
Temp Misfiles Akashic Record

BY VALERIE POULIN

Mercury had been retrograde for only about three days when my computer got sick and almost died a while back leaving me with limited contact to the world at large. I did what any freelancer working from a home office would do. I freaked.

To gain solace in my time of need, I turned to a source many others do during troublesome times. I grabbed the morning newspaper and checked my horoscope. Things did not look good.

If you follow astrology closely, as I do – and by that I mean you read your horoscope daily – it’s likely you know that Mercury controls communications through the Zodiac.

If so, you are probably also aware of the effects of Mercury Retrograde – a situation in which a reverse motion of the planet, universally messes communications about. At this time, it is likely to cause you problems with your computer, or your cell phone, or your roommate.

Although the event is described as a “backward movement,” it’s simply an expression, it is not a physical experience. My world was at a standstill, but it sure felt wobbly.

With my computer’s faulty power supply temporarily disconnecting me from the outside world I began jonesing for email, for Internet access, or even for my prized computer files.

Without them, I had some time to kill. I leaned back in my chair, stared at my office wall, and began to speculate about the consequential effects Mercury Retrograde was having on the Akashic Records.

What Goes Around Comes Around

The Akashic Records are most often and probably best described in Sanskrit terms as “hidden library” and this cosmic library is a sort of collective memory that holds all past, present, and future activities.

It has also been described as a sort of a warehouse for all thoughts, all feelings, for

every emotion, for everyone who has ever lived. Imagine.

For me, knowing about the Records has taken a bit of the mystery out of clairvoyant readings and maybe a bit of the fun, too.

Since the Records are available to anyone with the ability to tune into its special frequency of energy, that is how those fancy mystic types know what happened to you, when it happened, and what/who will happen in your future.

The real psychics, I mean, not those carnystyle amateurs.

When I first learned about this celestial library and its availability to all of us who wish to understand our specific soul’s destiny and mission, I must say, it took time to digest this truly amazing and mind-bending concept. Hidden or not, that’s some library.

Knowing this, I came to understand the saying “there’s no such thing as an original idea.”

Here’s why.

The Library is Open 24/7

In the physical world, you’ve probably experienced a certain amount of lifting and unauthorized lending, such as colleagues who “borrowed” ideas and passed them off as their own.

Every emerging writer has a story about a pilfered newspaper story, a stolen novel storyline, or a pinched movie concept. Comedians, too, tell tales of filched jokes, lifted punch lines.

A few years back, a co-worker made a clever remark in a business meeting and got a collective laugh. The one-liner was mine, I later complained to a colleague.

At the time, I thought she might have overheard me joking with another employee and claimed the quip as her own, or perhaps she was mocking me. It wasn’t until much later that I’d considered the possibility she’d telepathically nicked it from my files.

On this day, staring out the window of my office, I wondered who else might have picked through my deep space files.

Where others poking around my stuff, stealing article ideas from my query letters? Was this the reason for the high number of remarkably absent job offers and writing assignments of late?



It's no surprise then that the anxious, realistic (read: bitter, resentful) freelance writer in me got to thinking about copyright infringement, while the pragmatic corporate writer I've reluctantly become wondered how to restrict use, and abuse, of said Records.

The only solution, I imagined, was to convert the Records to an online, database format controlled by rigorous security features. I knew that just by contributing this thought to the Library encouraged someone else to act on it. Believing my work was done, I soon nodded off.

Somewhere between full-fledged sleep and a daydream state, I created the project. I fabricated a team of mystics working alongside software developers. I set stringent guidelines about populating the database and restricted access during the conversion process (and strong security measures once the project was rolled out), and I formulated a tiered structure for user fees.

I woke up wondering how much longer I would be without my cherished CPU. I pulled the pen from the notepad in front of me. Seemingly on its own, the pen scratched notes, doodles really, but maybe it looked like a legitimate briefing to a physic surfer. I put down the pen and picked up the phone to call the repair shop.

Following the Trend

With three full days to get through sans computer, I decided to give my Akashic

Records conversion project some deep thought. So, I took up residence in my office chair and closed my eyes.

