



# Little Boy and Curly Top and the Biting Burs Top

By Gerald W. White P.E.

Illustrated by S.B. Dow

## DEDICATION

To every parent who has had to watch a child struggle with trauma  
To loved ones everywhere who have just heard terrible news  
To those of you now in the throes of the battle with this ancient foe  
To those dedicated Saints in the medical field who work continually  
To all my fellow warriors who have fought by my side with me over the years  
to make this program a reality  
And last and best, To a brighter tomorrow that lies just over the horizon of  
possibilities, when hope ends in fruition and Life has returned in the  
fullest after your battle is over and you have won  
this program is respectfully, empathetically and humbly dedicated.

Gerald W.White, P.E.

**NOTE: This book is one of two parts to the MAARS System of Guided Imagery. For the principal working tool for daily practice one needs the Companion CD of Guided Imagery. This patient friendly exercise should be practiced daily as long as the disease is active and beyond as desired. One of the nicer aspects of using the CD is that, since the subconscious mind never sleeps, it can best be practiced while the patient is asleep. Please refer to the Website listed below for ordering information.**

Copyright Gerald W. White, P.E., 2013

Illustrations @ 2014 by S. B. Dow

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No part of this material may be reproduced in part or in whole or placed in any system, or transmitted in any form or by any means – mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or otherwise – without written permission of Gerald W.

White, P.E. For more information please refer to website: [www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com](http://www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com)

*I was diagnosed with stage four kidney cancer in 2007 and after being told that the Median survival time for patients with my disease was 90 days, I began searching for a things that might be helpful in changing those odds. Gerald Whites first book THREE MONTHS TO LIFE came to my attention . I have been using the book and CD for over five years now and it has been very important in helping me survive . We can help make our own future and the hope Gerald White can give us will get us there..*

*Richard Catlett, Port Angeles, Washington*

*“My dear little Joey has a very rare form of renal cell cancer that has resisted all treatments. He is the LITTLE BOY who was the inspiration for the book. After a long day of discouraging reports, gloomy predictions and little hope, the sweet little forest creatures go with Joey on a journey of mind and imagination where they see wonderful sights and actually find and destroy the bad old “Grems”. This is crafted to awaken his drowsy immune system to do the same with the cancer cells. Instead of fears and worries these calming images bring rest, relaxation and healing. Only God knows what the outcome will be but the images alert us to possibilities and they are greater than the statistics.” - Kathy Liu ; Gainesville, Florida*

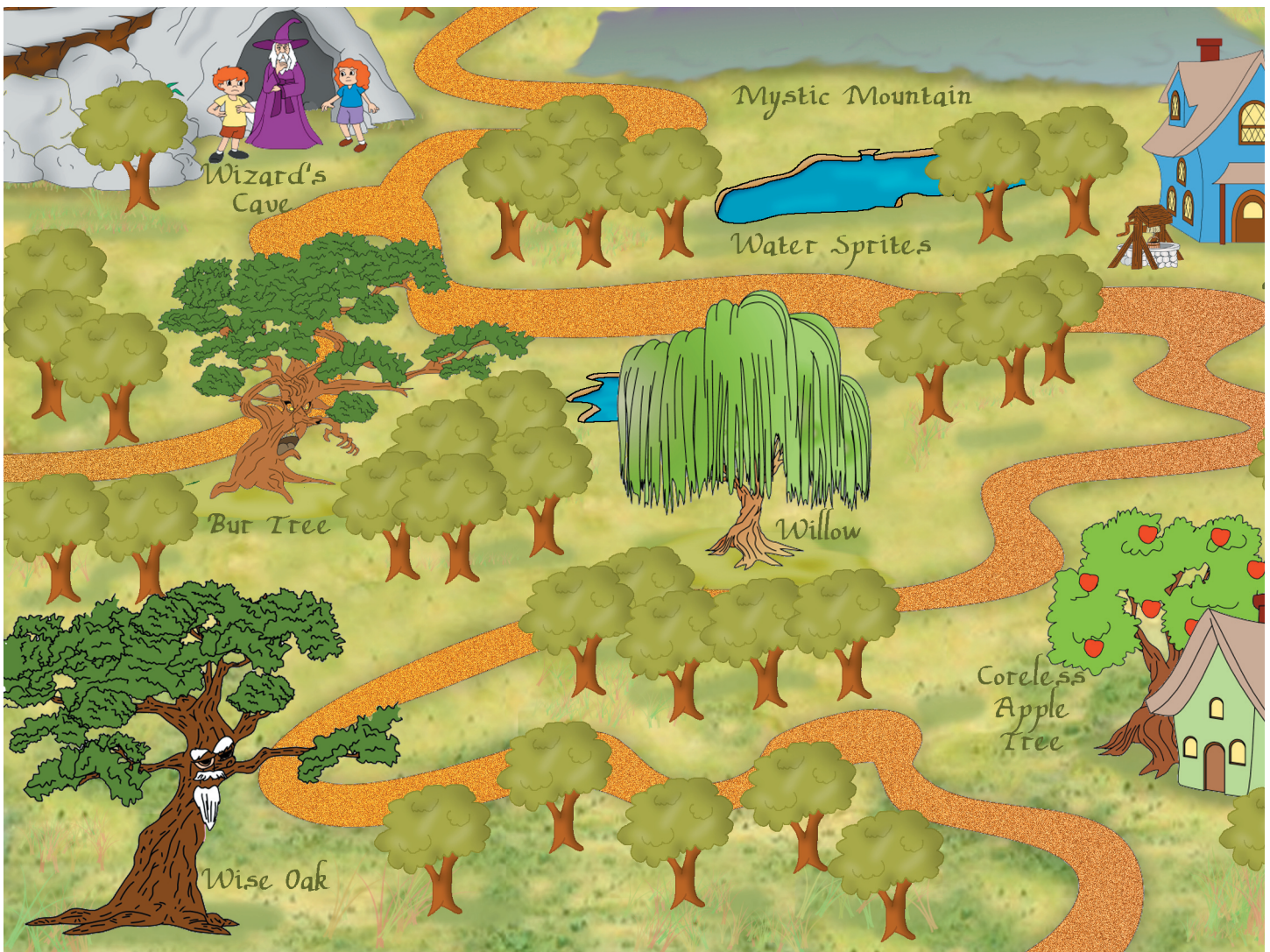
*At the end of 2010, it was discovered by that I had a tumor the size of an orange hiding behind my left kidney. A good friend that is also friends with Gerald White immediately sent me his book and the c/d that goes with it, and since the day I got it, I have listened to my c/d every night when I go to bed.... I really believe in GI and I am sure that after almost three years, as I am still here to tell you my story, it's because of it.. And I am also sure that this new book from Mr. White that is just coming out for the children will also be a big success at helping them at keeping their own bad guys away...Gilberte Chasse -Lower-Sackville, Nova Scotia Canada....*

*Jerry White's book and guided imagery CD for children relax the body and relieve worry and fear by stimulating the imagination. I find myself smiling while listening to the CD. I hope you and your child will too.*

*-- Patient advocate Robin Martinez*

# Little Boy and Curly Top and the Biting Burs

By Gerald W. White, P.E.

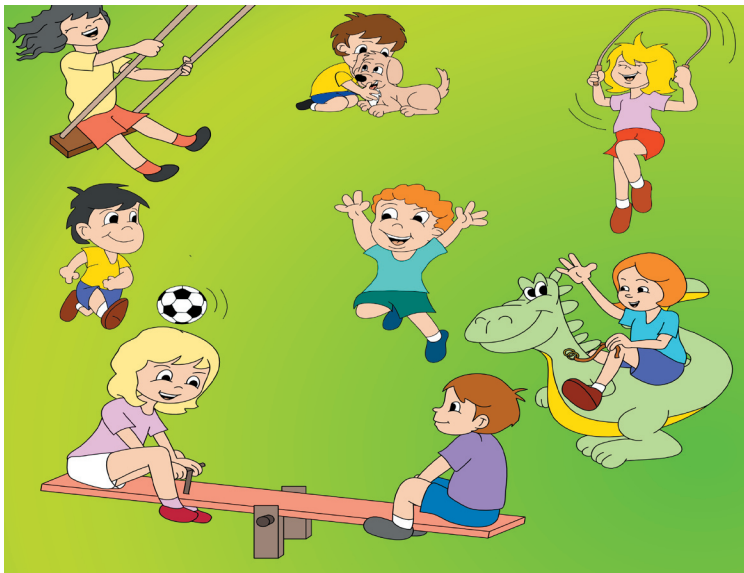


## A VERY HAPPY PLACE

Once upon a time there was a very happy place called the Pleasant Valley. Some of the most wonderful creatures live there and they all share in the magic of that place. Here the woodland folk all speak a common language when it is necessary to talk to each other. Even some of the more ancient of the trees can say a few words from time to time but, as everyone knows, trees usually keep their secrets to themselves. Before we get any further into the story, we should get to know some of these inhabitants of the area.

No one can say just when the Whispering Willow came to live by the Rippling Pond. Not the many creatures who found shelter in his willowy branches. Not the twins, Little Boy and his sister Curly Top, nor even their grandparents who lived in the little cottage that stood in the nearby Green Glade. Not even the South Wind that gently rustled through the branches on a summer's day or the North Wind that beat hard on the Whispering Willow when the winter snow came.

There were some murmurings about this amongst the Water Sprites. They lived nearby in a cove where some naughty waters from the Rippling Pond had once had a foolish notion about living for a season on the land. The Water Sprites seemed to think that it was in the time of this mis-adventure that the Whispering Willow had been planted to send these naughty waters back to their fellows in the pond, but, then, even the silly old Miss Guinea Hen knows that one cannot always believe the murmurings of the Water Sprites. Not even the water sprites had the faintest notion of where this stately old tree came from or who put it there.



There were other trees by the Whispering Pond. The oldest and wisest of them all was the Wise Old Oak. His strong limbs had weathered the storms of centuries - no one knew just how many. His eyes, nose and mouth were chiseled from oak bark and his long, flowing beard of Spanish Moss was white as the snow in winter. He was wise beyond his many years and he knew many secret things. Perhaps the strangest of them all was the Twisted Oak. He stood proudly erect even though when he was just a sapling a passing Wizard had tied his slender trunk into a knot and there it is to this day for all to see.

The children always found delights in the fruit of the Coreless Apple Tree and in picking the sweet grapes that grew on the Clustering Grape Vines. These vines lived on little arbors and grew abundantly around and about.

The Good Oak trees in the glade grew the prettiest little acorns. Their cups made good drinking cups for the little creatures and their large kernels fed many of the little woodland creatures, especially the Brushy Tailed Squirrel who depended upon these acorns for winter

food. One of Curly Top's very favorite places was a swing hanging from a limb of the Wise Old Oak. As she swayed to and fro, she thought she heard murmurs of wise sayings coming from deep in the trunk of the Wise Old Oak. Perhaps the best place of all was the little tree house that Grandfather had helped the children build high up in the branches of the Whispering Willow tree. It was their own little part of a beautiful world, there hidden from view amongst the dangling willow branches. The whispers of the tree on a summer's day were the nicest that a child could ever hear.

Little Boy loved to explore through the many woodland paths to see new wonders of this place. The woodland creatures knew him well and liked him very much as he was always friendly and good to them. The Funny Bunnies hopped alongside him and the squirrels played above in the trees. Even quiet Old Man Porcupine, who always kept to himself, had to admit that things were good, in those rare cases when they could find him. As Little Boy would skip along the way there were songs to sing and birds to chirp their sweetest tunes. They were all very, very happy.

