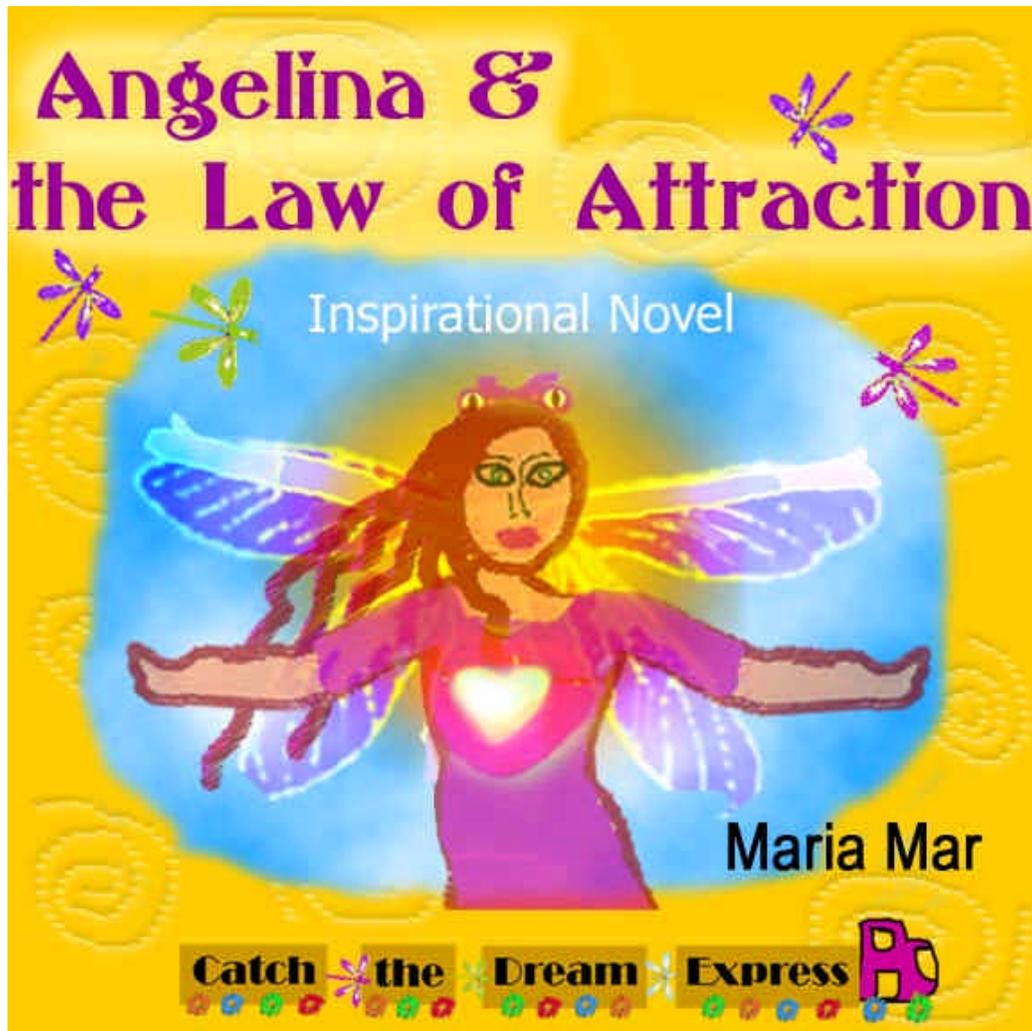


**Look Inside**  
this book

## Chapter 3



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ShamansDance Publishing and Productions, New York 2008

Angelina and the Law of Attraction  
A Woman's Ride from Hardship to Success  
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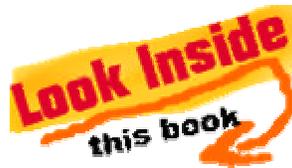
# Angelina & the Law of Attraction

A Woman's Ride from Hardship to Success

Inspirational Novel

Maria Mar©

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Catch the Dream Express

[www.catchthedreamexpress.com](http://www.catchthedreamexpress.com)

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## Praise for Maria Mar

"...I had a dream of becoming a good performer, but I was afraid of expressing myself. Maria taught me to listen to my body and to transform my fears into my allies ...With Maria's wise guidance and integrative tools, I began a profound journey of unraveling my Authentic Self. ..Today I am my dream, a performer, bailaora and writer. I can express my Authentic Self through my art, thanks to Maria."

