

# On a journey...

I need to fit this new information of the different ways in which our nervous system reacts to its environment, into my already existing understanding of how we operate within this three dimensional space of existence, because here is a key to maintaining health. If we are able to consciously

that she and others in the family have been feeling. Christopher's death was obviously the final straw on the camel's back for him, but ultimately each of us is responsible for our own well-being, even though many are simply not able to extricate themselves from situations that cause their systems to

and then east from here. I've also been hearing a lot about the beauty of this place and when they come back on the Sunday night, they tell me how Reena's friend owns a camping place there, so they'd stayed in a tent at his resort and done a little hiking around and about. On the Monday morning when I come down for breakfast Alexi tells me that Reena's already gone somewhere, but it's only a few days later that we find out what has really happened. A couple of Reena's male cousins had called her at 7am on the Monday morning and told her to come immediately down to the village of Sarsai on the main road below us, where they were waiting for her in a car to go 'somewhere'. From there they took her to a house in Bhuntar, a ride of around 45 minutes away and told her she was to be married to the young man in that household whom she had never met and having absolutely not wanted to, but being unable to extricate herself from the societal and cultural pressure of the situation, is indeed married to him three weeks later. Did she want to go ahead with this? No way! Did she have a choice, well yes of course she did, but the programming of her life did not allow her to jump the fence. As a 29 year old unmarried woman, she is starting to be frowned upon by the community and her parents put to shame. Obviously to even start talking about the how's, why's and but's of what's happened here would not make any sense to the situation, because perspectives on the matter are simply polar opposite to what we have grown up to understand about marriage. And it's definitely wise not to get involved with local matters here, so none of us say how disgraceful and nonsensical we feel the situation is. One's survival here in the Kullu-Manali valley is dependent on local support, as locals have the final say as to whether you live here or not and they will find many underhand ways to get rid of you if you become a menace. I don't mean murdering you or anything like that, but creating such issues for you to stay in your home that you will volunteer to leave! Alexi attends the marriage puja at the boy's house. She is also surprised, as she hadn't seen this coming in the manner that it did and now Reena is no longer living in Soil valley nearby us where Alexi can easily go and meet her, but a 45-minute drive away in Bhuntar, at pretty much the very southern tip of the Kullu-Manali valley!

The situation with the cats is still not

resolved. Now we urgently need to deworm them all, as I've seen wriggling round worms in both their vomit and feces. We've already got a pack of worming tablets from Manali Strays that I just haven't got around to giving them yet and because it's such a big job, I put it off until it's absolutely necessary, which I know is not the correct approach! As they do not stock ones specifically for cats, they've given us dog worming tablets, and even though they're the same thing, each tablet is for a 10kg animal so I first need to crush it, then divide it into the amount that each cat should



Jamyang sleeping with Little Girl on his shoulder, Shanti Bhawan, Kullu-Manali valley, India

receive by body weight, then mix the remaining powder with a little milk so I can suck it up into a syringe, grab the cat in question by the scruff of the neck, throw back its head, get the syringe in between its teeth on one side of the mouth and squirt it down their throat. Needless to say, this is a touch and go method as even when Alexi helps me by wrapping it, paws and all, inside a blanket so only the head is protruding, the squirming cat inevitably gets loose, then rushes off to the other side of the room to start coughing out as much of the unfavourable liquid as possible, something I have to take into consideration when dosing out the amount to each, ie. adding an



Manali Strays' social media post during Pikachu's surgery!

extra 25% for that which will not be ingested! In this way, we go through a few cats each night, until the lot are covered, NOT a nice job at all after which my hands and arms are fairly scratched up.

Then we have to repeat the exercise after 2 weeks! Looking at the list that I've made to remind me which cats have been done and which need to be done, in between the worming sessions, 2 of my favourite cats of this batch have now disappeared. The elder one is Vijay Kumar, who has the most beautiful and loving temperament and always comes in the most friendly manner to me immediately when I go to the balcony where the cats habitually live. Whenever Indian friends come to the house and hear us calling him 'Vijay Kumar', they are extremely amused by his name and I have to tell them the whole story behind his name, which started with me forming a special bond with him while he was still in the nest. Tashima was keeping her kittens under a small table in my puja room and whenever I came in the room, Vijay would immediately run out to greet me. Because he had a kind of V shape on his little kitten forehead, I started calling him 'Vee', then 'Veej', which ultimately turned into 'Vijay'. When Jamyang heard me calling him Vijay, he was amused and naturally added on 'Kumar', because in India the name, 'Vijay Kumar' is like the 'John Smith' of the UK. He's healthy, strong and playful, but somehow just vanishes from one day to the next. At first we presume he will return, because he's already quite big and able to climb trees when getting chased by a dog, so should be able to protect himself, but he doesn't come back.

The other cat that's missing is 'Little Girl' or 'Hoppy Hoppy' as we call her, as she springs around, bright and energetic. This is not because she has some special character trait though, but because she is a little disabled and cannot walk normally, which also makes climbing anything impossible as she's not able to release her claws and grip onto the surface. This makes her very vulnerable to being nabbed by a dog. She has the most loving nature and is also one of my favourites and disappears the same day as Vijay, so maybe they went off somewhere together and got lost, or worse...

Both Tashima and Darkie have recovered from their spaying operations and now we get Pikachu done too and Kenchi, who's a male, neutered. Pikachu's operation goes fine and so does Kenchi's except when we bring him home, even though he's wobbling all over the place, he tries to jump up onto the kitchen counter. This action dislodges his stitches and suddenly he is squirting blood everywhere from his wound. We call the vet, send him a photo of the blood bath and he tells us to bring Kenchi back immediately to the surgery, which we do.

To be continued...

For all previous editions of Susan's story, 'On a Journey...', please go to: [www.pyramidkey.com/readsusansarticleshere/](http://www.pyramidkey.com/readsusansarticleshere/)



Alexi with Reena at her wedding, Bhuntar, Kullu-Manali valley, India

place our focus on our midline axis, which is the very first part of us to manifest as an embryo, when the original cell divides, we may give the body an optimum space to use its own intelligence to bring itself back into order. During the Somatic Intelligence Level 4 weekend, I also identify what may be wrong with John. Everything points towards him having what they call a 'dorsal shut down' where absolutely nothing can function anymore, except his vitals, which are keeping him alive. This is the most extreme reaction to trauma, one where you literally hide and freeze like, as our teacher Zia tells us, 'playing possum', who when threatened will curl up, freeze and pretend it is dead so as to fend off any threat to its survival. I discuss it with Sarah and she agrees that this may be so, telling me in the same conversation how she's been triggered to have a bomb blast of a conversation with John, one that she's been trying to have with him for years, whereby she's opened up to him about things

shut down, which is an extreme coping mechanism. The idea that it's easier to stay where we are and 'work it out' is too firmly rooted into our programming, rather than taking proactive steps to remove what is ultimately harming us. Although already lodged in our systems at an energetic level, these things can take years to manifest in a pathological way and once they do, we may become too debilitated to be able to do anything about it.

Alexi and Reena go to the Tirthan valley that's around a 3 hour drive south



'Vijay Kumar', Shanti Bhawan, Kullu-Manali valley, India