Many of the woodland creatures have wondered just how the Laughing Kookaburra came to leave his native Australia to live in the Happy Valley, but he always kept this secret to himself. One thing that everybody agreed upon was that he was a good fellow to have around when spirits were down because he could laugh at just about anything and before long, everybody in earshot would be laughing along with him. His closest friend was Hooter the Owl and they shared many a secret thing. Hooter had once nested for several months in the topmost tower of a large university and because of that he was considered the best educated and wisest of all the creatures that lived in Pleasant Valley.. They often teamed up when one of their neighbor creatures needed a helping hand.



Grandfather cautioned the children that there was one big tree that was not so nice. This was the mean old Biting Bur Oak tree.

It stood a short distance away from the good trees and always seemed to have an air of mystery that never failed to puzzle the children passing by. No one knew how this scary tree came to be in such a sweet woodland place, much less what it was doing there. It stood right in the middle of some large berry plants. These plants grew some of the most delicious berries that folks young and old had ever tasted. The trouble was that the mean old Biting Bur Oak tree loved to torment the pickers by throwing its Biting Bur acorns at them. The acorns of the Biting Bur Oak were just that, hairy little burs all covered with needle like stickers that bit when they stuck into anyone unlucky enough to come in contact with them. The needles were bad to get into the victim's body and move about, sometimes even attacking the good little creatures bodies in a harmful way. To make matters worse, over the years, the Biting Bur Oak had learned how to swing his limbs like

slingshots to throw these bur acorns at passersby. Grandmother had spent many a time picking these burs out of children and creatures alike. Everyone was afraid to get too near the tree, even though the berries were sweet, so the only berries that usually got picked were those growing out of range of the burs. Some of the birds were good at sneaking berries as they flew too fast for the tree to hit them. Stately old Brother Jay Bird was kind to his neighbors and brought berries to all those in need who dared not get close to the tree. This always made the Biting Bur Oak mad as he hated to see these little creatures so happy, but the more he frowned, the more they smiled and laughed.

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was the twins birthday and a grand party was held for all in the front yard of the Grandparents little cottage. Grandmother baked the prettiest cake and Grandfather lit the candles. There was a big bowl of the sweetest fruit punch and all the creatures were dressed in their finest. The Rambunctious Rabbit was dressed up like a millionaire in a brand new suit with silk hat and cane. This was most unusual for him as he was usually busy getting in to places he shouldn't be and stealing carrots from all the farmers in the neighborhood. "Catch him, Catch him" cried Old Miss Guinea Hen but nobody did. All the little bunnies had the prettiest ribbons as did the Hard Working Mother Hen and her children, the Little Sweet Chickens. Hooter the Owl even came out in the daylight to join in the festivities. Bob, their faithful Collie dog watched over the party to make sure that no one got hurt.



After many games were played, Grandmother called everyone to come in for cake and ice cream and presents. Curly Top got the prettiest doll, all dressed up in a fancy dress fit for a princess. Grandfather gave Little Boy the prettiest bright red rolling hoop and showed him how to roll it using only a guide stick. As the guests began to leave, Little Boy kept rolling his hoop. He did not notice how far he had strayed from the house. He had thought to go pick a few of the safe berries for his Grandmother's next pie.

He had not paid attention to how fast the hoop was going and when he tried to stop, the pretty red hoop kept going, and stopped right under the outreaching branches of the dreadful Biting Bur Oak. Little Boy was so scared of the Hairy Biting Burs and so sad to see his bright new hoop in such a dangerous place that he immediately started to cry. He cried and cried and cried some more until the sound of his crying caught the ear of a friend, the Laughing Kookaburra, who happened to be flying nearby. The kind Kookaburra felt sorry for Little Boy and went to help him, which, as everyone knows, is what Kookaburras do.

After first comforting Little Boy and telling him that everything was going to be alright, he set out to find Hooter and get him to help. The two of them often worked together to help a friend but first they paused to talk things over and come up with a good plan. They decided that the best thing to do was to play a trick on the mean old tree and get the pretty red hoop safely back to Little



Boy. Another good friend, Red Robin, kept flying by saying, “Cheer up, Cheer up”. The Magpies flew to the furthest reaches of the Pleasant Valleys to spread the word to all the folks of the terrible misfortune that had happened to Little Boy. There are none better nor more willing than the Magpies when it comes to spreading the alarm in a hurry as this is what they have always done best. Every plant, tree and animal was excited and all wanted to help.

### THE GREAT RESCUE AND THE SHAMING OF THE BITING BUR OAK

What a noisy place it turned out to be when all the woodland creatures assembled under the shade of the Twisted Oak. Everyone was talking at once and in their loudest voices. All were angry at the Biting Bur Oak and wanted very much to get Little Boy’s pretty red hoop out from under his control. None, however, had a really good idea how to do so without getting bit by one of those mean old burs.

Finally, the Kookaburra came up with an idea everybody liked. He said that , since this mean old oak is so jealous of every body, let’s all get on one side and laugh at him to distract his attention so that Little Boy can sneak in and get his hoop while he is ranting at the rest of us for laughing at hm. This seemed like a good idea and so Curly Top and some of the others each got one of the delicious Coreless Apples and begin to eat them on the other side of the Biting Bur Oak. As they did, they all joined in singing:

“Some trees are cheerful and some just stay mad, Some have good fruit while others have bad,Some like to laugh and some like to frown, Along comes a woodsman and chops bad trees down.” Curly Top said to the Rambunctious Rabbit loud enough for the Bur Oak tree to hear, “See how pretty and good these coreless apples are! They taste delicious and are much better and prettier than those ugly old burs. Who would even want any of those ugly old burs and why do you suppose they have those needles to protect them when nobody would ever want them in the first place because they are so ugly?” Then everyone began to stick their tongues out at the mean old tree and make all sorts of fun of him. The Kookaburra flew around and around laughing all the way. This made the mean old tree even madder and he turned his attention away from the pretty red hoop to throw burs at the crowd. Try as he might, they were all just out of reach of his throw and he could not hit anyone.

It was at this moment that Little Boy made his move to get his hoop. Now these biting burs, when they are on the ground, can move just a little bit and so some, sensing a trick, had scooted over to surround the hoop making







an ugly trap. Little Boy had his eyes on the hoop and did not see them as he rushed toward the hoop. Fortunately, Bob, the faithful dog, saw the danger and grabbed Little Boy's shirttail and pulled him to safety before he got caught in the trap. He only had one bur sting him and an alert Raccoon soon knocked that off with a stick before it could get all its needles stuck into him. The bur began to sting and Little Boy was so disappointed he started to cry again, which caused all to wonder what to do now that the burs had the little red hoop surrounded by their wicked trap.

Everyone soon looked to Hooter the Owl for advice as he was considered the wisest of the group. He said, "There is yet one wiser than I and it is now time for Little Boy to go to the Wise Old Oak tree for advice. If there is anyone who can help, it is surely he because he has seen all in his many years

and knows all". Little Boy had always been afraid of the Wise Old Oak. He looked so mysterious and gloomy with his long, white flowing beard and nobody could even imagine what he might be thinking. There was nothing else for Little Boy to do but put aside his fear and push his way through the hanging mosses to get near to the trunk, for the old tree appeared to be nearly deaf. "Who is that waking me from my nap and what do you want?" he heard the old tree mutter softly. Little Boy answered, "It's me and I've lost my pretty new little Red Hoop that Grandfather gave me for a birthday present. It was seized by the mean old Biting Bur Oak tree and he has covered it with Biting Burs so that none may get it back without a terrible stinging. We have tried our best and now we don't know what to do for none of us can deal with those dreadful stinging burs." The Wise Old Oak stroked his beard with a limb and looked with sympathy at Little Boy. He said, "We trees usually take a long time to think on a problem before we give the solution but, in your case, I can see that you are in urgent need of help. Since I can see that you are a good little boy and really need help, I tell you that you have a weapon at your disposal that even the biting burs fear and it can solve your problem immediately. Use it and you will get your hoop back safely". Little Boy was cheered up immediately upon hearing this but then asked, "What is this weapon that you say I have because I know nothing of it?". "That, you must discover for yourself, for it is someone who would be your friend if you would only give him the chance". With that, the Wise Old Oak closed his mysterious eyes and went back into a deep sleep leaving Little Boy with nothing else to do but go back and report this strange news to his friends.

At first everyone was disappointed as they had hoped for a quick and easy answer. People waiting for a quick and easy answer to problems often fail to see one when it passes by them and end up getting no answer at all. Hooter the Owl was more determined than ever to solve the mystery and called out for all to stop and think about just what the Wise Old Oak had said. He said, "It is clear that the tree is referring to one who is really one of our neighbors except that we don't treat him as such. It appears that there is someone not here who can come to our aid if we just had the wisdom to identify and call on him". "That just cannot be", said the Magpies. "For we have summoned all and all are present here". There was silence for a moment as everybody tried to think their way through this problem. Perhaps the unlikeliest of all, kind old Gentleman Terrapin startled the group by asking, "Just how long has it been since anyone has seen Old Man Porcupine? It appears to me that he has been pretty scarce since that business at the last community picnic".

Everybody remembered at once how the folks had all asked Old Man Porcupine to leave the party for fear someone would get accidentally stuck on one of his countless quills. They all hated to do this but felt that safety first was best. Nevertheless, this hurt the old gentleman's feelings and he had gone to live in an old hollow log, out of sight and out of the minds of everyone. He was soon forgotten and was the loneliest of creatures. Suddenly Hooter remembered what all had seemed to have forgotten. There was a legend that told how Old Man Porcupine's quills were, sure

enough, the only things in the entire valley that the Biting Burs feared. The burs could not harm them and they could strike right to the heart of the Biting Bur acorns to kill them.

There was no more surprised creature in Pleasant Valley than Old Man Porcupine when all the gang came knocking on his log begging him to come out where they could tell him how sorry they were for the way they treated him and to ask him for help. He was very happy to see the people with whom he had wanted so much to be friends as he was so tired of living by himself with no one to talk to. All the woodland folk were talking at once and it took a few moments for Old Man Porcupine to understand the problem that had them all so excited. When he finally realized what the problem was he was very happy as he knew that he could help Little Boy and was quick



to say so.

“You have come to the right man!” said he, “I have had trouble with that nasty old Bur Tree before and I know just how to deal with him. Come with me and I will make him wish he had never been so mean to Little Boy.” Without wasting any time they all moved in a grand procession to the base of the troublesome tree. When he saw Old Man Porcupine coming, the expression on the face of the Biting Bur Oak tree changed suddenly from a sneer to one of outright fear. The fearless porcupine said no more but just went right to the problem with quills bristling. He speared every bur he came in contact with and struck terror into their hearts. The final act of this drama was when he attacked the bur trap that had been set up around the Red Hoop. What a screaming and a howling there was as he stabbed each in turn. With their limited mobility, they tried to surround their attacker but they soon found out just how deadly were the piercing quills that covered Old Man Porcupine's body. Soon the battle was over and the burs, as best



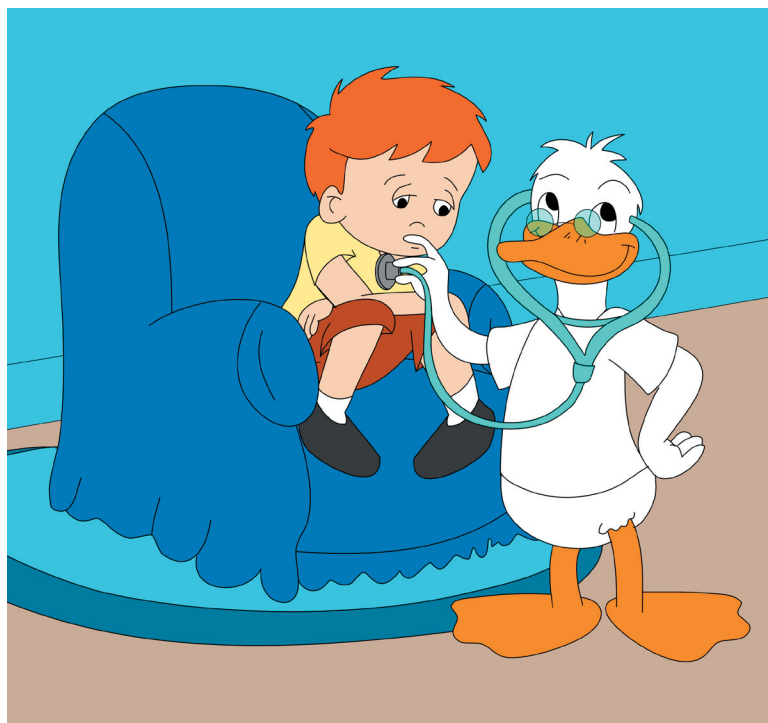
they could, climbed back up the tree and hid in fear. Little Boy proudly went in safely to recover his hoop and he and Curly Top took turns rolling it.

