

THE TWIN FLAME TRANCE

Reaching Sovereignty



AGATHA C. BINE

BACK COVER CONTRIBUTION

A captivating spiritual tale of a deep love entanglement designed to take you on an intense energetic rollercoaster ride from the highs of an ecstatic sexual connection to the lows of a dysfunctional trauma bond, highlighting coping mechanisms playing out within the dynamic. We follow the journey of this couple both at different stages of their lives yet trying to navigate a romantic relationship in two entirely different Dimensions.

Come along for the read as the triggers intensify, activating involuntary spontaneous breathwork and trance frequency seizures until Agatha finally let's go and surrenders into the unknown of this soul journey. Whether this is an ascending soul shifting in consciousness or the magnetism of a Twin Flame love connection, discover how Agatha continuously pulls herself back up from the depths of despair. As she breathworks through each layer of detachment, the deep-seated emotional wires conditioned to respond to cycles of fight or flight begin to surface and untangle.

Finally, through this intense healing crisis, a new layer of self-awareness, self-love, self-respect and self-worth emerges highlighting the potential to come into sacred union within herself. A pivotal time for discernment to dismantle the coping mechanisms of the core wounds and ancestral traumas playing out. With the development of new healthy boundaries an epic transformation is birthed to rebuild a healthier foundation aligning with a renewed connection to her soul essence.

It's an honour to have been called in to assist on this journey, welcomed into Agatha's family and day to day life, supporting her through the many ups and downs, but most of all to have witnessed her dedication to doing the inner work required to align with her highest calling and assist humanity during these pivotal times on Earth.

Much Love and Blessings ❤ Jade

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Acknowledgement

This is where I take the time to acknowledge my Twin Flame for everything he's been, and everything he is to me. When the soul activates and these kinds of connections get brought through, they're connections on a Fifth Dimensional level and above all, the love is pure. What I came to understand throughout this journey is that when we first meet our Twin Flame, we are falling into an Ascended love so deep that it's the most intense connection ever felt between two lovers at that moment in time. As it's an energetic connection, the energy blends and it's extremely difficult to have the skills to pull the energy apart without first walking the journey to gain the skills. Therefore, it's a relationship of non-stop triggers, designed to bring pain to the surface.

It's very different from meeting a soul mate who can still be a deep telepathic connection but with less polarity in frequency and the ability to remain unattached to the outcome. We learn that to balance our frequency on a daily basis as a sovereign being we must be responsible for the power of our own energy and how it affects others on their journey of Ascension. The intensity of energy at this level can wipe our partners out when we're energy working others. I'd like to emphasise that the challenges that Twin Flames face in regards to Lightworking the energies flowing through the Earth at any one particular time are extreme. Essentially, they're leading an Ascension, by raising the frequency of Earth.

This connection is a mission of teamwork, where the contrast and polarity works to ground and anchor in the Twins, to complete their purpose. In my situation, I was not an easy energy to ground and it took constant hard work which brought much fatigue to those in my physical energy field. When I reached a certain frequency I began to suffer severe Ascension Symptoms, it was a turning point in my life and I healed my physical body at an epic level thanks to the help of my Kinesiologist at the time. I then decided that I would do to others what she had done for me. So over the next ten years I gave energetic frequency activations to 65 people, at a total of 150 energy healing sessions. In the example of the Fifth Dimension, 145 of those sessions, at no charge, simply an exchange of energy. No matter how hard I tried in business, my work never eventuated as a business model. Not the Energy Healing, the Holistic Medicine or the Counselling. My design was not to be a business woman, it was to simply hold the frequency of the Fifth

Dimension as these 65 people in my energetic down-line, navigated through a spiritual Ascension, many to a degree, subconsciously.

