

*In Blue Flames Rising, the fifth installment of P.B. Morlen's White Bird series, young Avatar, Crystal Blue, journeys across the ancient deserts of Egypt as shifting timelines, hidden forces and strange dreams begin to reshape her world.*

**Blue Flames Rising:  
Book Five in the White Bird Series**  
By PB Morlen

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BOOK FIVE IN THE WHITE BIRD SERIES

# BLUE FLAMES RISING

The background of the cover features a woman with long, flowing blue hair and a white, off-the-shoulder dress. She is holding a sword in her right hand and a pair of scales in her left. The setting is a desert with sand dunes, a white bird flying in the sky, a horse running in the distance, and a blue tiger in the foreground.

**Crystal Blue  
Child of the Stars  
Born to Illuminate Humanity**

**PB MORLEN**

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Print ISBN: 978-1-961267-74-9

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-520-2

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

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BookLocker.com, Inc.

2026

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Morlen, PB

Blue Flames Rising by PB Morlen

Library of Congress Control Number: 2026910807

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*Other books by PB Morlen*

**The White Bird Series:**

*Illuminating Crystal – Book One*

*Crystal Blue Sky – Book Two*

*Little Blue Star – Book Three*

*Blue Crystal Mountains – Book Four*

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*Peace is the fruit of activity, not of sleep.*

*Egyptian Proverb*

Cairo—The City of a Thousand Minarets with its plentitude of mosques, ancient temples, and floriated-towers—teems with life, expressing itself through a myriad of sounds, smells, movements, color and light.

Voices, blending with the ancient city's unremitting traffic and honking horns, mingle with the local mosque's Call to Prayer. Children play in the streets, merchants sell their wares, and the clacking of horses' hooves galloping up narrow, cobblestoned streets echoes through the often-times hair-dryer hot air which fluctuates wildly between smells of dung and *shisha*, decomposing trash—most of which is recycled by those who come and collect it for their own use—dust and acrid cooking oil.

Men, dressed in the traditional *galabias*—loose-fitting robes and gowns—and women—garbed in either black or amazing color combinations, their heads and shoulders covered in one of a myriad of styles and colors of the *hijab*—glide effortlessly amongst cars and trucks, camels and small, sure-footed donkeys pulling wooden carts heaped with impossibly-large cargoes of fruits, vegetables or what have you.

Young men, riding bikes while carrying huge, flat-bottomed bread baskets on their heads, glide effortlessly beside the occasional tour bus—filled with clicking cameras—lumbering at a leisurely pace through the melee.

The narrow busy streets and quiet cozy corners of Cairo are a beautifully orchestrated dance of life.

Until the night of the accident near Tahir Square.

Torturous sounds of steel-on-steel rip through the air, and crowds begin gathering around the sight of the crash. A few brave souls approach the twisted and broken mass, but a small explosion has them stumbling back. Chaos ensues when suddenly, bright orange flames leap into the air, followed by blasts of billowing black smoke that cover parts of the crowd in angry black soot. Screams mingle with shouts, brays and squeals from frightened donkeys and camels turn the city's once busy, yet peaceful market square into a hellish nightmare. Other small explosions draw more cries from the gathered crowd until the sound of wailing sirens begin drowning out all else.

A handful of men, their faces and clothes covered in soot, run toward the emergency crew spilling from their vehicles. The men begin shouting, pointing to the wreckage and exclaiming with wild gestures. "There are people in the vehicles!" they cry. They'd tried pulling them out, but the explosions had made this impossible.

The crew, donned in bright yellow fire-fighting gear, rush to the scene, shouting orders back-and-forth. Two women, arms spread wide, manage the crowd away from the accident. A pair of men, carrying fire extinguishers, approach the vehicles, and begin putting out the flames. The rest begin the process of extracting those from inside the vehicles. As the seconds tick by, other vehicles arrive, sirens wailing, horns blaring, red and blue lights flashing. A triage crew spills out of one vehicle, police officers from two others. The onlookers pray for the poor souls in the vehicles who couldn't possibly have survived such a thing.

