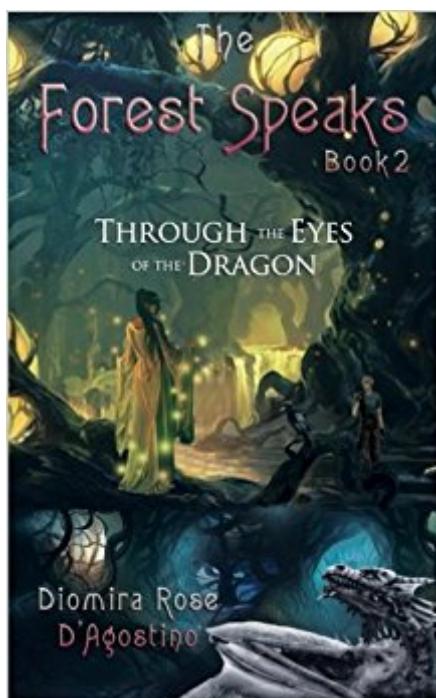


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# The Forest Speaks: Book 2 - Through The Eyes Of The Dragon (Volume 2)



## Synopsis

It has been one year since extraordinary events led Jeddha to an incredible discovery that would change her reality forever. With the help of a talking cat, a raven and a Keeper, Jeddha journeyed deep into the magical Forest to uncover the shocking truth of her soul's true identity. Now she must learn all she can in order to fulfill her destiny to become the next Keeper - a role that entails nothing less than protecting the ancient Faery Wisdom that has survived for over 13,000 years. But protecting the ancient body of wisdom isn't the only matter of importance, for a darkness stirs that threatens to destroy more than just the Line of Keepers. Meanwhile, the race against Time is on for those of the Forest as they prepare for the auspicious and exceedingly rare event everyone has been waiting for - The Crossing of the Frog and the Mushroom! Can Jeddha uncover the truth of an ancient prophecy before the darkness consumes the soul of one she loves? And are those of the Forest able to unravel the dark plot against the Earth in time to save Rose? In this riveting sequel to *Awakening the Rose*, the clock is ticking for Jeddha and the others. If darkness prevails, the Earth and all those upon it might sleep forever! The tail moved beneath the earth's surface. It was massive and bold, as it dreamed the Dream of the Earth. The sacred Dreamtime was made for dragons and dragons made for it. Dragons were both Movers and Dreamers. They lay sleeping now on the inner Earth. Where they were no one knew. No one except the Dragon Clan.

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

"This is a beautiful, enchanting, and magical book with a fascinating plotline and engaging, personable characters. The author does a wonderful job expressing deep, powerful, spiritual truths and expanding the consciousness of the reader while simultaneously telling an enjoyable, entertaining story. It is multi-dimensionally layered and multi-faceted. The story will whisk you away, into a vibrant realm filled with faery light and ancient knowledge. I highly recommend this book." ~ Elaine Yoshikawa, Ph.D. #1 Bestselling Author of The Shift Journey "I love The Forest Speaks books! Diomira's use of imagery makes me feel like I am right there with the characters. I see, hear and feel them in the detail she provides. "It was difficult to put the book down in order to go to bed at night! This book, that begins with the infant of the Dragon clan being brought to Elysinia, is just as exciting and intriguing as the first book in the series. The way the time periods and characters are interwoven lends an air of mystery to the story. The author has created a world that we humans can (and must) learn from! I want to live in the magic of this world! Can't wait for the next book! This series reminds me of the Shire and the world created by J.R.R. Tolkien." ~ Toni Luisa Rivera, DC, author of #1 Bestseller, The Propelled Heart

Chapter1 SilverScale "Humanity awakens slowly. Matter-blinded through the centuries, few menas yet perceive the Mind within the substance, the Life within the form." - Geoffrey Hodson, The Kingdom of the Gods The Forest - 11,000 BCE (16 years before GG) "There is a darkness that hovers aroundmankind. Soon it will spread and affect even those of the Moon Clan. Have you not all seen the stories within the tree rings? We must decide at which pointwe choose to disengage and retreat into the Mists, and leave the humans to themselves." The flames around his form lurched as Leori voiced his opinion. Golden threads of fiery light twist and wound their way through his hair that was more like a mane. This Faery elder had seen enough. "Leori, do we really do them a service by deserting them at this crucial time within the Ages?" Seamone wondered aloud. A watery milieu of wave forms moved around her body. Indigo and blue hues gave way to sea foam green rays. She waved her hands through these colors sporadically helping the emotions to flow and not settle. The slamming of Leori's staff shook the ground, and was followed by a curt retort: "Do we not do them a great disservice by forcing their hand when there exists so little willingness? Darkness has all but consumed their hearts and clouded their minds!" A wind blew from everywhere and nowhere. Vayu was deeply conflicted by the issue. He knew the council had to come to some form of agreement. There greatest strength was inunity. Logic and reason were the gifts of this faery elder of the Air Clan. He moved for clarification, "Is it not now,

