





# A REUNION IN HEAVEN



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This humble book of violet flame is dedicated to:

God our Father-Mother, Christ the son, and the holy Ghost:  
the Divine Trinity.

The Archangel Michael and all other archangels and their  
divine complements.

Saint Germain, hierarch of the Age of Aquarius.

All children of God, regardless of sex, race, creed, color or  
caste.

All religions, as none must feel superior or inferior to others.

All those who decree and pray.

Agnostics and atheists.

The poorest of the poor.

The Pope John XIII Theological Association and especially  
all progressive Catholics of the We Are Church movement.

JOHN KUMARA





To Pope Francis:

Your decisions and your conscience are one and the same; together they serve to stimulate change in the Christian Catholic faith. You should, however, take this one step further: welcome women into the bosom of the Church of Jesus Christ on an equal footing to men.

JOHN KUMARA



Making the right decisions and finding the right solutions throughout life is as complex and difficult to understand as it would be to stop breathing or for the heart to stop beating.

The being has the free will to make its own decisions, and this, whether consciously or not, will have an effect on humanity. Improper use of our thoughts, feeling and actions will have repercussions on our spiritual development.

Anyone who has been subjected to dark crafts –voodoo, witchcraft or black magic– no matter the suffering, must never aim to return such an affliction but should seek God's divine justice.

JOHN KUMARA



**I**t was early. The grey shadow that precedes the first of the sun's rays had just lifted. Margaret Thompson strolled through the cool green of the secluded paradise of Central Park in the company of her Labrador guide dog.

Margaret had lost her sight as the result of a tragic car accident, barely a year before, in which her husband, thirtyseven-year-old Peter Doyle lost his life. The insurance company, Plan & Life, had paid her three hundred thousand dollars as indemnity for his death and for the consequences that she herself suffered. In addition, she had collected six hundred thousand dollars from her husband's life insurance policy.

She was an attractive woman, despite her almost forty years. Though her figure was slender, it was her charming, oval-shaped face that was most striking, with large, summerblue eyes and an expressive mouth. Her black, curly hair lent her a look of mystique in profile.

She spent much of her time alone during the day, and the company of her only son, Richard Doyle, filled her with joy and well-being. Each day she meditated for around two hours, sometimes more. She would listen to the radio and take her dog for walks. In her free time, once the household chores were

complete, she would immerse herself for hours in the writing of her first book, a spiritual novel which she was in fact close to completing thanks to the help of her son, who would on occasions read it aloud to her. She was not a writer by vocation, and thus was at a loss to explain the reasons that compelled her to tell a pleasant story.

She was unaware of the spiritual repercussions of her book: everything she wrote was scrutinized and read on an etheric level by the Ascended Masters who dwelt in other heavenly dimensions. Without knowing it, the destiny of her life had begun to take a spiritual turn. Margaret was destined to fulfill a mission on Earth, but she was unaware of its transcendence.

There were but seventeen years remaining before she would leave this world and move to inhabit another abode, one of light, a circumstance of which she had no knowledge.

For now, Margaret shared her love life with a certain Thomas Corbett. He showered her with gifts and kind gestures which, in addition to filling her heart with joy, alleviated the feeling of nostalgia, which was etched clearly on her face.

She knelt on the ground, stroked her dog's head and said, "Come on, Cherokee, let's go home."

The animal gave two characteristic barks, indicating that he had understood the command. She took hold of the leather harness and the two of them walked slowly toward the elegant twenty-story building known as Rainbow. The facade of the block gave onto Fifth Avenue, adjacent to Central Park.

They rode the elevator to the top floor. The attic apartment, far from sumptuous, was simple and cozy. It had two bedrooms, a dining room, a kitchen, a bathroom and a small terrace replete with well-kept objects.

"Hi, Mom! How are things? How was your walk?" her son Richard asked as she entered.

"Fine, my boy," Margaret replied smiling, as she released Cherokee.

Richard was a tall boy, with a fine presence. He was seventeen and a half years old, with brown hair and almond shaped eyes. Physically, all of his features resembled those of his father. He wore jeans, a short-sleeved sports shirt and brown leather shoes.

"Mom, breakfast's ready. Go sit down," he said kindly.

Richard had prepared chamomile tea and slices of crusty bread soaked in pure virgin olive oil, lettuce hearts, two tomatoes and some purple radishes, all with a rich dressing.

Margaret knew how to take care of herself and offered her son advice on healthy eating. Occasionally they ate pizza, as it was quick and convenient, but it was not customary.