Excited shouts can be heard when a body is lifted from the wreckage and gently laid on the ground; the body quickly disappearing beneath those who rush over to begin triage. Two other bodies are pulled out, unconscious and unrecognizable; arms and legs covered in blood. Heartbreaking as this was, nothing prepared the onlookers for what they saw next. When two crewmen pull out the lifeless body of what appears to be a huge animal with a black hide, a hush falls over the crowd. It is one thing to see injured people, quite another to see an injured, or possibly dead, animal. For many, it puts the whole tragic scene into perspective.

Men and women break down and turn away. They can't watch anymore. It is time to go home to their families, to be grateful they are safe; the family in the vehicles certainly were not. They were being whisked away to the hospital and most likely their lives, if they still had one, would never be the same.

One hour later, the crash site is cleared of all signs of the wreckage. The crowds are gone, the streets sprayed clean, and the quiet corner near Cairo's University slowly returns to normal, save for lingering conversations shared around *huka* pipes about who saw and heard what. No one appears to notice the large white feather lingering about where the accident occurred, first trailing along the street as if being pulled along by a string, and then lifting on the evening's soft breeze, bouncing here and there a dozen feet off the ground before rising higher and disappearing into the darkening twilight sky.



**The small man wearing a** white turban peered at the blue stone resting on the mantel. He blinked and shook his head, eyes narrowing darkly with the truth. Suddenly, he took a step back. *Oh no!* The black beast had escaped and was now searching for her. It meant only one thing: if he found her, he'd expose her.

Amin took a step forward, peering at the shimmering stone once again. Suddenly, his mouth dropped open and he flung his arm up and over his eyes. Staggering backwards, he slowly lowered his arm and crept toward the stone, now sitting dark and quiet. Moments ago, its dazzling blue insides had shown him the truth, but now he stared into an empty pool of black. He took a deep, calming breath and bowed his head. He'd have to do something. Fast.

Moments later, he slipped through the narrow passageway, quickly disappearing into the deepest recesses of Elijah's home.

*The Sahara belongs to those who get up at daybreak.*

*Egyptian Proverb*

*The Great Sand Sea, Upper Egypt*

Crystal—heart hammering, body trembling and dripping with sweat—bolted upright, teary eyes blinking into the darkness. There'd been a noise—a really loud one. Most likely it had come from her, she thought, flopping back onto her pillow with a grunt. The same dream had plagued her every night for a solid two weeks. Her screams had awakened her and everyone within miles.

She closed her eyes and held her breath, straining to hear any lingering sounds—maybe the sounds hadn't come from her—while her mind clung to the last vestiges of the quickly fading dream, disappearing like a ghost walking into sunlight. Most likely she'd dreamt of Cusi again as well, the reason for her tears. She still missed her dreadfully. Missed them all.

She sighed deeply and then yawned loudly, wiggled back up and reached high, stretching long and hard before she dragged her legs from beneath the heavy blankets. Blowing out a soft breath, she flipped back her heavy hair, blinked, and wiggled her toes, grateful that her legs and feet hadn't really been scarred by the flames which moments ago had engulfed her flesh. Why she kept dreaming this

dream, she had no bloody idea, but when she did, her day usually started out badly: mood dampened, nerves raw.

She hugged herself with a sniff, determined not to let that happen. Not today. Today was the day they would reach the stone temple, or so Elijah had said. She glanced down by reflex, her gaze settling on the ever-present silhouette of her faithful dog.

Wyndon shifted and thumped his tail lazily.

*Okay. There's a good dog.* She flung herself down, threw her arms around him and buried her face in his warm fur. Drawing in a deep breath of woodsmoke and juniper, she relaxed as the world settled down around her. Her dog could do that—bring her back to center.

What would she ever do without him?

A low-pitched *nuurr* floated through the tent's thin canvas walls, lifting her spirits even more. The image of the graceful, doe-eyed camel, Canada, popped into her head and relief spread across her face. Obviously, if the sound that had awakened her had come from outside, all was well now. If danger was anywhere near, the camels would alert her and the rest of the caravan with their alarm calls: sets of high-pitched moans and squeaks that, to her, sounded like a dog's well-used squeaky toy.

