

# **The Sleepers**

Cecelia Smith

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## The Sleepers

Once upon a when, there lived a planet whose grandeur filled the universe with joy. This planet housed no living beings for eons of time. Then one day beings made of light appeared to make the grand planet their home. These were playful, joyous beings who were always connected to each other. There was no separation between them. They were extremely adept at plaiting moonbeams and every other form light took. Weaving sun rays into spectacular patterns of light was a particular favorite pastime of theirs, this they did for seeming endless periods of time. Eons went by as these glorious beings played, danced, sang, and made joy on the grand planet.

One day they decided to plait the substance of the planet itself into form. This became a new pastime. They wove trees, birds, insects, cities, clouds and rainbows. They stopped weaving moonbeams and sun rays, and instead wove more and more things from the substance of the planet. They played and played with all the wonderful forms they wove from the substance of the planet. There were much joy, laughter, fun and happiness. Always though they were connected, never once did they become separated or even thought they were separated.

In their delight with the things they had woven from the planet's substance, they wove bodies for themselves. This they did, so that they could experience from inside all the wonders of this grand planet. They would enter and exit these bodies in a grand game which they enjoyed for eons. One day they entered their bodies and fell into a deep sleep. In their sleep they dreamed. They dreamed they were no longer connected but separated. They dreamed they were capable of dying and of being born into new bodies that start out small and had to grow through time. The trees, birds, clouds, mountains and waterfalls they had made knew they were dreaming and waited patiently for them to awaken and play with them again.

Their dreams became so vivid they came to believe that the only life they had was the one within the body they occupied in the dream. From age to age one or two, of these grand beings of light, would awaken and know they were all asleep and dreaming. These would then reenter the dream and tell of the wonders to be had if all would wake up. But those in the dream thought what they were experiencing was real and only life; and that the awakened ones were dreaming.

They continued in sleep and dreamed of wars, death, pain, disease, greed, and other evils for eons. Age after age as individual ones awakened more and more of the joy and beauty, the wonder that was not the dream seeped into the dream. Then one day a sleeper awoke and chose not to return to the dream, but to stay outside and awaken the others. This awakened one went from sleeper to sleeper and tried to awaken them. A few would arise, but most would return to the dream not believing that they were awake. This half awake state lasted for ages. Those who chose to remain awake kept up the work of awakening their the sleepers.

Eons went by. As the ages rolled a few more of the sleepers would awaken and stay awake. Lo and behold; the day came when there were enough of the awakened ones to rouse all the sleepers so they may again play as the one connected being on the planet they had named Paradise.

Today these beings of light are gathered in groups all over the surface of the planet Paradise. ***And now that we know, let us awaken our kind and play again.***