

# **Case Histories**

Rev. Criss Ittermann

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# **Acknowledgements**

I have no idea whom to acknowledge yet.

# Introduction

I have strange memories, and I write stories. When I write fiction, I'm making it up. I'm deciding "what would that sound like?" "what do I want to happen next?" "how will this end, so we can get there?"

But my past lives are memories. I call them up on the movie screen in my mind, and fall back into them. I press "play" and they move forward. There are foggy moments, moments I can't remember what was going on. There are times I remember until the end, others that they fade off. A lot like memories. Try to remember every day of your eighth grade. Not so easy? That's what it's like, but instead of just going back a couple decades, sometimes I'm going back a couple lifetimes.

So let's take for one moment the fact that I have multiple personalities (DID, or "dissociative identity disorder") and apply memories to these entities that reside in my body. Each entity comes with their own memories, not only of this life, but of lives before this one. Some remember, some don't. Some have hints and clues, others a full-blown play-by-play of rich memories.

I want to share these memories with you, our histories, and some of the tie-ins between them. But I also don't want to bore you. When laying bricks, you use some mortar to make it sticky, to fill in the gaps. Our stories are based on bricks of real memory, with a tad of some mortar – guesses that help fill in some of the gaps and help flesh out the story so it holds together a bit better. It's way more brick than mortar. These are real memories. But just like writing a memoir, you may not remember the dialogue, but the gist of the conversation. But you need to write a conversation, not tell us about the conversation. So there's some minor embellishment to make memories into stories, and that is all.

# Willow

# Twilight's Tale of Ansa'Abram

## Introduction

This is the story of Willow's incarnation as Ansa'Abram, but as you will see in the story, Willow is unable to tell the story directly. The story is told from the point of view of Twilight, our first spirit companion as we were growing up in this life. We wrote our first diary entries around 1982 to Twilight. Turns out Twilight was Ansa'Abram's aunt, and has full memories of the events leading up to Ansa'Abram and Ruth's deaths. So when we want to piece together Willow's lifetime as Ansa'Abram, we have to actually talk to Twilight to try to figure out what happened. Here's the story from Twilight's point of view.

"I've always been second best!" I screamed. "You're smarter, prettier, and now you're getting married. And in a week you will be the new Madre! I'll always be second-best, always be too young, too stupid, or too ugly. No one will want to marry me when I come of age! Who wants to settle for second-best? You're young and healthy, too; you will produce an heir, and I'll be even more useless." My sister's face contorted into a pained expression. "I don't know what's come over you, you used to be my best friend. Now you're jealous of everything I have! You're blaming me for being firstborn. Why can't we just be friends, why can't you help me rule?" she screamed and tears flooded down her cheeks. I opened my mouth to speak but she spun on her heel, and gathered her skirts to run away. I was young, I was brash, and in the space of a few heartbeats I had a sinking feeling that confronting my sister a few days before her wedding was very poor timing. "Cartrone, I—" I reached out to try to grab her, but I missed as she spun back towards me. "You are so selfish. Everything is about you!" she yelled, her cheeks flame red. "Did you ever think that maybe I needed you? Did you ever think that maybe I didn't even want to be Madre? You know all the old stories about the younger sister putting poison in her older sister's

drink to gain the throne? You make me think they're true." She burst into tears and fled out the doorway, not even bothering to close the heavy wooden door behind her.

I stood stunned for several moments after her skirts disappeared behind the door. Then I noticed a hand was still floating in mid-air, where I had missed her. I stared at it dumbly for a moment before realizing it was my own hand and lowering it to my side. With a completely empty head, and queasy stomach, I just felt the quickened thrumping of my heartbeat in my ears. An uncounted ten or twenty thrumps later, I sank down to my knees and cried with deep guttural sobs that shook my whole body until I had no more tears.



**Dreal**

## The Time Being

I was born and bred an Elf, or Kellis, on a desert plain, we were nomads, we pitched camp where we could, when we could, lived in little clothing, but that to protect us from the sun, and called our planet Barranaire, after a distant memory of the first of us to come here.