She reached down, fingers fumbling along the floor for the lantern. Finding it, she flicked it on, squinting at her watch. "Crikey," she whispered around a jaw-cracking yawn, it was much earlier than she'd thought. Rolling onto her side, she threw her arm over Wyndon's back.

Wyndon raised his big head slightly off the floor, dropping it back on his paws with a groan, not ready to face the day, and settled into boneless peace.

"Good idea," Crystal mumbled sleepily, closing her eyes to look for a bit more sleep herself. Ten days of traveling through Egypt's vast, arid desert had been long and tedious at best. Mornings came all too soon.

Sometime later, sleep hadn't found her as it was nearly impossible to keep thoughts of Adam at bay. Having squirmed into various positions—long legs tangling in heavy blankets—she was still wide awake, eyes so adapted to the dark that she could see the pale blur of the tent canvas overhead.

She tried not to think about him—he'd been in her dream, he was always in her dreams—but she could feel him, see his sea-blue eyes, smell his scent now so familiar to her. Oh, how she longed to be with him, take long walks under the stars with him, hold his hand, whisper quietly of things to come, heads bent comfortably together. She groaned and threw her blankets over her head, trying to block out his image.

"Bollocks," she mumbled under the heavy blankets. Another image had found her, and she couldn't breathe.

She whipped the blankets off, blew out a sigh and began unconsciously rubbing the unseen ache over her heart. Thoughts of Cusi—the daughter she'd left behind in Peru—had come to mind. She missed her terribly—missed them both with a deep ache, like a bruise to the bone. The bond she shared with those she left behind had left a hole in her heart, and the hole seemed to be growing.

Tendrils of sadness, loneliness and vulnerability started to creep in.

"This will not do," she mumbled, throwing off her covers and sitting up. Living for nine months with Lupita, Maita and Cusi taught her many things. Children of the Sun always greeted the day with quiet reverence and thankful attitudes, not full-blown pity parties. But sometimes it was hard to control her thoughts so early in the morning, so she might as well start her morning meditation now, even though she usually reserved it for *after* the arrival of the sun.

Rolling her neck and shoulders, she closed her eyes and crossed her legs, settled her hands on her knees—palm side up—and invited

in the image of Birdie. Moments later, when the old woman's image appeared, Crystal smiled.

"Remember," whispered Birdie, her voice paper-thin, yet firm, "the four conscious breaths you take when you awake in the morning, along with a glass of water, helps integrate you into your new body of consciousness, and every evening before you go to bed helps prepare you for your dream state."

Crystal took a long, deep drink from her canteen, pouring a small bit into the hole in the ground she'd dug for Pachamama. Screwing on the cap, she gave thanks to Birdie who had held her while she'd fallen asleep the night after leaving Cusi and Angel, Lupita and the Wisdomkeepers, her heart entirely shattered. She set her canteen aside and smiled wanly, thinking of her dream state, most likely memories of being nearly burned alive in the mountains of Peru. "My dream state has been rather hot," she mumbled.

"Your dreams help you take an inner look as you move between worlds, my dear, out of an old, mental energy world into the new world filled with grand potentials. Most potentials are difficult for the mind to recognize, but every person on the planet, in this time of awakening, is entitled to them. Move past the fires and grief of your past, Crystal, and open your heart to new potentials."

Birdie leaned forward, whispering, "Bring *these* potentials into your reality. The more you can do this, the more you can imagine and feel into this new consciousness, the easier it will become for humanity to release the old energies. Like you, many have been burned, struck down, abused, ostracized and oppressed. These are the memories that haunt them, keeping them stuck in the fear of change. Many of their cultures have deeper roots than they've suspected, and they must tap into these roots."

