



Already There

A Novel About Becoming
Who You've Always Been

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The searching

Marcus became obsessed. If visualization wasn't his path, what was?

He started researching athletes not the mental rehearsal techniques everyone talked about, but the ones who described their process differently. He found a rock climber who said she “felt the route” before attempting it, her muscles remembering movements she hadn't yet made. A jazz musician who heard performances in his mind's ear, the notes arriving as sound rather than sheet music. A martial artist who described his practice as “becoming the movement” rather than “seeing the movement.”

One name kept appearing in forums and Reddit threads: Elena Reeves. A performance coach who worked with athletes, artists, and what one person called “people who'd tried everything else.”

Her website was bare bones. No testimonials. No promises. Just a single line: “Payment only for results. First session free.”

Marcus stared at those words for a long time. Then he clicked the booking link.

The meeting

Elena's office wasn't really an office. It was a room in a converted warehouse with hardwood floors, large windows, and very little furniture. She was younger than he'd expected, maybe forty, with silver streaking through dark hair pulled into a practical bun.

"Tell me what you want," she said, settling into a chair across from him.

Marcus had prepared for this. "I want to stop feeling stuck. I want to build something meaningful. I want to help people."

"Tell me what you believe about yourself."

The question landed differently than he'd expected. "I believe... I believe I'm someone who tries really hard but doesn't get results. I believe I'm missing something everyone else has. I believe I'm not visual enough, not strategic enough, not..."

"Stop." Elena's voice was gentle but firm. "Those aren't beliefs. Those are stories you've accepted as true. Let me ask you something different. When you were a child, before anyone told you who you should be, what did you believe about yourself?"

Marcus closed his eyes. Not to visualize that wouldn't work but to feel back into memory.

"I believed I could fix things. I believed I could help people feel better. I believed I belonged."

“And now?”

“Now I believe I have to earn belonging. I believe helping people requires credentials I don’t have. I believe fixing things is naive.”

Elena nodded slowly. “So somewhere between then and now, you picked up beliefs that no longer serve you. You collected them like stones in your pockets, and now you’re trying to swim while carrying them. Make sense?”

It did. In his body, it made perfect sense. His chest felt tight with the weight of those stones.

“Here’s what we’re going to do,” Elena said. “I’m going to guide you somewhere different. Not back to childhood forward. Into a future where those old beliefs have been left behind. But we’re not going to *see* this future. We’re going to inhabit it. Every sense. Ready?”

The floating

“Close your eyes if it helps,” Elena began. “Or keep them open. It doesn’t matter. I want you to notice your breathing. Not change it. Just notice.”

Marcus breathed. He could hear the traffic outside, distant and rhythmic. He could feel the chair beneath him, solid and present.

“Now I want you to imagine not see, but imagine that time is something you can move through. Like water. You can float forward in this water. And as you float, you’re moving toward a version of yourself who has already achieved what you’re seeking. Not the details yet. Just the state. The way it feels to be that person.”

Marcus felt something loosen in his chest. He let himself drift.

“As you float forward, notice what changes. What sounds do you hear? What does your body feel like? Is there a taste in your mouth? A smell in the air? What’s the temperature?”

The room fell away. Not visually Marcus still couldn’t see any pictures but experientially. He felt lighter. His shoulders dropped. There was a smell, actually coffee and something else, bread maybe. Fresh bread. His hands felt warm, like he’d been working. He could hear laughter. Not loud, but genuine. The sound of people who felt safe together.

“That’s good,” Elena said softly. “Stay there. Feel that. You’re not imagining this you’re remembering it from the future. It’s already happened. You’ve already become this person. Now, staying in that feeling, I have a question. What date is it?”

The answer arrived without thought. “October fifteenth. Two years from now.”

“Beautiful. And I’m curious now that you’re there, now that you’ve done the thing you set out to do, what was it that I did to help you? What did I say or do in this session that made the difference?”

Marcus felt tears on his face before he realized he was crying. The words came from somewhere deep.

“You showed me that I was never doing this alone. You helped me see no, not see you helped me understand that what I wanted wasn’t just for me. It was for my community. When I understood that my growth would lift others, it stopped being about fixing myself. It became about showing up.”

He took a shaky breath.

“You grounded me. You told me that every step I’d take from that moment forward mattered. That every mistake was information, not evidence. That I could use everything all the stumbling, all the confusion as fuel instead of proof that I was broken. And you told me...” His voice cracked. “You told me that what was waiting for me was bigger than my small fears. That it served something beyond just my ego.”

Elena’s voice was quiet. “And did that help?”

“Yes. Because it’s true. I can feel that it’s true.”

The waking

Marcus opened his eyes. The room came back into focus, but something fundamental had shifted. He felt calm. Not the forced calm of positive thinking, but the deep calm of knowing. As if the future he'd just experienced wasn't hope it was memory.

"I need to tell you what I'm actually trying to do," he said. "Not the vague stuff. The real thing."

Elena nodded.

"I want to help my community. There are people where I live who are isolated, disconnected. People with skills they don't know how to share. Resources that aren't being used. I want to create something that brings them together. A website maybe. A hub. Somewhere people can offer what they have and ask for what they need. Teaching, learning, building things together."

"And what's stopping you?" ...

"I don't know how. I don't have money for web designers. I don't have"

"You have time. You have commitment. You have hands and a mind. What else do you actually need?"

Marcus thought about that. "I need to learn. And I need to ask people what they actually want instead of assuming."

"So do that."

"Just... do it?"

“Just do it.”