I knew by the legends of those whom passed on that our people were not originally of this desert-world, but from another place, far away. A world named Kellistenaire (from whence we got our name—Kelliste). They had grown to be most proficient in their magic, and had built the most magnificent cities, and had played with the other beings of their world. When those in the Sea had overpopulated beautiful Kellistenaire, and they had driven many of the other animals to extinction, conducted wars with dangerous items of magical destruction, then they had to find new place to live and breed.

The more environment-conscious of the ancient Kelliste had opened a portal into the Sea of Souls and, taking the remaining animals with them, they abandoned Kellistenaire to spread out in a vast smattering of Kelliste through other worlds.

Of course the ones who are now dead had passed the stories down from generation to generation through word of mouth and written books. We had no idea how the other Elven traveling grades had done in the worlds they tried to enter. All the animals that they had brought to Elderaire died, because Kellis was scarce, and we Elves survived on what we could, and we prospered, to some extent.

I was told that our race was very light-skinned as are the Barriste, the natives of this world, and that our skin became darker generation after generation because we were almost constantly exposed to the sun, and so dark skin was a protection against the sun's burning strength.

My skin was brown, a shade the oldest of my people called "bark". I knew vaguely that bark grew on trees. However, I had difficulty because I did not know rightly what a tree was. I knew

what plants were, and a tree was an overgrown plant. Ok, that I could accept. But what was “bark” anyway?

My eye were a blue that the elders called “Sea Blue”—Blue of large pools of saltwater. I barely saw collected water in my youth. I knew only what I had to. I knew the world that I was on, and why would I need to know anything else?

My people had carried magic down through our generations, so we were Mages. We worshipped the Belekim as though they were gods. Perhaps some of them were.

I was Dreal the MageMaiden, and my power was SoulReading. This included AuraReading, and a minor form of SoulTouching. I suppose it was special that I could see what no one else could see. I kept the knowledge of my extra-perception from the Kelliste.

Usually Elven couples would have but one child. I was one of three. My siblings and I enjoyed touching each other’s Souls and practice at Reading each other. One was an EmotionReader, or Empath, and the other was a MindReader, or Telepath. Our powers were all along the same minds lines, but only I could really SEE everyone, in light or dark.

I never told anyone that I could See thus because you aren’t supposed to be able to see an Eternal One. I enjoyed watching the Elder Beings, the twins who were called Xaron and Warren, they would often be together riding the winds of Time, and gliding into and out of each other’s Time-Space, becoming one, then becoming two again, then one again. I watched this show of love, and often wished to become part of it. I grew and learned under the witness of Warren and Xaron Joining.

I was able to study the Eternal Ones. They were twice the height of a Kelliste in length (if they could be physically measured), shaped like a cone of sorts, one large eye at the wide end, about two feet wide by one foot tall, and the cartilage and gristle body extending out of it, to shaggy points at the end.

They had no hands, arms, nose, or mouth etc. Just the eye, but they needn’t eat, and their speech was some type of empathy, and we could understand each other, through thought as well.

I became friends with Xaron when I was a little older, just coming of maturity. I had no difficulties growing up, especially with the powers I had. Mostly I was called MageMaiden because no one ever found out the full extent of my powers.

When Xaron alone came to play, since the long life of a Belekim required frequent distraction, I told her that I could see her. Every now and then, Warren would calm too, and the three of us would play games. Of course a game for a Belekim was much more serious to an elf than was any Elven game.

I especially loved when they would Join, because I could see the whole thing. They would just become one Being, larger than any I'd ever seen, and Xaron and Warren were already the largest. I was so tied to Xaron that I lost my identity as she did when she joined to Warren. It was always beautiful.

I wanted so badly to fully become part of it all, and Xaron decided to give it a try... so we tried each other on for size. We were alone that day, for Warren was elsewhere doing as he would.

I called it Bonding, so that's what it became—a form of Joining between elf and Belekim. She fell into the same space that I was in and she began to fall into my own soul. There was a tough spot that she complained of that it took her some maneuvering to get around.

It seemed that the Elves had developed a defense against intrusion into their souls. Xaron complained that she had to extract a key from me to get into this spot. The key was much like a name that would allow access into that spot so that she could comfortably find a place for herself. I had felt a wrenching as though a deep secret were torn from my soul, but Xaron left no scars.

She had just settled comfortably, abating the slight bleeding of my soul where she had wrenched my key from, when she felt distressed for a moment.

"What is it, Eternal Twin?"