As for Old Man Porcupine, well, you could say he was the man of the hour and hero to all. Grandfather made a small wooden pallet so the he could ride on the shoulders of his new admirers without sticking them with his many sharp quills. He would never be lonely again as folks of all sorts now come to his log to hear him tell stories of past adventures. It seems that porcupines are natural born story tellers if one can only get to know them. This teaches us an important lesson that everybody has something worthwhile to contribute, if only they are given a chance.

Meanwhile, Grandmother had been busy preparing cold lemonade and popcorn balls as a special treat for this memorable occasion and a good time was had by all. For the first time in a long time, the Biting Bur Oak had the good sense to keep his mouth shut so that all could enjoy themselves and some say he really was sorry for his part in this dangerous adventure.

After the defeat of the Biting Burs, things were nice and peaceful in Pleasant Valley. The days were warm but not hot and the evenings were cool, but not cold. It was just right and all the creatures, especially the little ones, had ample time for play. Little Boy and Curly Top roamed all over the valley. They knew all the friendly creatures who were always glad to see them coming. They played all sorts of games that woodland creatures play so well. Games like “Let’s Swing in the Hammock and See Who Falls Out First” and the old favorite, “Grass Slide”. This was a lot of fun unless one happened to slide into a rock.

Trouble reared its ugly head one fine day when Little Boy began to feel too tired to keep on playing. The place where the Biting Bur had stung him during the battle for the hoop was strangely slow to heal. Curly Top began to get worried and sent for Dr. Quack, the Duck, who was marvelously skilled in taking care of the woodland creatures ailments. The wise old duck came right away and proceeded to examine Little Boy.



After he was done he shook his head and said that there was something about Little Boy’s condition that he did not fully understand. He prescribed a strong dose of Sap Oil from a nearby Medicine Bark tree and said we would just have to wait. The oil had the nastiest taste but Little Boy was very brave and took it like a good boy. After the vile taste finally went away he went back to play with his little friends. In spite of Dr. Quacks best efforts, Little Boy did not seem to get any better so a council of the friends was held and it was decided that Little Boy should once again go to the Wise Old Oak for advice.

## JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC MOUNTAIN

Although Little boy had been to the Wise Old Oak once before when he was seeking help in the battle of the Biting Burs, he was

still a bit scared as he approached the mysterious old tree. As before, the tree was sleeping, as oak trees usually do, and again he awoke with an angry start saying, “Who dares disturb my rest?” Almost immediately he saw it was Little Boy with a pained look on his face and his

manner changed to a more friendly outlook. “Why are you back to see me?” said he. “Did the porcupine not kill all the wicked burs?” Little Boy then explained what had happened and how he was suffering from some bad ailment that the kind old Dr. Duck could not seem to cure. Again the Wise Old Oak stroked his mossy beard and thought for ever so long a time. Finally he said, “There is one who can tell you what to do, but I fear he is far away and the journey is dangerous.” “Please, oh kind Oak Tree, just tell me who this might be and where he is to be found and I am brave enough for the task, as I want very much to get well”. “Very well”, said the Wise Old Oak.

“At the head of the Dark Hollow, at the foot of the Mystic Mountain, there is a cave where dwells the Wizard of Wisdom. He is older even than I, for he was old when I was just an acorn. All the woodland folk far and near both fear and admire him for he is the wisest and most powerful wizard of them all. He knows many secret things and tells very little to anyone but those he considers the bravest and most deserving. If he likes you, you stand a good chance of getting the help you need.” Little Boy was thrilled at these words but still had many questions. “If the road is dark and the land strange, then how will I find this wizard?” he asked.

The wise old tree then began to talk some more. “The entrance to the dense woods of the Dark Hollow is to be found just uphill from the Pool of the Water Sprites. The path will take you past the Wood Goblins house where you must be careful not to be seen, for many travelers have fallen into the clutches of the wicked Wood Goblin and never been heard of again. Once past the scary house, you will see a fork in the road guarded by two Tree Druids. Only they can tell you which is the right path to the Old Wizard’s cave and you must be sure to take the correct one, else no one knows what trouble might befall you on the wrong one. There is, however, a problem that you, and only you, must solve to prove yourself worthy to proceed. The problem is that the druids are from two different camps and those from one camp tell only the truth while those from the other camp only tell lies and you cannot tell by looking at them which is which. As a further condition, you will only be allowed to ask two questions. You may ask whichever druid you wish, but remember, you only have two questions to decide between truth and lies if you are to find the right way. Choose wisely and you will find what you seek. Choose wrongly and you may join those long lost travelers who never returned and whose fate is still unknown.”



Little Boy was doing his best to understand all the wise old tree was telling him but it seemed like the questions were running around in his mind chasing each other for answers. He had once seen the Mystic Mountain from a distance. Grandfather had taken the children for a very long walk so that they could see it all covered with mysterious clouds. They thought at the time that it must hold many secrets. Then there was the problem of the two questions and how was he to know which druid to believe. It all seemed so frightfully puzzling. When he asked this of the tree, the Wise Old Oak replied, “I have given you enough information to solve the problem, if you will just use your wits and think it through. If you can do that, then the Wizard will surely realize that you are brave, smart and worthy and will give you the help you need”. With that, the old tree pulled a blanket of moss around him and, giving a deep, throaty yawn, dropped off into a deep sleep.

Little Boy then realized that the rest was up to him and he must now make a plan. He also realized that he would need a very good plan and to make one he would have to have help.

When he returned to the Pleasant Meadow, he called on some of his best friends for a council. Curly Top was the first one chosen and then there was wise old Hooter the Owl. Of course he could not leave out the Laughing Kookaburra or the Rambunctious Rabbit and all his cousins. Brother Jay Bird wanted to go as well because he was good at making distracting noises and

carrying messages back to the folks at home. It was decided that the final part of the journey was too much for Little Boy alone and so Curly Top agreed to go with him to wherever the path led them. Thus began the expedition of good friends, brave and true.

Hooter, by virtue of his university background, led the discussion. He said that there were three problems they must first solve if they were to succeed. First of these was to find the Dark Hollow and the path the tree spoke about. Second, they must have a plan get by the Wood Goblin, since their path led right by his house. Third, all would be lost if they could not find the right path that led from the druids to the wizard. This, of course, would mean solving the problem of which druid to believe. The rabbit said that, while he wasn't bright about these things, he

to



knew what the second question must be – which path is the right one? He then said that since he had figured out one of the questions, it was up to the others to figure out the other. Little Boy reminded them that the Wise Old Oak had told him that, since he had enough information given to solve the problem, all they had to do was to study about everything he had said.

Now unknown to the group, another friend, Old Man Terrapin, had been nearby listening. It was he who came up with the solution to the problem. He told them that since we knew for a fact that the druids were from different camps, there was one question they could ask first that would identify each of them. All of the group gathered around the kind old gentleman Terrapin and begged him for the answer to the problem. He was so proud to be the center of attention that he almost burst his shell. The question, said he, is simply “Are you from the same camp?”. He then explained that if the answer was “yes” then this druid was the liar and they could then ask the other for the true path. If the answer was “no” then this druid was telling the truth and they could then ask him for the way and safely proceed. Everyone was joyful until Hooter pointed out that if they could not get by the Wood Goblin, they would never make it to the druids. Then the group fell silent and deep in thought as they worked to make a plan.

Surprisingly enough, it was the Rambunctious Rabbit that finally figured it out. He explained that if we wanted the children to get by without the Wood Goblin noticing, then we should give him something else to notice while Little Boy and Curly Top sneaked safely by. The rabbit went on to say, “Although I am not very good in a fight, I am very good at running away and there are many times when this is the best strategy. What I propose to do is to walk right up to the mean old Goblin’s door and pound on it so loud it will bring him out, even if he is asleep. I will be ready

to be off with a big jump and then I can easily outrun him. Just in case he doesn't take the bait, there is something more we can do. Over the years, my relatives have had a lot of experience with this Goblin as he is always hunting us to put into a rabbit pie. You can ask any one of them and they will all tell you that this Goblin is a bad one and has a terrible temper and gets so mad he can't think straight if he thinks folks are making fun of him and laughing at him. As he starts chasing me, B'rer Jay Bird should fly low over him and start scolding him at the top of his voice. At the same time, B'rer Kookaburra should start laughing at him from the nearest tree. While he is thrashing the air with his fists trying to hit the Jay Bird, Little Boy and Curly Top can safely sneak by without his ever knowing they were there. Finally, when they have made it safely up the path out of danger, we will all three give the evil old Goblin one last laugh and disappear from his view leaving him to rant and rave as he pleases with only the trees to hear."



Everyone thought this was a good plan and said so. The first part was easy, since all knew the way to the pool of the Water Sprites, although none had ever been there. They were a bit uneasy about how the Water Sprites might react to strangers coming to their pool, but their fears were unfounded as the Water Sprites chose to just ignore them. Sure enough, hidden behind a tangle of brush and vines, was a path leading into the Dark Hollow. At first, these brave companions were frightened by the appearance of the Shadows of Fear that suddenly sprang up to defy them and scare them away from their mission. At this point, Little Boy really showed his stuff. He stepped right up to the larger of these looming shadows and told him, "Step aside, foul spirit, because we are on a mission and our courage is greater than your fear, which is only a shadow having no substance. We are on a righteous mission and no formless shadow can keep up us from completing our quest. I am the leader of this expedition and I say, be off with you!". When the shadows saw that they could no longer frighten the company of friends, they fled.



This is what fear does when it comes face to face with courage. The adventure at the Wood Goblins house, far from frightening, was more hilarious than anyone could have imagined. The evil old Goblin fell right into the trap that the friends had planned for him. He grabbed for the Rabbit at his door and missed and then raged with all his fury at the Jay Bird and Kookaburra until the very blood vessels in his body began to swell to the bursting point. He turned blue all over and fell into a nearby ravine and was never heard of again. The hearts of all the creatures rejoiced at the fall of their enemy. The Rambunctious Rabbit was rightly judged to be a hero by all the woodland creatures after his plan had worked so well.

The rest of the walk past the Goblin's house was uneventful. At last they came to the two Druids. As with the previous fears, they turned out not



to be nearly as frightening as had been feared. Little Boy asked the questions with confidence and soon they found themselves walking in the bright sunshine along a pleasant woodland path. Little Boy and Curly Top were now alone, having left the rest of the group behind to wait for them at the Wood Goblin's house, which was now used as a place for weary travelers to rest.

At long last, they found themselves at the foot of the fog covered Mystic Mountain and, just as the Wise Old Oak had said, there was a cave that they both assumed was the home of The Wizard of Wisdom.

