



## **The Touch**

### **AN UNDERBELLY CASE FILE**

*BY: Steve Campbell*

**THE  
PINGYANG  
POWER OF TOUCH**

This is one of the small notes that I am keeping of our path we have taken to Julie's 35th year where our lives become normal like everyone else's and we will then start our big family. So I must warn you if you are reading the account in order to maintain a running story of events this should not be read until after the 4th case of this series about the "Swamp" on the other hand you just want a fun read to enjoy it. I enjoyed writing this when I remembered these days in the past. And I think you should also find this fun to imagine living through these four days in this small period of our very interesting lives. Enjoy: Karl K..

-----A NOVELLA SAMPLE-----

## Day One:

Julie was waiting for me when I got home from the store. She had a huge smile on her face, the kind that immediately made me suspicious. I set the bags down and asked, “Honey... what did I miss?” She took my hands and said, “You know we’re supposed to practice some of the things we were taught.”

That made my brain immediately start running through the five lessons we’d gone over a few days earlier. And I thought of one that was not going to be easy.

“My name is Pingyang,” she said, bowing her head slightly toward us, not deeply, but with practiced respect. “I mean, I will be speaking to you both about the power of touch.”

She brought her hands together, fingers resting calmly, as if in quiet meditation.

“To understand this power,” she continued, “I must begin with a story—one carried through many generations, all the way back to the beginning of what we now call the Silly Dragon.”

As she spoke, her voice slowed and deepened, taking on the weight of age and repetition, as though the words no longer belonged solely to her, and she herself was only a vessel through which the story had chosen to pass.

There was once a dragon of great ferocity, whose name was spoken only in whispers. His presence stilled whole villages, and the sound of his wings brought paralysis to the hearts of men. Yet though his strength was vast, he possessed a single weakness: the longing to be needed.

When the dragon believed himself unnecessary, he would burn a house to ash. When fear rose again among the people, his purpose returned, and his fury slept. Thus fear became his mirror, and needed his sustenance. As seasons passed, this hunger grew beyond endurance.

At last, the dragon went before a leather worker and spoke thus: *“Fashion for me a chair, that I may wear it upon my back. Let a person sit there, one who needs me always, so that I shall never again know the emptiness of being unwanted.”*

The craftsman obeyed. A chair was made and fitted upon the dragon’s back. Yet the dragon’s mind was clouded with suspicion, for he believed all hands sought to harm him. And as the chair was set in place, the shopkeeper discovered a curious truth: when a certain place low upon the dragon’s back was touched, the beast grew calm, his breath slowing, his rage dissolving time after time.

Seeing this, the shopkeeper spoke to the dragon, saying that changes were required, and that the chair must be taken back for a time.

While the dragon was away, the shopkeeper instructed the builder to create a band—one that could never be removed—crafted to rest upon that very place, applying steady and gentle pressure.

When the dragon returned, the harness was once more set upon him, and the band was sealed in place. In that moment, the dragon lost not only his desire to harm, but the courage to do so. It was said thereafter that the shopkeeper was a wizard. And he rode the dragon across the land, bringing to the people what was needed—without fear, and without fire.

Pingyang's voice returned fully to the room. "As with all old stories," she said softly, "the meaning is this: know your enemy." She looked at us both. "But also know your servant even better—so you may protect yourself from him or her, should the time ever come."

She began again, her voice lowering, smoothing, like silk drawn slowly across stone. "Now," she said, "how this knowledge is used in the present age must be understood." She inclined her head slightly, as if acknowledging unseen listeners. "This teaching becomes personal. But all who listen are already bound to what approaches them, and therefore this must be spoken." Her hands rested calmly together in front of her. "When you are alone with your chosen partner, you must reduce yourselves to simplicity. Remove all that is unnecessary. Cover only what preserves honor and fidelity to your bond. For some, this may be little. For others, more. Only the two of you will know where the line rests, and that line must never be crossed. And put yourself in another veil of awareness for the exercises, so your body and mind are different in place." She paused, allowing silence to do its work. "First, you observe one another. Not with hunger, but with awareness. You allow comfort to replace hesitation. Then, as the dragon master once did, you proceed separately."

