

KRISTINE M. ANDERSON

THROUGH THE EYES OF ANGELS

BOOK 1



GUARDIANS OF THE CRYSTALS

PEACE HAS BEEN FOUND
AND STRENGTH TO LIVE.
THE BOOK IS PHENOMENAL!

Wonderfully beautifully written book. I really enjoyed it.
- *Kristīne Daugule*

*

I really, really like this book. I read it again. The feelings
I felt reading this book cannot be described in words.
Something very special and familiar. Thanks to the au-
thor!
- *Paula Cepleviča*

*

To stop. To feel. To believe. To be One Whole.
- *Linda Lielvārde*

*

Fantastic, brought me to the world of dreams! Thanks!
- *Anita*

Through the Eyes of Angels

**Guardians
of the
Crystals**

by Kristine M. Anderson

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Title: Guardians of the Crystals
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Fantasy / Visual and transformative fiction.

This is the first book in the series

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You meet yourself in the middle of the silence.

The phone was ringing downstairs. Mrs. Verne hurried to answer it and as she passed her, gave orders to the blonde Amanda. The girl was lazily lying on the couch watching television.

– Amanda, please go and look after your sister while I answer this. She is in the kitchen, eating.

– Fine, I'm going! – She said getting up and going to the kitchen dragging her feet. "It's definitely Mom, calling to tell you that she will be home late and we will have to spend our evening with Mrs. Verne. What a nightmare!" the girl thought angrily as she sat down opposite her sister at the big kitchen table.

Mrs. Verne was their babysitter, who watched the girls while their parents were at work. That meant- all the time. She was a slender woman with her gray hair always tied in a tight knot on the back of her head. She never smiled, never spoke unnecessarily and did her chores in silence. If little Michelle had to be put to bed, she did it automatically by reading one story, turning off the light and did not engage in any more conversation. Sometimes it seemed like she was a robot with no human emotions. When Amanda tried to protest that Mrs. Verne was a bad babysitter, Mom and Dad were too busy to listen and just told her that she came with the best recommendations and lots of experience in babysitting. The girl tried to convince her parents often that she was too old for a babysitter and that she was mature enough at fifteen, to take care of her little sister alone, but they did not agree.

Amanda's relationship with Michelle was special. They were very attached to each other and Amanda took care of her little sister with pleasure. Michelle was five, and very mature, independent and smart for her age. The girls often spent time in Amanda's room where they read books,

painted funny pictures and made little things for Michelle's dolls and stuffed animals. Meanwhile Mrs. Verne was downstairs cooking or simply reading a book. The nanny seemed not to care about what the two girls did in their rooms, and they preferred to be disturbed as little as possible.

While Mrs. Verne was on the phone, she could hear the girls laughing in the kitchen. It was very often that eating turned into a very fun process for the girls. Mrs. Verne hung up the phone and turned. There was a new frown of worry on her forehead. She leaned against the door frame, took a couple of deep breaths and went into the kitchen where the girls were having a blast.

– Your mother called. She will be home late, there is no need to wait up for her, and you both should go to bed. I'll help Michelle...

Amanda jumped up from the chair with a loud noise.

– I knew it! – She shouted through tears not allowing Mrs. Verne to talk, – All they do is promise, but every night it is the same! And then on weekends they try to buy our love back!

– Amanda, don't say that... – The babysitter tried to take Amanda's hand. Mrs. Verne's eyes had a strange glow in them, but in her rage, Amanda did not notice and ran away to her room. A door slammed shut upstairs.

– Are you done, Michelle? – The nanny caressed her head and sighed. Little Michelle was looking up at the nanny with her big, blue eyes and did not understand what was happening. Was her confusion caused by the sudden anger of her sister or the unexpected expression of love from Mrs. Verne?

– Why is my sister crying? Is she hurting? I'll go to her, – Michelle slid off the high kitchen chair and hurried up the stairs, her blonde locks streaming behind her. Mrs. Verne did not try to stop her, because she knew, if Michelle had made up her mind, she could not be stopped. She cleaned up the empty dinner plates and went upstairs to help the little girl bathe and get ready for bed.