Where the business model was always designed to fail, a large part of that success was what my other half did for me, to ground me, to allow me to go so deep into this journey without losing the rational logic of my mind throughout. This journey puts much pressure on the minds of those doing frequency healing work. While acquiring my corner piece of this puzzle, through observation of a beautiful high frequency male in our soul group, I noted that when going too fast through the levels between 3D, 4D, and 5D it can bring great dysfunction to our working life. By not remaining grounded we can lose control of our own mental capacity and confuse our own layers of Ascension with the work that we're doing with the frequency of others. It can be difficult to discern our own Ascension symptoms and how much influence we have on others while sharing energy. Pulling this apart to understand the major differences between a journey of Ascension and the mechanisms of energy healing others at the same time is total mind fuckery. However, Twin Flames are experienced, powerful souls that are beyond strong and capable of confronting their issues around confidence, courage, rejection and self-worth. This comes from experiencing many lifetimes on Earth and gaining more wisdom each lifetime in preparation for the final Ascension into God energy.

That being said, I'm taking this moment to honour my Twin on this journey, for the beautiful job he did in pushing me further and deeper into the challenge of sovereignty. There are many parts of this raw story where the heaviness of his own trauma would get the better of him and just like me he was struggling to make sense of something extraordinary. Coming in strong from the beginning, this man helped to keep strengthening the soul so that we never lost sight of what we came here to do. I believe I would not have reached the level of enlightenment without the power of this man whose main blockage was not being able to see in himself, what I could always see in him. The good, the bad and everything in between. An unconditional love and I fell deeply in love with it all. What I would come to realise over time, was that the playful smile, the sparkling eyes, the amazing body and face and the intensity of the way that he loved, was weighed down with a heaviness we were both yet to discover. With that heaviness came an armour, a ten foot wall in the form of a protective personality to shield him from more pain. Also known as the ego, this dark shadow self was there for protection and until this is brought to the surface it's only ever a path of destruction. I believe the power of love is by far strong enough to heal the darkness and the Twin Flame journey works in increments for both to be able to Ascend towards the light.

There are parts of this story where a reader may think "not again" due to connections and circumstances beyond our control. Ascended relationships are intense and to some degree can only be tolerated in small doses. The love is so powerful that it's magnetic, like a drug. We have to learn how to split that energy once the souls have their work to do, so it's learning detachment on a daily basis, at an epic level. Until you walk the path of meeting your Twin Flame you can't fully understand how magnetic the pull really is.

I truly honour my Twin soul for the man that he is, the man he is becoming, who he is to me and what I have become through his love. This may be an energetically heavy read for some as there are many cruel aspects of someone yet to shed their protective ego on their journey of healing to the highest levels. Keep in mind that many souls here on Earth are nowhere near the level of being able to face the amount of heaviness that a Twin Flame has to walk through to become that powerful with frequency. It's a story of an empath on the journey with one man who's missing a love language due to the trauma of having never been taught the safety of communication. We all have work to do and after we master judgement, we find gratitude in every situation and connection as it was all pre-planned to be delivered exactly as it's received. My soul's love has

done his role perfectly for the Ascension of our soul. In many ways it was the perfection of the intricate design along with the deep connection that kept us holding on so tightly throughout the years of our Ascension.

Preface

Holding the 5th through the waves of Ascension

Celibacy is a powerful part of Ascension, crucial for honouring the body and holding the frequency sacred. Each time we take a lover, we take in the frequency of that person which significantly impacts the journey of Ascension. By building and building the energy, we call in the deepest level of love for an Ascension journey of the highest magnitude. With the simultaneous elimination of alcohol and finally releasing the addiction to sugar, the soul becomes pure enough to hold the energy of Twin Flame Ascension.

Cutting off the sexual energy to a partner who's energetically surviving on their other half initiates the first stages of a magical Ascension into pure God energy. By developing the strength to initiate this process it finally sets each other free. Few souls make it to this understanding due to the current paradigms of our systems and society that keep people rooted in dysfunctional relationships, fear of being alone, unhealthy lifestyles and addiction to sugar which interacts with the higher frequency. Very few people are willing to sacrifice all for the benefit of Ascension into the higher levels of consciousness. Many believe that when we love someone we grab hold of them tightly and we lock them into a legal binding to show them how much we care.

What I've come to learn on this journey is that ascension into God consciousness begins with the freedom to grow and change and experience the journey of life at the deepest of levels. It's modern day Christ consciousness, sharing the message that's been corrupted by the evils of religion throughout the periods of time. Being sent the love of all love only to be sacrificed for the greater good is the essence of Christ consciousness. As more and more souls are awakening at this time the Twin Flame journey will become more widely known and understood. To walk the path of Ascension we must first walk the path of solitude. Appreciation to my Twin, my teacher, who will forever hold a special place in my heart regardless of how many times he's not been honest with himself and to me.