Birdie poked Crystal in the chest with a long, bony finger wrapped in silver rings. "Remember, my child, you can give them inspiration and guidance by tapping into your own happy memories. It is only a matter of experience and less doubting of your

choices and yourself, Crystal. Remember the gifts you've been given and hold on to your truth." Birdie's eyes darkened with concern. "Very soon, there will come a time when you discover something distressing. A part of yourself from an era long past will call to you in the most unexpected way." Her eyes suddenly brightened and sparkled knowingly. "You must accept *her* help before you can wake up. Otherwise, you will come to know great pain. And remember, my dear child, seeds are planted in darkness."

Crystal opened her mouth to ask what she'd meant, but Birdie disappeared, her image snuffed out like a candle before she got the chance. She blew out a breath and rubbed her neck, not liking the sound of the message. She thought she already knew great pain, and she *was* awake. The familiar buzz of sadness still lingered, so she decided to take Birdie's advice and tap into some happy memories while waiting for the sun to appear. She began to hum a favorite tune while searching for a memory.

Fingers thrumming her thighs, softly humming Elton John's *Tiny Dancer*, she slowly began stroking the four rows of barely-visible scars on her upper thigh. Her humming slowly faded away as a certain memory of a languid, tawny feline popped to the surface of her mind, bobbing up and down like a fishing cork. The powerful, courageous feline—the one she'd saved in the sacred hills of South Dakota, who'd saved her back in Hawaii—was close; she could feel her and swore she heard the deep purring of the cat.

Soon another happy memory found her: she as Weasel Bear, riding alongside Wind Walker on their painted ponies, flying across wide open fields strewn with bright meadow flowers. These memories flooded in, bobbing alongside the feline. She thought of how Weasel Bear—a strong Lakota woman—had met the brave grizzly bear. Their courage had helped many. Her face brightened with the happy memories and courage crept in, pushing a bit of the sadness away.

Grateful, she began to stroke another set of scars; these on her left upper arm. As she gently caressed the three marks, the image of the beautiful white bird with the intelligent black eyes blossomed into her mind's eye. In order to see, she'd trusted the eagle and blindly shot her out of the sky, taking her form, feeling her power as she sailed over the magical forest. Memories of that powerful energy surged through her being, filling her heart and mind. She caught her breath and raised her chin, allowing the bird's power and love to wash over and through her. She'd felt completely in tune with nature and everything around her, experiencing the bird's innate relationship to the earth's magnetic grid before facing down the beast. That *thing* who'd taken Wyndon from her. *He* was still out there in some form or another.

With a grunt, she shoved the anger that always followed memories of *him* down into a place where they could simmer harmlessly. She rolled her neck and shoulders, resentful at *him* for disturbing her happy memories. The anger seemed to always be there, simmering below the surface on a low boil. Being angry did no one any good, she remembered, and hating the beast inevitably caused somebody harm. She couldn't, and wouldn't, let that happen again. She rolled her neck again and breathed in deeply, purposefully sending him love, compassion *and* forgiveness. She'd done that to the huge golden snake glaring at her from atop the hill at Machu Pichu a short time ago. With the Mother's help, she'd planted the seeds of compassion and he'd slithered away—the coward—no bigger than a baby garden snake.

Wyndon, sensing her discomfort, and always in tune with her moods, nudged her hand.

Crystal chuckled softly, knowing what her dog was up to, and set her angry thoughts aside. She took another deep breath, slowly breathing back in the power of the white bird and that one happy memory of flying over the snow-covered land. She'd trusted the bird completely and she'd found Wyndon. She allowed the trust to

creep in and let it settle in next to the courage and the now-dwindling loneliness.

Soon, thoughts of her time at Violet's mountain retreat came in. Oh yes, she was happy in the quiet little house in Colorado's snowy woods, playing chess with Eli—stealing all his money she remembered with a smile—while getting to know him better.

She bent down and laid her cheek on Wyndon's warm head. She'd missed her dog so desperately then, taking comfort in Heather's dogs, Juneau and Santiago, who seemed to have sensed her sadness. She loved dogs, had all her life. Thank goodness she'd found Wyndon in that strange land.

