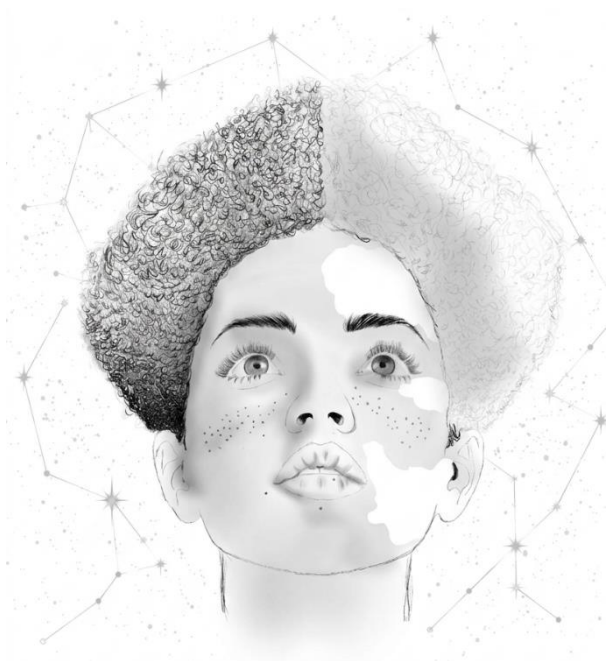




STAR SEED

— .. * .. —
THE BEGINNING

*
APRIL M. FRAZIER

*this is to you Granny for being my protector
then and in the afterlife...*

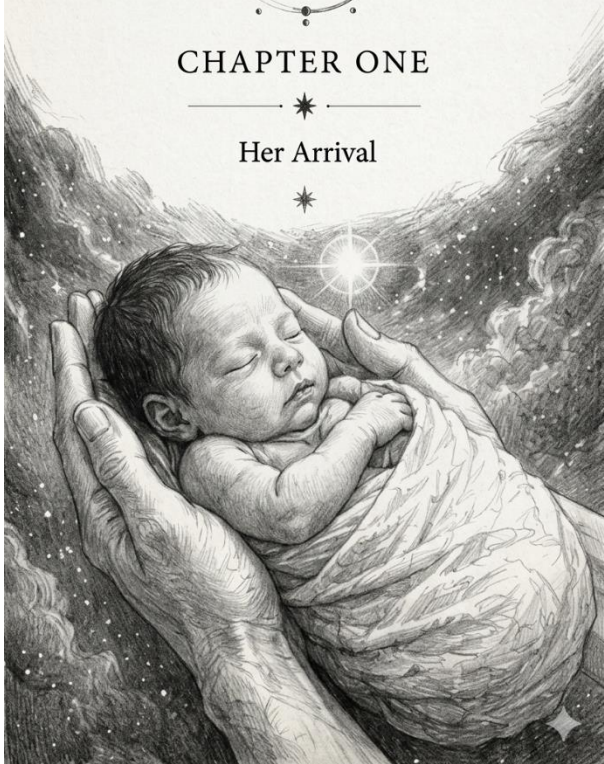




CHAPTER ONE



Her Arrival



CHAPTER 1

Her tiny eyes opened to the brightness of the light. She wasn't certain whether this was the destination she had chosen or whether the Creator had chosen a different path for her. What she did know was that this path would be hard, but this time, she would walk it without hesitation.

“It’s a girl,” the doctor said as he held the baby up to make sure she was okay and was breathing on her own.

The baby began to make a small cry only because the doctor rubbed her back to make sure her airways were open and her lungs were strong.

She immediately stopped crying when the doctor handed the baby over to the nurse.

The nurse then placed the baby on Vickie’s chest.

After forty-eight hours of labor, Vickie looked down at the child and felt like she could pass out at any moment.



But she didn't. The baby opened her eyes at Vickie as if she knew how Vickie felt.

Vickie trembled beneath the child's gaze. Those tiny eyes seemed to pierce her very soul.

Vickie knew at that moment that this child, this tiny little creature, was different. And she didn't know how to feel about any of it.