To do this quickly and profitably, the project must be outsourced. Current trends prove third-party administration to be lucrative, regardless of concerns of accuracy and

dependability. Or, perhaps in spite of it.

Once outsourced, the implementation and maintenance of celestial record-keeping can be tricky, in part because of the

potential interruption of spiritual connectedness and lack of availability of the Library to those who access it the old-fashioned way, with clairvoyance.

My head was beginning to hurt. I was getting bogged down in details. Was it Internet withdrawal, or my need for a hit of email, or the knowledge that the ways in which we could mess this up, too, were endless.

Mucking it up

A little preliminary legwork in real-time would uncover potentially troublesome, though not wholly unexpected discoveries: accessibility challenges, financial overruns, inadequately trained temporary workers with intrinsic quality assurance and accuracy concerns. What's more, you know for damn sure that after predictable software development and implementation delays, this partially-tested database will be promoted to a live environment of questionable security. (Also, we'll disguise back-end fixes as future patches that we'll call "upgrades" thereby passing the cost on to the customer.) Then, before you can properly spell Akashic, we'll award a maintenance contract to an upstart vendor and customer service to a third-party merchant, then despite the training issues, missed deadlines, delayed milestones, and inept project managers, we'll announce the declare the project a resounding success.

“The pragmatic corporate writer ... wondered how to restrict use, and abuse of said Records.”

It's a extraordinary project with an extraordinary security issue.

Restricting User Access

Is it wise, I wondered, to make every aspect of my life available to any hipster with a wireless connection? Would we really want to allow anyone handy with a laptop to tap into the world's goings-on?

Earlier in this essay, I described the Library as "a warehouse for all thoughts, all feelings, for every emotion, for everyone who has ever lived." So, even if we force every online member to register with a userid and password to restrict access, security will still be an issue. Even when we apply user fees, security will be an issue. It's always an issue and it's an issue in the spectral arts, too.

Remember, there are folks who already access the Akashic Records on a metaphysical level and they'll continue to have free and unrestricted access unless we can find a way to tighten right-of-use around these mystic files.

This is called a "glitch," I believe.

My Personal Files

However we address accessibility issues, the sooner it's implemented, the better.

After all, I don't want anyone accessing my personal data. There's some very embarrassing stuff in there.

There's closeted artistry and career failure; there's some impure thoughts about some rather famous people; and there a highly embarrassing rebellious phase that echoed through my teens and into my 30s.

In addition, there are a few life events I like to pretend did not take place and several related ones that I continue to deny ever happened. Even with digital proof, I refute my behaviour.

Potentially humiliating memories are supposed to remain secret. Isn't that the closet's sole purpose?

I guess this is something to take into account in Phase 2.

Mission Accomplished?

I believe in serendipity, fate, and in celestial hook-ups. I also believe in the existence of these existential files of events. And I'm not the sort of person to blow off happenstance as coincidence, which is why I strongly suspect that someone picked up my cosmic vibe, and while I was napping off my Internet withdrawal, began renovation of the Library without me. And in the process, one of the temp workers misplaced my file.

Now, I understand that things are slightly out of whack during Mercury's retrograde, affecting communications, but this astrological phase not only slowed production and output in my professional life, it disrupted communications in my social life, too. It has also messed about my up-and-coming spiritual life. I know this because in addition to a number of missing work assignments and the online birth announcement of a friend's baby, my normally strong intuition and instincts are off, too. My attempts to rebalance, failed, too as did attempts to access the Akashic Records in search of my file. I meditated, but I can't find it. At least, it's not where I left it last. I can't distinctly say what's wrong, so I am "putting it out there." Because, if the latent thesis of this essay is that an enlightened individual is sure to pick up the thought and maybe s/he will find a way to lockdown access, or at very least track down my dossier.

In fact, if you're reading this and want to get in touch, please email me; don't just leave a mental note, as there's no guarantee I'll get it. Prospective employers, too, please make note of my email address. I prefer to get job offers in writing.

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Valerie Poulin is a freelance writer. So there.