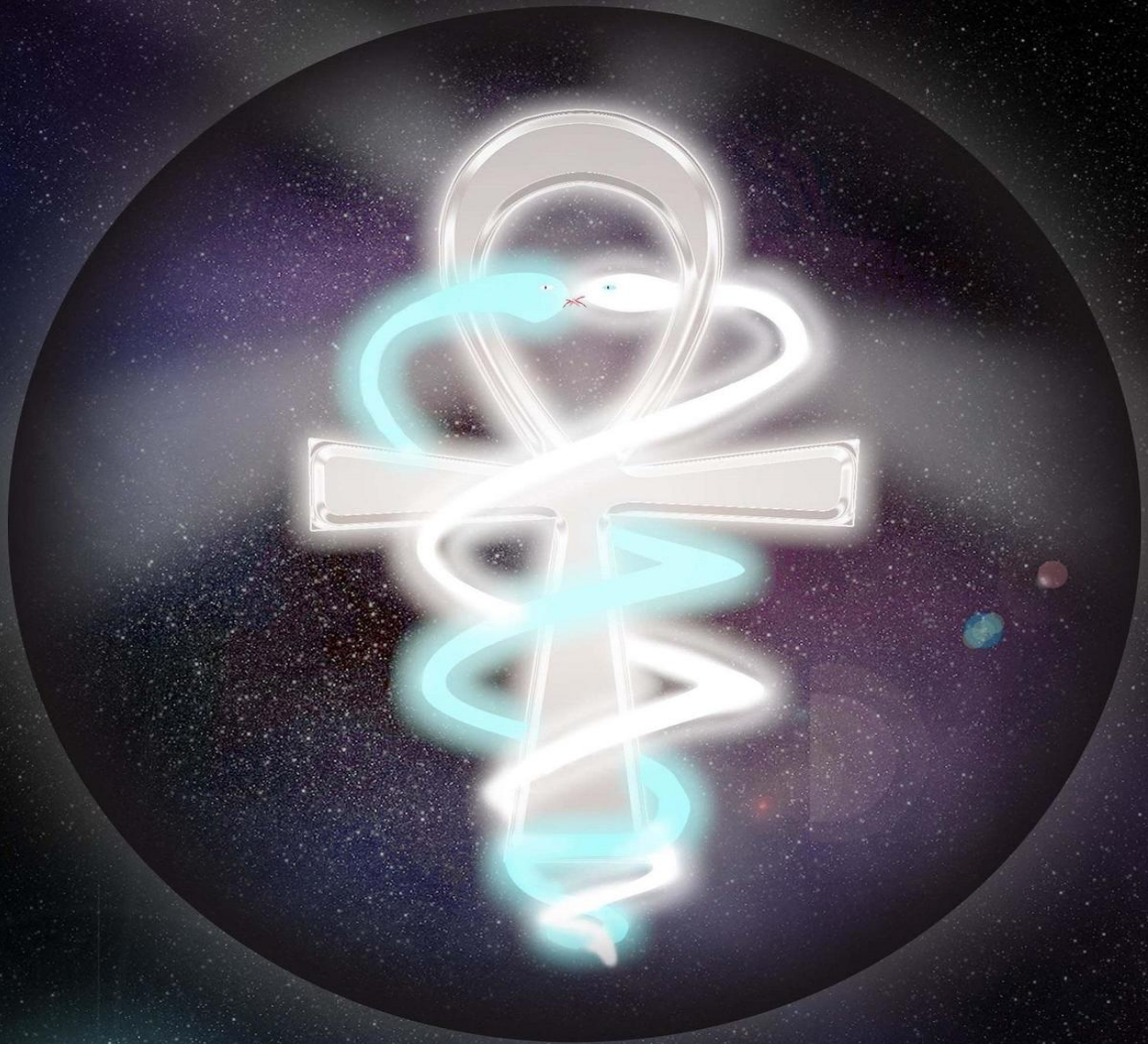


Patrizia A. Pfister

Seals of Solomon



Volume 1

Mary-Magdalene

HerzWelt
Verlag 

Seals of Solomon

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Seals of Solomon

Volume 1

Patrizia Pfister

About the author



Patrizia Pfister

Patrizia Alexandra Pfister, born 12th March 1962 in Hammelburg, Germany, worked in business management after studying business administration. Since her youth she has been interested in what life is about and the mystery of humanity. She has become a self-taught expert in many different scientific fields. Her goal is to explain the world in a way that unites religion, spirituality and science.

