

# The Pieces of the Rainbow

## Chapter Three: The Explanation

“In the dimension that I come from, we focus on being...it sounds corny but enlightened. Our center point of life is around the practice of exploring our minds and all that it is capable of doing. And that’s led to us discovering the full power of meditation, the answers for where we go when we dream, and many other parts of esotericism but the biggest one of them all was dimension travelling. In my dimension, we don’t dedicate the majority of our time to things that you traditionally do in *your* dimension, like school or working for hours in a week. Instead, those things take a backseat, and rather, teaching and practicing how to understand and unlock a person's mental capabilities takes the center stage. To you, it might seem crazy that my society runs that way but it's just as crazy to me that your society *doesn't* run that way, although I have gotten a little more used to it over my years of dimension-hopping. Oh! That’s what we call people who travel to other dimensions, ‘dimension hoppers.’”

I had so many questions and the more she shared her story the more questions clouded my mind. I couldn’t even begin to fully process all this information, for fear of my head exploding so I tried the slow approach of asking one question at a time. “So you’re saying other dimensions exist?”

“They don’t just exist, they’ve been discovered, numerous times, from numerous people and one, of course, being me.” Indigo pauses to gather her thoughts and then continues, “every dimension is similar but different. Similar in ways, that every dimension has humans, that live on planet earth, and need food and water to survive. But not every dimension has modern technology or some have a limited amount because in those worlds no ever discovered electricity and therefore the foundations of technology never existed. Or in others, they’re so technologically advanced that my dimension has been able to utilize their discoveries about science and how the brain works and incorporate it into our schooling system, it’s truly remarkable, Theo.”

“I could only imagine.”

“You don’t have to imagine too hard. You know, in other worlds you’re a dimension-hopper!” Confusion and shock were written all over my face. “Even in the dimension that I originate from, you're a dimension traveller.” She added on.

“Does that mean I could be able to...” I lowered my voice as a lady walked past us and into the cafe, “dimension travel in my world, as well?”

“Correct, especially because there has to be alignment between all of the Theodores in this universe. Just because you’ve never travelled in this dimension before, doesn’t mean that you can't, you just have to focus on seeking out that part of yourself. But you have a lot more to learn before that time comes.”

“Wait, that means that I exist in other dimensions and you’re in them *with* me? If each dimension has its differences then how could the both of us exist in a whole other world together? The odds of that occurring seems slim, doesn’t it?” Indigo made a face like she knew this question was coming but she dreaded it anyways.

“It’s actually quite the opposite. There needs to be a certain level of relativity in every universe. There has to be structure so that there’s balance. And because of the need for balance,

in every dimension that I am in, you're in it with me but we don't just exist in these dimensions together, we-we're significant to one another, you're a core part of my life journey, which is why we're together in every dimension." As I began to read in between the lines, I started to understand what Indigo was hesitant to flat out say, *we're each other's soulmates*. "If a connection is strong enough between two people or between two things, it garners the ability to transcend across all dimensions, in that one universe."

"But then I don't understand, if you live in a dimension where you and that Theodore already knew one another, why would you come searching for me?"

"In my dimension, my Theodore is a dimension teacher, so he travels a lot to find new valuable information. And he was gone and I wanted to travel to a dimension where you and Indigo had just met. It's kind of like how you vacation to a different country to get away from it all, well we travel to other dimensions, to escape for a little while. You weren't supposed to know about all of this, yet. One of the rules that they taught us in school is that a dimension hopper should never tell an unknowing person about dimension travelling, it could potentially affect the balance of the universe and the timeline of that person's life. When a person learns about other dimensions, if they ever do in their lifetime, it should be on their own accord. But I'm afraid that I might need your help because I'm not sure how to get back to my dimension."

"What do you normally do to get back?"

"Well travelling back is normally a lot easier. When you come into another dimension there's a feeling that you get. I don't know how else to describe it but just a strong longing to go back to the dimension that you travelled from, the one where you originally existed in, we call it your "home dimension." And when you want to travel back home, usually all you would have to do is tap into that feeling. They made the ability to come back a lot easier so people don't stay or struggle to get back. But Theo, when I first said your name in the bookstore, that feeling, it *immediately* disappeared, something is really wrong."