"No longer can I find my sibling. Where in my soul he was, now I find is empty!"

"What does that mean?"

"My soul! Where is my soul?!" Panicked she. "Warren!"

I tried desperately to soothe her, but she thrashed about in my soul. I found my body on the sand in a moment, and thrashing about. I grabbed and desperately held onto my key, my identity, which was Leen.

“Leen! Leen! Leen!” I echoed in the corridors of my soul. “Oh, Xaron! Please!” I soothed her, panting, tears spilling unchecked into the sand. Every breath was a sob, choked off by the fact that I couldn’t breathe, anyway.

Finally, the choking sobs subsided.

“Xaron? Are you all right?!”

“Yes—” came the faintest of answers. “I believe I will be ok. Let me rest.”

I felt her presence inside of me sink down, behind my key, Leen, and into a depth that I hadn’t really known was there. Something told me that she’d gone all the way to my soul in the Sea. I stood and tried to pull myself back together.

Speeding across the planes came a blinding essence. It was coming straight at me, and I almost panicked until I saw that it was Warren. I felt comforted to see him, until he was that I saw his panic.

What had I caused? I wondered.

Where is Xaron? Do you know where Xaron is? Where is my Sister? He sent thoughts across the alternates to me. He floated there, just in front of me, waiting for a response. What could I do, what could I say?

“Warren, I’ve seen Xaron, she came to me today, and I showed her how much I wanted to be like you and her.”

Where is she now? He pushed. Did she go away?

“Well, yes, she went into the Sea a few minutes ago.”

The Sea! She wouldn’t have disappeared from my awareness like this otherwise.

Xaron began coming up from the Sea and back to my soul. I felt her come past Leen, to the very front to see what was going on.

Almost immediately, I noticed the change in Warren. His tail began to whip about, and the sky darkened, the first clouds I’d seen

in the longest time flowed in from only the Belekim know where. Warren's form began shifting, and my awareness was tossed from the body perspective to Warren's as he became FLOWSENSE. Only Xaron remembered. Xaron became FLOWSENSE, taking Leen with her.

Before there were Souls, that's where I was. I screamed in fright and agony, torn. The pain brought Xaron out, as Warren thrashed, and lightning came from the clouds, smacking into the ground, splitting even the tiniest grains, making glass out of others.

Xaron closed the cut in my soul that Warren's tail had thrashed into it.

Show me my twin! Came the rough demand, like the rolling thunder as the heavens crashed down in pain and agony. Xaron stretched out past Leen, out of my body, and touched Warren gently.

"I wanted to see the world through the eyes of the Kelliste. It is too late, this is how it shall be. You'll see, it shall be so again."

HOW could you do this to me!?! Don't you see how much I need you? Don't you care about me? How could you leave me alone, to worry, to wonder, to search! I couldn't find you!

"But I—"

You disappeared! DISAPPEARED!

I was rent from my awareness as Leen, back into Warren's FLOWSENSE.

Empty... all is empty. I am awareness without soul... I am alone. There are no others to comfort. I don't want comfort. I don't need. I don't want. I am alone and angry. I have been not-alone, but I am alone again. No Other. Where has Other gone? Find Other.

Rent, my soul is cut. Where? Where is it? Can't find. Kelliste... where soul? Where? YOU HIDE MY SOUL! GIVE ME MY SOUL! I MUST hit you, I must TEAR my soul from you! GO AWAY MAGE!

As the first drop of rain on my forehead jerked me back to awareness with a start, I tossed my head, and found I was no longer on the sand, Warren was no longer before me, but Xaron was still inside of me.

Over many years, maybe even centuries, Xaron and I travelled

through many different alternate realities together. We grew together for a short time, but eventually we grew apart until the day that we separated. Our growing together was a time of wonder and power for me, our growing apart was an exercise in loneliness and abandonment. If you would like to read more about me, please write to Criss and request that Dreal continue to write her stories.

This story was dictated into Windows Write with DragonDictate, then transferred to the Macintosh environment.

The Time Warriors

Chapter 2 of The Stories of Dreal

Inside of me... who was I? I am no identity... I am Power. Only power.

And I Know... I KNOW the Eternal Beings. I KNOW souls. I KNOW Barranaire. I KNOW!