Her gaze sharpened—not unkind, but exact. "You must learn the points of the body that govern balance and surrender. The places where strength dissolves, where stillness cannot be maintained, where motion occurs without command. These responses will be the same each time, as rivers follow the same path down a mountain." She let that image settle.

"This will not be easy as you start, there must be much time spent to come immune to simple basic touch from the partner you have chosen so use veil to separate self from body until comfort is achieved the searching can then and only then take place." "These places, once discovered, belong only to the other. They are never spoken aloud. They are never marked or claimed. They are not for pleasure, nor for play."

Her voice hardened slightly. "They are keys for escape. When the mind is clouded, when will is compromised, the body will still obey truth. These points will answer even when thought cannot." She lifted one finger, as a master correcting a student. "At first, the practice may feel light, even tempting. That is why it must be repeated until calm replaces reaction. Only when desire is quiet does control become real." She nodded once. "And several times each year, you must test again. Bodies change. Paths shift. 'The knowing' must remain current."

Julie was standing in front of me still, talking “ So Karl did you understand, Honey... Hello there , where are you.” then I could feel her kiss me on the cheek and I said “ Oh, sorry I was thinking of what Pingyang said that's all, hey kiss on the cheek?” she looked at me and said “Ya, I did not not want you to fail too soon” As I was thinking, I suddenly felt warm. “Julie,” I asked, “did you turn the heat up in here?” She smiled wider. “Yes. So we wouldn't get cold.” I looked at her, and before I could say anything, she nodded like she already knew what I was thinking. Then I said quietly, “We are doing touch now?”

That was it. She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the bedroom. “Yes, Karl. We need to do this, baby. We can't be unprepared again. Let's start big and work small.” She was almost bouncing like this was a game she'd been waiting to play. I stopped her and asked, “Jules... Why does this seem to be exciting you so much?” She leaned in and whispered, “Because, my Karl, I can hide it—and you can't.” As she unzipped my pants and let them fall to the floor, she added, “I don't get any warning when I start overheating like you do. So this exercise should be fun for me.” I finished what she started and stood there in my underwear. “Okay,” I said. “I'm ready for this silly thing, Jules.” She stepped out of the bathroom completely naked, standing there like she was doing jumping jacks and just stopped and said, “So am I, baby.” I immediately turned around. “That's not fair,” I said. “Remember the rules—go to the limit, but don't cross the line. You just erased the line and set the spot on fire.” I could hear her moving behind me, and I knew she was up to something. “Julie,” I warned, “this isn't a game anymore. You're poking a hornet's nest.” My eyes were shut tight. The room definitely wasn't cold anymore—if anything, it was too warm. Then she laughed. “Baby, I was just having fun. Okay. Let's do it the right way.” I opened my eyes, turned around—and completely lost it. I had to sit on the bed laughing. “Julie,” I said, “why are you turning something serious into a joke?” And this is the part anyone reading this later should understand. A moment ago, Julie had been completely exposed, and I had no cover at all. Now, she was standing in front of me wearing what looked like a full bathing suit from the early 1901—ruffles, long sleeves, high neck, down to the ankles. It was so ridiculous that any thoughts I'd had vanished instantly. She walked over, hugged me, and laughed right along with me. Then she pulled out another identical outfit and handed it to me. “Honey,” I asked, “where did you even get these?” She said she'd told Hepp about the idea, and he loved it so much he opened a portal to a beach in 1901—late at night. “We kind of stole them,” she said, “but we left some old gold coins behind to pay.” That was how our very serious exercise began.

“As long as we're honest with each other,” she said, “we'll be fine. If one of us starts to rise or boil over, we've got a suit to calm things down.” I kissed her and said, “I get the idea—but you still look kind of sexy, honey.” I growled a little. She licked my nose. “Stop. It's time for real life.”

Then she walked away, took the suit off, and slipped back into her usual boring bra and panties.

Remember our life is not about starting something between us , at least not yet so neither of us wear night clothes designed to excite the other. We do that enough just with the touch of being together with the other so lets continue this account.

