

Chapter Four

Inside-Out and Outside-In

In the centre of the tornado Joseph's knuckles had become stiff in his effort to hold on to the sparkling thought, as it whirled and spun around. In fact, they had been spinning round so fast that the coloured thought-clouds had all merged together to form a sort of thick multi-coloured fog. Reds, yellows, greens, blues, and all the colours you can imagine glowed and sparkled like crackling electric in the dancing beams of light.

As they corkscrewed through the eye of the vortex and out the other side, the fog began to clear and the first thing that came into Joseph's view was the top of a huge volcano. It appeared through the clouds like a great iceberg rising out of the water. Sam, who was still surfing the carpet, steered them away from the clouds and over towards the volcano. The volcano top was silent and covered in snow with soft milky steam slowly puffing from the huge hole in the top. In the dim early morning light it felt calm, still and peaceful after the fast roller-coaster ride of the vortex. Joseph felt himself begin to breathe a little more easily and relax his grip again. 'You can let go of the thought now Joseph' said Sam, steering the carpet out of the clouds. Joseph was able to get a much better view. He looked down the steep rocky sides of the volcano and saw that it rose up from a beautiful island surrounded by shining blue sea.

There was small town, a tiny harbour with little boats coming and going, and at the mouth of the harbour was a lighthouse, just like the one Joseph had visited on holiday. Some of the island was covered in jungle

and all around the outside was a beautiful golden sandy beach. The island reminded Joseph of one he had seen a picture of in his geography book at school. The more he looked at it the more he had the strange feeling that he had been there before. Meanwhile, Sam was flying the carpet in a large circle around the top of the volcano and passed over the lighthouse beam as it shone out into the distance. The carpet came to a stop and hovered at the mountainside with the golden thought floating next to it.

It's quite small isn't it, the world of thoughts,' said Joseph kneeling on all fours so as to lean over the edge of the carpet and look down at the island. 'Oh this is just your world Joseph' your very own island of understanding,' answered Sam with a grin. The world of thoughts is bigger than you can imagine. Joseph studied the town below more closely. 'These buildings look very familiar,' he said 'I'm sure I've seen them somewhere before! That one over there,' he pointed with his arm, 'the large grey one with the playing field, that looks like my school.'

As Joseph pointed the lighthouse beam swung across and shone down on the building. 'Hey, it is my school!' he shouted jumping up. 'I can see it clearly now.' He spun around to ask Sam why it was here on the island, just as a grey puffy stray thought-cloud floated past Sam's head and drifted off into the distance. It took Joseph's attention as it wandered and bobbed in the breeze, then, suddenly he saw behind it the huge tornado of sparkling whirling thoughts that they had just passed through. It had the same funnel shape that it did on the other side, only now it was the other way up. Golden answer thoughts were spinning round and out, while other thoughts were spiralling in and disappearing up through the centre. The misty thinker-cloud stretched out in all directions a mixture of sky blue and white with glowing coloured thoughts sticking out from it here and there. Joseph studied the cloud in total wonderment.

‘When the thinker thinks, thoughts are created! ‘Do what,’ puzzled Joseph, not understanding what Sam had said. You see there,’ Sam pointed to a blob of red and yellow fizzing thought that was bulging out of the blanket of misty thinker-cloud, ‘that, Joseph, is a new thought growing. Each time you think the same thought the thought grows a little bigger. Eventually, the thought grows enough to float free of the thinker-cloud.’

The winds of change began to blow and the little stray-thought cloud drifted back again towards the hovering carpet. ‘There are all kinds of thoughts in your head Joseph,’ Sam said nodding at the drifting grey thought. ‘This one here is a stay-thought, it has no special purpose, nothing that it is meant to do. It just drifts wherever it is taken. Thoughts are like people sometimes Joseph. If they have no purpose, mission or special thing to do, then they just drift wherever the wind blows and often feel lost.’

‘Now these are very different,’ continued Sam pointing up to some coloured thoughts that were growing from the thinker-cloud. ‘These have a strong purpose, Joseph. The silver cloud is a question-thought, the purple one is an idea-thought, and the red and yellow one is a change-thought.’

‘I’ve never heard of a change-thought?’ questioned Joseph, studying the red and yellow blob.