The true Twin Flame connection can require many periods of long separation for the soul to grow and really understand the journey inside out. As it requires each side to have the space needed to enter into deep reflection while the soul is guiding your human not to be living together.

In my experience a 5D Twin Flame love connection won't bring lower level karmic things to each other such as malicious lying, cheating, physical abuse or cruel behaviour. They may torture you emotionally but this will be more in the form of withdrawal, unavailability, sky high walls and ego blockages. If they don't tell you the truth at times, it's because they don't feel safe enough through their intense fear of vulnerability. Ego will most likely be present to protect them from their painful lack of truth to self.

To reach the frequency of calling in your Twin Flame you'll most likely have had to clear all your 3D karma by this stage. This may not be the case for the less spiritually evolved Twin who will still be clearing throughout the journey. The Ascended Twin will have high integrity, an open heart and the ability to hold the frequency of their incoming other half.

Soul calls in a mirror to clear patterns, work through relational patterns, generational family trauma and work towards self-love, respect and sovereignty to balance masculine and feminine throughout Ascension. Every Twin Flame journey is different and although we think we may know the story there is still so much unknown that slowly unravels over a lifetime of experience. This is a beautiful journey felt between two lovers, a journey that no one else can take away and an experience that will forever be felt between these two individuals. It's a journey of healing, a journey of growth and a love deep enough to keep coming back for more, time and time again.

Don't let anyone's view of your situation influence your perspective on your soul's connection. It's a personal journey of Ascension and more than likely for long periods at a time the Twin relationship will be done solo as the awakened Ascended Twin will have years of acquired knowledge long before their other half is even ready to acknowledge this deep and profound connection they share. The Twin Flame in essence, is a solo journey. May we all find the peace and the light within ourselves through the freedom and gratitude of unconditional love and self-worth. My mantra for the Twin Flame journey..... Meet you in the Fifth.

Chapter 4. Bali Magic

Once I'd arrived home in Australia I had just over a month to catch up on everything and see family again before flying out once more to Bali for another couple of months in South East Asia. What I didn't expect to resurface again was my love of the Third Dimension Chris. After a while I'd completely forgotten about him to be honest and I'd started to live my life in a heightened way. When I was in town again he approached me to try to take things back to how they used to be but for me that was something that could never be done and somewhere I was never going back to. By now I'd changed so much and had a new love affair with brown/black men as well as the continent of South East Asia so I knew I wouldn't be sticking around for too long. I couldn't wait to get back to Bali and the plan was to head back over to Indonesia straight after Christmas day with my precious friend Soraya for the change-over of the millennium for New Year's Eve 2000. On top of this celebration I would also turn twenty-one a few weeks later and my childhood obsession with the Island was about to be renewed.

The month at home flew by and not long after arriving home I began to notice that my body had somehow changed since leaving for my travels but I couldn't quite put my finger on what was different. I was starting to have some moments of natural euphoria where for a few seconds I'd go into a state of trance. When these instances occurred, it began with an aura followed by some kind of a quick high and then ended with a few seconds of nausea. I'd say no more than eight seconds long all together and I didn't think much of it at the time as it was very new and difficult to explain to someone so I think I pretty much determined that I was imagining it. I put it aside and got into travel mode to return to the party island.

Touching back down into the energy of Bali and welcoming in the year 2000 with Soraya was absolutely magical. Now that I'd returned a completely different version of the person I'd been six months earlier I found very early on that it didn't take long for the connection to die off with the man I'd wanted to return for. My real love affair was with the land. We were meeting new people, mostly locals and we were never short of male interest as in Indonesia they love white skin and no doubt the prospect of getting out of the country for a fresh beginning. I was now hanging out with the Javanese more than the Balinese and after Soraya left to return home I stayed on for my 21st birthday at the end of January. The Javanese guy I'd been spending most of my time with threw a huge BBQ party for me in his local block.

