



THOSE WHO
HEAR

Journeys of
the Astropaths

SIM

Those Who Hear - Journeys of the Astropaths

1st edition ebook 2010

ISBN 978-974-04-2659-2

eISBN 978-616-7270-60-9

Text by

SIM

Published by



Internet: www.bangkokbooks.com

E-mail: info@bangkokbooks.com

Fax Thailand: (66) - 2 - 517 1009

Text Copyright© SIM

Cover page Copyright© Bangkok Book House

Printed in Thailand

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, copied, stored or transmitted in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

Those Who Hear
Journeys of the Astropaths

SIM

Those who hear

This one is dedicated to all my students over the years, and especially those who read this one and liked it best. I finally did something with it. Thanks for your inspiration, your comments, your confidence, and your support.

A special thanks to Nan and Nikki who read this with adult eyes, and Jirasin and Linz who were my youthful advisors.

Those who hear

Chapter 1:

Orphaned

When Cody was a child his grandmother always told him whenever he was scared or lonely to pray to God. In his 14 years of life, he'd spoken with him on many occasions, but he'd never realized, until recently, that God wasn't supposed to be talking back. God's rich and calming voice was always strong and clear in Cody's ear — his personal companion whom only he could hear. God was the only one who was always there for him, even when everyone else he loved had gone away.

So when God began asking Cody to come to him, he had no doubt about going. Grandma always said God should not be questioned. Meeting Michael, however, was forcing Cody to rethink the certainty of God because Michael could hear his prayers too, and he also spoke to him without other people hearing them talk.

When Cody was 6 years old, he and his mother got lost in El Paso, Texas. His mother always got turned around while driving, usually finding her way home sooner or later. Cody's dad would wait to tease her about being so absent-minded and to give his wife and son big hugs with his powerful arms.

"I'm tired," Cody complained. They'd attended an evening movie and had been driving around lost for more than an hour. Cody was only thinking about one

thing — being out of the car and between the soft cotton sheets of his bed.

“I know, baby, but I can’t stop here in this neighborhood. It doesn’t look safe. We just need to find an on-ramp to the freeway. I just can’t remember any of this.”

It had been eight years since that night, but Cody could still see her face as the tears of frustration began rolling down her cheeks. “Damn it! I just don’t know where we are.”

“It’s okay, Mom, it’ll be okay.”

They stopped alongside a dimly lit street so shameless no one had even bothered to pick up the discarded tires, tattered newspapers or broken bottles. There was a payphone on a wall where there used to be some kind of store before the windows were boarded up and the walls spray painted with thick swirling blue and green designs. A bare bulb dangled down from a rusty metal limb casting yellow flickering light about the phone like a spotlight searching for a stage performer.

“I’m going to call your father. Stay put.” She stepped out. “Lock the doors,” she ordered through the glass of the passenger door’s window.

Cody pushed the lock button, and the doors locked with a pop. She hurried to the phone where she wiped off the receiver with her shirt and dialed home. Soon she began talking the way only she could talk; her arms were waving around and her hips shifting from side to side with each word that she uttered. Cody’s dad used to say she talked that way because she was half Italian, and Italians have to move their body when they speak

or they'll explode.

Cody felt relieved. His father was on the other end of the phone line and he would come find them as he had done so many times before. Cody pictured his bed so clearly now that he could feel the cool sheets upon his skin and his favorite pillow stuffed behind his head. His father would kiss him good-night after reading to him, and he'd pull the covers over his face and then slip them down just below his nose where he liked them where he could smell the soapy sheets. Cody's eyelids grew heavy. He was more asleep than awake when the nightmarish scream of his mother jolted him from his imagined sanctuary.

His body froze. No air moved in his lungs. No blood flowed in his veins.

Out on the street, his mother was encircled by four degenerate men. Her scream still hung in the air as they attacked her — their dirty hands pulling at her clothes and their boots kicking her to the ground in a frenzied assault.

“No! No! No!” she cried, until their blows had taken the last bit of her voice away.

Cody forced himself to move, pushing open the door and stepping out into the street. It was the first time he had tried to be a man. “Stop! Stop!” he yelled with all the force in his body, his fists clinched at his sides and his back arching as he put everything he had into his bellowing cry. He kept screaming, holding the letter ‘o’ for so long that his entire body began trembling — his voice cracking — until his lungs couldn't support him

with any more oxygen and he fell face-first onto the concrete, unconscious.

He swam through a hellish darkness in his comatose condition. There were voices so angry they burned with hate — their sound was searing — there were terrified whimpers that scraped at his bones, and there was death — unresponsive and conclusive lifelessness.

A flashlight shone brightly in his face as he struggled to consciousness. His mother's arms were locked around him, her fingers dug into his shoulder in a death grip. Her chilled face was pressed against his chest, stuck to his skin with dried blood. Her thick black hair was matted in his eyes.

“Oh, Jesus,” a police officer muttered. “They're both dead.”

Cody tried to speak, but his throat stung horribly and it felt as if it were swollen shut. Not an utterance cleared his lips.

“Shit,” another voice declared. “What a mess.”

“Wait, his eyes are opening. Get her off of him. He's still alive.”

Strong hands began pulling to separate them; however, his mother's loving clutch was as solid as stone. Finally, they pried her fingers apart, one by one, where they had a hold of Cody's arm, and then they lifted her off of him. Cody wanted to hold on to her. Why couldn't they leave her with him, holding him? His arms didn't respond to his mind's command to reach out to her. He felt as rigid as a mannequin.

“He's in shock. Get a blanket from my trunk. We need