Over the last few years she has published several non-fiction books. This is the first book in which she combines her spiritual knowledge with a thrilling story. In an attempt to shape the reader's perspective of what life is about, it will expand their view of the world. Her motto is: „*The more*

people know and understand, the better they are able to create their world.“

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Prologue

This is the story of Mary Magdalene. But is it a 'true' story, you might ask, as other versions of the same story already exist? It is a different kind of story in a way, as you will experience an awakening while reading it. An awakening can activate something in you. The activation can take place either in the physical body, in the mind, in the soul or in the 'light body'. It can be something old but also something new. In both cases, it will have the effect of something new – new experiences, new feelings and new people can come into your life. Changes will happen that will be reflected on the outside. The degree of change depends on your openness towards the new. Your consciousness will be expanded but only as much as you really wish.

Therefore, this story won't just entertain you, as I hope it will, it will also have a healing effect. The changes I'm talking about are about healing. Often we have to go through a kind of healing process, which can be painful. Like the itching sensation after sunburn or a surgical operation. In the context of this story, healing means to become much healthier in the sense of being 'whole' again. At the end of the story you won't be the same, you will be much more 'whole' than before. Stories are 'good' if they have the effect of doing you good. I hope this story, which in a way is the story of all of us, will do you good. At the very least, it will help open your mind to life's possibilities.

I wish you joy in following the story of Mary Magdalene,

a Priestess of Isis,

Egypt. 2nd April 2013

Description of the symbols used in the story.



The Flame with the Chalice

Stands for the ongoing story in the presence



The Angel

Represents the main character's grandmother. She raised her grandchild after her parents had died in a car accident.



Ankh with Snake

Accompanies the experiences of Mary-Magdalena, a Priestess of Isis, who lived in the times of Jesus Christ.



The open book

Shows the story of Father Pio who works as an exorcist for the Catholic Church.

1.

“We are inviting a Divine spark

To become a human.

Welcome in our life. We, your parents,

Will care for you in all conscience and with all our love.”



Miria woke up screaming and soaked in sweat. She remembered... the pain... when they forced the nails through his flesh. She still could hear the clanging noise of the hammer in her ears and temples as they first nailed his left hand to the beam and then the right one. Finally, they also nailed his feet to it. At the same time she could feel what Mother Earth was feeling right at that moment; a shiver of fear running through her, a fear of all that was to come.

Shocked and confused, Miria rubbed her hands and feet, assuring herself that it was only a dream. A realistic one but a dream nonetheless. The pain in her body, however, told her something else. It clearly said: This is real, this has got something to say. These feelings are so strong because they want to tell you and others something.

Miria also rubbed her throat, it was sore... again.

Luckily, she lived alone and there were no neighbours surrounding the house. How many times would she have woken them already, otherwise? She realised, she had never had this special dream in her flat in Nuremberg. At least she didn't scream there. Was it possible that her subconscious made sure that her neighbours could sleep well?

It had all begun after her holiday in Jerusalem. Perhaps it had something to do with her visit to Jesus' birthplace in Bethlehem, which wasn't pleasant at all. This visit had started something, something she couldn't quite explain. What she was aware of, though, was how it affected her. She remembered the crowds of tourists making their way through the small underground chamber that had put her patience and claustrophobic fear to the test. However, compared to her first night at home afterwards with all these nightmares it had been nothing.

The same dream was coming back more often now and finally she was at a point when she had to admit to herself that she needed professional help. She had made an appointment for today and from her house here in the countryside it would take two hours to drive.

Miria got out of bed. She needed to change the blankets again. They were completely wet as they always were after these nightmares. Even if they'd be dry by the evening she had a feeling of having sweated out so much dirt that she just had to wash them. So she put everything into the washing machine and took a shower, washing off all the dirt and all the memory.

*

Two hours later she was sitting in front of her therapist, Mrs Stephanie Weiß, who was looking at her observantly. Miria's hands were sweating while she was telling her about the dreams. She was afraid of all the feelings rising up in her again. "It is so real Mrs Weiß, I'm sometimes frightened of getting stigmatised myself, soon." It was a joke but she was half serious, she looked at her hands and still felt the pain. The older woman still looked inquiringly at Miria, "So, you see the scene of Jesus' death in your dream and you can also feel his pain. Do you think you're experiencing his death in your dream in a way as if it was yours?"

"No", Miria answered straight away, "though it hurts a lot; it's rather my perspective that changes. I can see him up there and we are connected in a way that it doesn't make any difference if he is hanging there or me. I can also feel somebody else; she is trying to relieve his pain with her empathy as this seems to have worked before. This time it doesn't work, she isn't able to ease his pain."

