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A rebel-geek goes against his belief system of what he is taught to help a mentally struggling person.

Imagine a world where humans were to “correct” their mental health conflicts. When reaching a higher state of healing, individuals are sent off to a realm called “Athora”. A realm captivated by white sparkly haze. When in this realm, people are taught to help others still on Earth. Echo, a person who has reached “Athora”, struggles as he helps his assigned person, Daisy. Who struggles with mental health issues far more enhanced than Echo is used to. Echo is taught from a book that goes beyond what his beliefs are. Shouldn’ t humans enjoy the journey they have back on Earth? Echo goes against his belief system to try to comfort and guide Daisy through her life back on Earth.

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“What About the Journey?”

(Trigger Warning)

I was given the name “Echo” when I got to this realm; though, I’ m not sure what it means. I was known as Sam on Earth. That was until I overcame my mental health difficulties and reached this higher realm, Athora. It is a parallel realm to Earth; Athora has passengers that mentor people on Earth, chaperoning individuals to a higher divine power. White sparkles of haze captivate the air, only visual to our eyes, unlike the human subordinate visual perception. The air is free of pollution— with wafts of creamy coconut and honeysuckle. After humans battle their difficulties

on Earth, they come here, just like I did. I was able to overcome severe depression and numerous thoughts of ending my life.



After ascending, we are given the duty to help the humans on Earth. However, they cannot see us due to their limited visual perception. The embodiments of an Ascendant and a human are two different energies; we are on separate wavelengths. We act as what they may know as guardian angels. In Athora, we are Mentors or Guardians that reveal them to their journey of a higher divine power.



On my first day of class, training in Athora, we navigate Earthborn through their web of spiraling energies, balancing their higher and physical realms.

“Divining” was one of the required courses I was to take to become a fully Ascended mentor. I was in a class, much like how college was taught when I was still on Earth. We’re in a vast room, filled with ascendants dressed in long robes with our eyes devoted to wisdom beyond our ears. With a Pythia that teaches us that we must observe, devote our time, and proceed with action to pass them along to their well-deserved healed states. We are taught to never forget our potential and that we are the bridge that connects these parallel realms. We were instructed to travel to the “Vade Mecum Library” and retrieve a copy of a required book titled “Divine Healing: A Guide”.

I scoured row and row, column after column. I finally found it. By the time I picked it up, my hands had slumped to my knees, almost dropping the book. Pulling the cover and opening the book, I realized that it was nearly twenty thousand pages long. All on guides and lessons to navigate humans on their way to Athora.

“This will be one heck of a class if I am to read and learn all of this before “Sentinel Testaments” begins in the spring” I whispered to myself.

Fall semester came and went with the long hours of studying, note taking, tests, and homework.



I was to take “Sentinel Testaments” in the spring semester. This was a class that allowed us to get in contact with humans. We were each given a human to take care of. Difficulties started minuscule. Not fully allowing us to help them fully reach “Athora” ; only enough to help them through a small energy spiral. I was given a person named Martha. She was perhaps around the age of seventy. She walked with a cane due to the rapidly declining health of her back from a bad posture of being an artist painting her way through life. Her husband passed away from lung cancer over a decade ago. She lost her life partner of forty-five years. Warping her into an ongoing depressive state for nearly ten years. From accessing the other side, I could see that she deeply adored this small black cat of hers, this cat was all she had after her husband’ s passing. She named him Pickles. This cat served as Martha’ s emotional support animal assisting in feline-infused dopamine. Pickles had managed to escape by crawling out the back door of Martha’ s house. Martha’ s cat was never seen again. Perhaps Pickles was eaten by a coyote or a small animal. I was taught to observe, assess, and proceed with action. My goal was to stay in her presence, allowing her time to grieve.

I whispered in her ear, “Everything will be all right” .
She jumped when she heard a voice.

“Oh right, she can’ t see me,” I muttered to myself.



Earthborn came and went through our class. One small instance after another. The death of a family pet, insecurities, a small injury, accidents, you name it.

“Sentinel Testaments” taught us by the book that humans must come to terms to “fix” their mental health. They must deal with it, to reach this higher realm of Athora. I didn’ t quite believe their fixation.

“Why must you ‘fix’ your mental health to come to Athora?” Shouldn’ t you care about the journey you have back on Earth? To learn from your mistakes, cope with your challenges, and enjoy spending time with others. Isn’ t that what life should be about?” These questions floated about my head. Wrangling my head into the depths of despair.

After attending the school “Oasis of Observation,” a full year of school had ended. I got an A in every class. Slowly marking my territory to becoming a full Mentor of guiding these remarkable individuals.