### THE VISIT WITH THE WIZARD OF WISDOM

The children moved ahead without fear to the wizard's cave. They both remembered a lesson that Grandfather had taught them about how folks usually fear the unknown when to do so amounts to forgetting that behind a veil of mystery can be good as well as evil. Veils hide the ugly but they can also hide the beautiful and there is nothing to fear in a veil. When they were about 10 feet from the door, they were surprised to see the old Wizard step out to greet them. He had a smile, not a frown on his face as he said, "Welcome to the cave and world of the Wizard of Wisdom. You need not worry with explaining yourselves or your mission as I have watched you from afar as you have bravely overcome one obstacle after another. It is such brave children as you who are especially welcome here. I know why you have come and so let us begin at once to see what can be done for Little Boy to make him well again".



He immediately beckoned the children to follow him into his cave and on into his Secret Laboratory. The children were amazed by the many strange machines, noises and smells rising from several experiments. The Wizard summoned Little Boy to lie on an examining table where he used several strange objects to look him over from top to bottom. Finally, he picked up a strange magnifying glass with a very thick lens that seemed to glow with an eerie fire. He began to gaze through it intently

in the area of LITTLE BOY's skin where the Biting Bur had nicked him. He raised his head suddenly and exclaimed, "GREMS, just as I suspected!" Before the children had time to ask what on earth a Grem was, he turned and started to explain. "When I first heard of your fight with the

Biting Burs, I wondered if the evil burs had made another wicked plan for that is what they often do. It seems that at certain times the Biting Burs are able to put some evil little creatures called Grems, too small for the eye to see, on the tips of some of their burs so that when they bite they are injected into the blood stream of the victim. Once inside they can hurt the vital organs of a healthy body and cause serious harm unless something is done to stop them and get rid of them. It is these wicked little creatures inside him that is causing Little Boy to feel sick.”

: A WICKED GREM WITH AN  
EVIL PLOT.

Little Boy and Curly Top listened closely to what the friendly wizard was saying and thought about it carefully. Little Boy said to the wizard, “Good wizard, you spoke of doing something about stopping them and, to me, it seems that in saying that you refer to a hope that I do not yet understand. Could you please tell me more of this hope for I most certainly want to be rid of these pests and get well again.” With that the goodly wizard bade them to be seated on a neat little sofa. Nearby was the nicest tea service with the prettiest tea pot and cups they had ever seen. As the wizard poured their tea, he explained that this problem would best be solved over tea and that it would likely be a two cup problem. It seems that wizards gauge the difficulty of a problem by the number of cups of tea that are likely to be consumed while talking about the solution. He then settled back in his easy chair and began to speak.



“We wizards have ways of seeing things that interest us and you and your woodland friends have surely had some interesting adventures of late. The top notch way you have met with problems has certainly impressed me. From the very beginning, you have both been friends with all the woodland creatures and lived in fellowship with them. When Grandmother gave the party, all your friends came and a good time was shared by all. When the trouble with the Biting Burs and the lost hoop came, you wisely sought counsel and then had the courage to act upon that good advice. In the process, you discovered a resource person in Old Man Porcupine that was there all along and only required being asked in to the battle for the day to be won. When the dark shadows of fear tried to stop you from proceeding on your journey, you had both wisdom and courage – wisdom to see these foul creatures for the formless shadows that they were and the courage to brush them aside and go forward. When faced with the dire problem of the Wood Goblin, you again used your wits and resources available to you to carry out a plan that, in





effect, allowed evil to destroy itself. Again, when confronted with the problem of which druid to believe in order to find the way, you did not confront the druids angrily with futile demand, you merely used the combined wits of your friends to come up with a childishly simple solution to the problem. I use the term “childishly” in the most complimentary way as many adults would have sought a complicated solution when a simple one was available. There are many advantages to being a child and a fresh, uncluttered and open mind is one of the foremost of them. We live in a universe of wondrous size. The heavens above us are so vast that it would take billions upon billions of years to travel across it. Yet, here we are, in the midst of this vastness, having tea in a pleasant place where the singing of songbirds and the hum of the busy bees may be heard in all their beauty and simplicity as they go happily about their appointed tasks, unaware of the vastness that surrounds them. Now I must tell you about the lower order of vastness, that which occurs at a size too small to be seen by the unaided eye and yet just as ordered and just as marvelous as that we see in the stars above us. This wonderland extends in size down to the smallest atom and even the atoms have their sub-parts. I like to call this the Undersee world because, like the Undersea world, we cannot see it with the naked eye. The problem before us at the moment requires us to venture into the Undersee world, wherein the cells of the human body live and function. Like so many things that we cannot see, there is mystery here, but it is a good mystery that functions for our wellbeing. There are resources available to help us in the Undersee world and I must now introduce you to them. You have always had them, you just didn’t know them.

In the wonderland of the Undersee world that exists in all our bodies are some very good friends whose only reason for being is to look out for our health and wellbeing. You don’t know it but you actually command an army of millions of warriors who are friendly to you but brave defenders against all invaders. It is time you met these friendly warriors because they are now either asleep or resting and you need to command them to go to war with the evil Grems who have come into Little Boy’s body without an invitation. There is one problem, however, and that requires a friend, true and faithful to solve. After seeing the courage she has displayed so far on this journey of yours, I believe Curly Top to be such a friend.”

Both Little Boy and Curly Top had quietly listened with close attention to what the wizard was saying and they were anxious to know more of the hope of which he spoke. After a few moments of silent thought, it was Curly Top who broke the silence as she said, “I came on this journey to help Little Boy, whom I love dearly, and you will find me ready and able to do what is necessary to finish the job we have both begun. We have both learned how to deal with fear and how nice it is to see fear turn to success. I will do what has to be done”. “Very well”, said the wise old wizard, “Now listen closely while I tell you of a wonderful journey that is quite beyond your imagination. To meet the army of which I spoke, it is going to be necessary for you to pass them in grand review in the very place they live and that place is inside Little Boy’s body”. With that, the wizard again went silent while he let these words soak in. The children were both completely baffled for what he had said seemed so impossible.

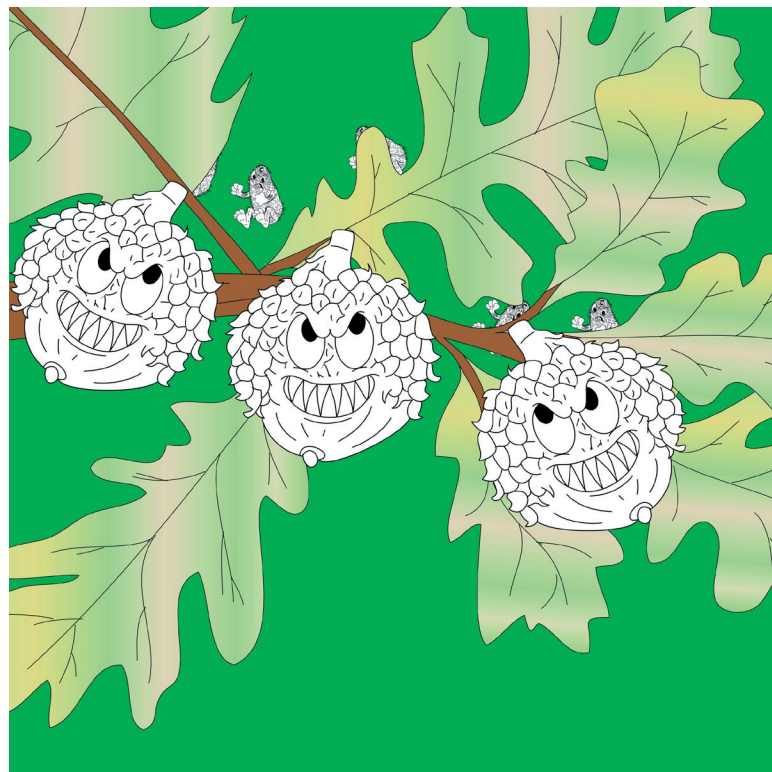
Once again, the wizard, in his kindest way of speaking, began to explain what he had in mind. “You may see this as an impossible task, and from where you are now sitting, it is impossible. What you must do is now open your mind to possibilities and think beyond the horizon of your imaginations. The first big problem to solve is that of size, since you are now too big to even think of venturing inside Little Boy’s body. For the moment, let us imagine that it is possible to shrink down to the size of the Undersee creatures. This would be the first step, but it would require much more and for that you must again depend on true and trusty friends. We wizards have knowledge that we hold in secret places for special times such as right now, when we need to help deserving folks such as you dear children. Now is the time for me to reveal some of them to you.

Think of the many happy times you and your friends have had bobbing for the Coreless Apples

and how delicious these apples were. You will recall that, before the apple, came the blossom in all its glory of sight and sweet smell. In passing by and enjoying the sight of the apple blossoms, you never imagined what secrets the blossoms held and which I will now reveal to you. Some friendly bees once brought a supply of Coreless Apple Blossom nectar to me and, in my secret laboratory I was able to make a wonderful discovery. It seems that if the nectar is cooked in a special way, a potion can be made that will cause people who are covered with it to shrink to the size of the Undersee creatures. This makes it possible to visit these creatures and get to know them. Think of it as a way to go to strange places to meet new friends. There is one word of caution and that is that the shrinkage only lasts for one hour and when that hour is up, that which was shrunk must return to normal size. You must be careful to get clear of Little Boy's body and be out in the open so that when this happens there will be no danger of getting trapped inside. If you are still inside when this growing starts, it could destroy both of you. With this caution, are you still willing to proceed?"

Suddenly things did not seem so simple. She found herself having to struggle to keep back fear of such a thing happening. Yet, they had come so far and, with the end of the journey in sight, it seemed a shame to turn back so Curly Top summoned all her courage and declared herself ready to do what had to be done. This pleased the wizard as he had been confident that he could depend upon her to carry out this dangerous but necessary mission. He then told them that he must first describe what she will be looking for and time will be precious once she has shrunk to the Undersee.

"The first person that you must find is the one we call The Sentinel and he lives in the right side of Little Boy's brain where dwells the Unconscious Mind. They tell me he is a friendly sort of a chap and that is nice since it is he who is in immediate control of all the good soldiers who will be the ones to attack the Grems. These soldiers have names, names that you should get to know if we are to be at our best when the time comes to attack the invading Grems. Each has its own shape and personality and also its own particular weapons to press the fight. The weapons are all feared by the Grems as they have no defense against them. The Grems are like the playground bullies who pick on little children but run when the big boys show up. Even the Grems have a weakness and in that weakness is your hope for victory. Each of these Grems is branded at



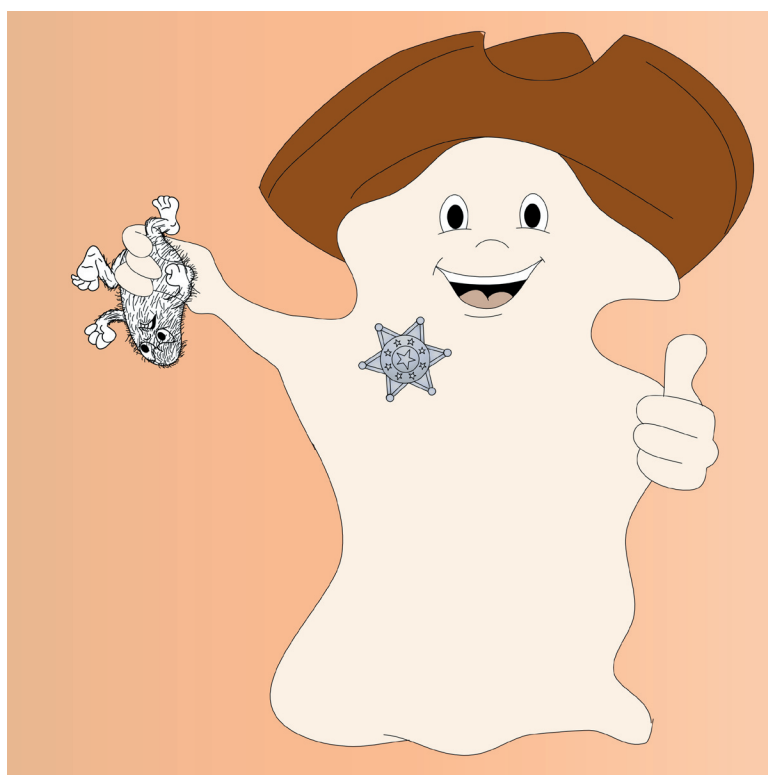
birth by the evil Biting Bur Oak with the letter "C". Little Boy was puzzled by this and asked the Wizard how this came to be. "According to a legend that was already thousands of years old when I was born, there were two brothers, one good and one with a jealous heart and a mean streak in him. The mean brother ended up killing his younger brother in a spiteful rage and for that evil deed he had a mark placed in his forehead so that all the good people could recognize him. According to the legend, to this very day, all evil creatures who delight in killing their brothers and sisters must bear such a mark and this is why the Grems must wear the "C" mark. Perhaps another explanation is that the wicked oak feared that some would try to escape his evil spell and so marked them. All these Grems can do about it is to try their best to hide the mark from view by lurking in dark places as they do their mean and evil work. This

is why it is so important for us to shine bright lights in dark places so that the good soldiers, your defenders, can see their mark and destroy them before they can harm you anymore. Sneaky as they may be, the Grems cannot hide from this bright, intelligent light. Some say that this is a case of evil destroying itself. Now let me introduce you to some of your brave defenders who have only your best interests at heart.

