

FIRESTONE - Group meditation on Pietta's yacht

We'd been sailing for an hour. The waters were calm and flat. We'd had a few beers and champagnes and we were all getting along like old friends. Jimmy was one hundred percent pussy whipped. Anything that Pietta asked he'd do. He treated her like a princess and she treated him like a trained dog.

"That'll do Jimmy. Throw the anchor in and we'll try Kai's meditation. I'm curious," said Pietta.

"No worries, Pea," he said. He killed the engines and got to work on the anchor. He finished his chores and stood behind Pietta and massaged her neck.

"So, what do we do Kai?" asked Pietta.

"We'll all huddle on the couch and hold hands. Then close your eyes and listen to my voice. But first I want to know, can anyone do a backflip?" I cleared an area near the couch and waited for the boat to settle a little, and sprang into air and did a backflip. There was a great cheer from everyone and I felt a wave of pride and accomplishment engulf me. I bowed with dramatical grace.

"Where the hell did that come from? I didn't know you could do that!" said Jess, between claps.

"Zac taught me and I've been practising. Can anyone else do one?" Everyone shook their heads.

"I can do a handstand," said Jimmy.

"Show me," I said. He sprang forward and balanced on his hands for ten seconds before he came down without control.

"Very good Jim," I said, then sprang forward and landed on my hands, balanced there like a professional for thirty seconds, walked on my hands over to the table, before springing back to my feet. "Anyone else?" I looked at everyone but no one else wanted to try. "Ok then, let's meditate, and we'll try again later."

We began the usual way and before long we flew together in a flock toward a tropical island. We all landed in a clearing and returned to our human form.

"Everyone try to do a handstand now, or a back flip. Don't worry, you can't hurt yourself here, we're all safe on the couch on the yacht."

Everyone could do it after a few tries and I suggested we walk to the circus tent that materialised in the clearing to our left. We all laughed and entered the tent. There was no one

there but the trapeze and high wire was set up above a huge safety net. We didn't need the net but I thought we might wake up if we missed a trapeze or fell from the wire. The net gave us all confidence and soon we were an ad hoc circus. We cheered and hooted and surprised ourselves with our new skills.

"Roll up, roll up! Watch the greatest show on earth. Wee our very strongman and watch the lion tamer risk his life with a ferocious lion," Jimmy said as he stood on a colourful podium. He wore a long red jacket and skin tight polka dot trousers and support a big curly moustache. He giggled like a child and he keeled forward with involuntary spasms of joy. He cracked a whip over his head and a lion entered the stage, sat next to him and purred. His tights and jack were gone, replaced with a black swim suit and he stood before an enormous barbell. He hoisted the barbell above his head and held it with one hand.

He dropped the bar and dropped to knees, unable to continue his performance due to his uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"This is great," he said after he composed himself. "You should be on TV with this, Kai, you could make a fortune. Proper virtual reality."

"Yeah, I know. It's cool fun." I watched everyone lose their inhibitions and try dangerous feats they would never attempt. "OK, it's probably getting dark now. We'll wake up and continue our trip. I just wanted to show you this. We can do it again later, I promise. Let's get to Antibes."

"How do we get back?" asked Jess.

"We're already back, just find your body and we'll talk again on the boat. Like this. Focus on your body." I looked up and stretched my arms towards the sky and focussed until I saw myself on the yacht.

Like a burst bubble, I was back on the couch, rocking gently with the swell, the breeze tickled my face and brought with it the sweet smell of the sea. One by one my friends woke up, all of us grinned like jokers and talked over one another. I sat back and sipped my beer and watched them exchange stories; with childlike fascination, about the experience. I let them have some time to absorb it before I asked if anyone wanted to try another handstand. I thought that they would be keen to try this time because of our group journey.

"I'll try. I think I could do a backflip too," Jimmy said.

"I'll try a handstand," said Tash.

"Jim, just try the handstand first, let's not get ahead of ourselves and go straight for the backflip," I said.

Jimmy stood up first, sprang to his hands and held a handstand for a few seconds before

he fell hard on back. And there he lay, on the deck, stunned and winded. There was a roar of applause and big belly laughs at Jimmy's fall, then Tash was on her feet.

"My turn. Move jimmy, catch your breath over there," she said, pointing at the couch. She leaned forward and balanced on her hands, shifting from hand to the other to stay vertical. After ten seconds she came down involuntarily, but with much more grace than Jim. Her attempt was rewarded with genuine cheering. "I confess, I used to be good at handstands when I was young. A few more tries and I'll look a bit more proficient. Come on Jess, have a go."

"After I finish my champagne. I would like to see Pietta do one."

"Ok," said Pietta and moved onto the stage. She slipped out of her skirt to reveal her black bikini bottoms. I could not help myself admiring her amazing ass with the G-string disappearing between her tanned cheeks. I groaned softly and forced my eyes closed and shifted in my seat. I felt Jess and Jimmy's eyes on me which I confirmed when I opened them again. I tried to act natural but I knew they both noticed. Pietta put her hands on the floor and balanced on her hands, bolt upright, legs together and toes pointed. She stayed like that for at least half a minute and lowered herself down with the finesse of an all-star gymnast.

"You've obviously done that before," Jimmy said. His composure fully restored.

"First time, I promise," she said. She looked as surprised as the rest of us. I felt cheated and resentment that I was not the only one who could acquire the skills. Then I checked myself and I had a pang of guilt at my selfishness.

Jimmy was impressed, he looked at Pietta with newfound admiration. "What about a backflip Pea? Do you think you can do that as well?"

"Yes, I think so." She, crouched and stretched her arms out in front of her, as though she was ready for a big jump, then swung her arms up and reached for the sky, and sprang into the air. She jumped high but did not attempt the backflip, and landed on her feet. "I chickened out. Maybe I'll try it on the grass after we dock. Something a little softer than this deck, in case I don't make it. Jess, your turn."

"I think I'll wait for the grass too, so I don't hurt myself."

"Come on baby, just try to do a handstand. I'm keen to see if you can do it now."

"Ok, I'll try a handstand," Jess said.