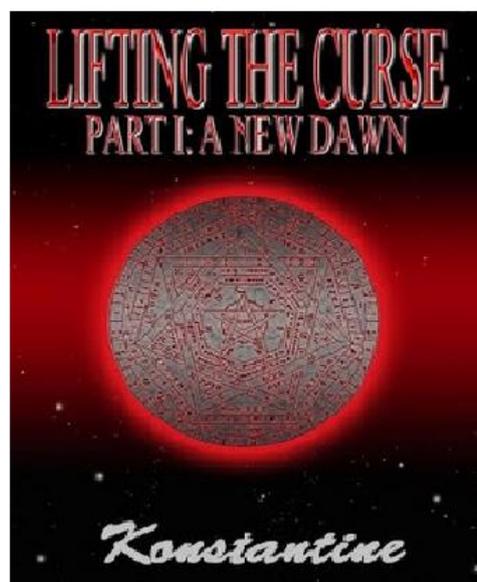




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## CHAPTER 5 FREE EXCERPT

Xander sent him a link on St. George and also copied and pasted an Invocation to the Archangel Michael. John read the link first and, after he sat in the middle of his bed in the lotus position, followed the instructions:

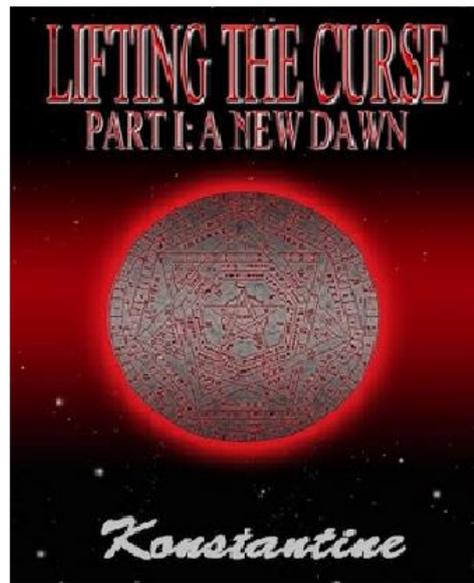
- a. Close your eyes and focus on the archetypal image of St. George slaying the Dragon
- b. Call on St. George to come to your aid and help you with your Lower Astral Entity problem
- c. Visualize him battling the Dark Entity with his lance and vanquishing it

He saw everything with his Astral Vision (his eyes were closed for the entire duration of this event): St. George soon appeared, a few feet to the right of the bed, and charged at the Draconian. It was an awe-inspiring visual: two polar opposite Spiritual Entities about to battle to the death. A true clash of titans! Good George went straight for the heart –the key to victory. The Astral Monster, moving from its position for the first time, replied in kind: it blocked St. George's Holy Lance with its forearm using nothing but raw strength. It had no shield; no weapons of any kind other than its overpowering Dark Energy and immense physical strength. This was more than enough, however, which would explain why these Dark Beings were renowned across the Milky Way galaxy for their battle prowess; feared even. St. George doubled back and prepared for another offensive. His Warrior Energy was as conspicuous as the Draco's blackness. It filled John with strength and hope. Even if he died tonight, he figured he'd die happy in the knowledge that St. George was real after all. An ally of unmatched importance, a Spirit Being that existed for one reason alone: to fight the Good Fight...for all time.

The valiant Knight charged at his near-indomitable foe again. This time he broke the Royal Reptilian's defenses. John felt a rush of excitement as St. George struck it square in the chest! John could tell he was made for this sort of thing; for battle, for Holy War. He couldn't wait for the day when he would get to do things like this himself. He visualized it was him that fought the Draconian, dressed in St. George's familiar, shining medieval armor, red-plumed helmet, crimson cape and, of course, holding his storied Holy Lance in right hand. In a way, he felt he was St. George. He could both see him from the bed *and* through the Knight's eyes. John decided that, in all likelihood, St. George was a heretofore hidden aspect of his own Spirit/Mind, an Archetype he had never accessed until now. This thought filled him with even more excitement.

Alas, John then realized he had missed the heart by just inches. The Ciakar grabbed the Holy Lance, yanked it out of his chest and, with St. George/John still clinging to it, used it to catapult his opponent across the room. The Draco then extended its awesome wings, which seemed to be at least ten feet wide, and lunged at the valiant Knight...

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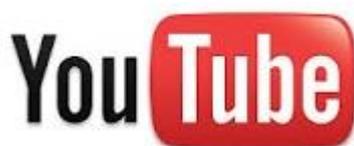
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