The Sentinel is the battlefield commander and has complete charge over sending the soldiers into the fight. The Sentinel will obey our commands to attack the invaders, if we can just get through to him to sound the alarm and tell him what needs to be done. This is why it is important to have a guide to get the message through the Conscious Mind to reach the Sentinel in the Unconscious Mind.” This explanation troubled the children a little bit because they weren’t aware that they had two minds. The wizard explained that they had been up to now so busy working in the Conscious Mind to give orders to things like causing their feet to run or their arms to throw things that they had failed to notice the other mind which never sleeps. “This Unconscious Mind is the one that tells the heart to beat and the lungs to breathe, else we should surely die. At the end of a busy day, the Conscious Mind needs a good night’s sleep so that it can participate in all the exciting events of a new day, but the Unconscious Mind is always faithfully at work and never sleeps. It is this through this mind that we must direct the troop movements in the Battle of the Grems. Now do you see why it is so important for you to get acquainted with this true and trusty friend?”

The children listened closely as the wise old wizard continued to explain. “There are some other soldiers of your army that you need to get to know. For all your life, they have been protecting your bodies from many mean old invaders who try to make you sick, and yet you did not even know they were there. Now pay close attention while I name some of the more important of these friendly warriors. They are very anxious to meet you. Allow me to introduce you to them.

The first, and largest, of these are the Nice, Fat Patrollers. (Some doctors books call them Macrophages). They are much larger than the other cells and the Grems as well. They go about the veins of the body looking for bad cells and disposing of them by simply gobbling them up and eating them. This puts an end to them forever. In the case of some really bad ones, like the Grems, they will chew up the Grems and hold aloft a ragged portion of Grem skin, with the



“C” brand showing, for the other soldiers to see. They will recognize it as an enemy and attack other Grems wherever they find them hiding. The Grems are defenseless against the Nice, Fat Patrollers and there really is not much of a fight. Sometimes the Nice, Fat Patrollers have trouble recognizing these Grems when the light is bad and this is where we come in as we are going to help light them up – but I am getting ahead of myself in the story.

There is a vast army of billions of Soldier Cells constantly being reinforced by the cell factory in the marrow of the bones. (Some doctor books call these T-cells) They are continuously on the march awaiting signals from the Sentinel to attack evil invaders that have come into the body, without an invitation, to make people sick or even worse. They sometimes get directions from the Helper Cells which act as scouts

spotting enemy invaders and sending out a signal to attack. If they happen to see the dreaded “C” brand being held up as a signal by a Nice, Fat Patroller, they will fly to the attack of all other Grem in the area. They attack the Grem with a bayonet charge in which they stick the cell wall with a sharp point like a bayonet in the hands of a master warrior. They also kill by the injection of deadly poisons into the cell wall. The weak and disorganized Grem cell cannot repair itself and dies within a couple of minutes.



### YOUR ARMY OF WARRIORS THAT PROTECT YOU!

The GK cells kill Grem with a deadly poison. The SLITHERING SEAL CELLS CAN squeeze through tissue to attack Grem with ferocity. The WARRIOR CELLS attack in waves to stab and kill Grem who have no defense for their sharp bayonets. These good guys always win!

The GK or Grem Killer cells (some doctor’s books call them NK cells) kill with a poison so deadly that the Grem cells come apart and cannot escape destruction. These Grem killers patrol constantly and will either kill the enemies themselves or rush to help another of the good guys they

might happen to see locked in a battle with an army of Grem.

Sometimes the mean old Grem cells manage to escape from the bloodstream and get out into the body tissue and on into various body parts where they proceed to starting eating up the good cells. This is where the Slithering Seal Cells (some doctor’s books call them neutrophils) go to war with them. These clever cells can change their shapes so they can slither through the cellular walls of the blood veins and go directly to attack the Grem in the tissue and the attack is both immediate and deadly. They surround the enemy like fighter planes buzzing for the attack. They can catch it in their tentacles and squeeze it to death while piercing its walls with deadly dagger pricks. If the Grem cell happens to be a bit too large for them to squeeze them to death, then the Seal Cells are armed with deadly chemicals which they can spray on and destroy even the larger Grem. As with the other troops in your army, the Grem have no effective way to defend against this attack and thus they are destroyed, never to bother anyone again.” At this point, the wizard could see that the children were pretty much overloaded with all this information and needed a break. Therefore, he called for another serving of the nicest tea and cakes and bade them relax and enjoy themselves. He told them that the time has come for starting on the most wonderful and exciting part of their journey of adventure and discovery that had started at that pleasant party back in the Pleasant Valley.

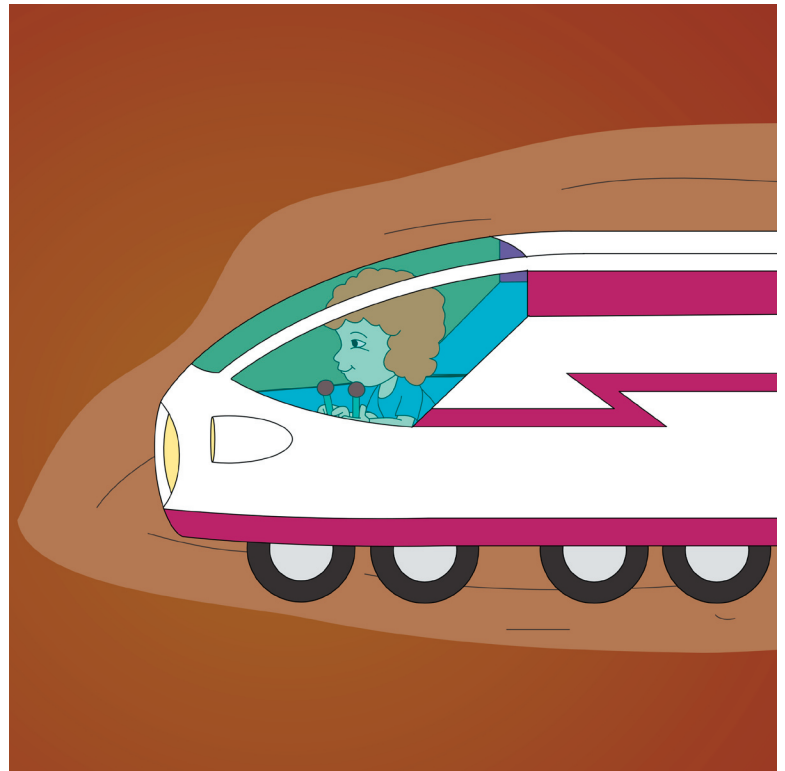


### CURLY TOP’S EXCITING JOURNEY THROUGH THE UNDERSEE WORLD

Upon finishing her cup of tea and enjoying the last of the delicious scones that were spread with butter and the sweetest jam she had ever tasted, Curly Top said to the wizard, “I am now ready to get on with the job now before me and do what has to be done! Grandfather once taught me that heroes and cowards both know fear, but the heroes, in their moment of glory, put aside their fear for the sake of getting the job done. That is what I am now ready to do.” With that, the Wizard

gave her his last words of instruction. He had her place her right hand on the place where the evil bur had first stung Little Boy and told her to not let go even when she felt herself shrinking to the Undersee.

“Just close your eyes when the journey starts and you will arrive safely at the point of entry into the very bloodstream of Little Boy’s body. Look around you and you will see a shiny little capsule shaped vehicle, made of a sturdy clear glass that is known as an “UnderCab”. He told her to notice that the UnderCab has a headlight as big as a searchlight as well as a large tail light. There will be a tiny little Driver Guide standing beside you who is one of the Sentinel’s Helpers. There are millions of these Driver Guides driving their UnderCabs all through the body doing their many jobs at the direction of the Sentinel. You should have no fear as both the UnderCab and the Driver Guides are tried and true and completely trustworthy.

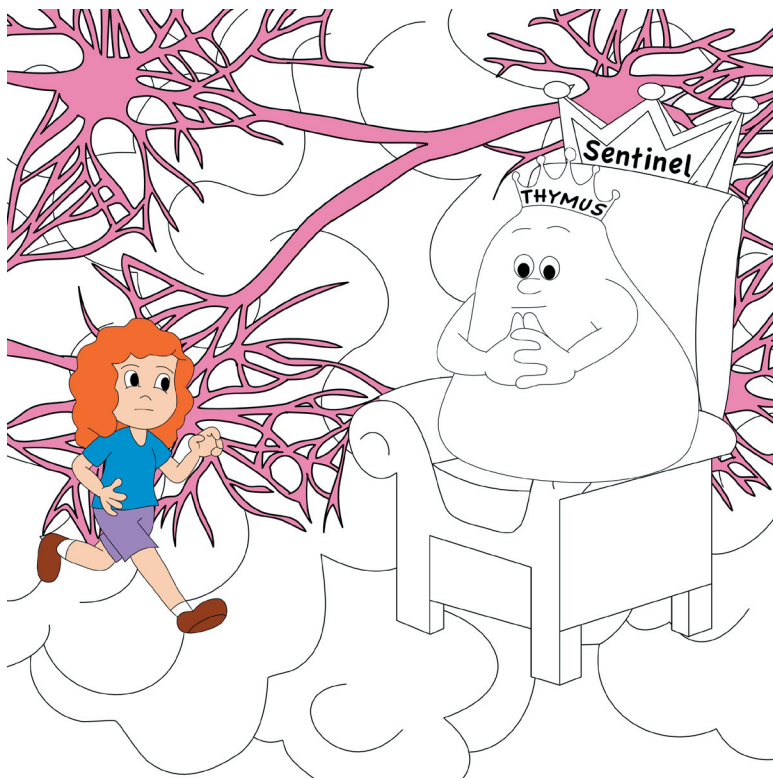


You will find that the Driver Guides will welcome you as a brand new friend and all will be pleased to meet you. Your very own Driver Guide will open the door to the UnderCab and help you into a comfortable seating position from which you can safely view all the wondrous sights that will pass by on your high speed journey. The Driver Guide will then take his seat and ask you where you want to go. You simply tell him to take you to the Sentinel and then relax and enjoy the ride. Be prepared to see all sorts of strange sights that, although you have never seen anything like them before, will merely be what goes on at the Undersee level in everyone’s bodies and they pose no danger to you. There will likely be some scary sights, especially if you encounter some of the Grems. Just hold fast to your courage in the certain knowledge that the sleek little capsule is sturdy enough to protect you from the very worst of these. Above all, do not be afraid of the Sentinel. He is good and kind, even though he is very busy directing all the cells of the body to do their jobs. You must get his attention in order to tell him why you have come and that there are Grems in Little Boy’s body without his knowing about them. Grems are good at sneaking around and remaining unseen but if a light can be shined on them, the “C” brand will stand out and they will be recognized. Once the Sentinel becomes aware of the invaders, he will immediately send out messenger cells to the defense warriors to destroy them. It should be a grand sight to see millions of UnderCabs leaving with his orders to the warriors to carry out the job of cleansing Little Boy’s body of these evil Grems forever.”