Amanda was lying on her bed, hugging a pillow and staring at the ceiling. Soon her little sister came and climbed in bed next to her. All her anger disappeared, because Michelle could do miracles by just cuddling up to her. Now she could hear the babysitter reading Winnie the Pooh through her bedroom walls. Amanda heard the gravel under the car tires as her parents returned home. "They are not that late after all," she thought and went to the window. The car slowly stopped by the house but no one got out for a moment. Then she saw her mother. Amanda waved at her, but she just walked inside the house without looking up. "Where's Dad?" the girl wondered. At that moment something stirred in her stomach, she remembered someone who looked different from the way she usually did. Mrs. Verne! She had looked very differently after the phone call!

She could hear mom speaking to the babysitter and after a moment the front door opened and closed. With her legs slightly weak and a feeling that something bad had happened, Amanda went downstairs. She found her mother in the living room sitting on the couch with puffy eyes, staring into an empty fireplace. Amanda's footsteps startled her, she wiped her tears and acted calm.

– You are not sleeping yet? Mrs. Verne said that both of you went to bed a while ago.

– Where's Dad? Has...Has something bad happened? – Amanda was almost whispering.

Mom took a deep breath and quickly said through tears:

– Dad is in the hospital. He lost consciousness at work today so they took him to the hospital. Doctors had to do an emergency surgery immediately. They found a tumor... In his head... – tears ran down mom's cheeks and she started to sob. Amanda pressed her hands against her ears and closed her eyes. They sat like that for a moment, which seemed like forever. Thousands of thoughts were running through her head until they stopped at one simple question.

– Why? – She whispered and rocked back and forth. –

Why...why...

Mom leaned closer to her daughter and put her arms around her shoulders:

– I don't know, Amanda. I really don't. Dad had never complained about anything... I don't know... – They sat there, hugging each other until Amanda felt her mother shaking.

– Go upstairs and get into bed, Mom, I'll make you some tea, okay? – Amanda said. Mom was sitting frozen for a moment, then kissed her daughter on the forehead and slowly walked up to her bedroom. She stopped on the stairs and looked back. Never before in her life had she felt this hopeless. She was standing there, watching her daughter walk into the kitchen, filled with determination, and understood that her little girl was now grown up.

The tea kettle was quietly whistling. Amanda tried to put the cups on a tray as slowly and quietly as she could, but her hands were shaking slightly and her stomach was cramping. Her mind refused to accept what her mom had told her. That could not be true! It simply could not! Amanda shook her head and her blonde hair fell carelessly across her face sticking on tears that were silently running down her cheeks. The water had heated up and the click, that the electric tea kettle made, brought her back to reality. She wiped her face, poured the hot water over tea leaves in the teapot and picked up the tray.

Mom had changed into a loose tracksuit, sitting on the bed with her knees under her chin, she look much smaller than usual. She was pale, tired and had dark circles under her eyes. She was a blonde with blue eyes, just like both of her daughters. When the door opened and Amanda walked in holding the tray, Mom smiled a weak smile.

– Tea is ready! – Amanda tried to sound cheerful, placed the tray on the night stand and climbed next to her mother in bed. They were sitting in silence for a while when Mom spoke:

– There is one more thing I need to tell you. Things are not looking good for our company at the moment and we

are in debt. Now dad's illness... I don't know what will happen next. We probably won't be able to pay Mrs. Verne anymore...

Amanda turned to her mother and interrupted her:

– I can take care of my sister, I have told you a thousand times! Michelle listens to me and I love being with her.

– Wait, Amanda, let me finish. I have thought about this more times than necessary today. You come home from school later than Michelle and she can't be home alone. Tomorrow Aunt Sophie flies in. She will look after you two for a few days until school ends and the holidays start.

– Who is Aunt Sophie? – A small voice came from the doorway. Michelle was standing there, holding her pillow tight to her chest.

– Michelle! – Mom said and stretched out her hands. Immediately the little girl threw her hands around Mom's neck. – Michelle! Oh, Michelle! Why are you still awake, my little bunny?

– You said something about Aunt Sophie, – Michelle could not let go. – Who is she?

Mom put Michelle in the bed next to Amanda and started to explain:

– You had a grandmother who died even before Amanda was born, and she had a sister. She lives in the mountains. Your grandmother always told me to remember, whenever times were hard, I could always call Aunt Sophie.