‘Oh you know it’ chuckled Sam, ‘you just may not know the name, a change-thought is a thought that helps you grow your understanding about something. Sometimes a change-thought can be a new idea or belief that you have and helps you to create clearer picture of the outside world, here, in the inside of your head.’ Sam stretched out his arms wide

‘all of this is your world, Joseph. You have created it here inside your head to help you understand the world around you outside. That,’ Sam pointed upwards to the thinker-cloud, ‘is where you create thoughts and ideas. And that down there’ he nodded towards the ground, ‘is like raw putty without form, and waiting to be shaped. It is made from a mixture of imagination dust, memory bubbles and feelings fluid. When a thought from the thinker-cloud, touches the putty of form, it shapes into whatever the thought was about. Each time you think about the big world outside you grow some new thoughts here to create and shape this little world on the inside of your head. This is your outside-in world.’

‘Do you mean none of this is real?’ said Joseph looking down at the school again.

‘They are real to you Joseph. They are your very own personal copy of the outside world. Like a model, or toy-town that you have created to help you understand how everything in the big world works. You could call it your very own personal map-room.’

Joseph was still looking at the school. Children were arriving and chatting to each other in the playground. ‘What did you say this is all made from?’

‘Imagination dust, memory bubbles and feelings fluid,’ answered Sam.

‘What? Even the people!’ said Joseph who was now checking the playground carefully to see who was there.

‘Everyone and everything,’ replied Sam. ‘Everything that has ever happened to you has helped to create your inside world. When something

happens in on outside, you think about it here, in your inside world, your new thoughts grow, and then float down from the thinker-cloud. As each new thought hits the imagination dust, memory bubbles and feelings fluid, it is moulded and shaped into a copy of the thought.'

'Can you tell me what a car looks like, Joseph?' Sam said in a questioning voice.

'Of course, replied Joseph, thinking back about his father's car, 'It's blue, got 5 doors, and a wheel at each corner.'

'The reason why you can tell me that is because you have a picture of your fathers car in your head Joseph, just like you have or picture or model of everything else that has happened to you.'

A whistle blew down in the playground calling the children into the school. Joseph watched two boys having the last kick of their football, just as one of them booted it a little too hard and it flew over the high fence and into the garden next door.

'That's Mrs Bagwalt's house,' gasped Joseph out loud,' his eyes darting quickly to scan her garden. 'And there she is,' Joseph whispered to Sam in a hushed voice drawing back from the edge of the carpet, 'and she's a witch!'

Joseph felt a shudder of fear run through his body all the way from his toes up to the top of his head giving him goose-bumps all over. Everyone had always said how Mrs Bagwalt was an old witch who ate small children for dinner, and now there she was, with a big black crooked hat, just like out of a fairytale. In the playground a teacher moved the last of the children into the school. While behind the fence Mrs Bagwalt

picked up the football, jumped onto her broomstick and flew out of her house.

'Carpets can fly faster than broomsticks can't?' asked Joseph in a hopeful voice.

'Why do you want to fly faster than a broomstick? Sam answered slowly and seemingly unconcerned.

'Because she's a witch, and witches eat small children, and I'm a small child,' flustered Joseph, amazed at how Sam didn't see the urgency of the situation.

'Have you always thought that she was a witch?' asked Sam, in the same casual tone.

'Everyone has always said that she was,' Joseph stressed anxiously glancing over the edge of the carpet.

'Yes, but have "you" always thought that she was a witch?' asked Sam firmly. Sam's question and calmness pulled Joseph out of his panic. He closed his eyes and searched the memory pictures of his past that flickered through his mind. He remembered a time when he had been walking home from school with his friends, and like the other boys just now, he had kicked his football into Mrs Bagwalt's garden. As she opened her front door all of the other children had run away, but for some reason Joseph stayed and was surprised to see that Mrs Bagwalt didn't look like a witch at all. In fact, she looked a little like his Granny! And he was even more surprised when she smiled at him and gave him back his ball. Other memories began to flash up. More than once Joseph had seen Mrs Bagwalt smiling at him from behind her curtains

as he walked to school. Yes, she was actually quite nice at those times he thought.

A very loud and sudden pop made Joseph jump snapped Joseph out of his memory with a jolt. The red and yellow change-thought had shot out of the thinker-cloud like a cork out of a fizzy bottle of pop and was hissing and whizzing red and yellow thought-dust as it zig-zaged through the air like an runaway balloon. Mrs Bagwalt was still flying down the road on her broomstick while in the change-thought twisted and turned in a winding path as it snaked straight towards her. Then, 'splat.' It hit her straight on the head and she disappeared into the exploding cloud of red and yellow dust.