Why was she given the task of carrying this child? Vickie wanted no part, but she had no choice.

"What is her name?" the nurse asked her while wiping the afterbirth off the child.

"Star," Vickie said but not in a joyous tone.

"What a beautiful name," the nurse smiled at her.

Vickie closed her eyes, hoping she would awaken in her old life—free, alone, and untouched by the responsibility of raising a child she still could not accept as her own.

So, what did that make Vickie, the incubator?

“Will you be breastfeeding , or giving this precious child formula?” the nurse asked before taking the child away.

Vickie didn’t even respond, she just kept looking outside the window.

The nurse could tell that her patient was running out of patience. Being in labor for close to forty-eight hours took a toll on her, especially a first-time mom.

The nurse surely thought after being in labor for that long that the doctor would have performed a c-section, but Vickie refused it.

“Are you ok Ms. Jones?” the nurse asked Vickie.

Vickie kept looking out the window, trying to drown out the noise of the nurse’s voice that started to irritate her.

“Yes,” Vickie mumbled without taking her eyes from looking out the window.

“You are all set. There was no tear, and so because of that it will not require

any stitches,” the doctor said while taking his latex gloves off.

“Any questions for me?” the doctor asked Vickie.

“No,” Vickie said while still looking in the same direction towards the window.

The nurse walked over to the doctor as he was walking out of the delivery room.

“Doctor. Scott, I really think we need to bring someone in to speak with Ms. Jones. She is barely responding to my questions. I asked her about whether she was breastfeeding,” the nurse said with worry in her voice to Doctor. Scott before being interrupted by Vickie.

Vickie heard the nurse, and the nurse thought that she was whispering but her accent really did travel far and around the room.

“Formula,” Vickie told the nurse in a cold tone, still looking in the same direction.

As the baby started to cry from a distance, she knew it was not a dream—not a figment of her imagination. This was reality.



And she was responsible for this child's life until she turned eighteen years old.

Vickie's mind couldn't take another thought. She could feel herself drifting off to sleep from complete exhaustion.

Vickie fell into her dream state, dreaming of feeling the tiny kick, the rapid small heartbeat echoing through the examination room, then seeing the man she loved turn away. Everything went black, and Vickie jolted back to reality, realizing she had only been dreaming.

She was back in reality. Her thoughts going back to when the Being came to her, placing the seed inside of her without even having one touch of man, the man that she loved. No, it was a simple light entering her navel and it was done. She was now expecting.

Vickie had to leave her family and friends behind. She had to start a new life and with a new name. This would have brought shame to them, being pregnant without being married.



So no, that was not her story. It was not her story at all. And now, because of the Being had come into her life through that vision, she was expected to raise this child as her own.

Of all creation on this planet, *why her?*

She had her own path. Vickie had her own dreams that she wanted to fulfill. To make a mark in this world. And now it was being taken away from her and given to the child she carried and just gave birth to that was not her own. The child—*Star*. That is the name that was given to her, *Star Galaxy Jones*.

“It’s feeding time,” the nurse came in with the baby. It was just after midnight, just fourteen hours ago she had given birth to the child.

“I told you I wasn’t breastfeeding,” Vickie responded to the nurse that was pushing in the child that she had just given birth to.



“Yes ma’am, I know. But we do want mothers to start feeding their child, even if it’s formula. Just so that you don’t be so overwhelmed after we release you from the hospital. It’s just to make sure the child is being fed and gaining weight properly,” the nurse stated while handing over the child to Vickie with the baby formula.

Vickie looked closely at the child, she noticed the child had freckles under her eyes, they were very faint. She also noticed a tiny beauty mark beneath her lip. Vickie just looked at her, in her arms, while the nurse made sure she was holding the baby correctly to feed her.

There were four ounces of formula in the baby’s bottle. When Vickie placed the nipple in the child’s mouth she began to drink the formula.

“There she goes. Well you are all set, just ring the nurse bell if you need any assistance,” the nurse said while walking towards the door.