Corazon Tierra  
The Body Image Queen  
Author and performer

"Maria Mar is a wonderful shaman who is helping me to change my life. She teaches wonderful tools that I can use to reach my dream, like **Sacred Space**, the **Breath of Life** and the **BodyWalk** and the **Dragonfly Diva Journey**. These tools are helping me to feel good about myself and to reach my dreams with love and peace... The material... is a great tool that helps me to identify parts of my behaviors that were sabotaging my dream. She is amazing!"

Migdalia Santiago  
Social worker and mother

"I was challenged to reach deep within myself, find my inner creator, face my deepest fears, all of this while having a lot of fun!... Maria Mar has an incredible gift for cutting into the heart of any problem or crisis and then giving you the tools to move through it. She does this through her own immense and deeply spiritual creativity."

Kali Van Der Merwe  
Award-winning film-maker and artist  
South Africa

"The **FlightDream** performance was a deeply healing experience for me, as it gave me an opportunity to see in the performance the patterns and behaviors that prevent me from living powerfully and I believe prevent a lot of women from living powerfully."

Tania Ramirez  
Audience member

Since working with Maria, I have been inspired to create from my gift for drawing portraits from life, a career that is a marriage between my political convictions and my creative passion. I have found something that feels like what I am meant to be doing: a means of speaking out about social justice through art.

Gabrielle Le Roux  
Activist, artist and mother  
South Africa

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Your Free Pass to the Dream Express

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\*These chapters are edited from the printed book. You can obtain them by purchasing the novel from us or joining the membership.

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## Chapter 3

### **Opportunity Lane**

"I want the butterfly," a tiny voice pleads behind her.

Angelina's bones respond to the voice as if it was a deep fall, sensing pain at the end. She is still looking out of the wagon's rear window into the dark tunnel. As she shifts her glance, she can see the insides of the wagon reflected on the glass. There is no one in the wagon, except for the old lady, still sleeping.

"I want my butterfly!" the tiny voice demands.

Angelina turns around slowly. She is beginning to fear the strangeness of this journey.

A tiny girl, no more than four years old, stands in the middle of the aisle, holding an old Raggedy Ann doll in her arms and looking at Angelina accusingly.

Where did this girl come from? Angelina's mind seeks an explanation that will fit reality. One that will bring order back into this mad ride. The wagon doors did not open at Change Station, of that she is sure. Therefore, this girl could not have come in then. She certainly wasn't in the wagon before, either.

"I am bored," the girl says. "There's no fun any more."

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By Maria Mar

“Honey, where do you come from?” Angelina asks the girl, sweetening her voice in order not to scare her.

“You don’t know?” the girl asks, stunned. Her little face turns pale.

“Why should I know?” Angelina asks. She can hear the defensive tone in her voice. “I don’t know you.”

The girl begins to cry.

“I wa...want my bu...butterfly,” she sobs.

Angelina goes towards her, but the girl runs and crawls under a seat.

“Is your mom the... butterfly?” Angelina asks, remembering the strange woman they left behind. Wasn’t the strange butterfly trying to say something?

“My mom? The butterfly?” the girl asks, seemingly surprised.

“Perhaps you came in through another wagon,” Angelina lucubrates. “Did you come in through the next wagon? Did the doors close behind you? Was your mom left behind in the station? Is that what the... butterfly tried to tell me?”

The little girl begins to cry again, covering her ears.

“That’s all I need now!” Angelina thinks as she sits on the opposite seat. “A lost, frightened little girl. Don’t I have enough problems as it is?”

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By Maria Mar

Not knowing what to do, Angelina ignores the girl. She takes out the wrinkled map, irons it flat against the seat, and peruses it once more.

“I had to get off the first stop. Queensboro Plaza. The N train.” She reviews, looking at the large N on the sides of the wagon. “I got it! There must be two N trains, one express and one local. I got into the local. That’s it. It stops at other stops before getting to Queensboro Plaza. That makes sense.”

Having achieved this rational explanation, Angelina feels calm and in control. She relaxes on to the seat, closing her eyes. She takes a deep breath and slowly releases it. She feels someone watching her and opens her eyes.

The little girl is standing in front of her, looking at her intensely. Angelina tries to put on a reassuring smile.

“Are you lost, too?” the girl asks softly.

“Me? Of course not!” Angelina affirms. “I have a map. I am on the right train. My stop will come up any minute now.”

“Liar!” the tiny girl shouts in a booming voice, pointing an accusing finger at Angelina, who jumps up.

“Liar! Liar!” the tiny girl screams at the top of her lungs. “You always lie! I am tired of your lies. I don’t trust you anymore.”