"Her? This is the first time that you are mentioning someone else", Mrs Weiß scribbled something on her note pad using a pen, as if there weren't much more modern devices to take notes on nowadays. Miria concentrated on the therapist, trying to avoid thinking about it but she knew it was her job to insist on an answer sooner or later. In an attempt to distract herself, Miria's thoughts wandered to Mrs Weiß. She really was a bit old-fashioned: metal-rimmed glasses, her grey hair in a bun, her clothes out of fashion, but feminine. She made her feel comfortable and safe. She was sure that she could trust her. Somehow, she was surprised by these thoughts as she had never thought much of "shrinks".

When she met Mrs Weiß' expectant blue eyes she said, "You're right ... it hadn't occurred to me yet... but it's not me hanging on the cross, I stand underneath it. Is it possible, I mean, do you think this is someone else's memory? And I can only feel what she is feeling? I'm sure that it is a woman who is looking up to *him*."

"Well, my dear, the only advice I can give you at the moment is to try to get to the very end of this dream. It's the fear that's waking you up at the same point over and over again and there must be a reason for it. Try to go back to this scene in your memory and then go on from there. If we can find out exactly what you are afraid of, we can work on that. Then the dream can develop further and you might be able to finish it, which would get you out of this spiral of feelings."

Miria's eyes widened, "Oh, but I don't dare to do that on my own, the woman's feelings are so strong. I've never felt

anything similar in my whole life and I'm sure nobody else has ever experienced something like it. They are just overwhelming, it's as"... she was struggling for the right words... "it's as if they filled a whole room... well, I don't know how to explain it properly, they are too much for me and that's what I'm afraid of. When she was there in this scene... who knows what else she had to go through... things that caused even stronger feelings and probably not pleasant ones..."

"I see, so you are not only afraid of how the story might go on but also of all the feelings coming up with it?"

"Er, yes, but it's not only that." Miria paused to consider her words carefully, then she asked Mrs Weiß, "Couldn't we perform a regression into my dream of last night, so that I'm not alone in it? I know you are a specialist in that field and you could help steer me through the dream." Miria looked at her, desperately.

Mrs Weiß closed her eyes. She wanted to be clear if that was really something to consider. She had carried out a lot of regressions already and obviously Miria had chosen her because of that. But not only did a regression not always show what the person expected to see, sometimes it could even be traumatic to dive right into a scene of the past, and it wasn't always good to dig up a drama. The desperation in Miria's eyes, however, and the fact that she inconspicuously had been testing her in the last hour, let her think that a regression might be a possibility. Mrs Weiß was sure that Miria would be able to cope with the results. From what she had told her during the last hour she knew that she had already experienced loss in her life but she didn't seem to suffer from psychological disorders.

She had a certain feeling that there was more behind it all than she had first thought and she had to admit to herself that she was also curious about what they'd find out.

Without further thought, Mrs Weiß got out a little silver pocket watch from one of the drawers in her desk. She

asked Miria to relax and follow the movements of the watch above her eyes. While she was humming a little tune Miria relaxed more and more, her eyes closed automatically and the only thing she heard was the sound of Mrs Weiß' voice. From far away she heard Mrs Weiß telling her to go back to the moment when she got to sleep yesterday. What can you see?"

Miria couldn't see much but she could hear someone talking, so she said:



"There is a voice, saying:

'We are inviting a divine spark to become a human...'

the vibration, the softness of these words sung by a woman and a man at the same time, are drawing me closer to them, I'm flying to them. There is light and love, an explosion of feelings. I can't do anything about it, I've no will of my own, I'm captured."

"What's happening now?" Mrs Weiß asked.

"I'm still captured, for weeks, for months, I'm growing, I know that because my prison is getting narrower. I think I know where I am now. I'm in my mother's womb. Now, there are rhythmical pushes. They are pushing me forward through a narrow canal. I don't want to go out there in the cold. It's warm here. I've changed my mind. I know now what is expecting me there, outside, and I can't face it, it's too much, I'm afraid of not being able to cope with it, so now, I'm fighting to not be born, I want to go back...".

For a while Miria didn't say anything.

'Now I'm born but I do not breath, I'm refusing to take air into my lungs. A man is making some very distraught noises, he doesn't want to give up and forces air into me. I'm so sorry for him, I don't want him to suffer. He's afraid of

losing me . Now I've decided to stay; I don't want him or my mum to suffer.

I know that I will face a great deal of suffering in my life. It was my decision after all. Nobody else shall have to suffer just because I was a coward, nobody else shall have to fulfil my tasks. I know that I should remember what had happened before the invitation song, but I've forgotten it.