“Wait, hey I don’t know what to do after she finishes,” Vickie said feeling her anxiety over take her.

“Just ring the nurse bell and I will come back in to help you burp her,” the nurse said while in between the door and the hallway.

“Okay,” Vickie called back to the nurse while looking back down at the child she was now feeding.

She suspected that the child would come out purple or close to the color of indigo. At least that is what the vision had shown her people to look like, the person that spoke to her looked like an out of space creature with the complexion of indigo. It had human features, and it was beautiful. It didn’t actually speak with its mouth but communicated with her through thought.

Vickie watched her cheeks go in and out as she drunk the formula while her little eyes were closed. But then the child completely stopped drinking the formula from the bottle and moved her small head away from it.

Vickie thought that was unusual, because there was formula still in the bottle. When Vickie raised the bottle up to

see how much the child drank, out of the four ounces only two ounces remained. And it wasn't like one ounce or even one and a half, but the child stopped after only drinking two ounces of the four ounces that was given her.

Vickie then looked for the nurse's bell. After finding it under her pillow, she pushed the red button.

"Can I help you?" a woman responded.

"Yes, the baby is finished," Vickie responded into the nurse bell.

"Well, that was fast. I'm on my way," said the nurse and ended the call.

When the nurse walked in, Vickie held up the bottle to show her that the baby only drank two ounces of the formula.

"Interesting," the nurse stated as she walked closer to Vickie's bed side.

"What do you mean interesting?" Vickie asked curious.

"Every feeding has been exactly the same. Two ounces. Not more. Not less," the nurse took the formula and added it to her logbook.

“Is that not normal?” Vickie asked.

“Actually, it isn’t. I have never seen a newborn drink a certain amount of formula and stop on command at the same amount. Is she even from this world?” the nurse jokingly asked with a little laughter.

“Why would you say that?” Vickie asked now afraid that the truth was out.

“Darling, I didn’t mean nothing by it. I was just making a joke, just trying to get you to laugh,” the nurse said. “I was just trying to bring your spirits up,” the nurse continued while making notation of the baby’s, feeding time and the amount.

Vickie noticed the different times on the nurse’s log book.

“I’ve been asleep that long?” Vickie asked the nurse.

“Yes, and that is not unusual. You were in active labor for forty-eight hours. So that is understandable honey,” the nurse said while closing the book.

“Now let me show you how to burp the little one,” the nurse said while reaching

for Star and sitting in the chair next to Vickie's bed.

"You first take a burping towel and place it over your shoulder like so. Then you place the baby over that shoulder with her head over the burping towel and start to pat her back like this," the nurse said while patting her back.

"For how long?" Vickie asked sitting up watching.

"Until she burps," the nurse responded.

And in that moment little Star burped on command as if she knew what was required of her.

"Ah, there she goes. Such a sweet girl. Would you like to keep her here with you?" the nurse asked.

"No, I'm still tired. Is it alright that she goes in the nursery?" Vickie asked.

"Not a problem my dear, get your rest. Whenever you want to spend that bonding time with her, just ring the nurse bell," the nurse said while putting the baby back in her little crib to carry her back into the baby's nursery.

As the nurse finally walked out with Star from her room, Vickie tried closing her eyes.

She was glad that part was over. As she turned over a small light appeared outside of her window. But it wasn't like a flashlight, but an orb. Vickie sat up thinking she was seeing things until the small orb went through the window as if the windowpane wasn't even there.

"Hello?" Vickie asked afraid.

"*It is done,*" the orb glowed but the voice only came to her thoughts.

Vickie sat up afraid of not knowing what would be said next. Will they appear to her in this manner on what to do? Are they watching her every move from here on out? Have they been watching all along? Could they tell how she really felt about all of this?

"Like we have said before, this child is very special and you were chosen to carry her and bring her into this world. For she has a great purpose for this planet. The time has come for darkness to be dispelled and for this planet to enter the stage of

enlightenment. Many have come before her and were not successful because of the darkness. But now the time has come for the darkness to leave and never to return,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“Yes, you told me, but why is she only drinking two ounces of her formula?” Vickie sat up while asking this to the orb.

