



A Lonely Man On A Wakeful Road

by Dan Ford

An Episodic Adventure

Episode #8

Breaking Barriers On A Barrier Island

As a Speaker for Spiritual Insights and Activities, I have presented my readers with stories from various souls consigned to this Obstructed Realm who

are willing to share their Vision Quest experiences. At this point of offering you the adventures of Matt Rivers, I was going to add some other tales to give Matt a chance to record some more of his Quest adventures, like a Lonely Man Alone on a Wakeful Road. However, Matt, no longer alone on his Wakeful Road journey, wanted to continue recording what had happened when he and Zander decided to vacation in Ambergris Cay, a barrier island of Belize. I am super interested in knowing what will happen there, so I have decided to keep some continuity in place and continue with Matt and Zander's adventures.

In Episode Seven, Matt and Zander were active helping to bring justice to a drug cartel that had been causing considerable harm to Belize in general and to Zander, specifically when they attempted to murder him for publishing an expose on their drug-selling operations. Matt and Zander were able to prevent that murder from happening. Still, even more importantly, they found themselves falling in love while secluding themselves in the Jaguar Preserve area of the Cockscomb Wildlife Sanctuary in Southern Belize. With the help of their spiritual jaguar, Ahau-Kin, they were safe and happy there. They wanted to resolve the problem of what to do with the rest of their lives. And they needed to figure out how to cripple the drug cartel to do that. If you haven't read previous episodes, you really should.

Now, at this point, it is time to have Matt continue to personally narrate his story of what happens in San Pedro on Ambergris Caye. And as usual, we like hearing from Matt in his first-person narration, so here it is. Enjoy!

After Zander had gathered what few personal belongings he wanted to take with him and giving the rest away to friends, we took a shuttle to Belize City. We then chartered a small single-engine plane, often used as taxis in Belize, to fly us to San Pedro, located on Ambergris Caye. This Caye is the major one in a chain of barrier islands on the second largest barrier reef in the world. We were looking forward to a week of swimming, scuba diving, and perhaps some fishing on this island paradise. However, the main allure for me was just being with Zander, no matter where we are or what we were doing. I was amazed at the transformation in my inward thinking since this man became the primary focus of my life. I had no idea that this or any other person would become the high point and the most important aspect of my Vision Quest, but here he was.

After arriving in San Pedro, we checked into Ramon's Village Resort. Although I had thoroughly loved the various rain forest locales and Mountain Pine Ridge areas of inland Belize, I immediately knew that this place would soon be added to the most loved places that I have visited in this country. I didn't think that

a place with great beaches, fantastic azure waters, and unbelievable coral reefs would be a place that would contribute to my Vision Quest goals, but I was to be proven wrong.

Zander and I were excited about this vacation and couldn't wait to start scuba diving at the Hol Chan Marine Reserve. This reef was supposed to be a fantastic coral reef environment, and it's certainly was all that and more. Its scope is huge, and the place has the most beautiful coral reefs, grassy sea beds, mangroves, fish, fish, and more fish.

The village of San Pedro has such unique beauty and atmospheric feel to it. It is full of sophisticated, as well as many quaint accommodations. The restaurants run a full range of offering fine dining or simple snacks. Its streets are sometimes constructed of paver blocks and often simply packed sand, just as the bar floors are sometimes concrete and sometimes looking like the beach has flowed inside the building when it covers the floors.

We spent the first day and evening on Ambergris Caye wandering those streets, going in and out of the various shops to see what they were offering. We decided on a restaurant to have dinner after peeking inside the various interiors and reading their menus. This leisurely activity of exploration and decision-making was just as much fun as the actual act of dining or drinking itself.

I had to seriously ask myself why I have never wondered how I tolerated life without having another person to share it with, particularly to the degree I am doing now. In the previous part of my life, I was used to doing most of these simple everyday things alone and not wondering about being limited. How could I have been so ignorant of the loss of something that I had never had? But I have it now, and that is enough.

We had a great dinner at a place called the Hungry Grouper. After we finished eating, we walked along the beach and watched a full moon rising up over the reef. There were a lot of people on the beach with the same idea. It would appear that such a moon sailing over a tropical lagoon is very addictive. And the romance was in full bloom because of it.