After these final words of wisdom, the wizard sprayed a mist of the Shrinking Potion over Curly Top and she immediately felt herself shrinking. She could not remember how long it was until she found herself standing beside this pretty little glass UnderCab and saw the friendly Driver Guide standing there with a smile of welcome on his face. It seemed like time passed at a faster rate than in the outer world although she had no way of knowing this for sure. The Driver Guide wasted no time in putting her in a safe and comfortable seat in the cab and as he joined her and secured the hatch, he politely asked, “Where shall we go?” Curly Top remembered to say, “Please take me to the Sentinel” and without further ado, off they rushed on the most wonderful and amazing journey she could ever have imagined.

They travelled through blood veins and arteries at what seemed to be a blinding speed. She saw

billions upon billions of busy cells, both red and white, speeding along their way to nurture and protect Little Boy's body. Occasionally, they would pass one of the brave soldier cells in the process of killing some germ that had made its way into the body with harmful intent. As she passed many of these scenes, she began to notice that the defenders always won and the only grems that were doing well were those that had not been spotted by the defending warriors. She asked the Driver Guide about this and he told her that over the course of millions of these journeys, he had never seen a soldier fail to kill an enemy cell, once he had recognized it as such. He went on to say that the enemies were aware of this and will always seek to escape detection by hiding in dark places and only moving when they catch the soldiers asleep. Three times along the trip, they had actually been attacked by the wicked Grems but each time, the slick little UnderCab was able to slip right out of their evil clutches. Curly Top was surprised to see the letter "C" brand on some of them before they slipped back into dark places. Soon we see a closed door ahead marked COMMAND AND CONTROL. This is the entrance into the right side of Little Boy's brain where dwells the subconscious mind and its controller, the Sentinel. By throwing an access switch on the control panel of the UnderCab, they opened the door and drove through,



by a host of all types of defender cells. It seemed like a short time until the swift little UnderCab pulled up to the base of the Sentinel's throne. It was as the Wizard had said, he had a friendly face but very busy with hundreds of fiber like antennas, like the filaments of a spider's web, extending in all directions and pulsing like a beating heart with messages of all sorts to all parts of the body.

He gave her a friendly smile and, although he was very busy, he did seem to be interested in why she had come and willing to help. Seeing that there was nothing to fear, she blurted right out, "There is trouble afoot with Little Boy and I have come to put you on your guard!". With that, she began to explain about the Grems and how they could be recognized by their brand – the letter "C". Upon hearing this, the Sentinel immediately sent out the signal for every UnderCab in the entire body to turn both their head lights and tail lights to

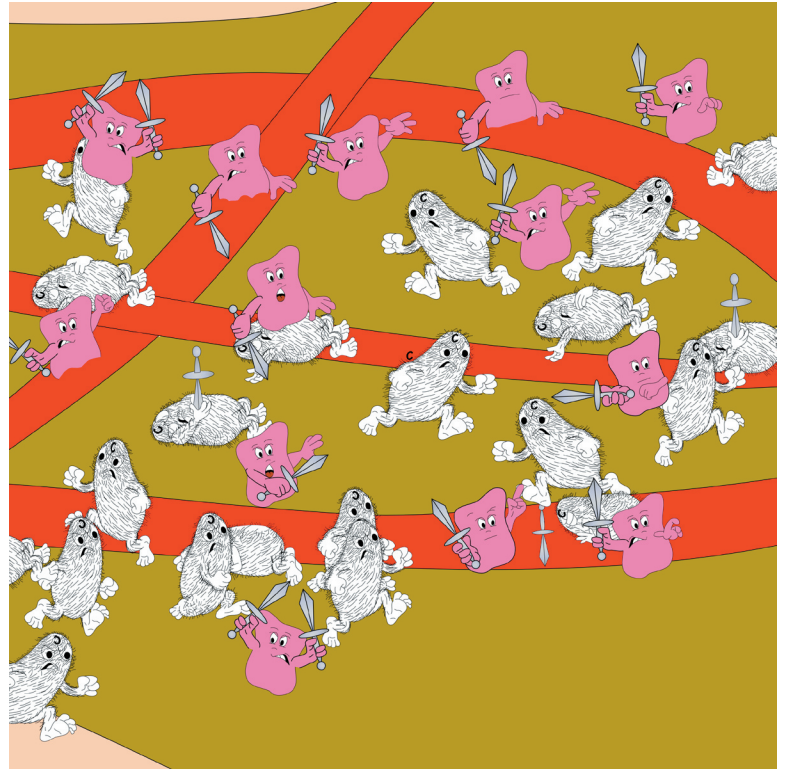
full brightness. Then he sent specific orders for the Helper Cells to alert all the defenders to find these deadly Grems and destroy them. The Sentinel, as he was still very, very busy, thanked her for coming and bade her to return to the outer world before her one hour window of time closed about her.

Words cannot possibly describe the sights she saw on the return trip. This time the body was so well illuminated by the glare of millions of UnderCab lights that she had to shade her eyes to see. Every nook and cranny was fully lit and there was no place for the terror stricken Grems to hide. She looked on as the Nice, Fat Patrollers chewed up these naughty invaders and held up tattered pieces of their chewed up skins with the letter "C" showing plainly in the bright lights. For those of us who have never seen it (and that's just about all of us), there is nothing like the sight of a team of Slithering Seal Cells destroying a nest of Grems, chocking some and stabbing others.

There were dead Grems all along the way, where they had been found and attacked by the GK

cells and the vast army of Soldier Cells marching in formation as far as her eye could see pressing the attack to the few remaining Grems who could not escape the glare of the all revealing lights. Then they heard an announcement by the Sentinel that all the bad guys were dead and that it was time for us to go home.

She scarcely had time to think until the sturdy little UnderCab was back where she had started and the Driver Guide was helping her out. He bade her goodbye and told her to just sit and wait until the time came for the potion to wear off and she found herself back in her own familiar land. The last thing he told her was that he had just received orders from the Sentinel to turn the lights on the UnderCab back to normal which he said was a signal that the battle was over and the good guys had won. The evil Grems that had caused Little Boy to be sick were dead and gone forever



and he was well and as good as ever – in fact, much better for having made the successful journey. She thanked him from the bottom of her heart and watched in profound appreciation and gratitude as the tiny little UnderCab went speeding about its business.

Soon her mind was in a swirl and, even though her eyes were closed, she was aware of changes taking place that were happening completely without her control. In the twinkling of an eye, she found herself back with Little Boy and the Wizard. Both listened with excitement as she told them the story of her Amazing Adventure. The wise old Wizard was proud of her and told her so. He departed from the posture of a Wizard long enough to give both the children a big hug that would have done credit to Grandmother and Grandfather. He then told them that their journey was over except for the return home. “When you started out on the journey, everything ahead was unknown and filled with dread. One at a time you faced these obstacles and overcame them and, in so doing, proved yourselves worthy of the prize you sought which you have now won. The trip here may have been scary at times, but the trip home will be one of victory at the end of which will be cheers and pats on your backs for a job well done. The druids will be no more than new friends along the way, the Wood Goblin is dead and all the vines have been cleared from the path to the Water Sprites’ pond by your admiring friends. Perhaps we shall meet again at some unexpected time but, for now, I must bid you a fond farewell and a pleasant journey home.”

## THE CONQUERERS RETURN HOME VICTORIOUS

The children did, indeed, enjoy a very nice trip back home. It was nice to pass the druids with a pleasant wave and not even a shadow of fear. The house of the wicked old Wood Goblin had already started to recover from his evil control with pretty flowers starting to spring up all around. They wondered if the flowers had always been there but their fear kept them from seeing them when they first passed by. The cottage itself was quite cozy which seemed to tell of happier days before the coming of the unwelcome Goblin. Not only was the path out of the Dark Hollow clear, it was actually surrounded by the prettiest blooming plants and the songs of birds nesting throughout. Both the children decided that the Dark Hollow was no longer dark and needed



renaming. Curly Top thought that they could have a contest amongst the woodland creatures to select a new name and Little Boy that it should now be Happy Hollow and that is its name to this very day.

As they emerged from the path, they suddenly heard the sounds of cheers. It seems that all their woodland friends had been gathered to anxiously await their return from the Mystic Mountain. The fellowship of rejoicing that followed was filled with excitement and more questions than a hundred children could have possibly answered. "Catch 'em, Catch 'em" screeched Old Miss Guinea Hen, but of course, nobody did. Hooter the Owl said it was the best parade he had ever seen and, as soon as he had all the details, he intended to fly back to the university as he was sure they

would want to know all about this remarkable adventure. They continued on in grand procession all the way to the grandparents' house. Brother Jay Bird had already told them the news so they were ready to hug the dear children and bid them come in for a fine party that had already been prepared for their return. It was a grand affair with all the fine food and treats one could possibly imagine.

After the feast, they all went outdoors for more games. Suddenly, out of a cloud of smoke, who should appear but the Wizard of Wisdom himself. Many were terrified at the suddenness of his appearance and the cloud of smoke. When he smiled and politely asked, "May I please join in your celebration?", all their fears went away with the smoke and they were all thrilled to at last meet this person of whom they had heard so much all their lives. After many pleasant greetings, he asked if there were anything else he could do and Grandfather immediately responded. "Good Wizard, there is, indeed, a problem with which only you can help us. After the incident with the Biting Burs, we set about to chop down the wicked Biting Bur Oak but it resisted our efforts with such fierce anger that we were forced to give up. We need your help to finish the job so that this wicked old tree will never again trouble the good creatures of the Pleasant Valley." The old wizard looked with sympathy on Grandfather and then started to speak. "You have failed because axes will not prevail against the powers of darkness that protect this evil tree. There is only one thing, a purifying fire lit by one who has proven worthy, that will destroy this mean old tree. This fire is the dread of the tree who fears that his end has come. Until now, there was none among you worthy to light this tree but now Little Boy, who has suffered and overcome is now the one to apply the torch to end this tree forever. Throw dead limbs over the ground under it. These will be the fuel and then, when the pile is complete, Little Boy will light it from a torch of victory."

And so it came to pass, as the flames leaped up to consume the black heart of this tree and all its wicked burs, that everyone rejoiced and celebrated far into the night. When the celebration was nearly over, and the tree trunk had been reduced to smoldering embers, Grandfather and Grandmother took the children aside and asked them what were the most important lessons they had learned from this experience. After some thought, Little Boy replied, "I think that the biggest





lesson was to never let fear keep one from seeing the solution to a problem, especially if the solution already lies within his own personal resources, if he would just be calm and seriously look for it. We had to do this at every problem we encountered and it always saw us through. Looking back I realize that the Wizard never did give us anything that wasn't already there inside us waiting to be discovered. Fear was the biggest problem and when we overcame that, the rest was fairly easy."