“You should not speak that way to adults,” Angelina scolds. “That’s very disrespectful.”

“Why?” the girl asks.

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“You are calling me a liar.”

“You ARE a liar.”

“You don’t know me.”

“I do, too.”

“You don’t know me at all,” Angelina says, standing up. She is quite annoyed at this brat.

“You are Angelina. You live in Arizona. You love Omar. He is fun and good and he loves you, but you betrayed him, just like you betrayed me. You left him, just like you left me. You lie all the time. You lie about what you want. You lie about what you feel. You lie about what you do. Liar!”

Angelina is frozen in the middle of the aisle. The girl’s words strike her like a curse, freezing her on the spot. Currents of electric energy course around her, sparkling and popping inside her mind and shocking her nerves, but her body is frozen. Her mind is frozen. It takes her a couple of minutes to be able to think again.

“Who is this girl? How does she know all these things? Who put her up to this? What kind of sick joke is this?”

“Joke! That’s it!” Angelina gasps, and the ice around her melts as she laughs hysterically, looking on the ceiling, under the seats, searching everywhere.

“Okay, guys, come out. Show yourself. I know that I’ve been cast in one of those stupid funny shows. I don’t know which one,

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but I'm on to you. It's a matter of seconds now before I find the cameras, so show up."

But there are no cameras. The wagon has grown as silent as a tomb. The old lady looks at Angelina with concern, her eyes searching for the girl, who has hidden out of sight.

"Is she yours?" the lady asks softly.

"Mine? No, no! I can assure you," Angelina explains. "You saw me come in alone. Did you see where she came from? Did she board the train at Change Station? Did she walk into this wagon from the next one?"

The lady does not answer. She keeps looking at Angelina with a mixture of pity, concern and accusation. Yes, Angelina senses a veiled judgment in her eyes.

"She must think that I am this kid's mother and I am trying to abandon her," Angelina surmises. "That's all I need! A crazy old woman and a crazy kid, looking at me as if I am the crazy one."

The train speeds up and the rattling starts again. Angelina goes back to her seat. She picks up the map, and a black and white photo slips out of its fold, falling to the floor.

A young brunette woman in her mid twenties smiles happily into the camera. She holds a little girl on her lap. There is something familiar in this photo. Angelina bends down to pick up the photo. Her hands are trembling, and it is not because of the

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train's speeding race. Her heart is racing faster than the train. She has seen this photo before.

Her fingers lightly touch the photo, but the train gives a yank, and her fingers push the photo a few inches away. She stretches her torso and her arm, trying to reach the photo. The train twitches again and Angelina flies through the aisle, banging her head against the opposite seat. She lands with her legs spread-eagle. Her head hurts. Angelina rubs the crown of her head. The photo is lying on the middle of the aisle. Angelina crawls towards it and picks it up.

Tears swell in her olive eyes as she recognizes the woman in the photo. Angelina caresses the woman's face with the tip of her fingers. So young, so beautiful! She saw this photo once, when her mom was placing a new photo in the family album. She remembers it because it is the only photo where her mother is smiling.

"Is that you, mom?" Angie is asking.

"Ujum," Mercedes responds as she quickly flips the page.

"How old were you there?" Angie wants to know. "Let me see!"

"I was the age of illusions," Mercedes says bitterly. "Full of stupid dreams. But I woke up. There's nothing to see there."

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By Maria Mar

Nothing to see, the only smile she remembers on her mom? That would have been worth a million! How about that little girl, smiling happily in the arms of a happy mother? Why was her mother saying that this was nothing? This was everything! This was HER dream, to see her mother happy. But Mercedes would not flip back the page.

Angelina drinks in every inch of the photo. She sees the little girl, with neck-long silky hair and a long bang covering most of her forehead. Such a happy face! Angelina sees the Raggedy Ann doll, new and shiny.

“Do you still deny it?” the tiny voice says.

Angelina raises her eyes and sees the girl in front of her. This is the same girl in the photo! The doll in her hands is the same Raggedy Ann doll, much older and tattered. How can this be? It can't be true. The girl in Mercedes' lap can only be one person. Angelina used to have that doll. She got it for her fourth birthday. The girl in the photo can only be Angelina. But then who is this girl in front of her?

“I don't want to go there,” the girl says.

“Where?” Angelina asks, her mind so jumbled that she can't make sense of anything.

“There!” the girl says, pointing in the direction where the train is going.

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By Maria Mar

“Who are you?” Angelina stutters. She is afraid of the response.

“You know,” the girl answers.