Moving onto the second year of schooling, I started taking “Soul Pressure” . This class taught us how humans must accept their mental health for Mentors to guide them through their captivating web of energies. We are assigned Earthborn for Guardians to learn from and mentor to a higher state of healing.

Instances of this class had become definingly difficult. Humans had mental health conflicts of their own, coping and spiraling through depression, anxiety, personality disorders, and bipolar disorder. Pythia described that individuals suffer from a wide variety of conflicts. Each person is different; no one is the same. I would know as before I had reached Athora I, too, suffered my battles of depression and anxiety. I spent weeks devoting my energy to the comfort of my bed in my warm, dark room. Hiding away from any societal civilization to protect my heart and nerves away at bay. I made it through, and after reaching Athora; it has become my duty to

portray a Guardian to these individuals. They deserve a full life, filled with prosperity, that devotes meaning and importance to their well-being.



We were each assigned a human for the entire school year while attending “Oasis of Observation”. This was when I met Daisy for the first time. When I entered the other side through another form of energy, undeniable to Daisy’s visual perception. From what I could see: she was a beautiful young lady. She was around the age of seventeen. Her hair was a warm blonde tone, long and flowing to the edge of her waist. She had the most beautiful eyes that reflected a pure image of the crystal amazonite. The blues and greens made it seem as if you can predict the future with two gems. Daisy had freckles that polka-dotted her cheeks and nose. Her room was consumed by shades of amethyst and purple jade, retro records from the fifties, and colorful artwork that hung across her walls. With white bedding that had finer details of stitching. She remained a ball in the corner of her bedroom.

When I floated around her, she couldn’t see me. But from what I could sense. She was struggling internally. Her mascara dripping, leaving brown mudslides down her cheeks. Eyes red to the nearest shade of scarlet. She was visibly distraught. My awareness had been brought down to her arms. I could see fresh open wounds, and a pair of scissors lying next to her. I felt a heaviness in my heart.

I began to panic. Classes haven’t taught me this.

“What do I do?” I muttered to myself.

I followed my intuition.

I began soothing her. Laying my energy onto her shoulder, I echoed to Daisy “Everything will be okay, this is not forever. Light will be reaching for you at the end of the tunnel. I will guide you on this journey of healing.”

She began sobbing harder. Tears glistened on her cheeks. She began shaking uncontrollably.

“This will be a challenge for this school year. I am destined to help her. She will enjoy her journey on Earth. I don’ t care what those textbooks say, but she needs my help” I said to myself.



While laying my source of energy onto her shoulder, her sobbing had come to a halt. Her breath had become more controlled than the ghastly weeping as she fought for the next breath of air. Her eyelids were swollen and remained red. Daisy’ s mudslides running down her cheeks had now become dry dirt paths. Daisy had a sense that something was there with her. She couldn’ t figure out who or what presence decided to stay with her and why. I saw that Daisy remained dazed. I softly spoke to her ear.

“All will be well in the morning. Clarity will come in the morning. Get some rest, my dear.”

Daisy got up from the orb of energy she was once consumed by. She flipped over her white bed covers with the intricate details among the stitching and crawled into bed.

“I guess she took that as a sign, she heard me!”

She remained in the same position throughout the entire night.



When Daisy awoke, the clock read 11:11 a.m.

While taking classes freshman year at “Oasis of Observation”, I studied word after word of the book “Divine Healing: A Guide”, I read that repeating numbers are

often called mentor numbers. These numbers are the doorways that connect Earthborn to the guardians in Athora.

“Perfect, 11:11 means a doorway of energy to connect to the spiritual realm. I believe that Daisy has accepted my aid of spiritual healing.”

I watched over Daisy as she tried to do her routine throughout the day. Make the bed, wash her face with warm water, brush her teeth, brush her long locks of blonde hair, and put on clean clothes. She managed to throw on a pair of black shorts and a graphic tee that was consumed by the logo of a band. She slumped down the stairs for breakfast which consisted of stale colorful pellets of cereal she drowned in milk.

Daisy managed to drop her spoon. Tears slowly started escaping her eyes. I watched with caution, as the tears slowly traveled down her cheeks and into the cereal she had just made.

“Why is she crying?” I thought she had managed to do her normal morning routine. What could be wrong?

Laying my white haze of energy next to her, with the haze only visible to my perception. I asked her.

“What is wrong Daisy?”

Daisy stumbled with her words. She fought for the right words and in the right order.

“I want to die. There’s nothing good for me here. What is the point of life if we’re all just on a floating rock waiting to die?” Daisy struck.

In the empty house, she was in. Her voice echoed throughout the entire structure. Causing a shiver down my spine.