"Do you like the breakfast, Mom?"

Margaret nodded, taking a few sips of chamomile.

"Ah, I forgot: your leech phoned," Richard announced in a dismissive tone.

Margaret shook her head.

"Who is this 'leech'? Who are you talking about?"

"Your beloved boyfriend."

"That's enough!" she reprimanded him, sharply. "Honey, don't speak like that about my friend Thomas Corbett, will you? Please?" his mother demanded, looking disconcerted. "What is it with you? I have always taught you to love others, to not prejudge anyone. You must not harbor suspicions or have preconceived ideas. You have to feel more selfless love and pity for people."

Richard shook his head and pursed his lips and said, in a disdainful tone, "Bah! You are misreading my words, Mom."

"No, I have not misread them! Simply say he is not your favorite person, and that's that."

"Forget it, Mom. Leave it."

"What do you mean, 'forget it'?" she replied, raising her voice.

"Look, Mom, don't be offended, but there'll be no happy ending for you and that scavenger. Don't get mad on account of a vulture, you hear me?" he said bitterly. He went on at once to warn her, "If you want to enter the lion's den, go ahead, but don't come telling me I did nothing to try and save you from the clutches of that greedy scrounger."

"Please be quiet! Stop it, I'm ordering you!" Margaret said. "Your lack of respect towards me exasperates me."

Glowering, Richard shook his head, picked up his backpack, went to the door and opened it. He snapped at her moodily,

"I'm off. I can't stand people taking advantage of you as if you were a fool. Open your eyes, for goodness sake! Don't you see that it's not your pretty face he's after, but your damn money?"

*My God, how he can hit so low and be so cruel?* she asked herself.

"Get off to school and stop arguing with me, you brat!" she cried, knowing that her son was already far away. She raised her hand to her throat to relieve the tension.

A few minutes later the phone rang. Margaret picked up the receiver and a look of the pure, sweet joy lit up her face.

"Hello, Margaret!" she was greeted by Thomas Corbett. "How are you, darling?"

"Hello my love! I'm fine," she said smiling, wiping away her tears with the back of her hand.

"Honey, today I'd like us to go out to dinner. What do you think, huh?"

"Fine, but where?" she wanted to know.

"A pizzeria."

*Oh please, not pizza,* thought Margaret.



"Well, why don't we go to a good restaurant and have a proper meal, as you would put it?"

Thomas thought for a moment before explaining,

"I thought you'd like to get some good pasta and-"

"Fine, it's a deal," she interjected, not wishing to offend him.

"So, what time shall I pick you up?"

Margaret thought for a moment before answering.

"Come by at around seven o'clock."

"So early?"

"Yes, honey, so we can have enough time and not be back too late. I don't like to leave Richard alone."

Thomas shook his head.

"But, darling, Saturdays are for enjoying a good dinner out and then spending a few hours in bed."

"Excuse me, Thomas, but that can be done without having to stay up all night," she chided him in a quiet voice. "I insist you do not forget what I said about my son, okay?"

From the tone of her voice, Thomas sensed her displeasure. He replied, affectionately,

"Of course, my darling. I'll collect you at seven o'clock, just as you wish."

"Thank you for your understanding, my love," Margaret said.

"Think nothing of it, darling. Remember, for you I'd go to the ends of the universe."

"You're so sweet! I love you and I'm dying to see you." She said her goodbyes and hung up the phone.



"Come, Cherokee, lie here at my feet and inspire me to write a beautiful poem for Thomas, the man who fills me with

happiness," Margaret said to her dog, taking up her notepad and opening her fountain pen.

Her mind was blocked and she remained still a while, the pen resting on the paper, but inspiration did not come. Then, suddenly and without knowing how, her hand began to move involuntarily. She was dumbfounded.

*My hand is moving of its own accord! What is happening to me?"* she asked herself.

Two minutes went by and her hand continued to move, drawing spirals, like some kind of odd telephone wire. She placed her left hand over her right and the automatic writing ceased. She was speechless. At once, feelings of panic and vulnerability overcame her and a shudder ran down her spine.

*I do not know what is happening, but I sense a strange force beyond my will. I shall continue; I need to know more about this,* she thought.

