

**Full Author's Notes**

**From**

**Bourne, Book 8**

**The Ascension Myth**

# Author Notes - Ell Leigh Clarke

January 7, 2018

## Thank yous

As always I'd like to thank MA for his continued support in navigating the publishing jungle. Thanks is also due for him stepping up during my trans-America relocation and taking on the final punch of this manuscript. It was a huge help and meant that we could get this into reader hands weeks faster than it would otherwise have taken me on my own.

In the same vein I'd like to send a massive gratitude bomb out to members of the beta reader team who over Christmas peeled themselves away from turkey duties and family to skim sections of the books to fact check so that I could keep writing. Robert, Joshua, Charles, Ron... You're the best. I'm so grateful to you and appreciate you volunteering to help so quickly. It was like a dream come true having the answers that were holding me back just handed to me on a platter. Or in a slack channel, as it turned out to be. Thank you!

I'd also like to thank Trausti Trauterson, my cool Icelandic friend for helping name the university. For those who aren't fluent in Icelandic, *Skóli Uppstigs Academy* means *Ascension Academy*. As you probably know if you've been reading these notes from the beginning, Trausti also helps with the supply of creative Icelandic (Estarian) swearing.

He also reliably informed me that the word we used: Dreifbýlistúttá, means something like hill billy/ tit/ or boob.

Cracks. Me. Up!

Massive thanks also goes out to Steve Campbell and his incredible team of JITers for wrangling this manuscript so quickly, and catching typos and inconsistencies. You're the best!

I'd also like to thank the ever-patient Joe Brewer for his expert editing and fixing my messes(!) with zero fuss and drama. Joe, you're a gem. Thank you for everything you do.

And finally I'd like to thank YOU – the reader - not just for buying and reading this book, but for leaving your awesome (and often amusing!) 5\* reviews. I massively appreciate your kind words both on Amazon and on our facebook page. You so often keep me going. I know you've been forced to wait waaaay too long for this latest instalment and I deeply appreciate not just

your patience, but your compassionate support as I've been working through stuff. Thank you.  
Thank you. Thank you. <3

### **A way too honest account**

I finished listing off the cocktails of drugs I'd been taking.

Dr. Awesome, also known to some of us as Dr. HOTSOME, leaned forward on the desk and put his head in his hands.

"I don't take them all, all the time," I explained.

He looked up with almost a glimmer of hope.

"Ok," I qualified. "So I take *most* of them, *a lot* of the time."

His head went back into his hands.

This was the man who had pulled me back from the brink of total health collapse only months previously. My body had decided it was done writing at the rate of a sprint with the distance of a marathon. It had taken weeks and weeks, and all kinds of medical badassery, but it worked. I had been functioning again.

In fact, I had even been optimistic about the future. I'd been starting to think about expanding into my own series, starting a software company and getting back to a bunch of other projects I'd been spinning before I crashed.

But that was before.

Now, following a couple of traumatizing situations, I sat before him a broken shell, teetering on the brink of drug addiction to cope.

More than once in the weeks prior I'd been drifting off to sleep having taken fuck-knows what, scared that I wasn't going to wake up the next morning. I feared my mother getting a call from some random police officer who had managed to track down my next of kin weeks after my death to notify her that her daughter would never be coming home from this dangerous land.

Granted I was somewhat stabilized since our previous meeting when I'd been bouncing along rock bottom.

But I was barely keeping it together.

"The painkillers help me sleep," I told him, trying to show there was some logic to what I was doing. "Coz the only reason I'm not sleeping is because it hurts so much."

He lifted his head from his hands once again and looked at me curiously. "What hurts?"

"My heart."

"Tell me more about that," he said. He already knew what had happened a few months before. He'd figured it out. I didn't need to tell him the story. Now, he just wanted to know about the symptom.

"Like chest pain," I said, trying to explain that it was physical.

"In your heart?"

I nodded.

"Stand up..." He came over and started pressing on my back where one might stab a knife if one was so inclined. "Does that hurt?" he asked prodding gently.

I shook my head.

"What about that?"

I winced. "Yes."

"That?"

"Yes."

I was nervous. I don't do too well with people being close to me. It wasn't that he wasn't safe to be around. Far from it. He's one of the few people I'd like to be around more. But while he was working on my heart, I didn't dare tell him it wasn't quite in my chest anymore.