And so, dear readers, the friendly creatures lived happily ever after. One particular woodland treat that all enjoyed was the sweet berries that grew abundantly. As the years went by, they scarcely noticed a pile of charred wood and ashes where the mean old Biting Bur Oak had stood. Over the

years there were many others, with problems like Little Boy once had, who came to the Pleasant Valley to go on healing journeys just like Little Boy and Curly Top did. They also made it all the way to meet the Wizard in his cave under the Mystic Mountain and on to the Sentinel. To my knowledge, none were ever turned away disappointed. At this time our tale has come to an end for if we continue, that will be another tale. As for you, my dear little friend reading or listening to this tale, should you also need to go on the same journey for the same reason, we would all love to walk beside you and be your friends. Why, you ask? BECAUSE WE LIKE YOU!!

### AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER AND YOU HAVE WON!

"Now we have come to the end of the tale of LITTLE BOY and CURLY TOP. To go forward is to start a new tale - and that is YOUR tale. To guide you along this new path, I have prepared a CD of Guided Imagery to assist you in finding your way through new adventures. As with any rightly organized Safari, there is the Guide, who is the voice on the CD and there is the Explorer, which is YOU. The guide merely helps mark the trail but it is the explorer who makes the discoveries. You will have fun with images of your own as you find rest, encouragement and healing along the pathway. As you go on this journey of mind and imagination, you may expect to see some of the scenes from the LITTLE BOY and CURLY TOP story, but do not expect to actually meet them for the book tells of **their** adventures and the CD will lead you through **your** own adventure of discovery. This experience will be your own, and yours alone.



Walk boldly into the bright future of a new day dawning. This is your time, your healing time, and the adventures that you have there will be limited only by the limits of your imagination.

It IS possible! You CAN defeat disease!!"

## APPENDIX:

### TO ALL PARENTS USING THIS BOOK TO HELP SICK CHILDREN GET WELL

There is a doctor inside each patient. Consult the doctor who dwells inside and give him a chance to go to work. – Albert Schweitzer

When I was first asked to write a book for children with pediatric cancer, I must admit that I found this to be a daunting task and one for which I had absolutely no academic qualifications for doing so. This is not my first such request. A recent case where I was asked by a friend from childhood to try to do something for her little granddaughter who had been suffering from birth from the debilitating effects of Cerebral Palsy, is discussed on my web page at [www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com](http://www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com). The success of this unusual venture has led me to the belief that the clear young mind of a small child may be far more fertile ground for the system of treatment that is presented in this book. From the very beginning, I have attempted to lay out goals for this work. Since we are dealing with children, not adults, I wanted a story that was first entertaining and would stand alone as such. I wanted to create a work where the child would be using guided imagery effectively without ever realizing he/she was doing it. Fearful of being intimidating to these sweet little minds, I further decided that it would never mention the word “cancer” or any other disease specifically. It must now be up to the readers to see if this has been achieved.

“Guided Imagery is a rapidly growing field of treatment that asserts that commands can be given, through images, to the subconscious right brain for the purpose of activating immune cells to recognize the antigen ( see explanation below) on cancer cells and proceed to kill them. This work consists of two distinctly different part that are closely related in a healing venture. The book gives the **why** and the CD is the **how** of of patient friendly guided imagery. Both are essential for optimum results. In presenting this for children I was concerned that no harmful or frightening things happen as a result. In the case of cancer, that is already frightening enough for anybody, much less an impressionable young child. Without going into a discussion of guided imagery in the story, which would be too complex for a child to understand anyway, I just decided to craft an entertaining story that would, in effect, have them doing it without even realizing they were doing it. There are now many good reference texts on the subject and the reader is invited to visit my webpage ([www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com](http://www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com)) for a concise, thorough presentation and some actual case histories. The CD is a convenient, and entertaining way for the child to take advantages of the opportunities afforded by this non invasive and cost free treatment modality. A recent technical innovation has allowed both the voice and background music texts to have a subliminal alpha wave embedded that has the effect of tuning this CD to the operating frequency of the right brain. This can minimize the effect of distracting noises or random thoughts from the left brain. It has the further advantage that it is most concerned with communicating with the subconscious mind, which never sleeps. This means that it can be played by the bed where the child is sleeping, which is very important since

getting a small child to sit still for *anything* is usually a difficult proposition.”

The most wonderful thing about the human immune system is that it really does exist! The fact that the system is expressed in many interdependent components merely adds to the wonder. Humans have for thousands of years been born, grown up and died without ever so much as a thought given to this quiet and obscure system that continually serves to nurture and protect us. Its appreciation began with a grasp of how immunity to certain diseases could be induced in the human body. The “how” came centuries before the “why”. Simple observations by creative people led to giant leaps forward. Small pox no longer exists in the world because Jenner first wondered why milk maids did not seem to contract the disease like the rest of the population.

There is an emerging concept that derives from a statement by Scandinavian neuro scientist, David Angmar to the effect that mankind is the only animal that has a memory of the future. This has been called by Dr. Herb Benson, of the Harvard Medical School, “remembered wellness”. For a more thorough discussion and understanding of this remarkable concept, I urge all to read his recent book, “The Relaxation Revolution – Enhancing Your Personal Health Through the Science and Genetics of Mind/Body Healing”. If you will but read this excellent book, you will see why we have Little Boy going through the “time portal” in the Guided Imagery exercises.

One unfortunate result of the modern day proliferation of knowledge is that society in general tends to demand simple answers to what may be extremely complex questions. Cancer patients are typically caught up in the realm of uncertainty that separates the “how” of various treatment modalities from the absolute understanding of “why” certain components of the human system work as they do. This has not only meant new science, but also a new language (if one may call the language of the scientific Greeks new). Attempts on the part of a lay patient to study the immune system often encounter a language barrier. Words such as antigen, hematopoiesis, cytokine and neutrophil seem at first to stand in the way. It is not the intent of this work to deal with these, as would a textbook of hematology or immunology. Rather, the intent of this simplistic work is merely to point out their existence and allow the patient to contemplate their existence and mentally acknowledge it. All too often, the discussion of a particularly interesting phenomenon ends with the admonition; “the exact mechanism of this effect or action is not well understood”. This is the nature of developing knowledge and it is good in that progress is made by asking better and better questions. The reader is encouraged not to let the big words get in the way.

All of the human immune cells are derived from what is called pluripotent stem cells in the bone marrow. Under the influence of cytokines (the so-called messenger proteins) these cells are capable of differentiation into a variety of different cells. The marrow of the human bones may be thought of as the birthing center for all the cells that maintain and defend the body. If imagery has as a goal a call to arms for the immune system to activate, then it is logical to involve and illuminate the dark, hidden regions at the center of the bones in the visualization exercises.

In the 1980’s researchers began to turn attention to the role of the mind in the internal management of the body. Candace Pert in the summer of 1986 published “The Wisdom of the

Receptors: Neuropeptides, the Emotions, and Body/Mind” in the Journal of the Institute for the Advancement of Health. This opened the door to what has developed as Psychoneuroimmunology or, as some express it, Mind/Body medicine. This word is so new to our language that a search of Encyclopedia Britannica at this writing did not come up with any hits. It would appear that the mind and the body are different expressions of the same information. Her most recent publication, “The Molecules of Emotion”, is a blockbuster of information into how our mind and body cooperate to achieve results. It puts a scientific face on mind/body phenomena that have heretofore been wrapped in mysticism.

To the above cast of biological characters must now be added neurons and peptides. This for discussion purposes, of course, since they have been present from the very beginning of the species. The human brain contains about 10,000,000 neurons, each with its own identity. Researchers in the field have postulated that the critical link between thought and action is the neuropeptide. These messenger molecules are the traffic cops controlling the intersection where mind and body meet and cross over. They can fit like a key to unlock and initiate actions through the receptors on target cells. There is no logical reason to suppose that the cells of the immune system would somehow be excluded from response to neuron initiated messages. Unfortunately, the literature does not give us a concrete explanation of how the smell of a flower or the beauty of a sunset evokes the response that it does or why that response is so different from one person to the next.

There is agreement in medicine today that the human immune system can be overridden by signals from the mind to do harm. There are many examples of this. These may range from the primitive voodoo priest calling for an unfortunate believer to be cursed, perhaps to death, to the insensitive physician who couches the news of cancer in such terms as “Don’t expect any miracles as the survival rate is very low for this type of cancer”. It is generally agreed among psychiatrists that voodoo can actually kill. A voodoo priest can actually cause the death of a person, provided that both the priest and the subject were born and raised in the culture. In this case, the power of belief is ultimate and will win out over the body’s defense mechanisms. The question has been asked, “What is the modern equivalent of voodoo that some oncologists use to kill their patients?” And the answer has been given, “Those damn statistics”. Emotions can suppress the immune system. These would include fear, grief, disappointment, stress, frustration, unresolved conflict and the list goes on. Admitting that the mind can kill, the question becomes one of the equal and opposite ability to cure. For some reason, this concept is just not allowed equal time for discussion in most cancer centers. This, unfortunately, does not reflect the curiosity that is inherent in the makeup of the truly creative scientist.

Symmetry is practically a constant in nature. The wings of the butterfly are a prime example. The ancient Chinese and for that matter most other religions have held that good and evil are contemporaneous in human affairs. Yet, we find ourselves in a “shooting war” with cancer where only the chemical and mechanistic weapons are allowed on the battlefield. The medical convention, in somewhat of an inverse analogy to the Geneva convention’s ban on the use of chemical weapons, seems firm in its opposition to the expanded choice of weapons afforded by

Mind/Body medicine. Historians have noted that the Japanese destruction of American battleships by air power at Pearl Harbor changed the very nature of naval warfare. All this despite the previous ruination of early air power proponent, Billy Mitchell, by the advocates of conventional warfare. Battleship admirals and trench warfare generals, failing to see the enhancement of forces by the addition of air power, felt somehow threatened by this new technology. It is impossible to hold back the dawn of a new day. Thus to acknowledge the evil side of Mind/Body medicine, while denying the potential for good, is to risk physical as well as intellectual disaster.

No intelligent advocate of Mind/Body medicine would see it as anything but complementary to the wonderful tools that modern medicine has given us. A person who has, for example, just suffered a compound fracture should not look first to mind/body medicine to set the bones. It is painful to recall the stories of parents not letting their child with leukemia receive chemotherapy so that the child could be healed. If, however, one could enhance the effectiveness of cancer treatment, then there appears to be no basis in logic not to do so. The voluntary instructions that our conscious left brain gives to the body to do such things as run, jump or grasp are so routine that we give no thought to the process by which they are carried out. When we get to the involuntary instructions from the sub-conscious right brain such as heart beat, breathing or immune cell response, then the situation becomes cloudy. Perhaps the “Holy Grail” of immunology would be a positive response to a conscious verbal command to send out all the troops to a cancer site and kill it out completely. Admittedly, we cannot do this but it becomes a valid path for research to see how close we can come by a disciplined approach using Mind/Body medicine.

Let us briefly look at some of the individual elements of the immune system. These are the “good guys” in the war on cancer. Although they have been “taken by surprise” by a growing cancer, they are still there and are capable of being called into action. An officer, during the heat of a battle in the American Civil War, found a regiment standing idle. All its officers had been killed or wounded. Alert to opportunity, he gave the orders to send it into the fight and won the day. The following are the troops of the cancer patient’s army, albeit for the moment down but definitely not out.