Kicking and crying, I slowly realise that I'm a little baby, unable to communicate. I'm full of anger about it and about the reality that I'm now captured in a world that is completely different from the one I came from. Everything here is so wearisome, hard and difficult, and the worst of all is the lack of love, a love I know so very well from that other world.

I'm being washed and then I'm being given to my mother, I'm drinking her milk and both of us are sighing heavily. I'm a little bit comforted and fall asleep. Now I'm here, in a life that will be quite eventful and dramatic. Isn't it funny, that I already know that in advance?"



From far away Miria heard Mrs Weiß' voice telling her to come back: "I'm counting backwards now from 10 to 1, and when I'm saying 1 you are back again, feeling refreshed as if you've had a good sleep. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Open your eyes!"

Miria rubbed her eyes and looked at Mrs Weiß, "Is it normal that I saw everything like in a dream and that I can remember it?"

"Well, it's a bit unusual, but there are different kinds of hypnosis. After the one I used just now you normally shouldn't have any recollections. I've recorded everything on tape but, as you can remember it, we can go through all the events more easily."

Mrs Weiß gave Miria some time to stretch and let her drink a glass of water before they carried on.

"So, what you have just gone through is the beginning of the story, which, in your dreams, always ends with the Crucifixion scene. That's the moment where it stops and that causes you to wake up. I suggest we go through it all step by step, as there are many feelings involved that have to be processed. To me it seems that you have access to a story that wants to be told.

Whether this story is true or not isn't relevant for the moment, though. Perhaps it's only leading to a hidden trauma of your childhood but it might be more, we'll see. If you like we could let you go through the whole story, to see where it's taking us? Would that be okay for you?"

Still a bit dizzy, Miria nodded. Every single time she had woken up after one of these nightmares she could only remember that last scene, now she knew that there was also a beginning.

By the time she left Mrs. Weiß, she was determined to get to know the whole story. They had made an appointment for the following Monday.

Miria had left her therapist deep in thought. For a while Stephanie Weiß was sitting in her chair, considering what she's just heard; then she reached for the phone.

2.

Before the following Monday, Miria had to deal with a lot of other things, as her grandmother had died just two days ago. She had been found dead in her flat and there were a lot of arrangements for her to be done. At first Miria went to the small flat in Nuremberg which served as a kind of base when she worked in her antiquity shop. The other house in the countryside she mainly used for relaxing and spending her free time. When she reached her little flat in Irrerstraße she just wanted to take a short shower before she began with all the funeral arrangements.

A message on her answering machine, however, changed her plans. The doctor who had examined her grandmother's death was asking to meet as soon as possible. Miria, who had never dealt with a funeral before, thought nothing of it. One hour later she was sat in the doctor's waiting room.

Dr. Preisgott greeted her friendly, he was a tall and smart man, but something in his impenetrable look gave her an unpleasant feeling, which was confirmed with his next words.

"Mrs Toral, how close were you and your grandmother?" he asked.

"Well, I grew up in her house; after my parents died in a car accident when I was still very small. I can hardly remember them. My grandmother was great, she was much more than a granny to me - she also was my best friend. The loss of her son and my parents brought us together very closely. I hadn't visited her so much lately as I was quite busy expanding my business."

Miria stopped talking but Dr. Preisgott encouraged her to go on.

"And because she had asked me to keep away from her

a bit. She didn't tell me why, though. My instincts told me that she wanted to protect me from something but she never said why and I've never asked her. She also travelled a lot, she wanted to see as much of the world as possible before she left it... as she put it. My grandmother was still quite fit, so her death really came as a surprise to me. The day before she died, she called me on the phone telling me about her new plans. I still can't believe that she is dead, it came so unexpectedly."

Miria's voice trembled and it slowly came to her that she now was all alone.

"Where did she want to go?"

"She only wanted to go to Portugal, as she often did, she liked it a lot."

Dr. Preisgott looked at her for a moment, then he asked, "Would you say that she had been more excited than usual or did you sense there was anything unusual in what she said or did?"

"Well, yes, she was really very excited but I thought it was due to her age. Why are you asking?"

"When I was examining your grandmother there were some unusual indications and so I conducted an autopsy." He paused a little. "Unfortunately, I had to contact the police afterwards."

Alarmed, Miria asked, "The police? But why?"

Dr. Preisgott narrowed his lips, took a deep breath and said, "Mrs Toral, your grandmother died from poison and from what I can see she didn't poison herself - she was killed!"

Miria stared at him, she was too shocked to say anything.

"The police have some questions as you can imagine.

Whatever your plans were for today you will have to cancel them. The police are already waiting outside. In case you want to ask me anything this is my mobile number." He handed her his business card.