“What...what’s your name?” Angelina asks.

“Angie,” the girl says.

“I am dreaming. I banged my head against the wall and I am dreaming,” Angelina thinks, as lights bursts out all around her in dizzying patches.

“I don’t want to go!” Angie is crying.

“But we must,” Mercedes is saying as she packs. “There’s no alternative.”

“What’s that?”

“What’s what?”

“The altern-na-tif?”

“An alternative is a solution. A different choice,” Mercedes explains as she folds and unfolds a piece of garment, frantically pushing it into the already bursting suitcase on the bed.

“We don’t have another choice?” Angie asks.

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“No, we don’t,” Mercedes declares with a finality that strikes her daughter in the heart. But Mercedes doesn’t notice, busy as she is choosing and discarding pieces of clothing to pack.

“We need to eat and mommy’s got to work. And the only alternative is the job I got,” Mercedes says, more to herself than to Angie.

“But, why can’t you get another job?” Angie asks.

“I didn’t get another job, Angie, I got this one,” Mercedes says impatiently.

“But there are hundreds of jobs,” Angie protests, picking a section of newspaper that Mercedes had discarded and showing her mom the classified ads. “Look at all these tiny squares. Each one is a job. There are many. There must be one right here, where grandma is, where my friends are.”

“There are many jobs,” Mercedes says in a harsh, cutting voice. “But I am not qualified for most of them. So I have to take this one.”

“But...” Angie begins.

Mercedes stops packing and kneels down, holding her daughter by her shoulders.

“That’s why you must grow up, why you must study and have good grades,” Mercedes says, anguish written all over her face as she presses her daughter’s shoulders desperately. Her fear runs from her hands into her daughter’s bones. “That’s why you

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must go to college and get a profession, so that you can get a good job, do you understand?

Angie assents, her face very serious. She stays quiet for a while, thinking hard about what her mom just explained. Her face suddenly lights up. She pulls her mom's skirt.

"Now what?" Mercedes snaps.

"When I grow up I will get a job right here, and then we can come back home," Angie says triumphantly.

"When you grow up, you will find out that things don't always go your way," Mercedes says bitterly as she closes the suitcase.

"I don't understand. Things don't go my way? Where do they go? Do they go away?" Angie asks, her triumphant expression changing into dismay.

"Look, Angie, you can't have your cake and eat it too," Mercedes says, squaring herself in front of her kid, her hands on her hips. She is talking to herself, not really seeing her daughter. She does not see how deeply her words are cutting into the girl's Soul.

"You want to have good things, don't you? You want to eat and have a roof over your head, to have good dresses and all those books you like? Well, then you got to study and get a good paying job, and work hard to keep it. Life is not a party. You can't live from those fairy tales you like. Someday you'll have to grow up and wake up!"

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Angie's eyes turn gray and their light is dimming. Thick tears fall down her cheeks into the Raggedy Ann doll in her arms. A terrible sigh shakes her little chest.

Mercedes is in a hurry. She doesn't see her daughter's pain, because her own pain is blinding her. She picks up the suitcase in one hand, and pulls Angie up with the other, and they walk away.

Angelina is crying, holding on to the tiny girl.

"She lied," Angie says.

"What? Who?" Angelina asks.

"She lied. I've thought very hard about it, and I know she lied," Angie declares.

"What...what do you mean?" Angelina sobs in a little voice.

"Those fairy tales I like," Angie says with a mature voice.

"Somebody wrote them, right?"

"Ye...yes," Angelina confirms.

"And I bet that the writers who wrote those tales got paid for writing them," Angie declares.

"Ye...yes!" Angelina says, drying her tears.

"Then, why couldn't I be paid for the stories I make-up?" Angie says. "They are very good! My friends love them!"

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“Oh, baby!” Angelina says in a soothing voice. “I sent my writings to agents and publishers. I have a drawer full of rejection slips. I really tried, but we got to eat. We got to have a normal life.”

“I don’t want a normal life!” Angie roars.

“You don’t?”

“No. I want my stories. I want my butterfly!”

“I know, baby, but you don’t want to sleep under a bridge with those dirty, ragged, scary people who rummage in the garbage, do you?”

Angie moves away, her face full of fear.

“You don’t want to be hungry and lonely all the time, do you?”

“I am hungry! I am lonely!” Angie screams. “You are just like her. You are deaf!”

The girl runs towards the train doors. Slipping through them, she disappears.

The train speeds noisily through the dark tunnel. Angelina gets up clumsily and swaggers across the aisle, still dizzy from the blow to her head. She looks through the glass windows of the doors through which Angie just disappeared.