“She only drinks what her body requires. The rest would harm her,” the orb sent to Vickie thoughts.

“So is it better for me to breast feed her?” Vickie asked.

“Yes. Human milk carries the memory of creation,” the orb paused. *“Within a mother’s milk is the pattern of life itself.”* the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

Vickie stared at the orb as it sent the message to her thoughts while she processed everything that was said to her.

“So, what about the child needing Vitamin D and calcium? How would she get those?” Vickie asked.

“There are foods that grow on your planet that gives you calcium and your sun helps your body absorb calcium by

triggering the production of Vitamin D in your skin. Without Vitamin D, your body cannot properly utilize the calcium you get from food to build and maintain strong bones,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“So basically, you are telling me that it is best to just breast feed her. Got it,” Vickie said while laying back on the bed with her hands over her eyes.

This was all becoming too much.
Why her?

“We know you are not pleased with being chosen to do this. But the reason you were chosen was because of your bloodline,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

The orb was about to explain why she had been chosen when a knock sounded at her hospital room door.

Before Vickie answered the knock, she looked to where the orb had been. It was gone.

Just when she was about to learn why, out of all the people on Earth, she had been chosen for this task, the knock interrupted everything.

“Just great,” Vickie whispered to herself. “Come in,” she called to the door.



CHAPTER TWO



The Impostor



CHAPTER 2

“Hello, I’m Doctor Scott,” the doctor said while closing the door behind him.

Vickie knew that this doctor was the one that delivered her child earlier. It wasn’t her actual OBGYN, her original OBGYN was “out of the country” for some strange reason. But Vickie was intrigued to see what this late-night, early-morning call was about.

“Yes, I know,” Vickie responded while looking at the doctor slowly, from his feet up towards his face.

"What brings you here?" Vickie asked while watching the doctor move closer to her.

Vickie could tell something was off about him. And that he used any excuse to come inside her room to “talk”.

“I was just doing my regular routine. Making sure that the mother is doing well after the long and strenuous delivery you had,” the doctor said while walking closer to Vickie.

Vickie didn't like whatever was going on here. She felt like something was off. But she couldn't put her finger on it.

"I noticed that you opted out of breastfeeding and chose formula instead. "Why is that?" the doctor asked while reaching for Vickie's wrist, the one with her hospital ID bracelet.

"Why are you grabbing my wrist?" Vickie asked while snatching her arm away from the doctor.

"You just saw me about fifteen hours ago, I haven't changed and I am in the same room I gave birth in. And what difference does it matter that I chose formula over breast milk?" Vickie asked while looking over the doctor's lab coat and noticed that his neck didn't look normal.

In that moment Vickie's memory of the conversation with the doctor just moments ago flashed in her mind like a movie. The doctor didn't say "your baby" but "the baby". Vickie's heart skipped a beat.

"Who are you really?" Vickie asked the man that stood before her.

Doctor Scott's eyes changed and what Vickie noticed on his neck that looked strange was like his skin wasn't attached to the base of his neck. Was she seeing things?

"Move," the voice said entering into her head.

Vickie got up on command and just in time. The doctor had a strange weapon that he held up. It wasn't quite a knife that she is used to seeing, it had an odd shape, a curve with a very pointy tip with strange drawings on it.

"Who are you?" Vickie asked, knowing she had nowhere to run to.

She knew she couldn't climb out of the window; she was on the fifth floor. That would be a long plop. She couldn't run out the door because she might get the end of whatever the doctor was holding in his hand. But what she was close by was the nurse's bell.

Could she have screamed, yes, but then the doctor would have nothing to lose in carrying out whatever plan he had for her. She needed to buy herself some time, she

knew someone was always at that nurse's station. But what she didn't know was how long it would take the nurse to come to the room and if she got there would her life be in danger as well?