So there we were both looking at each other about four feet apart from each other, doing what we were told to stand until the giggling and laughing stopped which took about 15 minutes itself. Then, of course, she wanted to go first. As we'd been instructed earlier, she took her full hand and slowly ran it over my chest and arms, no nails at first. She smiled and commented, “Karl, you're doing better than I thought you would, baby.” She moved down to my legs and then

started again at my neck. She leaned in, looked straight into my face, and said, “So, Karl, this doesn’t seem to be affecting you at all. I guess I was wrong.” What I’ll admit here—only because that time has long passed—is that during most of this exercise I was biting my lip so hard it was painful. So yes, on that first day, I kind of cheated. I couldn’t let her be right about her approach. I guess that was just a guy thing—big, strong, immune... or pretending to be.

Then it was my turn. I moved so slowly I was barely moving at all, carefully staying within the covered areas we had agreed on for the first day. Arousal wasn’t the goal, after all. As I worked my way around, I looked up and realized Julie had her eyes closed. “Honey,” I said, “eyes shut are not part of this exercise, babe.” Just as I expected, she answered in a flat, deliberate voice, “Karl... dear... I... am... not... a pig... now... either... as... you... can... see.” I stopped immediately, looked right at her, and said, “Jules, are you saying you were more affected than me? Me? Little, small, still-me, honey?” That was when she laughed and said, “Okay, Karl. We did this for the first time. Let me make lunch, and we can continue later. And turn the heat down, honey—I think I turned it up too far earlier.”

We both slipped into something to wear over our underwear and headed for the kitchen. As we were eating, I said, “Today has been fun so far, and I think your trick was a great start. It’s not like I saw anything new, but I’ll definitely be taking a cold shower tonight.” She pointed at me, nearly dropping what she was chewing. “I knew it, Karl. You were being affected too.” Then she asked, “So how are we supposed to do this?”

Right after that, her face changed. A real pout formed, and her voice cracked just slightly as she said, “Karl... I don’t know if I’m cut out for this, baby. It’s hard, with all these emotions running through my head—and you being here, and how I feel about you. This is just... hard.” She looked down, then back at me. “I only wanted a normal life. Why me, honey?” That was when it hit me. This wasn’t a job you clock into and leave behind at the end of the day. She had been living under these rules since she was fourteen, maybe sixteen, without ever fully knowing why—only that others expected it of her. My heart broke for her right then. There was nothing I could fix, nothing I could argue away. All I could do was be there. Then she said something I never saw coming. She looked at me, almost staring, but it was still completely her.

“Karl, dear... I really want to have a little girl with you someday. To raise together. What if by thirty-five I can’t have kids anymore? What if I’m too old or something?” Her voice fell apart. “That would break my heart—not being able to bring a child into the world for your goodness to love.” I had nothing left to say. Lunch was clearly over. I gently pulled her up and guided her to the couch, where I did the only thing I seem to do well now—I held her. We held each other, quiet and unmoving, and I honestly think we fell asleep like that, wrapped together until night came. Later, I pulled her to bed, and we lay down and slept through the night. The sad truth is that she had been so happy earlier. What began as a fun, playful day—born from our need to stay pure—ended in more sadness than we’d felt in a long while.

## *Day Two:*

I can not really say how long it was before we tried this exercise again but I will say we went into this next time too seriously I think, from one extreme to the other I guess. It must have been a

Sunday, just after lunch, when it all started again. Julie stood from the table and looked at me with purpose. “Karl,” she said, “we can’t put it off any longer. We need to get back to the touch exercises.” She hesitated, glancing toward the hallway. “Should we do it in the bedroom, or maybe out here in the open? Would that feel less... intimate?” Even though I thought my response was a good one, clearly Julie did not. “Honey,” I said, shrugging, “we kiss and hold hands everywhere in this house. What makes one spot more intimate than another?” That did it. She beelined for me, pushing me gently but firmly back with her hands. “Karl, could you be serious just once?” she snapped. “This isn’t easy for either of us. Get over here. Strip down. We’re doing this.” She started clearing the space in front of the loveseat, muttering as she moved furniture aside. “We need a bigger place soon,” she added. “I’m feeling cooped up like a pigeon on a roof.” I followed instructions for once because she was right. This was a good time. No high emotions. No burning need. Just... practice. For those following along, Julie literally just passed behind me as I wrote this and whacked me lovingly on the head, telling me *not* to share this part. But I’m keeping it in. So anyway, back to Sunday. We began again, starting with full-hand contact. We both made it through that easily. But then we shifted to fingertips. And that’s when things went off the rails again. I shook my head. “Julie, this isn’t working. You’re being too affectionate during the touch.” She looked genuinely confused. “Karl, all I’m doing is running my hand over your skin. There’s no affection here, it’s just contact. And clearly, it’s affecting you. So I’m stopping.” She went to sit down, but I waved her off. “No, don’t sit right there. Over there, on the other side, please.”