She steeled herself and placed the pen back on the paper. Again it began to turn from left to right, gliding over the page, drawing smaller and smaller spirals this time, until a circle half an inch across was formed. Her hand paused briefly then continued once more, now writing words and phrases:

*Dimensions, dimensions, dimensions, dimensions..., Sister Margaret Thompson: do not worry or be alarmed when your son Richard reads this message to you. My name is Santro. I am an advanced disciple and I wish to tell you that very soon my Ascended Master, Samitu, will manifest himself in your home. He will speak to you, instruct you and reveal to you a mission that you must fulfill.*

*We know much about you, about your studies and in particular your meditations. We are aware that you are writing a book of great interest from a spiritual point of view, a novel that will undoubtedly offer humanity much to consider and reflect upon, and which will awaken millions of consciences.*

*We also know that you are a good person, a soul brimming with light, and that a new destiny awaits you that you will have to face willingly with faith and hope. You will be instructed in the dimensions of cosmic consciousness at one of the etheric retreats of the aforementioned master. In a few years, when you are ready, we will take you there.*

The hand paused for a moment before continuing,

*Now we must alert you to something serious. You are being sent another energetic message on a mental level. Sister Margaret, we love you with all our heart, and we do not want to hurt your feelings nor interfere in your free will, but we must inform you that your boyfriend, Thomas Corbett, harbors no good intentions regarding your relationship.*

*Our duty, based on the spiritual commitment we have toward you, is to protect you. Therefore, we must inform you that this man is not suitable for you. He does not love you; he wants only your money and your possessions. That is why he offers you gifts and his caress and is so attentive.*

*Sister, when you need to contact me, call my name, Santro, and I will be at your disposal. A small movement of the head back and forth after asking a question will be an unequivocal signal of the reply. However, from now on, whenever you want to send us a message in writing, through your higher consciousness we will make it known to you that we have received it, and we will contact you immediately. For the moment, that's all. Accept our embrace of pure and divine love, and may God bless you, Sister Margaret.*

The hand slid sharply from left to right three times and was still.

*I do not know what is happening to me, this is very strange. But after the initial shock, I now find this experience quite fun, she said to herself. It seems my mind captures messages from beyond, but... I don't, know, I have my doubts. Anyway, my son*

*Richard will see and read me my involuntary writing.*

Margaret took a long bath, dressed and applied a little lipstick. She never wore makeup on her face. She chose a beige colored suit and a green blouse buttoned up to the neck. She contemplated the sunset from the rooftop terrace, as was her custom, by way of internal visualization. She imagined a starry night and the full moon bathing the green of Central Park in half-light.

She turned on the radio and heard at once that it was seven o'clock.

*Oh my, how time flies!* she said to herself. *Thomas must be almost here.*

Margaret stroked her dog and said,

"Hey, Cherokee, I'm going out. Don't worry, Richard will be here before long and will keep you company, okay?"

The dog licked her hands and gave a soft bark. Margaret interpreted this to mean he was in agreement. She then left the apartment, locking the door behind her, and got into the elevator.

Downstairs, in the lobby, Thomas Corbett had just arrived and was waiting for her. The elevator door opened and Margaret noticed the characteristic scent of the Thomas's cologne.

"Thomas?"

"Yes, darling, I'm here," he said as he moved toward her. They embraced fervently, their mouths meeting in a kiss. He looked at her sweetly and said, flatteringly, "You look so beautiful, like a rose in spring. You're like a..." Margaret giggled. "And you are just as you are," she said. "I cannot say as I cannot see you."

Thomas frowned. He was a short, thin man, with a square face, a thick-set jaw and black eyes. He wore his blond hair combed back.

He opened the door of the gleaming Audi and helped Margaret settle into the passenger seat. He sat beside her behind the wheel, started the car, put it gear and sped off.

"Okay, let's go find that pizzeria and stuff ourselves with pasta!"

*Oh, God! I can't imagine a heavier or more monotonous dinner!* she thought.

Thomas drove for about ten minutes. Presently, he lifted his foot off the accelerator and the Audi slowed. He stopped the car on the side of the road and killed the engine. They both got out.

"Here it is," he informed her, indicating with his index finger.

Margaret shook her head in silence. She was disoriented, and could make out only a little light, nothing more.

The pizzeria had a bright sign that read *Pizzeria La Bonna Cosa de la Terra*.

They entered and took a seat in a corner. From its appearance, it was a high-class establishment. Without doubt, the clientele was of the most select, but it was the flavors and the quality of the pasta and the ingredients which were its signature.

Margaret was curious to know what the pizzeria was like inside and asked,

"What's this place like, honey?"

Thomas looked around and replied,

"It is a distinguished and classy place. If I had to choose three adjectives, they would be clean, cozy and quiet."