Vickie had no choice, so she dashed for the nurse's bell, and right when the doctor lunged for her with that funny-looking knife, it cut her arm in the process. Vickie screamed with pain as she let go of the red button.

"Can I help you?" the nurse answered through the call bell.

"My life is in danger, I have been stabbed!" Vickie said while grabbing her bloody wrist. "There is a man here that is posing as my doctor," Vickie finally got out while hoping the nurse believed her and called the security.

In that moment a voice came over the intercom and Vickie was forever grateful that the nurse believed her.

"Code Green in room 502, I repeat Code Green in room 502," the robotic voice came over the intercom across the entire hospital with flashing lights in the hallway.

In that moment, the doctor looked at Vickie and ran towards her as if to take her down but instead he jumped out of the window without hesitation or a thought.

Feeling the fall breeze coming through the window after the doctor had jumped snapped Vickie back to reality.

Seconds later she heard someone scream outside and heard the shattered glass scattering everywhere.

Vickie ran to the window to see the body of the doctor crushed on top of the vehicle.

His lifeless body lay there on the car, the man that was just in her room trying to kill her is now dead.

Vickie looked down and saw the weird knife by her foot. When she tried to pick it up, it vanished.

“Oh my god, are you alright?” the nurse asked while following behind the security.

Vickie didn't know what to believe, she didn't know what was real and what was just a figment of her imagination. All of this was starting to take a toll on her. She

didn't remember the security or the nurse coming into her room. She finally came to after the nurse touched her and tried guiding her to her bed.

"I don't know," Vickie stumbled with her words while the nurse checked her vital signs.

"Once I finish checking your vitals, I have another room ready for you to move to," the nurse said while checking Vickie's heartbeat.

"In all of my years I have never seen anything like this before. I mean you hear these stories on the radio or even true crime stories on tv but never have I ever imagined that it would happen on my watch," the nurse said to Vickie while finishing up her vitals and started to clean her arm that had been sliced open.

Vickie never really paid any attention to her nurse's southern accent until now. So many thoughts were coming at her that she totally forgot that she had a child in this very room just yesterday.

"I'm having the doctor come and take a look at your arm, because you are

bleeding pretty bad,” the nurse said while laying her arm down to bandage it up. “And don’t you worry, I will be here with the doctor when he comes and if you need stitches, I will not leave your side,” the nurse said to Vickie while paging the doctor over the intercom in Vickie’s room.

Later that day Vickie had just woken up after being put into another room in the hospital. Had she dreamt it all?

Vickie looked down at the proof that reminded her that it wasn’t a dream. It was her reality. Having to get twelve stitches proved that it was. She had no family here nor friends. She was all alone, not knowing what to do next.

Where were they? Why have they left her to almost die? Were they behind this, only using her to carry this child, and then dispose of her and her body as though she never existed?

“No,” the voice said in Vickie’s thought.

“Then what happened?” Vickie asked with panic in her voice.

“We knew that they had found you, but we were making...” it said in her thought before being interrupted by Vickie.

“You knew and yet you disappeared into thin air like I was nothing more than a test subject for your *save the world* plan,” Vickie said with anger and pain in her voice.

Vickie left everything behind for this, she started over and completely had changed her identity because she didn’t want to bring anything to her family that would lead to God knew what.

As she sat there thinking about all she had sacrificed for what this was, she begins to wonder was she even losing her mind? Had she gone crazy? Is she even dreaming?

But she knew that this couldn’t be a dream, a dream didn’t last this long unless you were in a coma. Was she in a coma right now?

“You are not in a coma. This is all real,” it sent to her thoughts.

“What is your name?” she asked dismissing its response.

“I do not have a name, but if there was a name to give I would say, Genesis,” Genesis responded to Vickie in her thoughts.

“Who the hell was that that tried to kill me?” Vickie asked while trying to hold her composure.

This was becoming unbearable for her. She wasn’t warned that this would happen when they told her what she was going to do in order to save humanity on her planet called Earth. She was already tapping out of this mission. To hell with saving humanity, who was going to protect her? Is her life ever going to be normal again? From the looks of it she pretty much knew the answer to this, and this answer was no.

