

# MEETING BY THE FIRE

by

**QASIM ANSARI**

*The curtain is down.*

*Qasim appears in front of it. He is a young man of Asian descent in his late twenties. He addresses us.*

QASIM (to the audience): I once had a dream, though I am not sure if it was a dream, about when I met someone who claimed to be an ancestor of mine from my father's family. I already knew that we have a history of Freemasonry in our bloodline but this was different. It took place at the Pyramids of Giza in Egypt...

*He walks off stage just as the curtain rises to reveal Egypt. It is night time; the sky is clear and calm. The pyramids are standing in the background. Qasim appears on stage, now on horseback and wearing traditional Arab dress.*

QASIM (to the audience): There I was on horseback amongst the great pyramids. I remember when I first saw them 9 years ago that I had this strange feeling of being there before, long ago perhaps in a different life. This is what this night felt like. Here I was alone at night and it was different than before. It almost felt like the past.

*In the distance another person on horseback emerges and rides slowly towards Qasim.*

QASIM (to the audience): He appeared to me in the form of a man on a horse, a desert nomad to be precise. I can still see it now; there he was before me, donned in white on a black horse. He never did tell me his name but he knew mine.

HORSEMAN: Qasim?

QASIM: Um, yes?

HORSEMAN: Please dismount and join me.

QASIM (to the audience): We both dismounted and walked to an open clearing. He made a fire using two small stones which he carried by his side in a small leather bag. We sat opposite each other, his eyes glowed a peculiar blue through the flames. After some silence he spoke again.

HORSEMAN: Are you aware of the origins of your name?

QASIM: Well, kind of. I know that part of my father's family come from Persia and that the Ansaris' were a large tribe.

HORSEMAN: Yes, but do you know who the Ansaris' really are?

QASIM: Um, not really no.

HORSEMAN: 'Ansari' means belonging to the clan of the 'Ansar'. The Ansar date back many centuries to the very foundations of Islam. Our origins lie in Mecca and Medina during the times of Prophet Mohammed. The Ansar protected Mohammed from those who wished to see him die and for his message to die with him.

QASIM: Is that why my dad loves reading so much about Islam?

HORSEMAN: Perhaps. But the protection of what Mohammed brought to us is much more important. In essence it was a message to all mankind. Like Jesus before him, it was the message of Light.

*Pause.*

The Ansar have protected the secrets of the light ever since. The Ansari family are the direct descendants of those who protect the secrets. Your bloodline is vast but most of you have swayed away from this responsibility. Only a select few like myself continue to defend Light against Dark.

*Pause.*

Every one hundred years comes the emergence of a great Master, a child capable of casting the world into a century of either Light or Dark. It happened exactly one hundred years ago. I remember because I was there. The child was born in London and it was clear to all of us that he was very powerful. We lost him onboard the Titanic and with the planned sinking we lost all trace of him. Some believed he was dead but I knew that this was not the case. That child landed in America and become the engineer of The New World Order, a time where humans would lose touch with the Light and be blinded by fear. Now we are approaching the emergence of his successor.

*Pause.*

I have something for you...

*From the same leather bag he takes out a small cube made of gold.*

HORSEMAN: We are from the same tribe you and I. My job as it has always been is to give this to you.

*He throws the cube through the fire into Qasim's hands. The moment it touches his hands, the fire becomes a glowing blue. The tips of the pyramids glow a golden yellow. A few seconds later all returns to normal.*

HORSEMAN: That is the Paradigm, an advanced network of energy cycles depicting the past, present and possible future of the world. Both the forces of Light and Dark have their Paradigms.

QASIM: Who are the dark?

HORSEMAN: Just as we are the descendants of those who protect the Light so to are there those who wish to spread the message of Darkness. Last time it was the Dark tribe who found the Master first. They convinced him to join them and what followed was a century of war, death and tyrannical control. Over the century the Light fought back but the Dark was always stronger.

*Pause.*

Now is our chance to fight back.

QASIM: What must I do with this?

HORSEMAN: The new master will have already been born. Soon the child will be old enough to venture into that part of your world where their true self shall be revealed. Under the city where the vast tunnel networks exist.

QASIM: You mean the London Underground?

HORSEMAN: Yes. To most people they are simply train tunnels but they harbour the gateways to the spirit realm and other frequencies of perception. There is magic down there both of Light and Dark. And in the darkness are creatures we speak of in myth and legend. It is here where the child shall realise that they possess a great power. It is also at this moment where the forces of Light and Dark will be able to find them. Whoever finds the child first will be able to convince them to follow their path. You, together with the others who represent the Light, must find the child first and bring them to the Light. I doubt this world will be able to survive another century of darkness.

*Pause.*

Open the Paradigm.

*Qasim opens up the cube. It begins to glow bright blue. It is so bright that he is forced to close his eyes. Soon it subsides.*

HORSEMAN: It is now part of you; it is in your mind. When you find the child, they will know that you possess this vast knowledge. You must then share it with them. You are the past and the present. The child holds the shape of the future energy. But be careful, there are those who will try to kill you and the child out of fear of the world embracing the Light once again. I must go now.

*He walks towards his horse and begins to get on it.*

QASIM: Wait, how will I know what to do?

HORSEMAN: You've always known what to do. It's within your blood. You belong to our tribe. You belong to the protectors of The Light. Get ready, soon the child shall reveal themselves and the world shall approach its next Chaos Point. By 2012 the child will decide whether the world embraces Light or succumb to the Dark once again. Good luck Qasim.

*He rides off.*

QASIM (to the audience): I saw him disappear into the desert night. The glow of the fire began to dim and I felt tired. Soon I was asleep. I awoke in my bed the next day. It was a dream and yet something had changed. Now every time I go into the London Underground I can feel the difference. I can feel the energy. I know the truth...

*The curtain falls.*