My 21st was ecstasy, quite literally as I tried MDMA for the first time and although it did absolutely nothing, the night was so unique and special due to the people and location. In the weeks before heading back home to Australia I travelled more and more throughout Indonesia. Danny showed me his hometown in Java as we got to know each other more in the weeks that followed. When it was time to leave I was double heartbroken to be leaving the island that I love and now a second love affair in six months. I returned to Australia with the promise to work hard for six months over the summer and come straight back again for the remainder of the year and we promised to keep in contact throughout.

Once I was back home working again I noticed more of those strange feelings I'd been getting that I couldn't understand, it would happen at times when my body was weakening. I didn't feel as strong as I used to and couldn't make any sense of it. I was working hard to save for my return to Bali when I noticed a fatigue in my body that I never used to have before. In hindsight I can see that I wasn't taking care of myself as my body wasn't getting the support it needed for what it was going through but at the time I had no idea what it actually was that I was going through. At this stage I didn't know anything about vaccine injury as all the vaccine's that I'd received as a child were in the late 70's so the drug companies still had liability for the products back then as the PREP Act protecting vaccine manufacturers didn't come in until 1986. They were much safer

products back at the beginning while they could still be sued but once that got taken away it became the wild-wild west. When getting loaded up with all my travel vaccines I knew none of this at the time. I wouldn't begin to understand that part of the puzzle for another 10 years. At this stage I just knew that my body was now different for some reason. I was eating a lot of fruit and energy drinks to give me the power I so desperately needed to keep myself awake. I was draining out but I didn't know why.

This was made apparent one evening in May of 2000 when it was almost time to return to Bali for another six months in Indo. I had a night out with some friends on the Gold Coast as a farewell. For some reason, this particular night was a sober night and I remember distinctly because I'd had a few energy drinks to keep me awake. After a night at the clubs I came home without incident and fell asleep in my old room at my parent's house around 3am. I was woken abruptly not long after by my distressed mum leading me outside towards an ambulance.

I had total panic as I'd only been asleep a short time and was still not conscious enough to work out what was happening. I asked if everyone was ok to which the answer was yes and I then realized that the ambulance was in fact for me. My mum explained that she had been woken up to the noise of me falling off my bed while having a grand-mal seizure. I was very confused and so was she. We spent the next few days before my departure determining what had happened. The neurologist was also confused and couldn't find any signs at the time for why it may have happened. Due to the fact that I was sober I put it down to the several energy drinks that I'd had throughout the night and that my body had taken a sensitive reaction to the caffeine. I had an EEG 2 weeks later with a neurologist and the result came back normal so it was difficult to know what was going on. This would be the first of many changes and at twenty years of age I was intuitively guided to wean myself off coffee.

In June it was finally time to depart and returning to Bali felt instantly like I'd never left. All the same people were still around and the parties rolled on. Not only had my love affair with the Island of Bali (and all the sexy men on it) stolen my attention but around the same time Bali moved through a huge wave of MDMA ecstasy from Europe in the year 2000. I was about to spend the most part of two years living on the island, partying and having the time of our lives.

I fell into the role of a lifetime almost instantly and I spent my afternoons and evening working as a journalist for a nightlife and entertainment magazine which meant unfortunately I had to attend all the parties, dinners, concerts and interview celebrities. Wherever the fun was I had to be there to cover the story, worst job of my life ☺ During this period I was making powerful memories that would leave me content in my later years when living a life of service. Together with my expat co-workers and new Indo friends I was absolutely living my best life, literally living the dream.

Those nights were freedom, travel and youth all mixed together in both fun and excitement. The Indonesian police were always out in force but we were cocky, witty and by speaking their mother language we knew we could always outsmart the system which was built on deep corruption. A small pay off to feed their family could usually smooth things over nicely. This would not be the case for Shelby, but by this stage we were yet to meet. The nightlife in Bali compared to nowhere I'd ever experienced and those motorbike rides up to Nyang-Nyang, with our pressed pills of ecstasy locked firmly in the bra were a thrill I often looked forward to. We always ensured we passed the standard drug search half way up the mountain with our goods tucked deep beneath the nipple. On arrival the atmosphere would be electric, the music pounding out over the ocean. I'd look around at the crowd, searching for the expats amongst the tourists. On arrival we knew we had the next six hours of dancing until the sun rose over the cliff before we all began to look a little worse for wear. That was without a doubt the most fun job I think I'll ever have for this

lifetime. Every so often I remembered to take some pictures and I'd think about the story later in the week.