She did what I asked of her, but with a mischievous smile, eyes fixed on me. I had to look away to the framed map on the wall, the one Lilly gave me on that first day. And that’s when it hit me: my switch. “Julie,” I said slowly, “let’s try again.” She gave me a puzzled look, but started the exercise again. I held my gaze on the map as she touched me. And then, mid-session, she paused and said, “Wait... you’re not even reacting anymore. Did I just stop affecting you like that? I mean nothing to you now? Not even a little spark?” I looked at her gently, then turned her face toward the map. It clicked. I said “the trick to this is to be here in body honey but put your mind elsewhere, remember what she said when she told us to listen – *And put yourself in another veil of awareness for the exercises, so your body and mind are different in place.*-- that was what she meant I think.. So what would affect you so much that you could not be aroused then? “ “Oh,” she whispered. “You’re splitting your awareness. Body here. Mind somewhere else.” I nodded. “Exactly. Julie sat quietly for a moment. “Karl,” she said finally, “when I look at you, I see nothing else. I don’t think I can do that.” “Well, since we’ve started, take some time. Just think about it. I will let you finish me today, okay?” She nodded, and I resumed. This time, I focused hard. With Lilly -sweet Lilly- in my head, I got through the entire routine, even the ticklish single-finger part, without a problem.

That night, Julie said softly, “I haven’t been home in three days. Maybe I should go back tonight... for Dad’s sake. Especially since you still haven’t given me a ring, Karl.” I looked at her and sighed. “Honey, you know it’s not my fault. But yeah... maybe you should. Keep him happy until the papers come through.” Because the truth was, she couldn’t stay with me yet. Not officially. Not until The council finished all the needed paperwork so we could be married in America. Even if it meant sleeping apart and taking the chance of an attack when we were not together for the protection that provided.

## DAY THREE:

I had to go to work the next morning, and that's when I realized ,really sat down and *thought* about it ,I was lonely without Julie here. A sinking feeling settled over me. I knew I had to do something to communicate, even a little, after the way last night ended. So I wrote a note and propped it up teepee-style on the kitchen table:

“Jules, my love missing your sweet nudges in the morning. If you stop by, just wanted to let you know I'm always thinking of you, babe.

Snort Snort. Love you.

Me.

P.S. Dropping super hat at the dry cleaners on the way home just for you, honey.”

That helped me feel a little better about how we'd left things. I was sure she'd stop by.

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Later that day, I got home and the note was still exactly where I left it. That concerned me, even though I knew it probably shouldn't. So I hopped over to her dads to see what was going on.

As I walked in the front door of the Carver place, William passed by and said, “Thank the heavens you're here, Karl. She needs you now. She's in her room.” Without a second thought, I think I took three steps at a time maybe a personal record and ran straight into her room. “Honey, are you...” I started, but froze in my tracks when I saw the piles of stuff all over the floor, almost every drawer in her room hanging open , some even out completely and in the middle of this complete mess... Her friend was there, standing and shaking her head. I gave her the hand signal to please leave, and she did, but not before whispering, “Good luck with this one Karl. I do pity you.” I wasted no time. I walked straight over to my one true love and future bride and said, “Is there a problem here, honey?” She looked at me as if I'd just told her the worst thing ever and shouted, “*Problem? You say problem?* Yeah, there's a problem, Karl. I'm *too into you* and it's going to kill me someday. That's my problem!” Then she got up, walked over, wrapped her arms around me, and hung there like I was a coat hanger keeping her from collapsing. I whispered, “My love, I can only help with what I know. I'm good, but I never did pass that mind-reading course yet.” She murmured, still soft, “Karl, you're not the problem. It's me. I have no veil to use. I've looked in every corner of this house, but nothing , I can not stop the feeling ... I'm consumed with thoughts of you, baby.” She sniffled just a little, and of course, I said the wrong thing again. I'm honestly amazed she still loves me as much as she does otherwise, I'd have been out the door a thousand times by now. “So why is that so bad?” I asked. “I'm into you pretty bad too, if you haven't noticed.” Now, I *thought* that was a good comeback. I figured I was diffusing the moment adding a little comfort in my own way. But looking back now as I type this out... yeah, that was *not* the right thing to say. Julie stiffened and stepped back. Oh no. Then came the punches. One in the arm, then another, and another.

