



ARROW



TESSEREAN STORY SERIES



ARROW

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From me to you ...

I am writing to you because I believe it's time we finally met. We have been separated by a life in which I used to believe nothing came after. But after witnessing the inevitable transition beyond narrative, I have finally come to terms with something I never realized I was searching for. Yet, as I write to share this with you, I know words alone will never do enough to endure this promise. There can be no escape from this affliction through intellectualizing what you cannot see, especially through the very eyes that blind themselves to the spectrum of possibility. Instead, I will do the only thing I know how, which is to leave you a trail of information and clues. From here on out I will refer to these as *artifacts*, and each will be hidden in plain sight.

The first artifact is a simple number. 224. Remember, this number well as it is who you are to become.

Soon, you will see what lies in the wake of what you have been taught *not* to see. Then, and only then, will you become the *catalyst* that so many seek.

Sincerely,
Adam



ARROW

The small mountainous town of Summoner's Cliff offers a near mystical view overlooking the cove about a half-mile outside of the main strip. It is a place where people — especially tourists during the summer — gaze in wonder over the ocean and appreciate the solitude from whatever is troubling their souls; *or to take selfies with their smartphones attached to those ridiculous me-sticks*. But what the tourists don't know is Summoner's Cliff *has a secret*. Yet, the only person who knows about that secret *is Caleb*.

Caleb is a quiet, private man somewhere in his mid-thirties. For the people at the Cliff Top diner, he is known as the awkward loner who comes in late at night, orders coffee, then reads stacks of papers printed off from his computer. Some believe he's an online teacher, others believe he's a journalist, and a few (mostly the older folks), think he secretly works for the government. Regardless, whenever someone tries to approach him in order to unravel his mysteries, he simply greets them with a smile, puts his head back down into his papers, then goes about his business.

After finishing his coffee and paying the bill one particularly warm and breezy night, he left behind a single piece of paper under his strangely consistent tip of two dollars and twenty-two cents. As the waitress picked up the tip, she noticed the paper, grabbed it, then ran towards the door to get Caleb's attention before he was gone. It was too late. Standing outside the diner accompanied by nothing more than the dark, empty street, she looked down at the paper and noticed a drawing of a strange arrow accompanied by a series of numbers. Not understanding what it was, she figured she'd hold onto it until Caleb returned the next day for his evening coffee. What she didn't know is that would be the last time anyone would ever see Caleb again.

After several days of waiting for his return, the waitress became concerned as it wasn't like Caleb to miss even a single day without his evening coffee. The following morning, when the local sheriff stopped in for his breakfast, the waitress told him about the other night with Caleb, then showed him the piece of paper he left behind. As the sheriff looked over the paper, his forehead wrinkled as if he knew something the waitress didn't.

"What is it, Tony?" the waitress asked the sheriff.

"That's odd," he said under his breath, while pulling out his mobile phone. "Hang on a second, I may have something."

After a few moments of tapping on the phone's screen, the sheriff — who was also a military veteran, not to mention one helluva boy scout well versed with navigation — shook his head and smiled.

"I'll be damned, Barb," he said to the waitress, holding up his phone for her to see.

"Well, what is it?" she repeated.



He turned and showed her the numbers on the paper combined with the map on his phone.

“It’s coordinates,” he said. “Look, they point to a place near Summoner’s Bluff.”

He then asked what time she was getting off work.

“Six,” she replied. “Bett is closing for me because she needs the hours,” she added.

“If you’re interested, I’ll pick you up and in the squad car we’ll go check this out together.”

At six o’clock sharp, the two met at the diner and drove to the cove. With phone in hand, the sheriff followed the map that Caleb left behind. As they got closer to the ocean, they found themselves at a dead-end standing before a large rock wall covered with thick vegetation.

“That’s odd,” the sheriff said out loud, as he looked over the rock. “The coordinates lead right here, or I should say, about five feet from where we’re standing. But we’d have to be inside the...”

He then took a few steps forward and tugged on a large bush growing against the rock’s face. As he pulled on the branches, a carved-out pathway was revealed through the foliage. Looking at the waitress, he offered her a look that suggested “ladies first”, then held the branches so she could enter.

“After you miss,” he said, motioning towards the hidden entrance.

Cautiously, the waitress obliged, then ducked under the branches and took a step into the dark crevice. Following close behind, the sheriff dropped the branches behind him then followed her steps. The first thing they saw was another arrow painted on the wall, exactly like the one drawn on Caleb’s piece of paper. It revealed a tunnel towards the left. Following the tunnel, with help from the sheriff’s flashlight, the two began to hear the ocean as it echoed off the damp walls. Making their way through the lurking depths of the tunnel, it began to get brighter as they neared an opening that gave way to a massive cavern. Standing like miniature statues within the hidden landscape, they could only look at each other in awe, neither believing what was before them.

“Did you know this was here?” the waitress asked the sheriff as she gazed upon the cavern’s massive walls.

“I had no idea, Barb. *Absolutely no idea...*”

Continuing to look over the incredible habitat, the two found a third arrow towards the left of the waterfall that filled the cavern’s base. The arrow was just above a small wooden crate as if marking its location. Now standing before it, the sheriff bent down and carefully unlatched its cover. With the cover removed, he peered inside to see a stack of papers bound by a small piece of cord. Tied to the top of the stack was a red envelope with another arrow printed on the face. After freeing the envelope, the sheriff noticed the same arrow printed on the first page of the stack of papers. While opening the envelope and beginning to read the letter, the waitress saw he was becoming emotional as his eyes darted over the text.