– She is probably so old, she could barely move, – Amanda mumbled.

– Well she is not young anymore, but she is far from an old granny. She is, if I'm right, almost twenty years younger than your grandmother was, – Mom smiled.

– Have you ever met this Aunt Sophie? – Amanda was still angry, because thought of someone looking after them again made her sullen.

– Yes, when I was little, my mother and I used to visit her quite often. I remember that she lived in a big country house, with big trees and mountains all around it. She had a garden that always smelled like roses. Aunt Sophie

herself was very lovable and I could talk to her about anything. She used to tell me she had a white dog with blue eyes, named Daisy.

– Did she have any kids? – Michelle asked.

– No. Your grandmother told me that back when Aunt Sophie studied history of art, she had met a young man named Jacques. He was handsome and a really pleasant person. They wanted to get married and live in his house in the mountains, but her father, your great grandfather, would not let them, because he did not like Jacques. He found the young man strange and different and said that Aunt Sophie was too good for him and she must find a more suitable husband. But Aunt Sophie and Jacques ran away, got married and lived in the mountains happy and undisturbed. A few years later Jacques went into the mountains and never returned. Local townsfolk looked for him for weeks but he was nowhere to be found. Aunt Sophie stayed in the mountains and never returned to her parent's house. She still lives in Jacques's house. That was where we used to visit her with your grandmother.

– Did she ever get married again? – Amanda asked. The story about Aunt Sophie had obviously aroused her curiosity.

– No, and my mother was really angry at her for that. Apparently there were many who wanted to marry her. Alright, girls, it's late and you both have school tomorrow.

– Where is Daddy? Is he still at work? – Michelle suddenly asked.

Cramps in Amanda's stomach returned. They had stopped while mom told them about Aunt Sophie. Mom picked Michelle up in her lap, swiped her unruly hair out of her face, hugged her tightly and said:

– You know, Michelle, daddy got sick today, so we took him to the hospital to see a doctor. They told us that he is very tired from work, he must take some medicine and rest.

– Like me, when I have a fever? – Michelle looked up at mom.

– Yes, just like you.

– But I take medicine at home in my own bed. Why did daddy stay with the doctors?

Amanda saw tears in mom's eyes, so she quickly changed the subject of the conversation.

– Mom, can we stay home tomorrow? You know... Just tomorrow... I don't want to see anyone. Please! I'll look after Michelle, you can go to work. I'll manage.

– I don't know. Maybe...

– Mom, please... Everything will be fine. Don't worry.

Mother looked into Amanda's eyes and did not see her child anymore. She saw a grown up person who understood the seriousness of the situation perfectly.

– Alright. I'll call school tomorrow. I can stay home for a few days too, I talked to the office and they will make sure work continues as usual in the company.

– Will you go to see daddy tomorrow? Can we come? I want to stay here. I will sleep with you, – Michelle cuddled next to mom.

– Honey, I will go and see daddy alone tomorrow. You both have to stay home and wait for Aunt Sophie to arrive. Now, let's get under the blanket and try to sleep.

– Can I stay here too? – Amanda quietly asked. Her parent's room with the big bed, soft carpet, her mother and sister seemed like the most peaceful place on earth.

– Of course. The bed is big enough for all of us. And it may be warmer, because I'm cold even with my socks on.

That night Amanda could not sleep. And when she managed to drift off, she had nightmares. Mom slept badly too, she knew that from her sighs and shuddering breath. Little Michelle had fallen asleep in mom's lap still hugging her pillow. Not knowing why, Amanda was waiting for the morning to come. It seemed like the morning would bring her some clarity and answers. Maybe in the morning she would realize that this all was just a dream.

Amanda felt her mother caress her head, kiss little Michelle who slept between them all night long and go downstairs to the kitchen. Amanda kept her eyes closed. Not yet.

Everything that had happened last night kept running through her mind, but at the same time her head seemed empty. Maybe she should get up? She turned to her little sister and watched her sleep for a while. She radiated enormous peace and Amanda felt warmth filling her heart. She carefully pushed one hand under Michelle's head and pulled her closer. Suddenly her heart and a spot between her eyes was filled with such warmth, she wanted to cry.