A sudden image of a wiry little brown and white dog, staring up at her adoringly, popped into her head. Crystal gasped and pressed her hand over her heart. "Damn," she breathed, sniffing away a tear. She'd shoved that memory so far down she'd barely remembered the little dog. Tears rolled down her face as she thought of him and remembered holding his warm little body, whispering her goodbyes. She hadn't understood why Champ couldn't come with when they'd left Ireland. She'd been devastated, the loss adding to her loneliness, homesickness and despair. She'd blamed her gran, assuming it was all her fault. Even though their kind neighbor had promised to take good care of him, she'd been heartbroken and extremely resentful.

Once again, Wyndon nudged her hand.

Crystal shook her head and snorted. "Stay on task, Crystal," she whispered, stroking her dog's soft head. You're looking for happy memories, not sad ones, she reminded herself. Besides, she'd forgiven her gran long ago. She kissed Wyndon's head, sat up, closed her eyes, and went back to her memories.

After saving Wyndon as the White Eagle—happy memory—she discovered the gift of quiet and learned to listen to the sounds of the earth. Even though she'd lost her sight after a bird had flown from the sky and torn out her eyes—or so she'd believed—most of the

memories were happy ones, and she tucked them in next to the others.

Startled, she furrowed her brow and hunched her shoulders when memories of that deep underground place, known to some as the Underworld, bobbed up to the surface. Most of these memories were shadowed, and none were necessarily happy, but she vividly recalled the night-blue feathered bird woman named Sinpo. Sitting a bit taller and absently stroking a long lock of hair, she recalled how she'd become this Dark Dakini after losing both her hair and her memories, ultimately turning into the magnificent Worldly Dakini, Shikara, once her memories had been restored.

Remembering how she'd then become the golden eagle who'd soared toward Sirius, leading White Feather's flock home on a ladder of starlight, she sat up straighter, lips twitching slightly. Yes. Here was a happy memory, again as an eagle soaring into the heavens—she'd hold onto that one—and a sense of clear intuition nestled in alongside the others.

Suddenly, sweeping vistas of Tibet's high plateaus and deep valleys, back-dropped by the snow-saturated Himalayas, sprang into view, and her face lit up like sunshine. Even though the high rangelands of Tibet had challenged her, she'd been happy with the nomads and learned to love their way of life. Her breath hitched and a small lump caught in her throat when she remembered her first up-close view of the sacred diamond-shaped Mount Kalais. She'd dropped to her knees, completely overwhelmed by its magnificence, feeling as though she was in the most perfect place in the world. She'd asked the Goddess Tara for forgiveness for the harm she'd done and was given so much more. She'd come to love that dear man Shilog on that trek. He'd become a dear, dear friend who she missed, but knew was happy, reunited with his family he'd lost over forty years ago.

Memories of Sandra and the little mouse who'd given their lives to save her and Claire rushed in. Her hand crept up and she began

rubbing the unseen ache above her heart buried deep beneath the puckered scar left by the bandit's bullet. Sandra had taught her so much about death: that souls never die, only bodies do. Remembering the dear woman's words, a sense of peace settled over her like a warm cloak, and the pain in her heart eased; she knew her friend was given a hero's welcome in that high windy place Shilog had described so vividly.

Her face turned wondrous as she recalled the mysterious days she and her friends had spent in the snow-laden land hidden far from the world, deep within the Himalayas. Shikara had shown her the snow palace and its many wonders; the giants living there were as gracious and loving as any hosts could ever be. She'd often wondered if the wintry visit had been from her imagination, but did it really matter? She shook her head. Whether it had been real or not, she'd never forget it.

She puffed out her cheeks and blew out a sigh, smiling. How could she ever be sad with such happy memories? She'd experienced so much more than many humans would ever experience. She'd traveled to places and times long forgotten but were fresh in her memory. A myriad of emotions traveled across her face with realization. She'd met so many wonderful people, and her friends had sacrificed so much already. She sucked in a quick breath and a lone tear traveled down her cheek when a burst of compassion flooded through her; compassion for the man who'd shot her on top of Mount Kalais, compassion for the bird who'd taken her sight, compassion for life in every form; even compassion for *him*. She threw back her head and opened herself to the rain of compassion gained by experience, letting it bathe her in its love. She welcomed the benevolent presence of Chenzerig, and compassion nestled in, squeezing out the sadness, loneliness, and vulnerability completely.