"What if you just...stayed?"

"I don't think I can Theo. When I first travelled here, my intentions were to go to a dimension in which you and Indigo had already met but were just getting to know each other. So when I said your name in the bookstore and you didn't recognize me, I not only knew that a mistake had been made but that some sort of damage could've been caused as well. I'm scared that the longer I stay here, the worse it'll get."

"So then we've got to find you a way back."

"I know Theo, but that feeling, it-it's gone!" She cried. "And I've never been taught another way to get back, I've never *needed* to know another way."

"But there has to be one." I paused to think for a moment, "even if there isn't a defined answer, someone must have some theories."

Indigo had a look of realization on her face, "you're right, you're completely right. People dimension travelled way before I have. Before there were schools and experts to teach you the methods. Before all that, people had to figure it out on their own, so they must have written down their discoveries and different techniques, right?"

"You would think so."

"But where would they be kept?"

"Maybe in an archive of some sort, there's one at a library near here that's known for its historical pieces." I stated.

"Lead the way!"

## Chapter Four: The Journal

“I recognize this name but I just can't place it,” Indigo said with an underlying frustrated tone. We were in the historical section of the library, it was a room blocked off from the rest of the building, the windows had large dark brown drapes that hung in front of them, they blocked all but one sliver of sunlight from peaking through. Indigo stood over the wooden desk, the yellow light, from a burning out bulb, gave her enough aid to sort through the papers and flip through the pages of a journal that could be potentially used as a guide. Her lavender hair hid most of her face except for her eyes. Her eyes reflected her intense concentration and devotion to figuring out her way back home. “Do you think this could be good enough?” Indigo said, turning to face me and holding the journal out for me to take. “There’s a lot of old pieces written about meditation but I don’t see much on the topic of dimension travelling,” she stated as she shuffled through the other papers we had found while awaiting my approval as I scanned the contents of the journal.

“It looks promising. Wait! You said you recognized the name?” I asked.

“Yeah but I just can’t- wait, school! We learned about her in school!”

“Who’s ‘her?’” My confusion, clearly being expressed.

“Iris Eritque Arcus, the owner of this journal, look at the front!” Indigo flipped the book over so that the front of the book was being displayed. At the bottom of the cover, in almost intelligible, black, cursive, were the words, *Iris Eritque Arcus*. “This is insane!” Indigo’s eyes darted all around and her mouth hung open.

“Indigo, calm down,” I said gently to her. “Now, who exactly is this woman?”

Indigo answered in a rushed and excited manner, “I was taught about her at school. She’s considered one of the greats. This is insane! That means she came from your dimension, Theo. She’s one of the few people that we know of that had the capabilities to dimension travel back in the day. And this book! It must have everything that she ever knew about travelling in it. This is exactly what we needed and more! Theo, we struck gold!” Indigo laughed adorably.

## Chapter Five: The Shop

“Cinnabarite!” We were sitting on the carpeted floor of the library archive. Indigo read through the journal entry parts on Iris Eritque Arcus’s method for getting back to her home dimension. Indigo read with a hushed voice and every once in a while she would excitedly read aloud a word from the journal, while I sat and tried to piece her sporadic words together. After a few minutes, Indigo straightened her back, closed the book, and said, “I know what we need to do.”

“And what’s that?” I asked.

“It says here that Iris collected pure rainbow coloured crystals, placed them in a circular shape, in the order of the rainbow, laid inside of the circle, and would meditate on the dimension that she wanted to travel to and if her mental capabilities were strong enough that day, her consciousness would go beyond this world and would travel to the dimension that she wished to go to.”

“What is a pure rainbow coloured crystal?”

“My guess is that we need to find crystals that are only of the colours found in the rainbow and that are naturally occurring and refined.” Indigo opened the book again to find

something she was searching for. “It also says each crystal colour needs to follow a certain pattern. We’ll need seven red crystals, six orange crystals, five yellow crystals, and so on.”

“Does it mention anything about where we might be able to find these crystals?”