As the dust settled, Joseph peered down to see what had happened. 'Sh... She's changed!' Joseph exclaimed to Sam in a complete amazement. 'Different, she doesn't look like a witch any more.' Mrs Bagwalt was still travelling down the road, only now instead of flying on a broomstick she was riding her bike. And instead of being dressed like a witch with a big hat she looked like a nice little old lady in a neat Sunday bonnet.

Joseph watched in silence as Mrs Bagwalt parked her bike at the front of the school, took the football from the basket and walked into the entrance. 'She's going to give the ball back isn't she,' said Joseph, nodding to himself, 'just like she did for me that day'

'Yes,' replied Sam.

'And the thought changed her from the witch into the nice old lady?' continued Joseph.

'You changed her!' said Sam, turning to look into Joseph's eyes.

'But I saw the red and yellow thought blob whack her on the back of the head and then she was different.

'Yes,' continued Sam with a smile, 'and you Joseph were the thinker of the thought. Remember this is your world. It looks the way you think it should. When you believed with out question the people who told you Mrs Bagwalt was a witch, you created her here in your inside world to look like a witch, your saw her the main you believed she was.

'But what made the change-thought shoot out of the thinker-cloud?'

'You did!' said Sam again, 'when you remembered some of the nice things that Mrs Bagwalt had done, like smiling at you from her window, you helped the change-thought to grow a little more and break free. That thought has been growing ever since you first saw her differently – the day when she gave you your ball back.'

Mrs Bagwalt walked out of the school and got back on her bike. As Joseph watched her pedal down the road towards her home, there was a sudden flash and she turned back into the witch and then flashed again back into a nice old lady. 'Did you see that!' said Joseph 'how mad, she just flickered from one to the other.'

'Yes,' replied Sam. 'New beliefs and ideas can take a while to settle and stick. Sometimes we need to think the same thought many times before we fully accept it as being right and true. Everyone creates their own world, Joseph. Some people create a happy world. Some people create a crazy world. And some people even create a sad world. It just depends on what thoughts you choose to think.'

'What's my world like?' Joseph thought to himself out loud. And for

the first time since he had been with Sam, he felt the old deep-down sadness inside of him. A dark grey thought-cloud moved across in front of the sun. The sky became overcast and a tear started to well up in Joseph's eye.

Sam leaned forward, put his arm on Joseph's shoulder and asked in a soft gentle voice, 'Do you remember the thought that first brought me to you Joseph? The thought you had been thinking just before I appeared in your bedroom?'

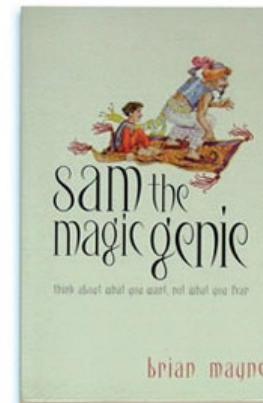
'I suppose so' said Joseph listlessly, suddenly not feeling very enthusiastic. He closed his eyes for a few moments, 'I was wondering again about why I felt so sad and then I made a wish to feel better.'

A shimmering sound, like someone shaking a half-full coffee jar, made Joseph snap open his eyes and look up. The noise was coming from the golden answer-thought that they had followed through and was now floating at the front of the carpet. It was shaking and vibrating like a sparkler with a shiver, sprinkling golden thought-dust into the air. Each time that it shook the shimmering noise became louder and the thought grew a little larger. 'This is your answer-thought, Joseph. It has drawn you here to help you understand. You now know the power of thoughts and some of the answer, are you brave enough to explore yourself further and discover the rest of the answer to why you feel sad and how to be happy. Knowing how to be happy is not something that everyone learns, it could change your life forever, you will never be the same again, are you really sure you want the answer.'

'Yes,' replied Joseph in a firm voice in the fraction of a moment that it had taken to listen to his heart. The answer-thought started to shake again, vibrating faster and faster this time, and then whoosh, it suddenly

expanded like a balloon so big and fast that it completely covered the carpet with Joseph and Sam on the inside of it like a giant bubble of golden light.

'Excellent,' replied Sam with a huge grin. 'Step one was fun and now is done. Step two is all about you. Onward carpet let the journey continue.'



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