more than ever, so important that we try to strengthen our alliance? If we continue to stand together perhaps all will not be lost during the Age of Sleep..." Elysinia spoke now, her tone loving but firm, "Leori is correct in his conjecture that no good ever comes by forcing one's will upon another, even if the cause be noble. However there are still those who wish to work side by side. Until the day comes when this is not so, I believe we must continue to work together with the humans." Visible through the skylight was the starlit sky. The opening rested in the high earthen ceiling above, and was the only connection to the surface in this dome-like subterranean cave. Elysinia's golden hair gleamed in the starlight. The glow of her skin shone through her silken garment of silver and violet. She turned to Vayu, acknowledging that she'd heard him as well: "It is also right to understand the importance of our partnership with the humans. Do not forget that our destiny is deeply intertwined with theirs. Although we have grown along different paths we are still connected through our Earthly home, as well as..." before Elysinia could finish her point Rael appeared from the tunnels. A Faery page who was Elysinia's right hand in every way, Rael approached respectfully: "Elysinia, forgive my intrusion, but you must come to the East Mound Entrance at once. There is something you are going to want to see." Elysinia looked over at the others. The others nodded their understanding. They were a long way away from mutual agreement, but with more time perhaps... "We shall adjourn the meeting for now. Let us resume the discussion again at the First Quarter Moon." Elysinia excused herself from the room that held the large Round Table. Gliding swiftly down the long corridor that led to the outskirts of the kingdom, she knew full well that Rael would not have considered interrupting if something weren't of the utmost importance. Tall and sparkling was this being, just like all of the Faery Ones. His eyes, a bluish grey with specks of gold, while deeply hypnotic were often cool and distant. Royal blue attire always graced his form, and his demeanor was noble and true. Rael had been working with Elysinia for over 3,000 years. The crystals held him in fascination, and nothing brought him greater joy. The corridor came to an end offering a myriad of directions in which to proceed. Twists and turns were prevalent and one who did not know these underground tunnels well would consider themselves to be forever lost within a maze of a thousand choices. The tunnels connected to the innermost rooms and were necessary to guard the most precious and sacred treasures. They did notarry; Rael and Elysinia took no thought as they made their way around the curling passageways, further and further out of the Earth toward the surface they traveled. Rael offered no information. Either he had none to give, or he thought better to allow the situation to speak for itself, Elysinia did not know. As they approached the East Mound Entrance, a tiny shriek filled the air. Elysinia's attention was suddenly drawn to a shadowy

and pallid form. Held and sheltered within the folds of a mysterious hooded woman's long dark cape, a tiny infant cried out. The woman struggled to maintain her footing, and a faery scout standing nearby moved quickly offering himself as a brace to steady her. Holding the baby with her one arm, the debilitated woman reached out for Elysinia with the other. Visibly unwell, she attempted to mutter an explanation, "You are She Who Records Time, yes..." the woman managed. "Yes, I am Elysinia. What brings you here to our borders in such dire straits?" "You and I are more familiar than you know, although my condition makes me nearly unrecognizable to you or anyone of your kind or another. We have hidden among the shadows for some time. There is no time for explanation, though, for my time is not long now." The sickly and feeble woman looked at the baby, "Please. You must help me. Help him. He is the last." "The last...?" Elysinia was confused momentarily. Just as the realization began to dawn the woman spoke again, "Yes, My Lady. He is the last of the Dragon Clan." As those last words fell from her lips her form began to dissolve. Dispersed as if by wind, she grew ethereal, and flickered in and out of existence. Understanding the gravity of the situation, the Faery elder uttered, "Wait! What House is he of? How will I properly train him? I must know from which one of the four Houses he hails!" Coming from all directions, an echo was heard on the wind as it whispered through the trees, "He was born with the Silver Scale." Embedded in the center of the baby's tiny wrist was a tiny silver dragon scale. It gleamed in the light of the moon that hung low and full this night. The mark of the Silver Prince, thought Elysinia. The baby floated in midair. Then by some unseen force, he gently arrived in Elysinia's arms. In the place where the woman had stood, a swirling silver white mist filled the air, and something materialized there. Only a few seemed to notice. Rael and Elysinia looked at one another. The baby who had been crying incessantly suddenly became silent, and a tiny sound like a giggle arose from his lips. A glimpse of what appeared to be the silhouette of a Silver Dragon flashed before their eyes. And just as soon as it had emerged, it was gone, as if it were never even there.

The Forest Speaks Series of books are an excellent way to help one gain insight into the Faery Realms. I believe Diomira is a genuine link to remembering these worlds. I love her style of writing, the way she uses the short chapters, and the movement between the timelines. This seems to help to enable being absorbed into the story, and to leave the so called "real" world. It feels so natural that one begins to blend into a vesica pisces state of mind. One evening as I recollected Diomira's work, I had a distinct deja-vu feeling of the Faery Realms, and I felt that I was seeing her story in the Hall of Records. I experienced a beautiful energy welling up from within that I had not felt before. As

I witnessed this, I tried to check it with my rational mind, but the energy continued to arise. I know that her story is real then and now. Bob Hawkinson - Chelsea, Oklahoma

Book 2 - Through the Eyes of the Dragon takes us even deeper into the journey of the mystical. I loved this book as much as the first one. I can't wait for the next one. How many times have you scratched your head when something unusual happens? Believe it, it's real! Diomira brings a beautiful light to this delicious journey of ours.

Diomira is a gifted writer with a beautiful heart. She takes the reader on a journey into imagination, and stretches the boundaries of dimensional planes. The Forest Speaks: Book 2 - Through the Eyes of the Dragon stirred hope in my soul. Humanity is intrinsically connected to the soul of Planet Earth. This book allows you to feel her heartbeat. The new age is upon us, it's time to open our eyes and our hearts to embrace the light and love within us all.

The Forest Speaks 2 is as intriguing as the First book. I couldn't put either of them down and can't wait for the next one. I wish the books were made into movies. The stories got me thinking about my own life, my soul's purpose, and how everything is connected, people, animals, and plants. I felt inspired to allow my inner guidance to lead me. I now take time to try new things that I feel compelled to do such as painting and drawing. If you are looking for a book to inspire you, then I definitely would recommend this book.

This writer is connected to the fairy world.

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