“You” *punch*, “Do” *punch*, “Not” *punch*, “Understand, Karl! I have to protect *myself from you!* Not when you're you but when you're not you, or her, or him, or something else. And I can't

if I can't find a veil!" And yes, I understood that completely. There was no soft finish to it. No "Honey," no "Karl," no "Sweetie." It was just *said*. And *done*. She sat in the chair not on the bed next to me and hung her head. That's when I knew I had to bring someone else into this. Someone who knew more than me. And why not two of them? I turned to my very distressed Julie and said, "You think about this, honey. I'll be right back." Then I left the room, fully aware she'd start digging and overthinking, making even more of a mess in her little corner of the Carver house. And I'll admit it, yes, I thought this: *I'm glad this happened here today, instead of at our place*. At least I didn't think *my* place. That made me smile.

I knocked on the door I was going to and said, "Sirs?" And when I heard, "Okay, son," I opened the door to Carver and three others all looking at me. So I walked over and said, "Sir, I have a question if I can," and the three said, "Okay, I think we have enough, sir," and got out of the chairs, looking at me as they walked by, all with a look of despair and shaking their heads. I then sat down and said, "I have a problem I need to solve," and with that Carver said, "Thank you, and I am sure the household thanks you, and the whole village thanks you, and I bet there are even thousands throughout the globe that also thank you, my dear boy." And I looked at him and said, "That bad?" And he got out of his chair and said, "Let me tell you something, young man she got home last night and it was a bit strange. She was looking for something, but she would not tell anyone what this thing was that she needed so badly. But that ended. BUT, then before dawn, it came into every room in this house and everyone was woken up by banging and who knows what words she was saying that I could not understand. Just chaos in our happy home here, Karl." And he sat back down, leaned back, and said, "Now, since you're here, can you enlighten us on this mind-blowing problem that could not be shared?" And I moved closer to him and said, "Sirs, I do not know if it is my place to say, and to be honest, it even sounds kind of self-serving to me to say, but..." I leaned back and had to find the right word to communicate something that a future son-in-law should never say to the DAD. But I have done that a lot over the past few months, so I said, "The fact is, without another way of saying it she cannot find a veil." And with that, he looked at me as if I was trying to sell him a rock, so I knew I had to say more to communicate this so I asked, "If I could talk to Carver alone, please?"

And I could see a change take place so I said, "Carver, sir, the problem is she cannot find a veil or something that can be used so she does not have a reaction when we are doing the Touching thing from Pingyang. She said she wants me too much most of the time, sir. And I thought maybe, as wise as you two are, you might know something I could give her." And with that, Carver sat back in his chair with a smile a mile wide and said, "When I was young, what I would give for a woman I love to say that to me." And right then, I noticed a change, like a switch was flipped, and then he said, "My man—is that it? Why did she not say something? You know, Karl, this secret society crap is going to run me crazy. Granted, this is a personal issue, but she made this a whole house and village issue today." And he went back to a very old desk I never saw him touch and sat down, holding his head for a second. He took a key I never saw him with out of his upper pocket and unlocked the very old-looking writing desk and folded the cover up. I was amazed because it looked like something from another time in there, and yet as if he just wrote something there today. I did see him take a single sheet of paper out of a sealed drawer and smell it for a second, and I thought he shook a bit or something like that, then put the paper back so gently I thought it might have been a sheet of glass instead. Then he resealed the drawer he opened. Then he changed more like himself and opened a drawer toward the bottom of the

