he tried, for months Josip couldn't find the reason behind the troublesome dreams of dolphins and blood. Every now and then, he had a dream of the blue planet, but the other dream, the horrible one, prevailed.

Although he was searching the whole time for the meaning of the dreams that concerned him, Josip just couldn't figure it out. He didn't know why they reappeared and what the message was. All he knew was that all of it had to make some sense. Deep inside he also felt the importance the dreams had. And it wasn't just any kind of message. Somehow he felt, that when he finally managed to grasp its meaning, it was going to change his life.

Josip Gora's life was again full of ambiguity and many new questions. And although it was logical, it didn't occur to him until the last moment that the answer to the questions put forth in his dream would arrive in the same manner – in another dream!