It was in my throat. (Why? What were you thinking? Where did you think it was gonna be?!)

*Breathe Ellie*, I told myself, hiding under my oversized cardigan.

"Ok," he said, "I'm going to adjust you."

He stepped closer, explaining the action, and a flood of emotions ran through me. I froze, trying to engage my brain while dealing with all these feelings.

"Put your arms up, do this, then interlock your fingers on top of mine," he told me standing behind me.

Ok, so this isn't sounding like a consultation in a doctor's office, but it was nothing but appropriate and professional.

At least on his side.

I was a mass of emotions, vulnerability and a whole heap of other stuff I'm not going to admit to here.

What followed was a kinda James Bond maneuver - except I don't believe he was trying to kill me.

My ribs on my back cracked.

Emotion released.

It felt strangely better.

*Ok good. Now I get to hug the doctor and then we go back to talking from a safe distance where he can't hear my heart beating in my throat.*

Or not.

“Lie on your nose,” he instructed pointing at the couch.

I hesitated processing what I needed to do. I looked at the couch. My mind spun. Do I take my shoes off? The paper is going to slip... my mind raced to process meaningless information.

I got onto the couch and planted my nose into the tissue. It smelled of chocolate. It was actually a small relief to hide my face and ignore the ridiculous stream of emotions that were running through my system.

He started poking around the area on my back where my heart would be. It was the same - pain all around the heart.

Fine everywhere else.

“Breathe in and then exhale,” he told me.

And with that his hand gently pushed the ribs in just the right place to elicit a crack, releasing another tonne of emotion.

"Fuck!" I breathed from under his hand.

It was a good 'fuck'.

And a *surprised* 'fuck'.

And it only hurt a little bit.

He rubbed the area dissipating the energy. It felt a little better. Like a relief, that the body hadn't quite caught up to understanding yet.

I got up, and the rest is a blur, until he told me to lie down again, this time on my head.

I figured that meant on my back.

He started inspecting the front of my chest around my heart.

“Say when it hurts,” he told me.

He poked gently around my rib cage. “Here?”

“No that's ok.”

“This?”

“No.”

“This?”

“YES!”

*FUUUUUUUuuuccccck*, I screamed in my head.

His finger stayed. Searing pain like a hot knife sliced through the pericardium.

I should have left it there but I panicked and burst into tears, lifting his hands firmly from my ribs and away from the wound.

Agony that I'd been suffering with for the last two months exploded through my chest, releasing in physical hurt and emotion.

I wanted to run. I didn't want him to see me like this.

And at the same time I knew I was in exactly where I needed to be.

When it all subsided, I was a mess of tears and mascara. And Doctor Awesome was there, being... well, Awesome.

What I didn't realise at the time was that this moment changed EVERYTHING.

--

The next day I felt like a different person.

My heart didn't feel as sore.

I realized that that night I'd fallen asleep at a reasonable hour, rather than spending the time until first light writhing with hurt that the drugs would barely touch. It was a weird, but very welcome, sensation.

I rolled over to check my phone.

Mum had messaged.

My Nanna had passed away.

We'd been expecting it so it wasn't a shock. I'd been dreading it happening though - even though I knew I'd see her again soon. (Yeah, I maybe I need a shrink too - but yes I see people who have crossed over. A lot. In fact, I'm closer to my Gran now more than when she was alive.)

But the whole death thing can bring up all kinds of grief and before that morning I honestly didn't think my heart would be able to take it. Literally. I figured the chakra was collapsed and that was it until something changed.

And yet, that morning, I was ok.

I tuned in to see if I could see Nanna... but she wasn't around yet.

I got on with my day: did some consulting calls, a mastermind online group call, and called my Mum.

And I was ok.

Ok, so the discomfort wasn't *completely* gone. But it felt more like an injury that was healing than an open hemorrhaging gash of despair and excruciating pain.

I could barely hope it was real, but I kept reminding myself that it totally could be healing.

I mailed the good doctor. He suggested I write up my author notes today - possibly while things were going good ...and I wasn't still resentful about him taking me off coffee!

So this is the account you're reading right now.

P.S. It's evening time now on as I'm writing this, and I just smelled Nanna's moisturizer in my hand cream. She used to use Oil of Olay. She'd call it Oil of Ugly. Bless her. She was anything but ugly. I hope she likes her new place. I wonder if she's found Granddad yet... <3

P.P.S. I'm editing this for punctuation a day later and am happy to report in that Nanna popped in to let me know that she had found Granddad and all was well. :)

\* \* \*

Since then things have been on the up and up. Ok, so there was one debilitating relapse which took me out for 48 hours, but generally I think I'm on the mend.