The orb floated in silence, allowing Vickie to push all of her negative energy from her thoughts.

“We know this is a lot to take on in less than twenty-four hours. Unfortunately, certain things have to take place in order to

activate certain mysteries that your soul carries in this vessel your planet calls, the human body,” Genesis sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

Genesis paused, allowing Vickie to process all that he was sending to her mind.

“Though it may have felt as though I was no longer there, I was still very much present just invisible to the naked human eye,” Genesis stated.

“You were there and still allowed this man to get so close to me that I could have lost my life. I didn’t sign up for this, I didn’t ask to be put in harm’s way,” Vickie said frustrated while tears started to roll down her face.

“You didn’t warn me that my life would be threatened. If I had known this, I would have completely declined. I have a huge heart and I love people, but not to the point where someone or some thing would try and take my life for it,” tears were now flowing from Vickie’s eyes uncontrollably.

Vickie hadn’t realized that she hadn’t allowed herself to really sit and think

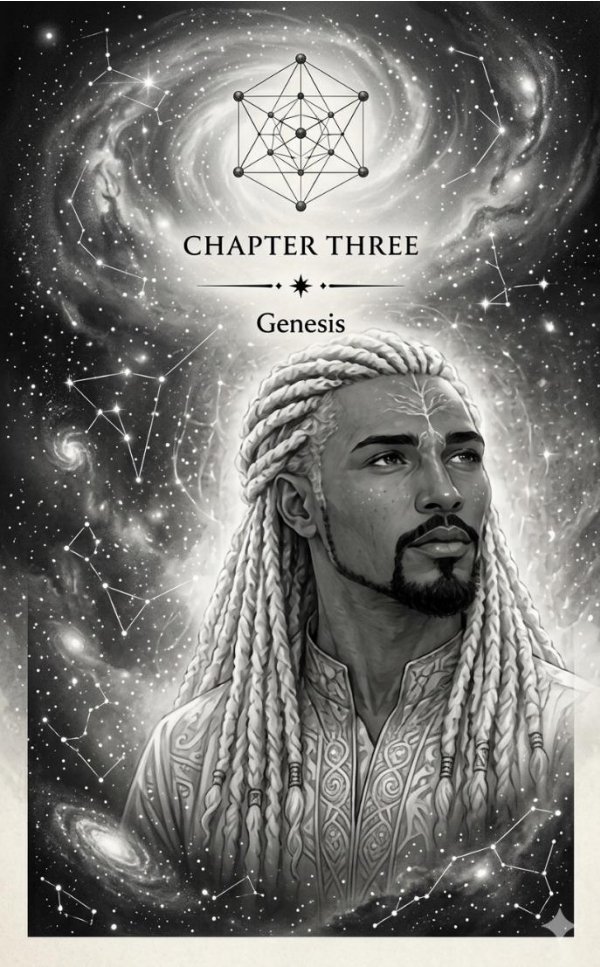
of all that was asked of her. Being alone and isolated made her hormones feel like they were in overdrive, and now it was taking its toll on her. She didn't sign up for all of this, and she definitely didn't sign up to be blind-sided.

“I can't do this. I won't do this,”
Vickie said to Genesis.

“You have no choice in the matter. This is your destiny and you were chosen by her to complete her mission,” Genesis sent to her thoughts.

“Chosen? Chosen by who?” Vickie asked frustrated.

“By Star, the child,” Genesis sent to Vickie's thoughts.



CHAPTER 3

“Wait, what?” Vickie stared in disbelief. “You mean to tell me the child that I was caring chose not only to be here but to come through me?” Vickie asked Genesis.