Miria eventually found her voice again and everything that had stirred in her for the last seconds burst out, "Listen, this

is all completely absurd, my grandmother was a harmless old lady, I can't think of anybody who would have a reason to kill her."

"I'm sorry, but I can't give you any more information Mrs. Toral. Please understand..." he looked at her apologetically. "Unfortunately we also can't release the body for a funeral, as the medical examiner hasn't finished his work yet. After that both reports must be compared. Only then we can proceed with the next steps."

Miria took the business card, got to her feet and, like a sleepwalker, went outside where an inspector was waiting for her. Something ice-cold had wrapped her heart.

She now realised that her beloved Nanny, as she had used to call her, wouldn't be there to help her through this crisis, as she had always done for as long as she could remember.

"Mrs Toral?" A friendly-looking man approached her, introducing himself. " I'm Peter Menninger, I'm the inspector dealing with the case. Please, follow me to the police station in your car. That will be easier as then I don't have to take you back afterwards. You won't run away, will you?"

Bewildered about the indication in his words Miria snapped back at him: "Well, I wouldn't know why!"

15 minutes later she was sitting opposite Peter Menninger in his office. Under other circumstances she might have found him interesting. He didn't look like a policeman, more like a modern Robin Hood. He was about 6 feet tall, he had blue eyes, dark-blond hair and a beard, very handsome.

"Could you please confirm if the personal details I have for you here are correct?" he said. Miria just nodded.

"You were born on 4th April 1985 in Würzburg. Your parents Gerda and Hertha Reuß died in a car accident when you were three years old. Since then you've lived with your grandmother. Is that right?"

"Yes", answered Miria shortly.

"Mrs Toral, in a case of murder we have to talk to all relatives. We want to be sure that they have nothing to do

with it, so we can start further inquiries. It's sad but true that many murders are committed inside the own family. I have to ask you therefore where you were when your grandmother died."

"Well, as I don't know the exact time of her death I can't really give you an answer to that," said Miria and tossed back her hair.

Without knowing it she had already reduced the inspector's first suspicion. A murderer would have had an alibi ready at once, or he or she would be clever enough to have sensed the trap. In his job it was important to have a good knowledge of human nature and to him this woman didn't seem to be a murderer at all, although he could sense that there was something distracting her.

"Okay, your grandmother died three days ago at 10.10 a.m. Unfortunately, she had a painful death. It seems that someone wanted to make her suffer. The poison used caused a paralysis so that she couldn't call for help. It also paralysed her respiratory system and so she..."

He stopped, when he saw the sheer horror on her face. 'If this woman had anything to do with the crime she must be a very good actress', he thought.

"Why should anyone would want to do such thing to my grandmother?" Miria asked, shocked.

Instead of giving her an answer, he asked her, "Where were you at the time? I'm sorry, but I've got to ask you this."

Miria thought for a moment then she said: "I run a little shop in the Mauthalle in the city center. I was there all morning checking what sort of goods I needed to order for the coming weeks."

"Was there anybody in the shop with you? Do you have witnesses who could confirm that?"

"Oh, yes, sure," her voice snapped with irony, "I always check my watch when a customer comes into the shop!

You never know when you will need an alibi because someone in the family has been killed".

“Okay, okay”, Peter Menninger said, holding back a grin and stretching out his long legs. “Perhaps you have one of those modern cash register machines that saves the date and the time of a receipt?”

“Yes, I have got one of those machines, but you could also have a look on my computer as that also saves the dates and times I've been working on it.”

She leaned forward a bit, her tone frosty, “But, even if I don't have an alibi, why should I want to kill my granny? For money? She only had a small pension. I loved her and helped her with all the things she had difficulties with. She was like a mother to me. It's just ridiculous to think that I could have something to do with it!”

“Mrs Toral, I'm sorry and I can understand that you're upset, but I need to check all this. Let's go to your shop and see if we can prove your alibi.”

“Right, I can remember having had some customers that Friday. Most of them didn't buy anything, though. Real antiques are quite expensive and only people who are really interested buy something.”

“I suggest you drive with me as you will have to come back later and sign the testimony”, Mr. Menninger said.

Miria was experiencing many different feelings while she was sitting next to the policeman in the car.

There was her anger at this ridiculous thought she could have been involved in the death of her beloved granny. She also felt a bit queasy as she had never been accompanied by the police. Her worst encounters with police officers were when she had to pay parking fines. She clenched her fists and her fingernails pressed into her palms, but she didn't even notice.