"And is it very crowded?" she wanted to know.

"No. Maybe because it caters to a wealthy clientele."

"Perhaps," Margaret nodded. "That's just what I was thinking."

Waiters in white shirts and bow ties moved among the tables gracefully and discreetly. Thomas raised a hand and snapped his fingers to call one of them. He ordered a large pizza with mushrooms, peppers, anchovies, bacon, tomato and capers, plus a salad and a bottle of red wine.

The waiter took their order and returned five minutes later to serve the steaming pizza and the side dishes.

"Wow! It smells good," Margaret exclaimed.

"You said it, sweetheart," he laughed.

Thomas reached for Margaret's hands and took hold of them. Then he said, emphatically,

"You know, we are really made for each other: you are undoubtedly the one for me. We are soulmates and I love you more than I can bear."

Spots of saliva splattered Margaret's face, which she wiped away discreetly with the napkin.

*Damn, he's spraying me with food!* she said to herself. "Thank you for your compliments, but we're eating, darling."

Thomas looked annoyed.

*This woman's so damn sensitive!* he thought.

He ate and drank greedily. She chewed slowly and could hardly swallow anything.

Thomas was done eating in just a few minutes and he wiped his mouth with his napkin. He looked at her closely for a moment and, after clearing his throat, said,

"You know, darling, I've been thinking that since you and I get along so well and we live almost as if we were husband and wife, we should get married. And you should make a will for your peace of mind, in which you say..." his voice trembled, "that in the case of death of one or the other-

"One or the other?" she interrupted him.

Thomas pursed his lips.

"I don't understand anything. What are you saying?"

"Right, I mean you and me..." he continued, a surly expression on his face, "that is, if you or I died, the only one that would inherit your possessions and the money in the bank would be your son, Richard."

"That would include the three hundred thousand dollars from the Plani & Life insurance policy," she said, "and the six hundred thousand dollars from the life insurance policy that my late husband took out."

"Of course," Thomas agreed immediately.

There was a pause, a silence as Margaret thought it through. Her eyes flickered with disappointed and even a little fear.

"So; what do you think, huh?" he insisted.

"We'll see, later," she said, somewhat taken aback by the negativity of the conversation.

*I need to play her psychologically, tell her some lie that will scare her, Thomas thought. I gotta exaggerate the negative repercussions of the hypothetical case of her dying.*

"No, Margaret, let me explain it better, please," he said querulously, and with an genuinely sly expression, he pressed, "You don't realize, and God forbid, but if you died in an accident without having made a will, the government would take more than forty percent of your assets."

"You don't say! I didn't know that," she said, thinking. "I'll keep it in mind."

Thomas gave an encouraging sigh, but sniggered under his



breath.

*I think this is almost in the bag,* he told himself.

Margaret need not have feared losing anything, whether or not she made a will: in the case of her death, the state would take nothing and her son would be the sole inheritor of his mother's properties and savings accounts.

However, if Margaret's death occurred and she had not made that will, her son would then, and only then, have to request through a lawyer, that he be designated heir to his mother's property under the laws that govern intestate succession in the state of New York.

"So, then," he continued, impatient to settle the matter, "do you agree or not?"

"I don't know," she answered, shaking her head.

Thomas ran his fingers through his hair and looked serious.

"But, my love, what do you mean, you don't know?" he said, raising his voice.

*Good God and all the saints! What a strange dilemma I'm getting myself into!* she thought.

Thomas insisted again, in an almost submissive tone,

"I'm waiting for your answer, Margaret."

"Before answering you I need to know if you have any family."

"No, none," Thomas feigned, naturally. "I am all alone in the world."

"What, you have no one?"

"Only you," he said in an affable tone.

Margaret, after reflecting a few moments in silence, asked,

"Then, if you died, my son would be your heir and me too, right?"

"Yes, of course, that's right," Thomas said. "And everything of mine would be yours."

"And conversely, if I died, would my son be the sole heir or

would you be, too?"

Thomas cleared his throat and struggled to respond calmly.

"No, for heaven's sake; it would be only your son." He broke off for a moment and then quickly clarified, "However, in that will, you should name me executor."

"An executor? For what purpose?"

"For the purpose," he replied, visibly uncomfortable, "of safeguarding all your son's assets, until he comes of age, until he turns eighteen. It's normal in these cases, don't you think?"

"Yes, of course," Margaret nodded slowly, meditatively.

"Well then, don't you agree that we should draw up the will in those terms, honey?"