Besides my commitment with French magazines Rendezvous and Bi-point I was also reporting and writing freelance for The Beat. As Bali never sleeps, every night was a Saturday on the island and when we didn't have the full moon parties we could be found at our local club Double Six, a tourist club in the centre of town. With a heavier drug presence, even the parking lot that was filled with motorbike after motorbike had a dark eerie energy with a solid reputation of a drug club. On arrival we'd be recognised by the security who would wave us through without having to pay the hefty entrance fee. When I say hefty I mean \$10, which on local Indonesian wages was expensive for locals. Double Six nightclub was like nothing we had at home. It was partly outdoors, right on the beach and it had a swimming pool with bungee jumping and the atmosphere addictive. Hours of dancing, connecting with our local crew and most of these nights ended with Australian women choosing any local man they'd like to take home. It was pure bliss and enough fun to last a lifetime.

My favourite of all places, and my go-to, my every nighter was Paddy's Pub. Situated right on Legian Street where it meets Poppies Lane Two, this for me was home, quite literally. Danny's room was located on the same block so we never had far to walk. This was my heavy party stage and most probably the most fun I've ever had in one calendar year of my life. Danny was selling drugs to get by, as most local men did back then due to the supply and demand and the freedom of a loose legal system. The death penalty for drugs was not yet enforced and the locals owned the streets. In my arrival year I lived with him on the same street behind the club in a local Indonesian Kos. This was a row of rooms facing another row of rooms, for locals only. No larger than 3X4m per occupant. I guess you could say it slightly resembled a prison setup but I absolutely loved it. Most of the time I was the only female on the premises but I'd gotten used to that in Indonesia and I'd always preferred being around males than females. Indonesia is a man's world, a heavy male ego dominated country and the woman is often left powerless when it comes to her rights and her personal power. For me, I was in my own world so I didn't care. I was partying every night and living the dream. This particular partner and I were very close.

As per usual I was initially blown away by the man until not long after I'd lose interest. My attention could be held for six months maximum. Danny was desperate for me to settle down and wanted me to convert to Islam. As we were lucid and high a lot of the time there were no taboo topics, no barriers, nothing was off limits. After all we were sharing a 3X4m room. Every three months, my visa for Indonesia came due to expire and I'd either take a week to travel up through Borneo or Sumatra and into Malaysia for renewal or I'd fly out to Singapore for a day if time was tight. Eventually at the end of the year I had to return to Australia. I made it very clear to Danny that I wouldn't be converting to his religion but instead offered him to come and visit me in Australia and meet my family in the months that followed.

He eventually arrived for the Australian summer together and at the end of this period we made the decision that we would apply for a de facto visa for him to return to live with me in Australia. The Universe had other ideas for me and after returning to Indonesia and gathering all his documents to send over in the application, it was lost by Australia Post, unable to ever be found. Over the next few months I stayed in Australia to work and save money for another twelve months of travelling expenses. In March 2001, a few months after Danny's departure I was again focused and working hard to save for my return to Bali when I noticed the fatigue was still present in my body. I still wasn't taking good care of myself as I was yet to know what that even meant.

I fell asleep one night early at 7:30pm and woke up at 8pm to my second grand-mal seizure. This one was just as confusing as it had been ten months since experiencing the last one. I noticed again at the time that I was feeling very fatigued, was eating a lot of fruit and an energy drink to try to put some fuel back into my body. When I came back to, I had very little memory or understanding. I had an EEG 2 weeks later but this time the results showed some kind of abnormality and I thought back to those strange feelings of trance that I'd been having for the past year. I saw a Homeopath at the time that put a lot of it down to diet, pesticides, and low levels of taurine and GABA .

In April there was a third one, again while sleeping. I'd been out clubbing, my diet carb heavy and minimal. These were the times that I had no alcohol or party drugs and I was having this kind of reaction. I was noticing a pattern as I'd had several energy drinks to keep me going. I fell asleep at 6am and this happened just after falling asleep waking me by 7am. After the third one I started on anticonvulsant medication from the Neurologist and the Homeopath also found Rickettsia, a parasite in the brain, treatable with homeopathy.