Om mani padme hum. *Hail the jewel in the lotus.*

Breathing in the compassionate Buddha deep within her, she thought of her beloved sister Claire and how different she'd looked

the day she'd found her deep beneath Tibet's sacred Potala Palace, brandishing the white feather like a sword, as she'd been intent on striking their grandfather down. "Om mani padme hum," she whispered, bowing her head and sending her sister as much light as she possibly could.

She opened her eyes and looked around her tent, familiar now after ten days and nights of traveling. The morning's gray light bathed her belongings in shadow. How could she be so sad when everything she needed was within arm's reach? Her guitars, her books, her dog—everything that is but a few she'd left behind.

She blinked, wiping away her happy tears before turning her hands palm side up. She sniffed and studied the wisps of silver scars on her wrists, so faint no one would ever know they were there. But she knew, and her sister did too. Her sister had saved her that day; she and her wings.

Another fat tear rolled down her cheek and plopped onto her wrist, and then another, as if her sister were washing away the pain of that awful day. Her sister loved her, and she loved her right back, just as much as she'd come to love another. She raised her chin proudly, her brown eyes bright with tears, and she sniffed, thinking of her beautiful daughter, Cusi. Her brilliant daughter, known to many as The Lady Moon, who now walked among the stars alongside all the other goddesses she'd either become or met.

She flashed a bright smile. Now these were the fondest and most vivid memories by far. Oh yes, indeed. Never would she forget the days she'd spent with the Wisdomkeepers on the snowy slopes of Salcantay in the ancient days of the Inca. They had taught her so much about life, love, and compassion. She was fortunate indeed, for she'd been allowed to spend months at Cusi's side and had come to learn how it felt to love a child with a fierce, selfless intensity. Of all her encounters and trips to her ancient past, her experience in the mountains of Peru was the one that had changed her. She had been

given something wonderful. Something she'd cherish forever: unconditional love.

Crystal drew in another deep, healing breath, letting the power of the gifts given to her by the goddesses and her soldiers, and of course her daughter, wash over and through her, allowing all the happy memories to seep deep into her bones. Happy days spent with her grandfather in the bookstore in the seaside village of Ennistymon in Ireland rolled in. Oh, how she'd loved their walks along the Cliffs of Mohr and their shared love of music. He'd taught her so much and she'd loved him most fiercely. "I love you, grandfather," she whispered. "Thank you for loving me."

Wyndon, who'd been watching her while she'd remembered, nudged her gently. Crystal settled back and nestled against him, kissed his head and wrapped her arms around his warm, solid form. Wyndon was her greatest gift by far. Without him, well...she just couldn't imagine.