Margaret simply nodded again, giving no more thought to the matter.

*For the moment we'll leave it like that. We can get into details later, she thought.*

"Good," continued Thomas. "This is a special night. Let's drink to that," he said, raising his wine glass. Margaret did likewise and they chinked their glasses together.

"Do you fancy a coffee, honey?" he asked.

"No, I'm full," she said, placing her hand on her stomach.

"In that case, have a chamomile or a mint tea," Thomas insisted.

"No. I do not feel like that either."

"As you wish, my love," he said with a shrug.

Thomas paid the bill and they left the restaurant at nine o'clock.



Thomas drove aimlessly for about five minutes through the lit city streets. He pulled over onto the shoulder and cut the engine. He gave Margaret a lascivious look and, stroking her face, said,

"Darling, let's go to a hotel or to your house, to-"

"What?" she said raising her eyebrows.

Thomas cleared his throat and asked affectionately,

"Aren't you missing something?"

Margaret sensed from his tone that Thomas was longing for sex.

"Yes, but I'm sorry to say that's not going to happen."

"But, why not?" he protested, sharply.

"Sorry," she said, "I got my period."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Thomas, sulking.

"Don't get angry," she pleaded.

There was a brief and uncomfortable silence.

"Well, what do we do now? Where shall we go next?"

"Take me home, please," she said firmly, clearing her throat, trying to get out of the predicament. Thomas shook his head angrily. She could tell that he was irritated.

"Come on, darling: take me home, please," she insisted, looking serious. "I feel indisposed, because of my period."

Thomas was still pressing his lips tight shut and shaking his head, showing not an iota of understanding. Margaret sensed the bad vibrations Thomas was giving out.

*Damn, he thought, I must look real intolerant. I gotta change my tact.*

"Yeah, of course, let's go wherever you say, baby," he agreed at last, rather condescendingly. He started the engine, put the car in gear and accelerated off towards central Manhattan.

During the whole journey, Thomas did his best to be understanding and kind. He did not want to hurt her feelings any more.

"I still think we should get married right away," he commented, good-naturedly, after a prolonged silence.

"Why the rush?"

"I don't really know, to tell you the truth," Thomas said, "but

my heart knows I want to be with you and fill you with happiness. What do you think of the idea?"

"It's something that requires careful thought," she answered and, after a moment of silent reflection, added, "Of course, in such a case, we would first have to document the separation of our properties before a notary. You know, a prenuptial agreement."

*The separation of our properties before a notary...* Annoyance showed on Thomas's face as he mulled over this frustrating phrase.

"Why? If we both love each other, there is nothing to separate."

"Well, I follow what my heart dictates and I feel that is what we should do."

Thomas looked at her questioningly then went on the defensive, adopting a worried expression.

"But, what are you saying? Why separate them? This thing of ours is for life and, once married, everything will belong to us both, and that's that."

"No; better to separate them," Margaret insisted, dryly. "I beg you to desist from such pretensions."

Thomas shook his head. Then, visibly nervous, he said, "You use the word 'share' so often and now you demand the opposite: 'divide'. Why do you do that, huh?"

"Because that way, in the event of things going sour, neither of us will control the property of the other," concluded Margaret, settling the issue for once and for all. "And please, I do not wish to continue with this conversation any longer."

Thomas bit his lip and suppressed his anger.

*This bitch is really getting to me. If she digs her heels in she's going to screw up my plans, even though she's blind!* he said to himself.

The next day, Margaret woke up around six thirty and began her meditation session: mental repetition of a mantra and internal visualization to help her see with her mind's eye. By seven o'clock, she had finished her spiritual exercises.

Her son, Richard, had just got up. He showered and put on a bathrobe.

"Hi, Richard, how are you?" his mother asked, him, smiling.

"Fine, I can't complain."

"Do you still feel resentful about yesterday?"

"What?"

"Yes, for what you said to me, about your outburst."

"Oh, no, sorry, Mom, I was kind of sulking, you know? Forget it."

"Of course, honey. People get out of bed on the wrong side sometimes."

"Sure, Mom," Richard nodded.

They both sat down to breakfast. On the table there was toast, olive oil, butter, a tomato salad, lettuce, celery, olives and a boiled egg, and to drink, water and grape juice.

"By the way, yesterday shortly after you left, I sat down to write one of those poems that you often read me, and something very strange happened to me."

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"I don't know, I can't explain it to you." Margaret shook her head thoughtfully. "Take a look at the notepad with my poems and tell me if there is anything that catches your attention."