desk and took out a frame, kissed the front, and held it close to his heart. Then he closed and locked the desk. As he walked over to me, I saw him take a cloth out of his pocket and wipe his eyes and nose. Then he said, "Karl, I do. I really do hope you will never have to go through the pain I know in my heart right now and have had to deal with on a daily basis to the point I wanted to leave this earth because of it, my son." And he handed me a framed original photo I have never seen at any point since I set foot in this home. And said, "Karl, this is the most valuable thing in my life except for my daughter, which as you know, you already have her heart in your hands. There is no other, and there is no copy in our lives. So please, do not let anything happen to it, son. And yes, after this well-needed exercise is completed, I will need that back in its rightful place, next to my heart then it is no longer needed. As I said before, Karl, I hope you never have a token like this instead of my daughter." And with that, I took the photo—it was only a 5 by 6, I think—but I could tell the power it had for John was a realm full. And I said, "Thank you, sir. I will hold this item equal to Julie." And with that, I slowly, with no step skipping now, walked to Julie's room and walked in as she was shouting at the walls and said, "Dear." So she looked up at me and immediately ran to me and said, "Karl, honey, what's wrong? What happened?" Then she looked at my hand and said, "Karl, what is that?" And I slowly gave it to her as I turned it over and she said, "Mother," and collapsed to the floor, holding the picture like a fine vase. Then she said, "Karl, I remember seeing this—the only picture I have ever seen of my mom so long ago—and then never again. Did you ask my dad for this, sweetie?" And I told her, "I did not ask for this, but something. And that was not easy since I had to also share why. I felt like an idiot telling your dad I was irresistible to his much-loved daughter." Then told her, "Then he went to a desk I never saw him at before and got this picture for you to use, honey."

And she turned her head up to me and said, "Ya, that was the desk she bought for him on their 10th anniversary of marriage, when he wanted to start doing the same thing you said—about keeping a record of our trip to 35, I think you called it." I nodded up at her. "So that never happened, or it did and he has never shown me them. He has that key wherever he is, in the realms next to his heart. I even think sometimes that that key is the only reason he always has a suit vest on, with a pocket and button just on his breast for that one key. Maybe since we are taking the same path, honey, we will be able to know if he ever did any writing on that desk." I never told Julie about the smelling of what I now presume was his bride's smell stuck in that time capsule of a desk—or at least it was to him. And as I write this down now, I wonder if I was in the same position, would I be any different than he was? I knew I had to change this current feeling, or it would go on long enough it might even stop being a memory and start being a stain of sadness. So I said, "Okay, honey, you have spent longer than a day making this pile—I think we should start undoing this, don't you think, babe?" And just then, Julie got up and gently put the picture on her bed that had none of the mess on it and walked to me and did the punching thing all over again like before, saying: "Why",*punch*, "Do",*punch*, "You",*punch*, "Insist",*punch*, "On calling me a pig again and again." And I just said, "Honey, you started it—and all I can say is—SNORT SNORT SNORT." And that was it—with a hug and kiss just to say *honey I am yours*—we were starting to clean up the mess, and we passed that event with success, as long as I did not pick up the wrong item that she quickly grabbed from me and said, "Karl, you should not be touching that. We are not married yet."

As a matter of fact, that was kind of a moving exercise as well, because as she put things away, she made a whole other pile on her bed—this time of things she was putting at our home. And as

she did, she informed me, “Karl, we will need a bigger place soon, you know that, right? You’re no longer the single guy with your underwear on the couch.” And I said, “I never—” She cut me off and told me, “Karl, you have no idea what I found stuck all over that place that I put where they belonged. It was not like I was going to make a list—I was not there then, but I am now. So we change, adjust, and become clean in our new life, my piglet.”

## DAY FOUR

So it was Saturday morning and I knew it was that day that we should be able to finally complete the exercise we started almost a week ago, with problems along the way every time. As I was laying there in bed just looking at the ceiling, Julie put her head up onto her arm so she could look down at me and said in her quick and sassy voice, “Whatcha thinking, friend?”