After six months apart from Danny it was finally time to return to Indonesia. When it was almost time to leave for Bali Danny told me that he was still away working at the mines and that I should go first and set myself up and that he'd meet me there. That worked out well and I eased back into Bali like I'd never left. I moved into a room for locals like we had before but in a nicer district and a much larger and newer building. I got my old job back again and my expat friends were still there and the partying resumed as we were used to. I was having such a good time I barely noticed that a few months had passed with Danny still away. I particularly liked smoking a joint and walking the streets of Kuta with Macy Gray in my ears. Taking in the smells, cultures and energy of the Balinese island, living in my own bliss.

After a little while I noticed people were responding strangely when I would talk about Danny still working in the mines. I was receiving raised eyebrows and even smirks. I started to question the situation and it didn't take long for the truth to come out. I found that he had moved to Sweden with a new wife. The information did come as a shock, however it had very little impact on my current situation. By now I'd gotten used to not having him around and I was actually living my best life single. On the flip-side this decision would end up haunting him with regret as they later divorced and over the years he never stopped expressing to me what regret he felt with losing me from his life. To this day we still remain friends with no hard feelings of judgement but I knew my fate was destined to go another way. To be honest I wasn't a good girlfriend for him. I lacked affection, was the wrong religion and all I wanted to do was party every night.

For me it was a blessing in disguise as there was an entire different timeline waiting for me to jump on-board. Within a few months I'd meet my real husband to be and it's amazing how quickly all of that can actually fall away when destiny walks in. As I knew I was searching for the one, I wasn't short of boyfriends at this time, juggling them back and forth, trying before buying, which had become a bit of a running joke in my circle of friends, as I waited with anticipation to see who could steal my heart. I did six months in Bali this time before my sponsorship visa came to an end and it was time to return home for another working stint to save to do it all over again. Even though I'd been working it was paid in local currency so it wasn't enough to fully support my lifestyle there. It was in my final few days before departure that our paths would cross and as I was driving my motorbike down Poppies Lane Two, I saw HIM.

Ricky was his name. I don't know if it was the piercing through his lip, his heavy love of tattoo's or my wild ways but there was something that made sure that we connected on the same vibration at that time. We were extremely attracted to one another, a magnetic connection. Ricky had a traumatic childhood and presented with a soft nature. Yep, total trauma bond. He was

sensitive and shared his desire to be a family man. As timing would have it we only had a couple of days together before we'd be separated but that was all it took for the energy to come in and bang, I fell in love instantly as set the scene for the next stage of my life to begin.

Once back in Australia Ricky and I kept in contact extensively and although we'd only known each other for a few months by this time the decision was made that when I came back to Bali we would marry. When I think back now it sounds very sudden but at the time we were caught up in the moment, the energy, the connection. They say there are three versions of a man- the man you get when you first meet, the man you get after you've had a baby and the man you get once you've left. I couldn't agree more on how different these versions can be and you can never really know upon meeting to what extent those other two versions will be.

At the end of 2001 after another totally awesome year I returned back to Australian for the summer and six more months of work until I would make it back on a new timeline and a new lifestyle. Once back in Australia I tested negative for the brain parasite I'd picked up the previous year but unfortunately the grand-mal seizures still continued every so often for some reason, even on medication so I was changed to a different type which gave me less side-effects and seemed to be more stable. What the Neurologist still could not understand is why I kept having these smaller focal seizures or moments of trance while still on the medication. Eventually the grand-mal seizures settled down and only seemed to occur when my body was completely drained of energy, affected by heat, sensory overload and any sudden type of movement which meant I had to stop jumping out of planes or going on any thrill rides. The moments of trance were down to only a few a year now so it had basically been put in the too hard basket by physicians and I'd learnt to just accept it and live with it, despite how confusing it had all been and out of nowhere.