We generally avoid holding hands in public because society hasn't entirely made this a typical or even an acceptable sight in many cultures, but somehow here on a tropical island, under a brilliant full moon, there was an exemption. The atmosphere seemed to allow us to drop this prohibition. I placed Zander's hand in

mine, and we slowly strolled with our feet in the shallow ocean waves that were breaking on the shoreline. Who said there was never a bit of heaven here on earth! Then suddenly, I felt a pressure building up inside my consciousness, and that pressure urged me out of my reverie.

It was very much like a silent alarm going off. I, of course, first thought that Kareem or Gaia were trying to get my attention, but their spiritual signature that I had come to recognize was not there. This urgency was something else altogether, but I somehow knew that I had to pay attention to it. I pulled away from the mental connection I had devoted to Zander and the current romantic commitment, and began to mentally scan the surrounding area. And then, there it was. Two men were sitting in a golf cart in the shadows of a buildings on Front Street. This main street runs along the oceanside and is the primary place to stroll in San Pedro to access stores, restaurants, and bars while still being on the beach. These men were definitely focused on Zander and me, and I somehow knew that it had nothing to do with our holding hands. Ominous vibes were emanating from these twos, and it didn't take me long to understand what was happening here. I turned to Zander and warned him that we had bad men with really bad intentions sitting in the golf cart on the street. He looked over at them, and this triggered them into ignoring us a little too quickly. They instantly turned their attention to something else on the street and then backed their golf cart up and drove away.

Zander commented. "Do you think they were interested in us for any nefarious reason?"

"There is no doubt in my mind Zander. I wasn't even aware of them when I suddenly had a spiritual warning infuse itself inside my consciousness. That caused me to look around for the cause, and there they were up on the street. They were also close enough that I could get a good look at them. Although they were not the same men that attacked us in Caracol and then pursued us in the Cockscomb Sanctuary, they were the same type for sure. I am going to attempt to find out where they are headed and get a better look at them and try to determine their intentions."

Zander nodded at me, and I focused my inner attention on the image of the two men in the cart, and then my view was looking down at them driving south on Front Street and heading to a small hotel that appeared to be a little out of town. Because they were in public, I could see them, but I couldn't hear them because they were in a private situation with each other. I had learned that much about

spiritual law from Kareem. But I knew there would be value in continuing to learn as much as I was able to in the spiritual form.

They soon pulled into the hotel parking spaces and got out. Then three other men walked over to them and started a conversation. As this was now approaching a public interaction, I could hear what they were saying and became very familiar with their faces. The two men getting out of the cart told the others that they had located Zander and me walking on the beach, but that it looked as though one of us had seemed to recognize that they were being observed.

They didn't actually talk about their plans for Zander and me, but there was no doubt in my mind what their intentions were. Now I had to figure out what to do about it. I left those men plotting in the parking lot and was immediately back alongside Zander, who I never physically left, of course. I told him what I had seen and heard. He said that I really must teach him how to do that, and I agreed that I would, but felt that Kareem would have to help out in that regard. Besides, our defense is something that we must do on our own, and we had to do it right now. I reminded Zander that this personal action requirement was insisted on by both Gaia and Kareem.

We decided to return to our hotel and work all of this out when we got there, preferably with a beer or something more robust. Zander was the first to suggest various options. First, of course, was to run away from the situation, but he really didn't like that option, and I was totally opposed to it. I felt that this didn't actually solve the drug cartel problem, and even if we were to leave Belize for Florida, they would likely follow us. Also, we had to wait several more days for Zander's Visa to be processed.

I also brought up the critical factor that we had some protection from the Belize Defense Force. Their commander, General Musa, was aware of these cartel thugs and of their desire to make us disappear. We would not have that personal blanket of protection in the United States. We would most likely be better off staying here in Belize until this entire situation gets resolved.

I suggested that we develop a plan that will take us out of the cartel's focus and any need to eliminate us. But what on earth could that solution be, and how would we implement it?

Zander agreed. He then offered an idea that made the best sense to me. He suggested that we let the BDF know that we were being stalked again, and now it

was in Ambergris Caye. We would tell the General that we would monitor these thugs and keep ourselves out of harm's way as best we could. From that point on, we would have to attempt to stay out of circumstances where the cartel would quickly eliminate us. That would be the hard part.