I've barely needed any drugs so I've not been worrying about overdosing or wrecking my liver just trying to get through the night. Granted, one never knows when one's time is up, but for the most part my immediate concern about my Mum getting that dreadful phone call is gone.

This really was a turning point.

Dr. Awesome, if you're reading this, from the bottom of my (broken!) heart: thank you for saving my life.

And for being, well,... *Awesome*.

Here's to the next chapter.

\* \* \*

### **Parties, Wine and Mojo**

I have a party trick.

While some people have tricks they do with pennies and beer, or shot glasses and beer mats, mine is a little more... out there.

I change the taste of wine.

By charging it with energy.

From my hands.

Yup. You read that right.

Now bear with me before you start phoning round to see if you can get me committed. I know this is a little off the wall, but by the time you've finished reading these notes you'll know how to do it yourself.

(And that will *really* mess with your head if you're not already down with the woo!)

I showed it to Steve Campbell and his friend Bob when we were in Vegas for the 50Books conference.

Bob is a wine connoisseur. I figured that if there was any change in the wine, then Bob would be able to taste the difference.

Now, as you know I've been subpar for about a year now and I didn't know if it would work.

So, putting all attachment and ego aside, I set up an experiment anyway. Two glasses of wine: one the test, one the control. (As you know wine oxidizes once it's been exposed to air, so the taste will naturally evolve over time. Hence the extra need for the control. You wanna know that the change in the taste is due only to the variable and not the oxidation.)

Next you hold your hand over the glass, and then in the same way that Arlene will conjure a fire ball, you just focus your intention into the glass from your hand, drawing energy through your higher chakras so you don't deplete your own reserves. (Your cells need it to live!)

And whereas Arlene would *throw* a fireball, you're dealing with a glass a wine. You don't need to go kung fu on its ass. You just want to kinda pour the energy in. Gently!

Regarding the intention to use, I use things like "gratitude", or "love". Then all you do is hold the feeling in your body and then project it into the molecular structure of the liquid\*.

Anyway, there I was sitting with Bob and Steve, knowing I couldn't even feel my own energy, but trying this thing anyway.

And long story short, it worked.

Yay!

Bob was adequately freaked out, and then resigned himself to not being able to explain it. Then the dinner continued.

But here's the problem that crept into my awareness. It took several goes and many minutes of sitting there with my hand over the glass (like a muppet, I might add). Plus, when I put my hands together I couldn't feel the force that would normally come through them.

I must say, I didn't think much of it again.

That was until I was at that doctor's appointment and I felt the kick back from Dr. Awesome's energy field.

When he left me alone in the office to organize some treatments I remembered Vegas. I remembered how I had struggled to work my mojo on the wine, and the lack of energy in my hands.

In the quietness I put my hands together.

Still nothing.

It was like my heart had collapsed and the energy was no longer flowing, similar to if an engine had just stopped.

But I could feel Dr. Awesome's as he reiki'd me, as strongly as if someone were touching my skin... and deeper.

Something was wrong with me.

I filed it in my head to revisit later. Later as in when my heart wasn't crippling me and I had some energy back.

So fast forward several days, and sitting in my hotel room in LA before heading to Austin, knowing that the manuscript and cover were being worked on and everything squared away for the move, my thoughts returned to the energy conundrum.

I'd been feeling better since the heart healing with Dr. A - bar a brief relapse which I eventually crawled back from.

So I put my hands close together to see if I could tune in and maybe even get it working again...

And lo and behold, it was back!

Y-frikkin-AYYYYYYYYY!

I could feel my energy field again!!!

Ok, so it was about as strong as when you have those little magnets at school and you put two like-poles together.

But it was start.

And it gave me something to build on.

I'm sure there's more for me to work through, and this isn't the end of the story, but I really feel like this is a turning point in everything.

And I can't wait for what comes next.

Footnote. (*I'm assuming we can do footnotes within author notes... yeah? It feels kinda like a footnote to a footnote!*) *Shit, suddenly I'm feeling like an academic again.*

*Ok, here's the other side of that little ol' asterisk which you probably skipped passed earlier on when I was describing the process of charging the wine with an intention. --->>>*

*\*You can do it with food, pet's, objects, people... anything really.*

Eventually you can do it without your hand, and just project your energy around it.