Richard flipped through the booklet and noticed some drawings and long paragraphs that looked nothing like poetry.

"There is some kind of abstract drawing."

"What's it like, Richard?" she asked him.

"It's like a spiral, Mom. And there's some writing, too, but nothing like a poem."

"Well read it to me, please. Let's see what it is," his mother asked expectantly.

"How did you do this, Mom?"

She shrugged and answered,

"All I can say is that it happened involuntarily."

"Involuntarily?" Richard repeated, questioningly. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I let my mind go blank when trying to write and suddenly my hand started to move on its own, out of my control."

Richard frowned and shook his head.

"You mean you had, so to say, an automatic writing experience?"

Margaret nodded in agreement.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Read it to me!" she commanded.

"It says, 'dimensions, dimensions, dimensions...' over and over," said Richard, lost in thought. "Someone called Santro..."

"Who's that?" she asked quickly.

"What do I know, Mom? Must be the one who sent you the message, who else?" Richard said, and then continued, "This Santro says, among other things, that his master is called Samitu, that they know a lot about you, about your studies and meditation."

Margaret laughed softly.

*What a mischievous imagination my Richard has,* she thought.

The boy started and frowned when he saw that the message mentioned Thomas Corbett.

"What is it, son? Cat got your tongue? Come on, read it to me, please."

Richard moved as if to read, but stopped before speaking.

"You won't believe this!"

"What is it?"

"This is real heavy, Mom!" he replied, raising his right hand to his head.

"What does it say?" Margaret asked impatiently.

"It says that none other than Thomas Corbett, your friend, has no good intentions, that he does not love you and is only after your money, and that's why he showers you with gifts."

Margaret made a sharp gesture with her hands and grumbled,

"Enough of teasing me! How can you make jokes like that, in such bad taste?"

"No, Mom. I'm not kidding, I'm not kidding, okay?" he replied, a somber look on his face. "I'm telling you, though it's hard to understand your writing. That's what it says in the message, or whatever you want to call it. It's a pity you cannot see."

"That's it, don't go on! Your impertinence infuriates me."

"Please, Mom, don't exacerbate yourself! Have faith in me,"

he said indignantly. "I know you don't want to hear the truth, that's what really gets you angry."

Margaret sighed helplessly.

"Sorry, Mom, but I'm telling you the truth. If you really don't believe me, I'll leave this house and never come back."

"God, no!" Tears ran down Margaret's cheeks. "Don't even joke about that!"

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"No. It cannot be true," she lamented out loud, wiping away her tears.

"It is, Mom."

Margaret was speechless, dumbfounded. Finally, she recovered her voice and exclaimed, desolate,

"God! How could this happen to me! Why?"

"I don't know, Mom," said Richard, throwing his arms around her to comfort her. "This seems unreal, but it may be that some being from the beyond wants to warn you to be cautious and not lower your guard."

Margaret nodded slowly, her expression, brooding.

"I don't know, but you may be right."

"All I can say to you about Thomas is that I do not like him one bit."

*I mustn't, but I cannot help but tell my son what Thomas said about the will, she thought.*

"Let's not worry ourselves now, don't you think, Mom?"

"Okay, but I want to tell you what Thomas proposed to me last night when we were having dinner."

"I'm all ears. Go on," he said, expectantly.

"He kept insisting that we go to a notary to make a will."

"What kind of will, Mom?" Richard asked, staring at her.

Margaret rubbed her head with her hand and explained,

"He suggested we marry and make a will in which it was stated that both my property and his, in the event of us



dying, would become your property."

Richard shook his head, mulling over this information.

"What the hell is he up to, Mom?"

"He said that it had occurred to him that, in the hypothetical case that he and I were to die, the government would take more than forty percent of my property."

Richard shook his head, a look of incredulity on his face.

*It seems to me we should not trust this devious scoundrel,* he thought.

"And talking of hypothetical, what would happen if it were you that died? What would happen then, huh?"

"In that case, what he said was that he would take care of all the possessions until you were of legal age."

"Mom, don't you realize? Thomas is vulture, just waiting to snatch someone else's fortune?"

"I don't know. The truth is I'm perplexed by the ambiguity of the situation," Margaret confessed, worriedly.

"Well, there's no need to be so confused, Mom," her son replied, raising his hand to his forehead.

"I think I should be wary of any suspicious moves," she concluded, with a marked expression of uncertainty.

Richard looked closely at his mother's face and nodded thoughtfully.