Light blinds her.

The train is slowing down as it ascends to ground level. A baby blue sky with puffy white clouds greets Angelina’s eyes, wiping away her tears. A bright green prairie rolls softly towards

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the round hills in the horizon. Music and laughter trickle through the train doors, reminding Angelina of a town fair. The train comes to a halt in front of a wrought-iron gate. At the top, a large sign in red letters reads:

**Publisher's Fair**

Below the main sign, there is another in smaller, blue and golden letters. Angelina reads:

Welcome Writers, Publishers and Agents

Angelina's heart leaps. She runs to her seat, opens her large bag, and searches through it hurriedly.

"Here it is!" She whispers. "I brought it."

Tiny stars dance in Angelina's dark pupils. Her heart is warm with hope and her face is washed in innocence. She suddenly looks surprisingly like the child who just left the train.

She picks up her bag while she holds her manuscript against her chest. It burns in her arms, like Omar's memory. Slowly, she walks towards the doors.

The train doors open. Angelina takes one step forward.

Just then the speakers boom, crackling and hissing as a voice announces.

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“This is...op... or... ny Lane. Local stop. The next stop is... eens...boro Plaza.”

Angelina takes one step back.

Her body want to runs out and join the fair. What if she meets an agent or a publisher? What if...?

“What if! You are dreaming with joining the circus again. Don’t you get it?” says a harsh voice inside her. “Only freaks work in that circus of your childhood dreams. Grow up. You are heading to Queensboro Plaza. You are heading for a good job. Don’t blow it.”

Angelina takes another step back.

She remembers Angie. What if the child is right? There is a fair here where writers can meet agents and publishers. Why not take the chance? Thousands of writers are published every year. Why can’t she be one of them? Perhaps this is her chance.

“Want to blow a good job to see if you get that one in a million lotto number? Go ahead,” barks the harsh voice. It sounds suspiciously like her mom’s.

“What are you going to do if nothing happens?” the voice that Angelina labels the Reality Check presses. “Then you would have lost your job, your chance for a steady income. And then what? What are you going to do in New York, without a job? You don’t even have enough money to go back home! And are you going to go back to Arizona with empty hands? What are you going to tell your folks? ‘Oh, I just happen to see a pretty fair on

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my way to work and decided to play hooky!’ Grow up, Angelina. Life is not a party!”

Angelina takes two steps back.

“This is crazy,” she whispers, shaking her head. “I’m going to Queensboro Plaza.”

The manuscript grows cold in her arms. Angelina’s heart feels heavy. A numbing cold creeps into her chest.

“I can always come back here after work,” Angelina lies to her aching heart. “It’s right before Change Station, in the local train coming back, I can be here by six today. Then I’ll be safe with the new job and I’ll still give it a go.”

Her heart doesn’t believe a word of it. It knows that she is coping out once more. Her heart grows cold and goes back to its hopeless wait.

“Like Sleeping Beauty,” a sad, tiny voice whispers in her heart.

Angelina recognizes this movement of pulling away. She suddenly realizes that she has been doing this for a long time. Every time she is about to leap, she pulls back. The movement starts in her shoulders. It’s as if they’d jump back, away from the threshold. Then the pull goes into her stomach, and it begins to whirl inwards. Then she feels sunken into a pool of doubts.

A sudden mechanical tremor brings her back to the present.

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The doors tremble and close. Their tremor makes her body shudder. Her heart sinks as the train starts with a jerk.

As if someone had switched off a light inside, Angelina's eyes turn a deep, black olive. Thick tears fall down her cheeks into the manuscript in her arms. A terrible sigh shakes her chest. As the train rolls away, she spots a sign slowly flapping in the breeze, like an abandoned child's swing.

**Opportunity Lane**

The train shoots once more into darkness.

## About the Author

### **Maria Mar**

Maria Mar is an author, speaker and ceremonialist poet. She is also a spiritual teacher and an internationally known shaman who inspires women to manifest the life of their dreams.

Maria Mar is a woman who has unleashed her vast creative potential, reclaiming her capacity for self-healing and transformation. A new renaissance woman, she is a writer of fiction, non-fiction and poetry, a visual artist, a dance-theatre performer and storyteller, plus a life coach and shaman. She helps women to unleash their creative potential, tapping into their passion to design a life with meaning and joy.

Maria Mar offers books, digital products and coaching, art that heals and transforms as well as performances, speaking engagements and other live and online events to help you become the protagonist of your life and the creator of your destiny.

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