I started doing it when I saw the Emoto studies of water crystals that proved that human intentions change the crystalline structure of the water. It all just seemed to make sense.

I get a kick out of the stunned looks as scientists, medics and people with no belief in the unseen taste the sample glass, and the control glass - and then have to admit that there is a difference.

I get an **even bigger** kick when someone does it for themselves.

And this is the thing: with practice, anyone can do it.

ANYONE.

(Heck I *just* about managed it when I was broken as all fuck.)

I've seen folks pick it up over breakfast at my masterminds. I've seen people do it at a dinner party or in a restaurant.

All you need to an open mind and the ability to focus.

And that's it.

I'd love to know if you give it a go and get a result! Hit me up on the fb page and tell me about it, yeah? [www.facebook.com/ellleighclarke](http://www.facebook.com/ellleighclarke).

I can't wait to see what you do!

Ellie x

# Author Notes - Michael Anderle

January 7, 2018

## Thank You's

First, thank YOU for not only reading this story about Molly, but also reading through our author notes here at the end!

Second, I'm going to thank Ellie for being a wonderful person who cares about people, and tries damned hard to be right with the universe, when the universe doesn't seem to try at all to be right with her.

And by doing so, she points out how we (or at least I) can take away just a smidgeon of her strength and apply some of her beliefs (or party tricks, or magic – whatever you are comfortable calling it) into my own life.

Hopefully, I don't set anything on fire.

I've mentioned before that I suspect Ellie is the next generation of Isaac Asimov, except she has a better accent. But, that could just be my Americanism showing.

## Don't Fuck Up.

So, I'm coming into the new year, and I can't seem to get my head screwed back on properly. I'm talking with Ellie, realizing she is still in California when I thought she was hanging out in Texas, waiting for her furniture to arrive.

It seems that her furniture won't arrive for a couple of weeks and she has a 'plan.'

Except, this plan includes the store IKEA, and she has shared before how her and IKEA work.

It goes something like this:

1. 1) Ellie goes to IKEA (or shops online, I really don't know which) and orders / purchases one of their products.
2. 2) Said product arrives and sits on the floor and waits for Ellie to put it together.
3. 3) Product decides to mope, as it is receiving *NO* attention from Ellie.
4. 4) Product finally gets attention and is put together some weeks or months after purchase.

So, I ask how is this going to work with her purchasing IKEA, and needing a bed? She explains she has purchased a couch she can sleep on, and said couch hopefully only comes in a couple of pieces.

I sure hope so, or she will be sleeping on an IKEA box, I think. Or, there is a shitake ton of handy guys in Texas that would put her furniture together for a six-pack of Shiner.

Hell, maybe just so she would talk with them. Maybe that's a thing on Twitter she can search?

#WillPutIKEAFurnitureTogetherToHearBritishAccent.

I don't do Twitter, but I doubt it would be a good way to find a handy guy.

Now, after this conversation above she mentions the challenges (or did this happen first?) with her latest book, and what she is doing.

She has completed four chapters, and has the rest to go, needs to leave her apartment, get a room at the hotel, leave the next day, deal with covers and ...

*Holy Crap!*

We start talking dates that she can release, and what's available on the calendar and what might be best from a publishing perspective. We start with the 19<sup>th</sup> of January and work our way backwards when I mention I'm happy to help with her punch up, so long as she is ok with me *doing things* with her prose.

She assures me she isn't precious with her words and she sends me the manuscript and I have chapters 5-16 to do.

(There are a total of 19 chapters.)

I go ahead and start editing at chapter 1, because I need to refresh my memory with the story (I had read the beginning a few weeks back.)

It doesn't take too much time to get Chapters 1-4 done as she had already made a pass and I look in Slack and Joe (the Editor) is mentioning he is working on Chapters 1-4 and I raise my virtual hand and let him know I've got edits to said chapters...

I see I had a comment from Ellie about this.

Ellie's response to me editing 1-4?

Ellie: "Whaaaaa? I had first four PERFECT!!! :-0 !"

(Note the first instance of being a *little* precious.)

So, I end up editing to chapter 13 and send these chapters over to Joe the Editor (not

exactly like Joe the plumber) the next day by noon my time. I finish the book later that night by 8:30 PM and Bob's your uncle.