I agreed and thought that we might come up with a way to set them up, just as we did with the first team of cartel thugs in the Cockscomb Wildlife Preserve. That would be a concept we could talk about during happy hour cocktails and dinner tonight. From this point on, I would be busy keeping track of those predators, so we didn't get trapped into being under their control.

Zander once more asked me if he could be trained to do some of the spiritual oversight. He was beginning to feel useless. I knew how he must feel, so I psychically called on Kareem to come to help us. He didn't come that very second, and I was disappointed. I guess that I thought I had a more significant influence on Kareem and Gaia.

We went to dinner in Ramon's Village's dining room that night. After a rum and coke, we switched to wine. We both decided that grilled yellow-tail snapper with rice and beans sounded delicious. When the server delivered the wine, we suddenly found another person arriving at the table. It was Kareem.

Zander and I were super happy to see him but very surprised to see him in person instead of in a spiritual mode. Kareem read our thoughts and said to us, "I received your telepathic message Matt, but decided that I would rather keep this event in a physical mode because Zander is inclined to accept that method of teaching better at this point of our association. So instead of visiting you spiritually, I drove to Belize City from San Ignacio and then flew here to surprise you. Happy to see me?"

"Thank you, Jesus!" was the boisterous response from Zander. "I want, in the worst way, to be able to protect Matt and me against these cartel thugs. As it stands now, it's almost entirely on Matt's shoulders to do that. Can you help me with that, Kareem?"

Kareem said to us, "Of course, and primarily because you have asked me for the help. The first rule of being able to acquire anything is to want it to happen and, the more intensely you want that, the quicker and easier it is to obtain it. You must have wanted it badly because here I am."

I attempted to correct Zander's statement about me doing all of the defensive work on this problem. After all, Zander contacted the BDF, and that resolved the problem with the first team of thugs when the BDF eliminated them in the Cockscomb Preserve. But at any rate, I also wanted Zander to acquire some spiritual capabilities, and I wanted to improve mine. Kareem was the perfect solution to that, and here he was.

For the next several days, the first sessions involved teaching Zander to travel in an out-of-the-body mode, and learn how to communicate telepathically. Both of these talents were essential in keeping track of the whereabouts of the thugs. This would allow us to keep our distance from them at all times. It was apparent that I was also improving my psychic capabilities during the training sessions with Kareem and Zander. Kareem had explained how important it was to practice our psychic talents, just as it was to improve our physical ones. He also explained that the various consciousness gates that allow a soul to access the Spiritual Realms from our Obstructed Realms, where we reside in physical form, were available to every soul. It was just a matter of discovering how to access those gates and having a good reason to do so.

It wasn't all work, though. The three of us signed up for a scuba diving trip to the Hol Chan Marine Reserve. We wanted to do this, and it was a major reason to come to Ambergris Caye in the first place. There were three dive boats filled with tourists like us, but we were all aware of another boat that kept its distance from us that had our enemies on board. One of them was driving the boat, and it was likely that they had rented it and were not signed up for a guided tour.

When we arrived at Hol Chan, the guides dropped anchor, and we were ready to go diving. The water was, of course, crystal clear, and the coral reef was truly spectacular. Kareem had been here many times, and so had Zander as he was born and raised in Belize. I had no idea what kind of a background Kareem had in this country, or even if he had been born here in this Realm. I had been diving before in the Bahama Islands, but this was my first time here in Belize. I was very excited to be at Hol Chan and be accompanied by these fantastic friends. We had all decided to enter the water by executing a back roll. Once our gear was on and adjusted, we sat on the edge of the boat. We held the back of our heads, pulled in our chins, and fell backward into the water. No matter how many times you did this, it gave you an incredible feeling because you now knew that this was the start of beautiful experiences you would have that day.

As we entered the ocean, we were astounded to see a myriad of gem-colored fish there to greet us. They seemed to be as interested in us as we were in them. They darted about creating kaleidoscope-like schools, along with other individual fish or small groups. They were darting in and out of equally colorful mansions constructed of every shape and color of coral imaginable. There were large fish and tiny fish and every size in between.