“Oh no, I am far too capable of helping Daisy. My schooling had never taught me this. I don’ t know what I’ m supposed to do. Books never taught me this.” As these thoughts raced through my brain.

I started panicking. I raced in circles in Athora. Trying to decipher what to do. I began doubting everything the school had taught me. One, observe. Two, take your time. Three, proceed with an action. As I raced through my head and counted the rules at my fingertips.

“I have read and devoted my time to read twenty thousand goddamn pages, yet I have learned nothing.”

This is my choice now. It is my job to protect her safety. But I will have to go against the rules in the books.



“Okay Daisy, why are you feeling this way?”

Daisy wailed “Why does this have to happen to me? I can’ t control it.”

“What can’ t you control?”

“Everything! My anxiety. I have this monster that shakes my nerves. I get these feelings of panic. My heart feels as if it can leap out of my chest and land on the floor. My depression wants me to stay in bed until dark. And the thoughts! I can’ t control them! They come and go with time. I want to die. The sharp pain of the scissors doesn’ t relieve the sense of pain I have. I have tried my self-care, taking hot showers, cleaning my room, painting crafts even! Nothing works for me right now.” Daisy had managed to implode all in a matter of seconds.

But I understood where she was coming from. I am like Daisy. Or at least, I was, until I got to Athora.

That' s it! Instead of relying on these god-awful lessons from our textbooks. I' ll teach Daisy what I learned when I was Earthborn.



“Daisy, listen to me. I too, am like you. I know what you’ re going through. I’ ll teach you. You need a sign that everything will be okay. Your name is Daisy, every time you see a daisy, whether it’ s a flower flowing in the grass meadows, a sticker you see on the back of a car, or a drawing; I want you to remember that daisies are a sign of hope. They mean life. I want you to take Daisies as a sign that everything is going to be okay. Everything will work out. Everything happens for a reason. And what is meant for you, will be.”

Daisy slowly peered at the vase of rotting flowers that stood in murky water on the table.

“Okay, now probably wasn’ t the right time to mention daisies— but they are still a sign that everything will be okay.”



“Another thing that I have learned Daisy; attend yoga classes and spend time with nature.”

While being an Earthborn, I have learned that being present in the moment will give you a greater sense of life, propelling you to a happier life. While attending these yoga classes, they give you the time and space to name the thoughts you have scrambling through your mind and then scurry those thoughts away. Yoga classes come with breathing techniques. In for four seconds, and out for four seconds. Another tactic that helps with anxiety.

“I want you to spend time in nature, Daisy. I understand staying in bed is your comfort space. You can lock yourself away in a dark room and meander through the miles of social media. Don’ t be tempted to be on your phone. Instead, go outside and spend ten minutes walking through nature. It will set your mood to be in the right space for the entire day.”



Over the next few months, Daisy’ s mental health seemed to take a significant improvement. Daisy had fewer panic attacks. She was spending time outside. From what I could see, she was visibly happy.

While attending the class “Soul Pressure” in Athora, we are given the task to guide an individual to divine healing, embracing their journey to travel to Athora. We are taught to learn from the book and take what we gain to guide Earthborn. That’ s easy enough if you agree with what the books say. I do not.

My Pythia for the class had managed to lurk behind me as soon as the class had ended and asked the big question I’ d been avoiding.

“How has Daisy’ s mental health been doing, Echo?”

I kept quiet and said as little as he needed to know. “She’ s doing great. We’ re working on slow improvements and gaining her momentum to a fuller life again.”

“I see, and how exactly are you performing these tactics towards Daisy? Are you using anything from the books we have discussed in class?”

“Damn it— oh no, oh no.” I thought to myself.

“I’ ve uh—”, I stuttered.

“Echo, I was your mentor when I was observing you while you were still known as Sam back on Earth. You were one of the more challenging Earthborn I had to guide.

I wanted to guide you through my rules, through the book I studied. I watched over you for years. You struggled with self-harm every single day. You fought your depression and anxiety. Even though I was invisible to you, you fought what I had to say. You knew exactly what direction you had to take for your improvement. That is why I have picked you to come here. You don't die from your mental health on Earth. Not everyone chooses to transcend into another realm. Mentors see who can improve the lives of others, and we bring them here. We need more people like you."

"This whole time I thought that we were to study the book and use those skills and techniques we have learned to guide Earthborn. The test in Athora, was whether we were skilled enough based on our knowledge and experiences on Earth?" I quietly pondered.

"That's right, Sam." As Pythia Gastron smiled.

Life shouldn't be about keeping up with fixations on yourself. Whether it's your insecurities or anything you are mentally struggling with. Life is a journey. And that's exactly what it should be.