“Iris said she got her first set of crystals,” Indigo re-opened the journal and read word for word, “from a shop at the end of the street, where the purple meets.” She closed the book and looked back at me with a confused expression. “I’m not exactly sure what that means but anyhow this book is so old, I doubt the shop would still be in business or that it even exists anymore.”

“I know what she’s talking about!” I exclaimed.

“You do?” Indigo asked, matching my enthusiasm.

“The saying, ‘at the end of the streets, where the purple meets’ is a reference to how way back in the day, the people of this town were going to paint the town walls purple as a way to attract tourists but they realized that they would probably lose more money than gain, so they gave up. And now all that’s left is a half-painted wall. We’ve never painted over top of it because it’s kind of become an inside joke between the whole town.”

“And the shop?”

“I’m not sure if it’ll still be there but we now at least we know where it is.” I started packing up our stuff, getting ready to leave but Indigo grabbed my hand, stopping me in my tracks.

“Theo. There’s something that I haven’t told you.” Indigo gauges my expression before continuing, “I’ve been here for what, 4 hours? Which means I only have 20 hours left.”

“What? I-I don’t understand. I know you said you wanted to leave as soon as possible but why are you putting a 24-hour timer on your stay?”

“Because if I stay here for longer than 24 hours there’s a possibility that...I might die.”

“Indigo...what are you saying?”

“I’m only the host of this body, this is not my home. In school, they taught us to never stay for more than 24 hours in a dimension that is not your own because as soon as those 24 hours are up, the dormant and the awake consciousness will have no choice but to fight to be the final host of the body. And from what I’ve heard, the majority of the time, the dormant consciousness wins.” She looks down, almost ashamed. “I know I should’ve told you earlier but I didn’t even want to get to a point where this discussion could become a reality.”

I try to shake off my own nerves to reassure Indigo, “I’ll make sure you’re back in your home dimension long before the 24 hours are up.”

“Thank you, Theo, truly.” I grab ahold of Indigo’s hand and lead us both out of the library to outside where the sun is shining down on us.

“Should we get a taxi?” Indigo asks me.

“No, it’ll only be a five-minute walk from here. Nothing in this town is further than a five-minute walk.” I joke.

“I like it here. It’s cute!” She says while taking in the view as we cross the street. “Hey, did you know in my dimensions a rainbow isn’t a rainbow?” Indigo said.

“What do you mean? Does it have a different name or something?”

“Yup! We call it,” she pauses for dramatic effect, “a colour arc.” Indigo whispers, trying to be spooky.

“Hm, colour arc, I like our version better.” I joked. “So then how’d you know what I was referring to?”

“Well, you’re not the first dimension to name it a rainbow, you know.”

“Oh really, so the English language is spoken in the other worlds?”

“Yes, actually a lot of dimensions have the same languages within them, they just go by different names but you would know them as, Spanish, English, Mandarin, and Hindi, and some languages that you would consider outdated like Latin are still used, there’s also another predominant language called, Interlavian.

“So do you just know all of this stuff for fun, I can’t imagine myself being able to travel to other dimensions and choosing to focus on what language they speak.”

“Funny.” She deadpanned. “No, I had to study all of this for school. We talked about this before, don’t you remember?” She chuckled to herself.

“School?” I questioned dumbfounded. “You got to travel to other dimensions, for school!”

“Jealous?” She chuckled at my enthusiasm. “Sort of. Most people aren’t able to travel until they’re sixteen just because that’s when the average person is able to unlock the mental capabilities needed for dimension travelling. But there are so many people who are able to unlock that part of themselves way before sixteen, those people are considered the greats and there are so few of them I could count all of their names on my hand. On the flip side, there are some, how do you say...late bloomers and others that never bloom at all.”

“You mean some people can’t dimension hop at all?”

“We don’t know why but our best guess would be that they just don’t possess the particular mindset that is required.”

“That’s terrible,” I said emphatically as we reached the outside of the crystal shop.

Indigo looked up and squinted her eyes to try and block the sharp rays of the sun, as she read aloud the name of the shop, “Haven’s Goods.”