The guides who brought us to this place threw out fish food of some sort nearby us, and this resulted in the rapid arrival of huge masses of fish to surprise and enthrall the visiting divers. Most of these divers were wearing scuba gear like us, but others were diving with snorkels. Divers with the snorkels did not roam very far away from the boats and guides, but many with the scuba gear decided to swim further down the deep water sides of the reef to explore the depths. The three of us were among them.

We swam to a spot distant from the other divers and then noticed that four of those other divers were coming towards us from several hundred yards away. Those divers were the cartel thugs, and Kareem recognized Mk.1 underwater revolvers, in their possession. These were guns that shot four-inch long tungsten darts underwater and were deadly to whoever they hit. They were used by Navy Seals for underwater operations.

Kareem spoke to us telepathically and warned us about the men fast approaching our position and the danger from the underwater guns. He told us that this was a perfect time to try out some of the defensive tactics he had taught us. I looked over at Zander and suggested that he come up with a solution. He looked stricken and asked Kareem, "Do you want me to find a resolution?" Kareem responded, "No time like the present, Zander. If I wasn't here, what would you or Matt do?"

Zander looked at me and then slowly started to smile. He said, "It wouldn't make sense to have a jaguar bail us out this time, but I have an idea." He then addressed Kareem and asked him if he would help with him with his plan, just in case he couldn't pull it off." Kareem nodded to indicate a yes.

As the cartel thugs started to close the distance between us, I saw a school of reef sharks moving into the space between them and us. There had to be well over twenty sharks, and they started to close in on the thugs, who were beginning to panic. Then four tiger sharks joined the party, and they each rushed a thug and grabbed the hand holding the revolver. Blood began to spurt and mix with the

seawater and then spread outward, which excited all the sharks, and they began to swirl around the now retreating men.

Now that the men had been disarmed by those tiger sharks, Zander sent a psychic command to the tiger sharks to cease their attack, and they headed back out into deeper waters. The reef sharks chased those terrified thugs as they tried to swim back to the boat with only one arm functioning because of a damaged hand.

Once there, they climbed up into the boat with considerable difficulty, but motivated by the fact that there was a rambunctious school of reef sharks roiling the water behind them.

It was all that we could do to keep from laughing out loud with our scuba masks on. Kareem said he would have to teach us to laugh spiritually, which was very different, but just as satisfying, if not more so. Kareem congratulated Zander for his originality and effectiveness in coming up with that solution. He would be shocked if this gang didn't just give up the entire idea of chasing us from this point on. It would be challenging to convince their bosses about what had taken place in the water. It was a perfect solution.

Zander was pleased to receive those compliments from Kareem, and he particularly liked the special look he was receiving from me. He no longer felt useless or worried about protecting me from whatever was to come.

We spent the rest of the day cruising around Hol Chan. Eventually, we ended the dive and left for Shark Ray Alley, a short distance from Hol Chan. This relatively shallow area was a lot of fun as everyone swam with their snorkels on instead of using tanks. The shallow seabed was primarily sand and seagrass and was full of nurse sharks, stingrays, tons of silverfish with yellow tails, bluefish, brown fish, amberjacks and every other color fish imaginable. This is an old fishing boat cleaning location, and marine life learned that they could come there anytime a boat anchors within it to get a snack. Occasionally we checked on our cartel enemies, but they had headed back to San Pedro to lick their wounds, literally.

It was soothing to swim with all of the sea creatures in Shark Ray Alley and reach out to pet a shark as they visited you looking for a handout. The guides made sure that this handout occurred routinely.

After the guides determined that everyone had enough interaction with the denizens of this unique paradise, they gently urged us to get back on board, and we headed back to San Pedro. On the way back, we talked with each other about the beautiful day we had just experienced together and giving the cartel thugs their comeuppance was just a part of it. Although admittedly, it was probably the best part.

Once back in our hotel room, Zander and I realized that a full day out on the water with the sun beating down on you took its toll. There was always a payment due when living and interacting in the obstructed realms where physicality was intense in almost any situation. We decided to mitigate that reaction by taking a long cool shower together and lie down for a deep short nap.