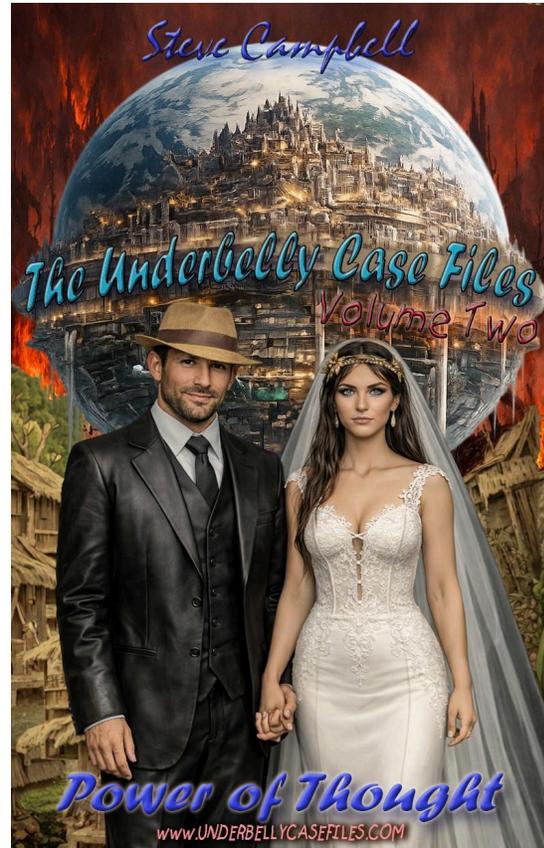
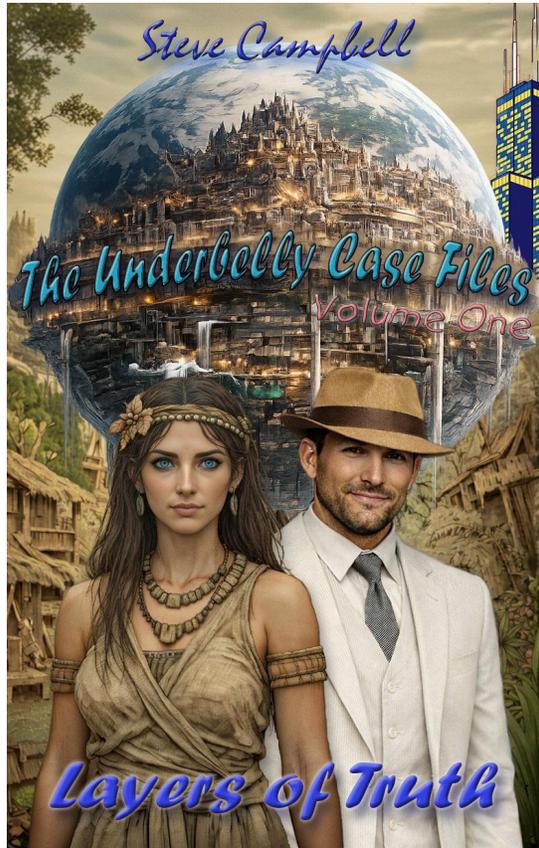
I turned to her and said, “Friend, really? I got the ‘friend’ tag today? I know last night my cooking skills were not that good but I do think that is going too far, BABE.” And with that, it started a pillow fight in the morning that—as so many times before—started the day off with a burst of happy and fun energy that just told me changing my life for this wonderful person was the best decision I have ever made and ever will make. However, I had to say, “Honey, stop, please stop, baby.” When she answered back, “But I was winning—look, you’re about to fall off the bed already.” She pushed me off the bed right then and raised her hands like in *Rocky* and said, “I am the best pillow woman, fighter, whatever—I won!”

And I was just sitting on the floor, laying there, when she jumped on top of me and said, “Okay hun, what was this big event you were talking about... before I won the battle?” And I said, “We need to finish our goal for this week that we have not been able to yet.” And with that, she got up from me and helped me up off the floor and got the picture out of her drawer where it is kept until it is returned, and put it on the shelf I installed on the wall opposite the map of the village and said, “Okay, let’s do this now, Karl.” And that was it. All we needed to move on was very sad memories, as we were told—to slip the natural from the feeling. I had a personalized drawing from a little Lilly Sunshine that I guess I can say changed my life in only two days, forever. And my Julie needed only to look upon a picture of her much-missed mom for us both to separate our love for one another from our body’s natural involuntary actions.

Hope you enjoyed this little blurb focusing on a single subject of our lives together...

For the whole story you can read the full two volume set of case Files that take you on the path to 35 out of the 40 we have filed away that walk you through the story of our growth together Layers of Truth and Power of Thought Volume one and two of the *Underbelly CaseFiles Series*.

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IS THE BOND OF TRUST THEY HAVE TO EACH OTHER.**

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