Satisfied as the last vestiges of sadness and loneliness were safely tucked away, soothed by her grateful heart, she sighed happily, waiting for the sun to greet the day. Even though she loved the desert at night, mornings were her favorite.

~~~~~

*The dark was so deep it was a wonder she was alive. Or maybe she wasn't. Maybe the darkness had swallowed her whole and was now in the process of deciding what it should do with her. She tried to move but could not. Feeling paralyzed was more terrifying than the dark, and her nerves jumped like fire ants as her mind and body screamed for release.*

*Her heart quickly sank with a fleeting thought.*

*Maybe she was dead.*

*Maybe all she'd learned about dying was a sham and this was it. A black void.*

*But, no! That couldn't be. Her friend would never lie to her. She'd said her spirit was eternal, unbound to all things earthly. 'Energy can never die,*

*only our bodies made up of organic materials do.' That's what she'd told her. If she were dead, would she feel as though her body was bound in darkness, and all that could move were her eyeballs? No. She'd be free, flitting about like a balloon, floating through the dimensions of time and space.*

*She listened. Listened hard. No sound. No light. Nothing. It was as if she'd been entombed; buried alive. Birdie had said seeds were planted in darkness. When had she been buried and become a seed?*

*After what seemed like forever, she heard a sound, a whisper. Straining against the fabric of darkness, she listened with every fiber of her being. Her nerves screamed with the strain as she struggled toward the sweet, soft music drifting above the loud hammering of her heart.*

*Soon, she heard a voice: low and caressing. Soothing in tones, urgent in manner. Was it telling her something? Coming to lift her out of the tomb of darkness? Was it the light coming to water the seed?*

*Suddenly, a white, hot lightning bolt of pain shot through her. She tried opening her mouth to scream, but she could not. As quickly as they came, the voice and music were gone, and she sank into the darkness of pain with a heart shattered.*

*No one was coming.*

*She would be here...forever.*

## About the Author

*PB Morlen began writing this story back in 1995 when her children were very small and quite mischievous. Of course, she named two of her main characters after them. As she tended to her children, she tucked her story away, but she never forgot her beloved characters...they wouldn't let her forget.*

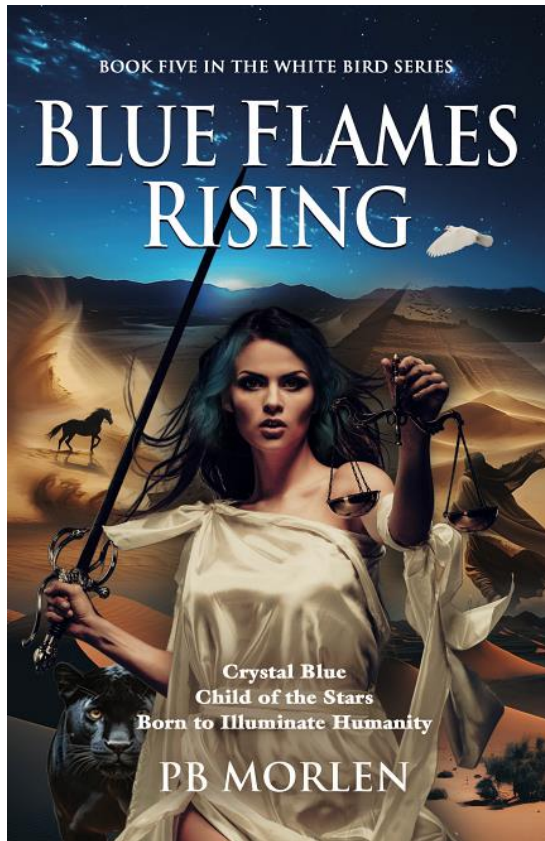
*For fourteen years, Crystal's story simmered in her brain and in her heart while she played with her children and gained a greater appreciation for Earth's changes and the dawning of a divine humanity. She dreamed of Crystal and Adam, David, Elijah and Wyndon, Cosmo and Claire, Daniel, Gina, Madelynn, and the others.*

*And then, in 2009, after witnessing a rather enigmatic young performer whose insane talent inspired her to embrace her story and bring it to life, she picked up her pen and began completing her first book. She infused many of her own experiences into the story, and as yet, has much more to write.*

*Currently, PB Morlen lives in Minnesota. When she pulls herself away from her writing, she is fortunate enough to lead a team of gardeners, tending the land and a multitude of gardens for a well-established country club.*

*She is currently writing her sixth novel in the "White Bird" series, "Sweet Madame Blue."*

*Please visit PB Morlen's website @ [www.pbmorlen.com](http://www.pbmorlen.com), or contact her at [pbmorlen@gmail.com](mailto:pbmorlen@gmail.com). You can also visit her YouTube channel: @PbMorlen: Crystal Tales and Dragon Scales.*



*In Blue Flames Rising, the fifth installment of P.B. Morlen's White Bird series, young Avatar, Crystal Blue, journeys across the ancient deserts of Egypt as shifting timelines, hidden forces and strange dreams begin to reshape her world.*

**Blue Flames Rising:  
Book Five in the White Bird Series**  
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