**ANTIGENS:** An antigen (antibody generator) is a substance on the surface of cancer cells that identifies them as intruders and is capable of triggering a specific immune response. These are not cells, themselves, any more than a fingerprint is a person, but are parts of the “bad guy” cells such as bacteria, viruses or cancer. These antigens may be thought of as the “muddy footprints” by which the intruder is recognized and marked for destruction by the defenders. The antibody response requires a recognition molecule such as the T cell receptor or B cell. The mechanism of the response is somewhat different. B cell surface antibodies are good recognizers whereas T cells recognize the antigen only after it has been processed and presented to them by an antigen-presenting cell. These cells, usually macrophages, neutrophils and dendritic cells then pass the enemy recognition signal on to the T helper lymphocytes as a call to action. This marks the enemy organism for destruction by the killer cells of the immune system. Cancer patients often fail to realize that the human defenders such as the T lymphocytes or natural killer cells are perfectly capable of killing cancer cells. Perhaps this is the result of misconceptions that have developed over the years that incorrectly see the cancer cell as an invulnerable killer. The wonderful truth is that quite the opposite is true. Cancer cells are poorly organized, vulnerable to attack and cannot even repair themselves.

In the story, more friendly names are given to the immune cells. The ones we call “WARRIORS” are actually the T lymphocytes that mature in the thymus gland. This pear shaped gland is located high in the chest just above the sternum. Often in imagery exercises, the patient will be asked to place the palm of the hand on the chest just above the sternum as a further means of access to the thymus. Here the T cells receive their “education”. This amounts to marching orders for combat. As lead commanders of the immune forces, they must learn to differentiate between friendly cells and enemy forces. The T cells mature into two basic varieties. This combination of elements can recognize antigens on the surface of tumor cells. It was during the writing of the story that the idea occurred that the antigen on these enemy cells is not unlike the Mark Of Cain in the ancient Biblical story. This is why the letter “C” is shown on the surface of the Grems. Activated T cells carry on the attack while further helping B cells and producing cytokines. The cytokine Il-2 acts to promote the growth, proliferation and reproduction of the T cell that was stimulated by the antigen. This may be thought of as an army of warriors that is continually producing its own reinforcements in the heat of the battle. How wonderful is this human immune system!

**The Killing Process:** The actual killing of the cancer cell occurs in three steps. First is the binding of antigens and receptors that lock the cells in a death struggle. The warrior T Cell then conforms to the surface of the cancer cell and immediately penetrate the cell wall. This penetration is followed immediately by the injection of enzymes, cytokines, and a chemical called perforin to poke more holes into the now helpless cancer cell. The final act of this deadly drama is the death of the enemy cell. This hand-to-hand killing process is accomplished over a time interval of little more than two minutes. So much for the notion that cancer cells are invulnerable and there is therefore no hope. Quite the contrary, no cancer cell can survive such an attack. No doubt a clear understanding of just how to initiate this in human patients would produce that wonderful trip to Stockholm. An absolute understanding is not necessary. It is only necessary to get close enough!

The NICE FAT PATROLLER in the story is actually what scientists call MACROPHAGES. The production and release into the blood stream of monocytes by the bone marrow is increased by an immune response. These circulate for a short time and then enter into the tissue where they mature and take up residence as macrophages. These are the giant “eaters” and they may reside for years waiting for the call to arms. They may be thought of as sentrys who blow a trumpet by antigen presentation”. They may be thought of as holding aloft fragments of the enemy cells to call other “friendlies” such as T cells into the battle. They also secrete chemicals that are poisonous to cancer cells. They may actually chew up and devour the cancer cells.

The SLITHERING SEAL CELLS in the story are the bodies NEUTROPHILS. These granulocytes are also produced in the bone marrow. They can assume many shapes and they circulate in the blood waiting for a call to action. Attaching themselves to the sticky wall of the blood vessels, they can actually change shape and slither through the vessel walls to enter the tissue for the purpose of killing unwanted intruders. Highly mobile in the circulation, they are the first to arrive at the scene of an inflammation. They are the smaller capable of engulfing (phagocytizing) foreign antigens with tentacle like arms, degrading them and presenting them to

T cells for recognition. Enemies that are too large to phagocytize are weakened by the release of caustic enzymes carried within the cellular structure of the neutrophil. Again using the military analogy, these are the fighter planes harrying the enemy positions.

The GK (Grem Killer) cells in the story are actually the NATURAL KILLER CELLS:. NK cells have some similarity to T cells but they are not T cells. An NK cell kills a tumor cell by the release of deadly perforin that can kill anything that walks, flies or crawls, and other molecules that kill the tumor cell by damaging its membrane. Since a weakness of the cancer cell is its inability to repair itself, the target cell literally breaks apart as it is destroyed. NK cells are stimulated and their cytotoxicity increased by the release of Interferon (IfN) as well as Interleukin ( Il2). These latter two may well be familiar as the entire pharmaceutical field of Immunology is built around their use as front line treatment agents.

As has been noted, the above is a purely cursory look at the human immune system. The objective is not to educate immunologists but rather to raise awareness on the part of the cancer patient of the multifaceted wonders of the immune system. Rarely ever does a newly diagnosed cancer patient have all of the above, friendly forces explained. Instead, it appears fashionable in most quarters to engage in the death programming discussion of statistics. The patient may well be admonished to “fight” but is rarely given instructions in the weapons that are available for the fight. Many patients get hung up on the question, “If these immune cells are so good, how come I got cancer in the first place?”. In partial answer to this question, it is reasonable to assume that for some reason, the immune system is at least temporarily suppressed allowing for either germs from the outside, or the mutation of good cells into cancer cells to go unrecognized long enough for them to get a foothold before antigen recognition takes place. I must be quick to add that I do not understand the complex actions of the human digestive system. That does not mean that I am going to turn down the opportunity to enjoy a fine dinner. Do not get hung up on this question to the point that you can’t move forward from it.

Adding the power of suggestion, done in a disciplined manner, is no more than the introduction of another branch of the services into the battle. As we move into the imagery exercises, some of the above terms will now be familiar and the healing process can proceed from logic rather than mysticism. This is definitely not ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE. Rather , it may be best expressed as a very valuable complement to the finest of modern medicine. This has led to the more appropriate term for it, COMPLEMENTARY MEDICINE.

We, the citizens of the world, are engaged in a deadly struggle with disease organisms of all sorts, up to and including cancer. If, by the appropriate use of Mind/Body Medicine, we can help hold the line and inflict casualties on the enemy and, in so doing, buy time for the researchers, then this is no small achievement. Mankind will beat this disease. Dedicated researchers are daily working toward this end and they are worthy of support. The sad truth is that if the “magic bullet” were discovered immediately, thousands would die before it could make its way through the processes of manufacturing and distribution. We must, in the interim, hit the enemy with all the forces that we can effectively muster.

One hears a lot today about what is and what is not “Science”, usually from those who have never actually practiced the scientific method. In my nearly 20 years of working with adult cancer patients, we have seen literally hundreds of remissions from the use of what I call the MAARS (Mind Activated Antigen Recognition System) system. In far too many of these, the successful user has found himself criticized for taking an “unscientific” approach to healing and perhaps “getting well for the wrong reason”. Now, as we turn to the application to help small children, we are likely to encounter the same type of criticism. I think the best commentary on this problem is a quote from Carl Sagan;

“It is the responsibility of scientists never to suppress knowledge, no matter how awkward that knowledge is, no matter how it may bother those in power. We are not smart enough to know which pieces of knowledge are permissible and which are not.”.

Welcome to the wonderful world of Mind/Body medicine. Guided Imagery is effective against diseases of all sort. It is patient friendly, non-invasive, self- administered, self- scheduled, free of side effects, can be done in the comfort of one’s home and nobody will ever send you a bill!!

Gerald W. White, P.E.  
Granbury , Texas

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gerald White was born in West Texas during the height of the socio/economic disaster that came to be known as the “Dust Bowl”. Vowing never again to be poor, he embarked on an engineering career that spanned multiple disciplines. Initially, he did research in fluid dynamics and authored the first mathematical description of one regime of fluid flow through vertical eductors. Career stops included work at Varian in Palo Alto, California and Texas Instruments in Dallas, Texas. In 1972, he left the big company umbrella to found his own company to pursue interests in hydraulics and plasma physics. For a decade, he maintained an active program of teaching engineering short courses both in the US and abroad. Some of the latter included United Nations lectureships in emerging countries such as the Peoples Republic of China, India and Indonesia.





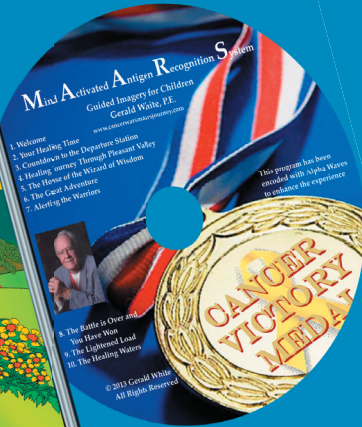
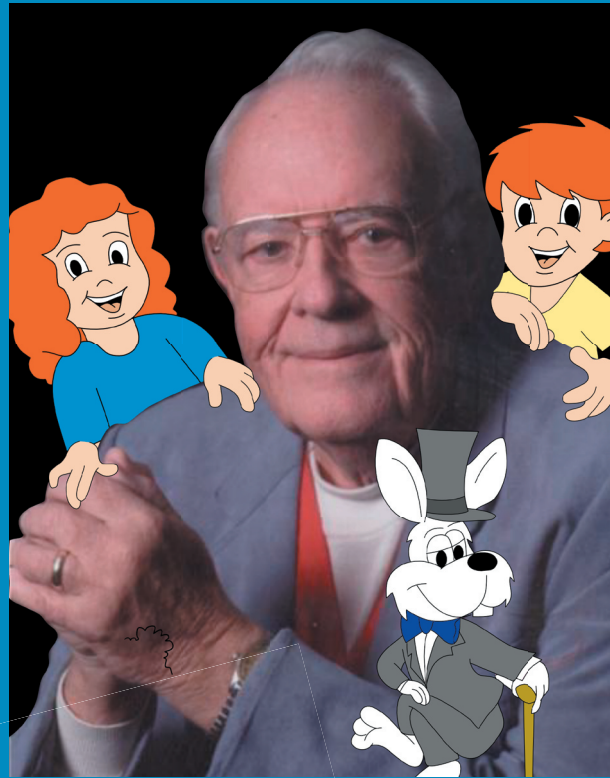
With the discovery of a high energy plasma plating process, by which virtually any material in the world could be bonded to any other material, the career pace accelerated. This process involved breaking matter down into atomic sized particles in an electron enriched field and sending them through free space to reform on a desired target. This allowed for the solution of fundamental electrical and mechanical problems in several fields of endeavor. Licensing companies included the likes of Texas Instruments, Baker Hughes, American Petrofina, Lintek in Australia, TU Electric and Westinghouse. In pursuit of all of the above successful programs, it was always apparent how difficult it is for scientists in any field to give up old ways even when better ones prove obvious by their own data. The cancer field, when it thrust itself upon the scene, was thus easily familiar. At the time cancer was discovered in his kidney in 1993, he had 19 active technology patents in 9 different countries.

The huge size of his tumor and the fact that it was stage 4, made his outlook initially not good. It became evident that, if he were to survive, all avenues must be pursued. The one rated the highest figure of merit after Il-2 was the arena of mind/body medicine. Pursuing this required a lot of library time and evoked the promise to himself that, if he did survive, he would do his best to make the methodology available in simple form to everyone, especially those who could not afford it. These latter are the truly unfortunate as they have no advocate.

Gerald has served as a member of the board of directors of the National Kidney Cancer Association. He has written his story and that of notable other survivors in his book, THREE MONTHS TO LIFE. Some very informative material on Mind/Body medicine, especially Guided Imagery, may currently be found on his webpage: [www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com](http://www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com) and in several articles now posted on the Ezine Articles website to help cancer patients to take charge of their disease and strive for remission.

# Little Boy and Curly Top and the Biting Burs

By Gerald W. White, P.E.



This CD is the essential working tool of this healing program. The book gives the “Why” and the CD is the “How” of patient friendly Guided Imagery. For order information please go to our website: [www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com](http://www.cancerwarsmaarsjourney.com).