– Little angel! – She whispered. The girl had never felt anything like his, even though she hugged her little sister often. Slowly peace enclosed her and the emptiness in her head was replaced by a thought that everything will be okay. “Michelle smells like sleep!” she thought and she didn't feel herself fall asleep.

Amanda did not know how long she had been asleep when Michelle woke her up:

– Get up, get up! Come on! Aunt Sophie will be here soon!

The girl opened her eyes and saw Michelle smiling and shaking her by the shoulder. Then the little girl seriously said:

– Mommy said we have to get dressed and eat some breakfast.

– Where is Mom? – Amanda asked.

– She went to pick up Aunt Sophie, – Michelle said and ran away to her room.

Amanda had not slept this well in a long time. All her tiredness was gone. The sun was shining outside. “Another little joy,” she thought, stretched and got out of the big bed. She heard a car outside while she was getting dressed. Michelle ran downstairs to see Mom.

– Mommy! Mommy!

– Good morning, my little sunshine! – Mom picked Michelle up and hugged her. – Look who I picked up from the

Afterword

Where did it all start? With an almost elusive feeling, a hunch that someone was trying to say something, but I didn't hear it. Someone was trying to knock and access my essence, but I didn't notice it because I was in the middle of life - in an alarming and loud vortex, where everyone runs and runs and runs... And I run with ...

Then came the moment when I began to realize that I longed for something else - for silence, for joy and peace in and around me. And I stopped. It was hard at first, because the bubbling life next door was still noisy, and my mind kept urging me to return to the ranks of runners, otherwise, I would miss MY life!

I gave up many things that seemed necessary and that had to run all the time. Some wondered, others thought I was selfish and would condemn me. If I have hurt someone, then I am truly sorry. But deep down, I knew I was doing the right thing.

But in the meantime, I kept listening until the Silence came. I saw a completely different world. Filled with joy, quiet happiness and satisfaction, in which miracles happen!

Each of us creates our own world, so I finally took responsibility for my own life and the time of my miracles began. I learned to listen to my inner voice, which said that I could fulfill my dreams on my own, but my mind tried to deny it - by analyzing, questioning and making those opportunities unbelievable. But I trusted the Voice of my Heart. If my mind had won, this book would never have been born. I would never have met the wonderful people with whom I share this world of joy, love and light. My heartfelt thanks to everyone who has entered my life. Both for those who have been in it for a short time and for those who have been living with me for years. I thank YOU for every moment that has taken place because YOU are teachers in my life!

Did I miss MY life? No! I LIVE! Now it is for real. That is why I wish Everyone, Silence, and for miracles come into your lives, together with real joy!

I am sincerely grateful to my close and dear people - Zane Muciniece, Zaija Kellers, and Robert L. Franklin for their huge help in translating this book. And many thanks to Erik Istrup for wonderful book covers, and Erik Istrup Publishing for great work in creating and publishing the book.

With love,
Kristine M. Anderson

THROUGH THE EYES OF ANGELS - BOOK 1

- GUARDIANS OF THE CRYSTALS

BY KRISTINE M. ANDERSON

Silence is the foundation of everything...

Have you ever listened to the Silence? Try it and you will hear a voice that is never silent. The voice of your heart. It tells you how special, strong, and unique you are because it brings what makes life a miracle of light and joy. Listen to this voice and look at the world through your heart.

This is what Amanda and Stephan do in this first book of this series, going through hardship and exciting adventures to find the strength inside to fulfill their dreams. Live this story with them, take what your heart wants from it, find your inner strength, and fulfill your dreams. Your true dreams. Yourself.



Kristine M. Anderson, a pen name for Latvian author Kristine Muciniece, has written four novels and two books with short deep-sense essays all published in Latvia. *Guardians of the Crystals* is the first book of the series *Through the Eyes of Angels*.

When disease and loss came into her family, her perception of the world and value system changed. She started to write and became an independent author and lecturer. Her books are well-read in Latvia and Kristine often meets readers on her book tours. Her books invite readers to open themselves to their deepest feelings, and gives them the courage to make a difference in their lives.

Novels are visual, sensual, and transformative - with strong characters, their life paths, experiences, and insights. These stories can be read in the facet of readers' choice - either as an adventure or through deep feelings and take what falls into readers' hearts.

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