After they had parked the car, Miria mechanically followed the policeman. Nothing around her seemed to matter as she was following her own thoughts. She opened the door of her shop, crossed through the first room and went straight to the cash register. She didn't care about the inspector, she

was angry, although she knew he was only doing his job. After she had typed in the password she looked for the appropriate day and there it was - her alibi. Ten minutes before the time of the crime somebody had bought three books. She had completely forgotten about it but now she remembered. This man had been looking for something special, he had an unusual interest in certain books and didn't want to tell her what he was looking for. Miria told Mr Menninger everything she remembered.

Although it proved her innocence, he was torn between his feelings that she indeed hadn't to do anything with the murder and his job as a policeman who needed to be completely sure. "Have you got another computer?" he asked her.

"Yes, I've got two, a laptop and the computer. The stock lists are on my laptop as it is more convenient to carry them around with me. Please, come over here."

She led him to a chest of drawers, where she had left her laptop on Friday and switched it on.

"Could I have a copy of the data from your computer?"

"Our experts will check it."

"Of course. Will it be necessary to take the laptop with you? Because I need it every day.", Miria asked.

"Don't worry, you can have your laptop back right after we have made the copies. In the mean time I would like to carry out a lie detector test with you."

Before she had the chance to react he went on, "That would speed up proceedings for us and you can have your laptop right back afterwards."

"You mean, the proceedings of excluding me as a suspect?" Miria asked, still a bit grumpily. The fact that she now had an alibi calmed her down a bit, although she still was angry about the absurdity of it all.

"I'm glad that you see the necessity, let's go back to the police office."

When Miria closed the shop she had a strange feeling. Would she ever have a normal life again? All these dreams and now the mysterious death of her granny. It all felt like an important turning point after which nothing would be the same. The beautiful antiques in the shop window told her about past lives, stories she sometimes even seemed to hear. Her dreams also told a story, a story most people knew. Why did she have that dream about the crucifixion scene? Why her? Was there something that had not been told? Was that the reason why she had to dream about it over and over again? Maybe Mrs Weiß was right, she thought. Next time she'd ask for a regression right away. If they had more time, she might get deeper into the story.

From the start Miria knew this test wouldn't bring up any interesting information but, as they had to go through the process, she let them put on the electrodes and answered their questions. As she had suspected there was no proof that she might have lied at any point, there was nothing to inherit and there hadn't been the slightest argument between her and her granny beforehand. She just had no reason to kill her grandmother.

At the end of the questioning, however, a little surprise awaited her, "Mrs Toral, although there are methods that can allow you to undermine the results of a lie detector, I'm convinced that you have nothing to do with the crime.

Nevertheless, I must correct you in one thing, there is a motive - your grandmother left you a lot of money. You won't need to make a living anymore in your whole life."

The amazement on Miria's face was so palpable and real that Inspector Menninger laughed out.

"What? But, how can that be? She often was so tight - she only had a little pension - and sometimes I helped her out. If she had enough money, as you claim, that would have been completely unnecessary. And before you ask, I can prove it, because I transferred the money to her from my bank account," she added, defiantly.

He grinned, "I know, I've checked that already. Whatever reasons your grandmother had in pretending she didn't have any money, it wasn't true. She could have lived as a wealthy woman all along. Do you have any idea why she didn't use the money?"

Miria thought for a while, then she said "The only reason, I can think of is that the money belonged to my parents and she didn't want to touch it, thinking it was mine. That would fit with her stubbornness."

"Well, maybe you will find an answer in her will, we've found it in her documents. The opening will be on Friday at 10 o'clock."

He paused, looking at her and considering how to put it, "If you don't mind, I would like to be there, too... I mean at the opening. We are hoping to find some clues in it, but I can understand if you'd rather not..."

Miria hesitated, whatever the will said, it would be very personal and didn't concern anyone else. On the other hand she wanted to know what exactly had happened and what was going on here, so she said, in a voice that made it quite clear that she wasn't happy with him joining in, "Okay. If that'll help you."

"Fine." He took one of his business cards and handed it over to her, "This is my mobile number. Should anything come to your mind that could help to solve the crime, don't hesitate to call me at any time."

Miria took the card and slid it in her handbag, thinking she would never need it. As it would turn out, she was wrong.

Her first stop after leaving the police station was a pharmacy. She urgently needed sleeping tablets. She was convinced that she wouldn't be able to close an eye after that traumatic dream in which she lost him again. Not to mention the murder of her granny.

Thanks to the pills she had a quiet sleep that night and although she was dreaming, she couldn't remember anything. The following days were filled with a lot of

organising – she didn't have any relatives but she had some friends she wanted to contact. Every night she took the tablets, she just didn't dare to go to bed without them; she felt extremely powerless and unable to cope with any of these dreams. She even considered cancelling the appointment with Mrs Weiß. But then she would never know what the dream was about...