“What is it Tony?” she asked, peering over his shoulder while trying to get a glimpse of the letter.

“Barb, I don’t think this is an arrow at all. I think it’s a symbol.” he said, reaching down and picking up the stack of papers.

Thumbing through several of the pages, he stopped at a particular spot about halfway in. After reading just a few sentences, his shoulders dropped as he took a deep, almost labored, breath, as if someone just gave him news he wasn’t prepared for. Still not knowing what was happening, the waitress placed a concerned hand on the sheriff’s shoulder. Acknowledging her, he handed her the letter so she could read it for herself.

What you will find within this text is a series of stories that intertwine all of you. Not as you are now, but as your true self, the one in which you long for within your dreams of a better life. As I’ve watched you, I have studied closely the details of the change for which you so dearly desire. I can only hope these stories, all of which are lined with artifacts for change, serve as a roadmap, and that they bring you comfort, fortune, and the opportunity to live the kind of lives that stir within your hearts.

*Yours truly,
Caleb*

As the waitress finished the letter, she looked up to see that the sheriff was already handing her more papers.

“Here.” he said, as his eyes welled up with tears. “You’re in here too. See for yourself.”

Taking the papers, her eyes widened as she saw her own name next to a chapter titled, *The Dancer Within*.

After reading just two sentences, tears began forming in her eyes as she looked back up towards the sheriff.

“How could he have known this?”

“I don’t know.” he responded. “But what’s even more astounding is what I believe the numbers after the title of the book represent.”

The waitress flipped to the cover to reveal the title.

Another World Awaits – Volume 222

By Caleb Eidolon



“Wait, are you saying that...”, she asked, trying to figure out what the sheriff was getting at.

“Barb, what I’m saying is that it looks like this guy has either done these two hundred and twenty-two times, or that there’s at least two hundred and twenty-two stacks of paper like this. If that’s true, then we’re obviously not the first town he’s visited. What’s even harder to swallow is trying to figure out how he could have done this all on his own. I mean, there’s a lifetime worth of stories in this one volume. There’s no way this is a solo act.”

The waitress’s eyes widened as her mind began to pull things together.

“Oh my God Tony, Caleb always left me a tip of two dollars and twenty-two cents. It was always the same no matter what his bill was. I didn’t notice it at first, but after a few visits I started to pay attention because it seemed so odd. I thought it was just an obsessive-compulsive thing, you know, or something like that. Do you think the two are related?”

Silence came over the two as they listened to the waves crash just outside the cavern walls.

“No.” the sheriff responded with a smile. *“I don’t think it’s a coincidence at all.”*

Part Two

As the weeks went by the text found its way into the hands of almost every patron that frequented the diner. Each one was gifted a new story of themselves written with fanciful, yet delicate, precision.

Gerald McDonald, who lost his wife earlier that year, learned how seeing the world as eternal and timeless would help him realize how the perception of mortality is flawed. And, by experiencing this new way of seeing his own reality, one blinded by a false narrative that never existed in the first place, the walls between life and death would be forever lifted.

For Sophia, who had always struggled to be understood and accepted by her peers, she was finally given the validation to move beyond her codependency and become the artist she always dreamed of becoming; one that wasn’t in it just for the praise of her peers, but one capable of creating a beautiful reflection of a world she had not previously known she was so symbiotically entangled with.

For the sheriff, Tony — who had always fought with anger and guilt because of his turbulent family upbringing — he learned to see his truth through the empathy of a young blind girl named Elizabeth. It was through her story, combined with her unique perspective of a world unseen by those with *good eyes*, that he allowed himself to embrace a higher sense of self-love, self-respect, and appreciation for all the good he had done over the years for his community as a police officer.

Next, the waitress, Barb. She learned through Caleb’s story of her that the mind is the only thing that can truly limit the spirit. This simple lesson gave her the courage to trade in her apron for her dream of owning a dance studio just a few months later.



The stories went on for more than two dozen of the Cliff Top diner's patrons. Yet for those Caleb hadn't written about, a clear pattern of achieving a favorable life was gifted through the stories of those he *did* write about.

As time went by, the town kept the secret of Caleb's stories hidden from the rest of the world. And to this very day, whenever someone in the small town of Summoner's Cliff would lose clarity, faith, or give up hope, they would find themselves deep within the stories gifted to them within a small crate, hidden in a dark cavern, pointed out by what first appeared to be an arrow.

But the sheriff was right. The strange arrow with what appeared as a single letter nestled within its center, *wasn't an arrow after all.*



Part Three

A storm approached, its lightning cracking across the dark sky as the heavy winds railed, pushing sand against the glass of the small desert cafe and service station. It was five minutes to closing as the last patron, a quiet African American woman who had earlier ordered a single cup of coffee, paid her bill, then exited into the night.

As the server walked over to clean the table, he noticed a piece of paper with a strange arrow-like symbol accompanied by several numbers drawn upon its surface. He quickly grabbed the paper and ran outside to stop the stranger before she was gone.

But it was too late.

Walking back to the table the server placed the piece of paper back down, then picked up the tip and counted it.

Two dollars and twenty-three cents.

To learn more about Adam's work, please go to InnerEden.com to join the mailing list.