In 2002 I returned to Bali and by now I was pretty clean and sober. Since meeting Ricky there was no more partying or use of any hard substances. Our Balinese wedding or should I say weddings took place midway through that year in June and at twenty-three years of age I got married. Instead of a traditional white wedding we hired a five bedroom villa in Canggu on acreage, I wore a traditional Balinese outfit in black not white and we were hosting a party. (Looking back now there really were red flags everywhere, if only I could've just seen.) As we were stoners we were quite unorganized and dysfunctional and we'd left the wedding plans until the last minute despite having friends and family flying in from other countries to help us celebrate. We had catering for our guests and the groom's best friends were Indonesia's largest punk rock band who'd agreed to be the entertainment.

As the date drew nearer we soon realized that there were no longer any priests available to marry us on that particular day so our options became few. I grew up in a dominant Christian family, and him an Islamic background which left us both opposing the restrictive, controlling, contradictory and outdated belief systems of religion. Several days before party time and much to my Mum's horror, we ended up marrying in an Islamic registry office where she spent the entire day reacting like she'd been to the fictional dark fiery hell that religion had been telling her about. I counteracted this naughtiness a few days later with a small Christian ceremony at the villa several hours before the party kicked off. All in all, everyone was somewhat satisfied and the guests flew in from around the world. The wedding party was epic and for a cost of \$4000 it was well played. A week later we were obligated to celebrate a third time for his local family with a traditional Balinese wedding where the village locals would visit us throughout the day to pay their respects while we sat together on some kind of a throne thing all day long, looking enthusiastic. Patience is a virtue and at that speed and time of our lives, we had none. It was a long day where we felt like animals on display with hundreds of people I was never going to see again coming to acknowledge our marriage.

With June weddings wrapped up we honeymooned heavily throughout South East Asia through Java, Sumatra, into the jungles of Borneo, through Orang-utan rehabilitation centers and out the other side into Malaysia, Singapore and then back to Bali to return to work. It was quite an eventful trip for several reasons. As we were travelling through Java on a bus trip it was during this part of the trip that we were robbed by a crew of locals who travel the bus system stealing from tourists. I had a huge backpack at my feet that I had well secured but when reaching our destination we found that the backpack had been cut open from the other side, the people in the seats behind. This sent me into shock as I had a brand new \$2000 video camera with a few thousand dollars inside the case and I wasn't sure at this stage if they'd been able to reach it. The stress weakened my body and when we got off the bus I collapsed into my first conscious awakened grand-mal seizure, and number 5 in total. What had happened to my body for this to be still occurring?

Luckily, they'd only just missed access to the money and camera, which was a huge relief as that was all the cash I had on me. It turned out we had a little bit too much fun while we were away as I came back wiser to the fact that the withdrawal method doesn't always work and I was now pregnant. We began making plans to migrate to my hometown on the Gold Coast of Australia and my husband Ricky was keen for the move. We organised his visa preparation and the plan was in motion to depart in eight weeks. As I was now pregnant with our first child we were anticipating great change. What we weren't expecting in the meantime was for darkness to fall on the beautiful Island of Bali and the country of Indonesia to be forever changed.

A few weeks out from our departure to Australia, with my little bun in the oven, life had become very simple in comparison to what I'd been used to on the island of the Gods. I no longer went to nightclubs or took anything into my body that may affect my little Bali baby. On this one particular night on the 12th of October 2002 I had deadlines approaching on a band I'd interviewed and was working back in the office quite late. I was driving home on my motorbike sometime after 10pm fairly tired and weary, detouring through busy Kuta to cut some time. It was a Saturday night and the crowds were out. The roads were congested and I was sitting in heavy traffic on Legian street as we moved to a slow crawl. I grew impatient and I decided to chance it, as we often did, and drove my motorbike down a one way laneway in the opposite direction of traffic. If we kept to the side of the road we could manage to pull it off and it was generally accepted by most drivers. This saved me a lot of time and ten minutes later I was arriving home to our house that I shared with Michelle and Lara, two other Aussie expats and my husband.