When we woke up, we saw the sun was setting, and we were close to missing happy hour, which could be considered a crisis of sorts. After brushing our teeth and generally freshening up, we reached out telepathically to Kareem. He responded immediately, and we asked him if he was joining us for happy hour, and he said that he was already in Ramon's Pineapples On The Beach and had a margarita in his hand. Apparently, a spiritual entity temporarily residing in a physical environment recovered faster than us more obstructed-type entities. We told him we would be there shortly.

We arrived at Kareem's table and found two ice-cold margaritas waiting for us. He said that he took a chance that we would want one, and if that proved false, he would do his damndest to down them by himself. He need not have worried as we were happy to perform that task on our own.

The three of us had been tracking the cartel thugs to see if they were making any moves since they got back in San Pedro. Their hands were all bitten up from the tiger shark's, and they had the teeth marks to prove it. We all watched while they called their boss in Belize City. He didn't believe their story and didn't seem to care that their hands were damaged. He told them all to man up and get back to doing what he told them to do. The head thug informed him that it appeared that Zander and his friend now had another guy with them, but they had no idea who he was.

And here again, their boss told them to stop making excuses and not to leave San Pedro until all three of the men he wants to be eliminated were feeding the fishes or the coconut palms from under the ground. The choice was up to them, but they had no choice as to whether to do the deed or not to do it.

We each ordered another margarita while listening to the planning session these five jerks were trying to conjure up. Fortunately, they were all sitting around talking in an open session while sitting on the beach, rather than a private one, so we could follow every word the thugs said.

There was a lot of crap talk about rushing us while we were on the beach and then stabbing us to death. This idea didn't fly for many reasons, so they tried another and then another dumb idea, and each new one was shot down by the group.

Finally, one of the thugs suggested something that the others felt would work. They already knew which room Zander and I were staying in, and it would be easy enough to find out where Kareem was staying. After midnight, three of them would penetrate Zander's and my room, and the other two would invade Kareem's room simultaneously. They had revolvers with silencers attached and some knives on them as well. Once inside the bedrooms, they would grab a pillow and shoot through them into the targets in bed and then stab them for good measure. They would then quickly leave and head to their boat to go back to Belize City. They would be in Belize City long before anyone was likely to find the bodies in San Pedro. They all agreed that this was an excellent plan.

We all agreed that this was a good plan as well, but mainly to our advantage. Zander called General Musa of the Belize Defense Force and told him what we had discovered. He told the General that they had covertly listened in on a cartel planning meeting and heard the cartel thugs making plans to kill us. And of course, that lucky covert listening was no lie, but the General did not question how we had arranged to do that. General Musa told Zander that they had men in San Pedro, of course, but they would also fly over several more of their finest to be on the safe side. They would be there within two hours. It would take very little time to round them up, and the flight over from Belize City was only fifteen minutes.

The only preparation that we needed was to be obvious in our actions while dining. We all watched the activities of the thugs in an out-of-the-body mode and were aware that we were constantly being observed by them from a distance. We kept in touch with the BDF operations by occasionally texting with them on our cell phones during this time. This would not raise any suspicion as people were always on their phones these days. After we finished dinner, we left the dining room, sat around the swimming pool, and had after dinner drinks. We wanted to delay going back to our rooms to give the BDF time to set up their operations.

Several Belize Defense Force soldiers, had quietly entered our bedrooms while we were finishing up our meal. They had brought three stuffed human-form dummies that they use for target and other military practice purposes. They placed them into the bed and covered them with the sheets.

When we arrived back in our rooms, we met the fully armed soldiers waiting for us. Five were in our room, and three were in Kareem's. Our TV was playing to cover up any random noises when we whispered with them. We were still monitoring the cartel thugs through OOB, but the soldiers were, of course, not aware of this. At 11:30, we turned off the TV and the lights. The cartel thugs started to place themselves in a position to invade our rooms. All of us waited, tightly packed in the bathroom, for the thugs to arrive.

Wow! It looks like the Bait is setting a trap for the Hunters instead of the other way around. I'm looking forward to seeing what happens when the cartel thugs find out who else is in the room besides their prey. I hope nothing goes wrong. Be sure to check in on Episode 9.

Oh! And let us know if you like Matt's Vision Quest so far.