3.

On the day of the opening Mr Menninger was on time and he was quite surprised to meet a cheerful Miria. The last few nights of sleeping without disturbance had given her a welcomed rest. A few minutes later they were sitting in front of the notary in his office. Miria wondered why her grandmother had organised it on her own, as she normally always had asked Miria to help her with all sorts of bureaucracy. The notary waited until he had their attention and began to read aloud:

My dear Mia,

Although I sometimes have doubts concerning my mind, I'm in full possession of it to this time, as is confirmed by my doctor. I don't think there will be anybody to challenge my will, as far as I know. It was my attention to be sure that nobody can dispute your inheritance rights. It isn't only money that you will get, it is also an obligation. I have put the assets in funds and so you are a wealthy woman now. It will enable you to lead a life without worrying about money. When your parents died in the accident I had to go through all their documents. That's how I found out that my son was a wealthy man. I don't know how and believe me I was more than surprised, as he had worked as a revenue officer -he could never have earned such a lot of money. He wasn't corrupt or anything like that, so it was a mystery to me where all that money came from.

Sometime after his death I began searching for certain bits and pieces of his life - he had a lot of secrets he didn't talk to me about. I do know now that it was for my protection.

Unfortunately, I have to tell you something that you won't like to hear: Your parents didn't die in an accident, it was murder. The police couldn't find any proof of it so they closed the case after a while. On the night when the 'accident' happened your father had called me; he was very excited. He told me to fetch you from home and meet him in a hotel he knew from his childhood. He didn't say the name of the hotel but I knew which he meant. He was extremely concerned about you being in danger and insisted that we all meet in the hotel. I had just packed some clothes for you and myself and was about to carry you to the car, when the police called - they told me that your parents had a tragic accident, apparently they had skidded off the road and fallen down a slope.

I drove to the hospital as fast as I could. A nurse looked after you while I went to your parents. Your wonderful mother had died already and when I came to your father he only had a few minutes left, during which he told me some important things. Like you he was a passionate antiquarian and had bought and sold some very expensive pieces. That's where a part of the money comes from. He told me that he had hints about the existent of a very old book, over 3,000 years old.

He had spent all his free time to find the whereabouts of it. On the same day he must have come very close to these whereabouts, as he was sure that it was the reason why they were pushed from the road. He asked me to protect you and to tell you nothing about it, unless there were signs that they had tracked you, only then I should let you in on it. So I changed both our names and did everything to ensure that they wouldn't find us. Until now nothing has happened and by the time you are reading this I'm gone.

However, I didn't want to die with this secret on my soul and I'm of the opinion that you should know your

real name, even if you can't use it officially and even though it won't have a meaning to you.

I know you well my dear and I'm worried that you will feel obliged to look for the murderer of your parents but I must strongly ask you not to do it. Whatever your father was behind, it doesn't mean you should risk your life as well. On the other hand I know that it is possible to 'inherit karmic obligations' in a family. I suspect that you might be feeling those obligations. There must be documents somewhere where he wrote down everything about his search, but they have never been found. Perhaps they were with them in the car and the killer took them. I don't believe it though. If they do have it you might be safe, but as I said, I'm not sure.

I spent the last few years making careful investigations. I spoke to some people that your father had visited as well. He had told me where to find his address book, not without hammering it into me to use it only in an urgency. As nobody has found us yet, I thought it might be okay to talk to some of them, telling them that it was purely out of nostalgic reasons.

That time I found some nice antiques which I bought for your shop. I'm very tired, my dear... but I must write it down for you, not the smallest bit of information shall get lost.

I want you to know that although I've lost a son - and there is nothing worse in the world for a mother, than losing a child - there was still you and that was a great consolation for me. The open wound could be healed by having you with me, and I can go in peace. There is something I've learned while doing all this research: there is a plan behind everything that happens, 'God's plan', I'd even like to call it - nothing happens without a reason. Every person you meet, you meet on purpose. Some of these strange coincidences that happened to me in the last few years can

only be explained by a divine guidance. So, whenever I might 'go' it will be the right moment, it will follow His plan. I entrust all of myself, my soul to God, as He knows everything and He's got the complete overview. I love you, above all and before I finish this letter, I want to tell you about another secret, relating to our family. It's a special ability some of us have. It was this ability that led your father looking for that book and it was because of this same ability that I couldn't put it to rest and had to go on with the search. I'm afraid you will be the next in our family and I wouldn't be surprised if you carried it on. I wished I had found out what it is all about. At least, I hope I died a natural way, otherwise there will be another letter reaching you, soon.