Backing onto the rice field of Seminyak I pushed open the gate around 11pm and drove in to park my bike. As soon as I did this I then noticed the electricity flicker and then the power went off. This was not unusual for Indonesia, the power was going off regularly as it was often hit and miss. I thought nothing of it. I got in the shower and just as I was finishing up my flatmate Michelle became frantic while on the phone with someone. She looked at me with her eyes wide and said "a bomb just went off in Kuta, in the Sari Club." I wasn't sure what to make of that information but in the back of my mind I wasn't alarmed. I imagined a gas bottle exploding or something that may have been dramatized. I could not have been more wrong.

As the minutes passed our phones got busier and I could feel the urgency of something brewing. We lived in a two story house with a balcony facing towards Kuta. Together we went upstairs to see if we could sense anything out of the ordinary. From our balcony I was amazed to see that we could see something on fire five kilometres from our house. This was definitely something out of the ordinary and panic started to come over me. I hadn't seen my husband at all that day since he left on-route to Kuta for work. Michelle was concerned about her boyfriend and we couldn't access either by phone. We decided to head back into the area to see what on Earth was

happening. I didn't know about energy at this time, I didn't understand darkness and light, I knew very little on a conscious level. Driving into Kuta that night I knew something was terribly wrong. We drove the first few kilometres and it was quite a standard drive with typical surroundings, busy with normal hustle and bustle. As we started to edge towards the suburb of Kuta we knew something tragic had happened. We could hear the sirens approaching into town, we could feel the panic in the air.

That growing uneasiness in my gut was now a hard core anxiety. The streets became eerie and in the darkness hard to see. Driving slowly past the shops I could just make out the shop fronts and noticed they were filled with broken glass and broken timber. It was looking more like a war zone than the tourist mecca it's always been. We continued on and took the back streets attempting to make our way closer to PunkGlam, the clothing store my husband should've been working in at that time. As we rounded the corner we soon realized the surreal vision that would haunt me for years, the whole of Legian street was on fire and it was complete mayhem.

The police were on site and had already cornered off some of the roads surrounding the incident, forcing us to take back streets to reach our shop of concern, right on the main stretch of the tourist centre. The area was surrounded and we could not break through the 100m blockade. Twenty minutes after the explosion and the emergency vehicles were yet to access the emergency. Whatever had happened, Bali could not have been less prepared for something on this scale. The fire engines couldn't even make it down the streets that they needed to get to. In the zone it became adamant that we were in a dangerous position. We drove our motorbikes up towards the beach thinking like many that it may be the safest place to be right now, near the ocean. I saw a silhouette I'll never forget, a row of tourists walking along the waterline, all with their backpacks firmly on and searching for a safe space. We gave up our search and made our way home in total disbelief. By the time I arrived home my husband was already there and it was an emotional connection. It was a relief to know my baby still had a Dad. Many others were not so lucky.

202 people lost their lives that night, 88 of them Australian and the rest from countries all over the world with many local Indonesians that may or may not have been accounted for. It took several hours for the details to filter through the news and with no censorship regulations the images were graphic. I'd never seen anything like it and we stayed awake all night waiting for more and more information to be shared. The media showed images of body parts strewn all over my beloved Paddy's Pub and likewise for the Sari Club directly across the street. They explained that two bombs had gone off forty-five seconds apart. This was the exact spot where I was waiting on my motorbike ten minutes prior when I took the detour down the one way street. I realize now in hindsight that it was definitely not my time to go. The first bomb exploded in Paddy's Pub and the second in the Sari Club. As we watched the news it was a horror story as we saw the aftermath of a dark hideous crime which they claimed to be terrorism. I still to this day have images of heads and body parts impaled on fences that the media exposed to the world. My precious girlfriend Sarah volunteered to help in the morgue at this time and that week would haunt her again and again for years to come.

Throughout my years on the island I'd become friends with all the security at the Sari Club and likewise for Paddy's Pub, they never seemed to change employees. I never saw another one of them again after that night and there was no way to find out who had survived as everything went dead overnight. In the local community we had friends that lost loved ones but in my core circle we all made it out alive. In the days that followed no one dared to leave their house as it was an eerie feeling and any sudden noises spooked us all. We were like prisoners as the island fell into deep darkness, not knowing if it would happen again. We all knew it was time to leave and within

a week we'd changed our tickets and packed up an incredible life that would forever be left behind. I was in love with that island and it broke my heart to leave under these circumstances.