Then, I have a conversation with Ellie about a few small tweaks I had made. In this case, a few 'Britishisms' that I took out and changed to the American word(s) and I find out I was sandbagged.

She absolutely is precious with a few words, *ESPECIALLY* with British words.

By the end of the conversation, I'm explaining I didn't take them ALL out, and I've no clue whether she is *truly* precious, or just giving me a hard time.

(I'm hoping she edits these author notes and clues me in, because I still haven't a clue.)

>> Ellie edit: I was just giving you a hard time ;) I'm not precious. As long as you don't change ALL my words.

Now, I tell you all of the above to say THIS:

When Ellie shipped over her story to give to me to punch up a little before Joe the Editor received it, she messaged:

Ellie: thank you so much for doing this... I hope you don't fuck it up ;-) #AuthorNotes

Ellie: it sounds funnier if we put a (beat) in between those two statements ^^

... She has never told me if the first sentence is dry British humor, or the second sentence is an effort to help my ego and soften the reality that she hopes I don't fuck up the book.

(Truly, I'm thinking it is the former.)

Either way, *I sure hope I didn't fuck up the story!*

It felt GOOD reading Molly and the team again. For those reading The Kurtherian Gambit, I promise I've put in an Easter Egg about Sean in book 21 that you didn't know you were waiting for.

>> Ellie edit: Oh shit. Shouldn't we have talked about that... you know, so you don't fuck it up??

Ad Aeternitatem,

Michael

>> Ellie edit: wow. Only 1000 words? Someone is slipping... ;P

Ok, ... I've been encouraged for more words, don't ever say I don't step up to the challenge!

I'm presently looking out over the Sea of Cortez, with the Pacific Ocean off to the far right (I'm about maybe three hundred feet up in the air and a mile from the beach at most and I am watching two whales breach ... make that three, in Cabo San Lucas.)

The temperature is a very comfortable low 70's, but I am doing everything I can to hide in the shadows. I have no idea what it is, but that damned sun feels like a laser right now with any body part of mine that the sun shines on immediately feeling like it's 40 degrees hotter.

And starting to smoke.

It's a bit like heaven and hell, all on my balcony.

I started this extra snippet before my confab with Ellie. I'm finishing it after my latest confab with Ellie.

She says to tell you something something <It was funny, and I deserved the comment, but I really can't remember the details of the comment... It had to do with the fact that I was going to bring my pen out again for what reason? Because she dogged me about slipping? The answer is yes, yes I am.>

I spoke to her while she was in her new apartment in Austin, Tx.

It is apparently freezing for her there in Texas right now, while I'm worried about getting out of the sun. I decide not to make a big deal out of her situation because she is sick as a dog, coughing and sneezing with a head cold and in a town that is just balls cold.

I am thinking, "Wow, this is a *HORRIBLE* 'Welcome to Texas' moment."

However, in her indomitable fashion, she speaks to how the original instructions to getting to her apartment (which were waiting for her on the phone when she arrived) are convoluted, annoying and long. She's rolling her eyes thinking 'This is how I have to get to my apartment every time?'

Then, the next day she exits her front door, turns the other way, walks five steps to a door that drops her right off to the street outside.

You know, the one which is only about a block from her we-work space?

Good times!

Unfortunately, it also calls into question the smarts of the person who gave her the directions to her apartment in the first place...

Sigh.

I explain that everyone has a 'Cousin <insert name here>.' You know the one guy in your

family (usually a guy) that is the one the News at 6 interviews when the flood waters are 5 feet high, and he is out walking in it the deep waters...

With an umbrella?

(Yes, that is a story borrowed from Jeff Foxworthy.)

However, Jeff is just speaking truth, which is why it is so funny. Apparently, Ellie received the directions to her apartment door from that cousin.

I hope Austin shows her why Google, Facebook, and so many start-ups and building their offices there.

Otherwise, she is going to be stuck thinking Austin is a city full of our cousins.

And while that would probably deliver untold amounts of funny author note comments, I don't wish that on even my worst enemies.

So, I'm off to continue writing TKG21 now, and then in the next couple of weeks working with Ellie on Michael's book 04.

Keep yourselves comfy in this horrible cold streak!

Ad Aeternitatem,

Michael

*(BOOYAH! 60% more wordage...)*