



THE
COMPASSTM
A NOVEL

**From Where You Are...
To Where You Want To Be**

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The Compass Book Reviews “The Compass is a simple yet profound guide to take you from where you are now to where you want to be.”

—T. Harv Eker, author of the New York Times #1 bestseller, Secrets of the Millionaire Mind

“The Compass will take you from where you are now to that place you’ve been destined to reach. It will help you achieve your goals and dreams.”

—Brian Tracy, New York Times bestselling author of Flight Plan

“The Compass is more than a book. It’s a book that will change your life.” —John Assaraf, bestselling author of Having It All

“Wow! This amazing book sits up, rolls over, and teaches you the wisdom of the universe in a breezy, easy-to-read style. It’s a masterpiece!” —Dr. Joe Vitale, author The Attractor Factor and cast member of The Secret

“This book is a road map for you, disguised as a fascinating novel – use it to navigate your journey to achieving your dreams, happiness and inner peace. It will inspire and guide you as you continue on your path to fulfilling your life mission joyously.” —Marilyn Tam, Co-Visioneer HealthWalk, former CEO Aveda Corp and President of Reebok Apparel and Retail Group

Chapter 1

Sometimes you must let go of the life you had planned in order to make room for the life ahead of you.

Five seconds can alter your life forever. It can change the course of your dreams and wipe out everything you'd ever hoped for. It can send you into the wilderness, in search of nothing.

Three days into the Nevada desert I felt the soles of my shoes melting. I stopped, turned one foot upside down, and examined the bottom of my sneaker. The rubber fibers seemed to be on fire, heating to higher temperatures with each step.

Waves of heat rose off of the surface of the red sands. It was miles outside of Amargosa near Death Valley, the driest place on earth. I didn't know when I'd find nourishment, and I didn't care.

I knew from my research in neurobiology that the brain could last several days without water. The dendrites would repair themselves; the synapses would still fire. The brain was an amazing organ with the ability to repair itself against even the worst circumstances. But if I didn't find water soon, dehydration would set in, and my brain could lapse into confusion. I'd start seeing things, hearing things . . .

I took a step forward through an arroyo, scanning the landscape for a cactus. Inside

would be gallons of water, and some species had sustained the lives of ancient Indian tribes wandering the desert for years. I walked for another five minutes until I found a craggy rock and sat down, lowering my head into the palm of my hands.

I had no plan and no desire for one. When I'd started out, I had wanted only to escape.

Before I had set out on my journey, they'd insisted on throwing a small farewell gathering for me, and, amidst the chaos, I heard something muttered from the back of the room.

“It's almost as if his life has been divided into two sections: before the accident and after.”

It was true. I was a different man now. I felt like a cadaver divided down the middle with a Stryker saw, my breastbone cut open, exposing the organs. Like a body during an autopsy, my heart had been ripped out and placed on top of my chest for examination. The blood had ceased to flow. I was a cadaver.

Hollow.

I considered eating the small energy bar I had left in my backpack, but I knew that if I did there was a chance it would make things worse. My insides would tighten. Water was needed for digestion, and the food wouldn't get through the small intestine without it.

“You okay?”

The voice startled me, and I looked up into the sun. I rubbed my eyes and swallowed hard, my throat parched and sore. Was the process beginning?

“Here's some water if you need it.” The voice was gruff, yet distinctly female. Through the glare I saw that she had graying hair and a creviced jaw darkened with lines. She held the slim canteen

toward me. “The waters hot, but it’s better than nothing. Only a fool comes out here without a canteen.”

I took it and unscrewed the metal top, downing it.

“You lost?” she asked.

I shook my head, “No.”

“No one sane comes this far,” she said. “Must be lost. In one way or another.”