



# The ROOM

A Transformational Journey from Fear to Love

Michael James



The rest of the afternoon passed quickly. The upper trails were steeper, and they didn't talk much, except when they stopped to catch their breath and comment on the view or the beauty of the vegetation. A cool, fragrant breeze helped keep them comfortable during the climb, and the deep green trees contrasted against the bright blue sky, creating a relaxing environment for body and soul.

They found themselves at the ridge sooner than he expected and stopped to take a well deserved break. Holding hands, they admired the vista of rolling wooded hills stretching out for miles, and Greg felt the freedom and distance from his everyday life filling him with peace.

Before getting too comfortable, Greg said, "Whenever you're ready, we probably have about an hour to find a place to crash for the night."

"Oh, I'm way ready. It'll be nice to lose this pack for a while."

"I can see what looks like a decent break in the trees down over there, and thought we might try and find that."

"Cool. Lead the way, Oh Mighty Explorer."

"Mock me not, little one," he said in his best Yoda imitation.

He laughed as she rolled her eyes and gave him a shove in the direction he had indicated.

They were following a trail down a gradual slope and making good time, although Greg was moving a little slower and looking deeper into the trees for a good camping spot. Everything appeared greener, the air seemed cooler, and Greg felt more refreshed already.

"Hey, you notice that area through there that looks brighter than everything else?" he asked, pointing into the trees.

"I'm not sure. It all seems to get darker the further back into the trees I look."

“Yeah, I know, but there is a spot over there that gets lighter. Can’t you see it?”

“Maybe. I’m not sure.”

“Well, let’s go check it out.”

“Look, I’m getting tired of carrying this thing, and I’m ready to stop. This better not be a wild goose chase.”

He watched her, knowing it wasn’t a good idea to push her too hard at the end of the day. “Okay, how about if you take a break and stay here. I’ll go check it out and let you know what I find”

“All right, but don’t take too long. If you get lost and leave me out here, I’m gonna kill you.” The look on her face left no doubt.

He helped take off her pack and gave her a reassuring hug.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be back in ten or fifteen minutes.”

Greg walked into the trees, making his own trail, which he always enjoyed. He walked carefully, respectful of nature, being mindful of animal trails and understanding what other creatures might be around. He became aware of how much more quiet it was in the trees, and kept looking behind him to keep his bearings.

As much as he was enjoying himself, he realized this had already taken more than fifteen minutes, and he was concerned about Candace. But he was definitely moving toward an area where more sunlight was getting through, and the vegetation was getting thicker.

When he finally came to the clearing, he inspected it with a hopeful, critical eye for a good spot to set up camp. With a slow grin, he started to realize what he had found. It was a large flat green meadow with the sweet smell of grass. The babbling stream nearby made his favorite kind of music. All of this together with the bright blue sky above made him want to laugh out loud. This perfect location was totally worth the effort.

While enjoying his find, he noticed the sun was much lower and looked around the clearing to orient himself. He had wandered around looking for the stream and hadn't paid attention to where he came out of the trees. Slightly alarmed, he spun around looking for something familiar. Everything looked the same and he was genuinely starting to worry about where he was and how to find his way back. He looked down at his footsteps, thinking he could follow them, and noticed his shadow. Then he remembered squinting into the sun as he first entered the clearing, and turned to face it again. With a relieved sigh, he surveyed the tree line behind him and felt pretty sure he had come out of the trees to his left. Heart pounding, he walked over and found where he had entered the clearing. Deciding he would make better time without his pack, he shrugged it off and grabbed a water bottle before leaving.

As Greg walked back toward the trail, his confidence was shaken and he kept second guessing himself on the direction to travel. After what felt like way too much time, he still hadn't seen any trace of the trail, and was worried about Candace. He had been gone much longer than he expected. With a mounting anxiety, he walked faster, not caring what he stepped on, and found himself on the trail almost before he recognized what it was. But no Candace. He looked both ways and there was no sign of her.

He was pretty sure she wouldn't have moved, so he obviously didn't back track very well. Shit. He thought about calling out to her, but didn't want to scare her. He guessed, no, he sincerely hoped that he had come out south of where she was and turned left up the trail to find her. He started to jog, trying to make up time, and after a few minutes came around a bend in the trail and saw her. She had her back to him, pacing and waving her arms at the forest. Her gestures were comical, and he almost smiled, but he knew she was pissed. He realized she was

shouting and slowed to a walk to catch his breath before reaching her, stopping about ten feet away to listen.

"You stupid sonofabitch, arrogant asshole. I can't believe you left me out here. Where the hell are you? Answer me, asshole!"

"Is this a private conversation?"

She screamed and whirled around, shaking. He had obviously startled her, and instantly regretted it.

"You son of a bitch. Where have you been? You scared the hell out of me. Don't you EVER do that again."

He did not doubt her sincerity, and she started to cry as he walked toward her. She fell into his arms, beating on his chest and sobbing, scared, but obviously happy to see him.

"I'm sorry, baby, it's okay. I'm sorry," he soothed as he held her, letting her vent, knowing he was to blame, and kicking himself for it. He held her, stroking her hair and slowly rubbing her back until she stopped sobbing. He felt her gradually relax into his arms and waited for her to talk again.

"I don't know whether to kill you or kiss you. You really are an asshole, you know that?"

"Yeah, babe, I know. That took far longer than I expected, and I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

"No. Yes. Shit. I was scared, and I'm mad because I'm stronger than this." She stepped away and glared at him. "Don't ever leave me alone like that again. Ever. Do you understand me?"

She looked so sexy standing there with her hands on her hips that he had to focus to keep a straight face. If he smiled now, he was toast.

"I promise. I will never do that again."

The expression on her face changed and she glanced around. "Hey, where's your pack?"

He finally allowed himself to smile. "I left it at the clearing. You're gonna love it there. It's perfect."



# THE ROOM

*"The Room is a fascinating soul-provoking story that kept me totally engaged in the mysterious journey of overlapping worlds and spiritual magic. Michael's ability to weave in and out of parallel dimensions and capture the essence of each character's intertwining experience is brilliant!"*

- **Nikki Cobb**, International Speaker and Author of *Your Divine Heritage* and *The Destiny Gift*.

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Ever since he met Maria, recent college grad Greg Peterson has been having a streak of bad luck. Upset and bewildered, he rents a room in Maria's home. She's a kindly old woman with a connection to something deeper that Greg has always craved, and she is willing to share her knowledge. But there is something off about Maria that Greg just can't put his finger on. Still, he relaxes into the comfort of her home and her teachings. Slowly he begins to trust this odd woman.

Will he realize his critical mistake too late?

*The Room* puts Greg's life squarely in the hands of Maria, leaving us to wonder who emerges as the student and who the master on their journey from the emptiness of fear to the power of love.

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*"Let Michael James take you from the Old World to the New and back again. Michael's vivid descriptions, magical prose, and blending together of ancient rituals and contemporary culture all come together on this mystical journey.*

*You're in for a treat!"*

- **Corinne L. Casazza**, Author of *Divided We Fall* and *Walk Like An Egyptian*.

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## About the Author



Michael James spent most of his professional career as a Creative Director, taking other peoples words and concepts and turning them into pictures. Now he connects to his internal wisdom and translates the images he receives into words. Michael is currently a Spiritual Teacher, Healer, Counselor and Author living in Sedona, Arizona. He can be reached at [Michael@I-Am-MichaelJames.com](mailto:Michael@I-Am-MichaelJames.com)