Although years I watched the Eternal Ones flowed before my eyes as though they were happening again, but this time there were CONCLUSIONS. I knew and I shared that with the universe....

I opened my eyes on a world, on land, on sea, on surf.

My head reeled, my soul ached. Xaron carefully prodded me, stretching slowly, feeling out Leen. I closed my eyes and carefully used my key to gain access to my soul, to clear my mind. I touched Xaron's essence within me, the aches and bleeding.

Exile... Warren's power had whipped us away, had broken Xaron, left her weakened. She could not leave me, and her soul ached. I gently touched the torn portion of her soul, shredded, bleeding and empty.

"Oh, Xaron..."

Fear not, young one, I will heal.

"Do not lie to me. But one thing could heal you... you are Warren's soul and he yours!"

Forget you ever knew that, Mage! I never needed him and never again shall.

I felt as though I'd been whipped by a Belekim's tail. This made my stomach turn. Xaron had become more bitter, and that was unlike her. My physical nausea showed itself as my stomach

emptied on the sand. I staggered to the water and cupped some in my hands to drink it.

Salty! Blech, I spat it out, my stomach churning.

Thus is life, reminded Xaron.

From each surfacing soul rose a fiber, a thread of tenuous soulstuff which rose several yards towards the sky before I lost sight of it. I sensed that at different points, this place we were in attached to every other world, and every living being with a soul was represented herein...it was vast, crowded, endless...

On the sea, only a short distance from the island I stood on, was a ship.

I began to appreciate the tales told by my mentors and ancestors.

As unimportant as I thought it all was, here I was using words which had only been abstractions to me before then.

I stood there for a long time. My empathy was strong but impersonal so I was not overtly affected by the emotions around me.

Come on, let's go for a walk, said Xaron.

I stepped out over the Sea, and Xaron made it so I wouldn't sink. It was like my own magic—treating the souls as solid...it took only the realization that I could do it, and I took the doing of it from Xaron and continued to walk over the sea.

The ship was enormous—I'd never seen so large a structure before—not even the tent villages set up at inter-tribal meetings and events were so large.

There was a rope ladder hanging down the side of the ship. I wondered if we were expected or if it was always there. Did souls ever climb up the ladder from the sea? I found out later that the ship was made from dark glass—not transparant, not glossy. Or that's how I saw it anyway.

I grasped a rung in my hand and stepped off the soulstuff, climbed the ladder to the deck of the ship. There was a box—a room—a little larger than the largest of tents I'd ever seen. Long masts, with sails roped in at their bases. Later I knew that meant they were just waiting.



There was a Barris there—or so it seemed to be. When he (for it was a he) turned around to face me he had no eyes, no mouth. Only slits where his nose should have been, skin hallowed where eyes should be. He was also bald, and had no ears.

Greetings, Brother, Xaron said, cold and tight, but still under control.

Then my Sight saw. This was a future incarnation of Warren. His soul had changed so drastically, more and less than it was, but the underlying pattern that was Warren was there.

This is Accus, Insight, introduced Xaron.

*We've met*, said Accus with wry humor. This was a god, not some innocent Ad'Belek playing with its sibling over the sands. This being had a job, a purpose. Right now Accus laid the job aside for us. This type of “god” compared with what the Kelliste thought gods were, and I thought on how mistaken they were to give that role to the Beleki. Or perhaps they were wise, if Beleki could aspire to become gods like Accus.

You did not warn me that this would happen, admonished Xaron.

*It was not my place to. For what it is worth, I am sorry. But I also have already paid for my crimes against you. You will see to that.*

Where is Myself? At first I thought Xaron meant Warren, but then I had a flash of Xaron's future-incarnation, of a skull in a black robe...

*You will be found at the Wheel. A thousand welcomes to you, Dreal. Well met, and well met again...and again.* There was a smile in the voice of Insight, a pleasant affection, which told tales of forgiveness yet to come from Warren, and healed my heart somewhat. It did not do the same for Xaron. Accus' apologetic words fell on my ears and ended there. Xaron wrested control of my body from me, wheeled and strode towards the building. Up a set of stairs, which I thought were a very odd contraption,

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that we separated. Our growing together was a time of wonder and power for me, our growing apart was an excersise in lonliness and abandonment. If you would like to read more about me, please write to Criss and request that Dreal continue to write her stories.

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