Everything else you have to find out for yourself. I know you well and I'm convinced that you will be able to solve all those mysteries. However, you don't have to do it, this is something I want to stress to you. You can also lead a normal life. It is your choice; find yourself a nice man and have children. It is entirely up to you. If I have not died a natural death than this must be a warning to you that it is dangerous to deal with these people.

Helena Trautwein, mother to Steffan Trautwein, mother-in-law to Melanie Trautwein, and Grandmother of Melissa Trautwein - that's you. For many years I have lived as Gerda Reuß.

P.S. Your name is part of the mystery. Your father told me, shortly before his death.

Miria asked for the letter and read the lines her granny had written herself. She wanted to be absolutely sure, that it really was her writing, confirming that everything she just had heard was true. She couldn't believe it, why had her

grandmother never said a single word? From the distance, she heard the notary's voice telling her about the details in the will but she didn't listen. Three members of her family had been killed, no murderer had been found so far, and this will had raised more questions than it had answered. It felt as if she had been kicked into a world far away from all she had known until now. Never ever would she have believed something like that could happen to her. Why? Murder and mysteries - wasn't that only something most people knew from films? Suddenly, she personally was affected - in her whole life she never had anything to do with crime.

Out on the pavement while they were heading to their cars the inspector tried to address Miria several times, but as she was desperately trying to connect these two lives clashing together in her, she didn't notice. Finally, Peter touched her shoulder shaking her gently to get her back to the present. Miria shook off his hand and snapped: "Oh, please, can't you leave me alone? I've already enough on my plate!"

"Excuse me. Apparently, you haven't heard one word I've just said to you. I must tell you something. That name the notary just mentioned, it somehow rang a bell, I think I can remember having the case of your parents on my desk."

He now had her full attention.

"It was a survey I had to do for an assurance company about car accidents. There was something about it, something odd... Just give me a sec..."

Miria saw how hard he was trying to remember and didn't interrupt.

"Oh, now I know! First of all, there were some pages missing, nobody I asked knew anything about it. Neither where they might have gone nor what had been written on them." Looking in her puzzled eyes he explained. "You see, part of solving crimes is having a good intuition. The person responsible at the time had made some notes, saying that

he believed your grandmother, but, as there were no hints from where he could have started from, he couldn't do anything about it. I can remember it so well, because I do not believe in crimes without evidence. Often they are only hidden and one must find out where to look for them. Today, I'm sure, we could find out more about what really happened. But, and that's where you are concerned, provided that we have a starting point."

Miria shrugged. "I'm sorry, but I don't know anything! I even don't know in which hospital my parents died."

"We could have a look in the file, maybe we can find something in there that'd be useful."

"Does that mean, I have to come to the police station again?"

"Hm, well, yes, I'm afraid so."

Fervently she shook her head. "Not today, I'm sorry; there is so much on my mind that I've got to work out, I really need time for myself now, I have also another appointment later on, and I don't want to cancel it."

Mrs Weiß had phoned her earlier this morning, telling her that she could have another appointment, in addition to the one on Monday morning and Miria, desperate to find out more about her dream, had agreed. Besides, it would help to distract herself from thoughts about her granny and what had been done to her.

"What about Monday morning at 9 o'clock then", asked Inspector Menninger.

"Yeah, alright. But only for an hour," she said, putting particular emphasis on the last words.

She turned around, and approached her car, thinking to herself that she certainly wouldn't stay any longer than necessary, as she didn't want to miss her appointment with Mrs Weiß at 10 o'clock on Monday.

Peter Menninger looked after her, grinning. She really didn't seem to be all too happy about the prospect to see him

again. He could understand her, though. Under these circumstances he would feel exactly the same. Apart from that, he was looking forward to it, there was something about her... he was sure, this woman was the center of something mysterious, and she also was the solution to it. He felt discomfort and curiosity at the same time. He couldn't escape the feeling that it wasn't only a matter of solving a crime but something much more important and bigger. Until their next meeting he intended to examine her parents' death again. Perhaps he'd be able to tell her more details then. Luckily there wasn't much other work to do, at least nothing that couldn't wait. Was he given time to deal with this case? Quickly, he shook off that thought it was too absurd. It was also absurd, he thought, that Mrs Reuß had first fled together with her grandchild and then came back after they had changed their names. Probably that had been the reason why the murderer was able to find her eventually.

Had she taken that risk consciously? he wondered. He must talk to Miria ... Mia, as her granny had called her. He liked that name...