“Yes, you were chosen because of your bloodline. Your makeup of who you are is not just in the outer appearance but mainly it’s your DNA or frequency, as you humans call it, is connected to your soul that makes you who you are. If you needed to find out anything pertaining to your health, your eye color, even down to how much melanin your body produces relies on your DNA or your frequency makeup,” Genesis sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“What is so special about my DNA or as you say we human’s say that my frequency that, I had to completely leave my family for, and create this delusional life that I now have to live in?” Vickie asked Genesis while wiping her eyes. “And you have not answered me about who the hell was trying to kill me because of it. Why wait

until after I gave birth to try and kill me? Why now?" Vickie asked while her voice began to change from one extreme emotion to the next.

"It's because they could not find you while you carried the child. And that being is a species called the Greys. Some, on your planet, believe that they are future humans that go back in time to change the course of their history, while others believe they came to dominate this planet by making humans work as slaves for them. But the real answer they are neither. They are a species that coexist with you humans because they no longer have a planet to call home anymore, it was destroyed centuries ago by their ruler over greed," Genesis sent to Vickie's thoughts.

"Are you a part of that species?" Vickie asked Genesis.

"No, we are not. We are the creators of this universe," Genesis paused, allowing the weight of his words to settle over Vickie. It dawned on her that her life wasn't the only one in danger.

“We go from planet to planet giving life as well as teaching those who we see fit in teaching the way of life. How to create things, so to speak. Do you really think your kind are smart?” Genesis asked in Vickie’s thoughts.

“Not only is my life in danger because of you, now you throw insults with it,” Vickie could feel herself getting upset all over again.

“No insult, just the truth. You asked, and now I am answering it,” Genesis sent to her thoughts giving room for Vickie to breathe.

“We go in to see who is worthy of the knowledge that we possess, once we choose a human, we then start the process of enlightenment. Unfortunately, the Greys have made it here and have come to this planet and have blocked your abilities to do what was given to your kind many centuries ago,” Genesis sent to her mind allowing her to ask any questions.

“So, the guy that portrayed to be my doctor is a Grey that didn’t want me to live, am I hearing this correctly?” Vickie asked.

“This is correct. But he also didn’t want the child to live either,” Genesis paused to allow Vickie to realize that her life isn’t the only life that is in danger.

“Because she is one of us, we have someone there that is watching her around the clock, so she stays protected,” Genesis sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

After hearing what Genesis had just said to her, she was starting to understand Star’s position in all of this. Even so, questions still lingered. She was still a little angry, but even more so in disbelief that they seemed to care more about protecting the baby than the woman who carried her.

For the first time, Vickie couldn’t shake the feeling that she was nothing more than a host for their project.

“Why couldn’t she just come here like you are here speaking to me, of course only in thought not in person?” Vickie asked, feeling herself getting flustered.

At that moment a being appeared before her out of nowhere. It was a tall dark person that had taken on human being features that were so unique it was hard to

explain. His hair was in locks, they were thick and smooth, and it had a light that surrounded its locks like they were mythical or energetic. Though he was dark as night, his skin was so smooth that you can see every detail of the structure on his face, how thick his eyebrow was, his eye color being brown, his nose just right, and the beard he grew made him look even more exotic; handsome even.

Vickie could see waves of light bouncing off him, going out of his body and touching everything in the room, including her. The voice she has been hearing in her head for over ten months is now visible for her eyes to see. And he was so tall, taller than your average person.

She sees why he only came to her in thought, because now attaching his voice to a body threw whatever she was feeling; anger, frustration, even being flustered was now erased. It was like she was feeling at ease as if life was no longer stressful but stress free.

Is this what peace felt and looked like? She thought to herself.

What was this aura he was sending out to her?

“It’s what you humans call frequency. We call it Light,” Genesis said while moving his lips.

For the first time she understood why he only came to her in thought because his appearance was breathtaking and his voice in this body was like several instruments playing a melodic sound that was soothing to her very soul.

“Wait, are you Lucifer?” Vickie snapped out of her trance and asked.

“No,” Genesis said while smiling and chuckling to himself. “That is a story that the Greys orchestrated to keep control of your frequency. To scare you from the truth. You humans are good at doing that. Everything is either good or bad. There is always a villain in your stories here on this planet, that you cannot see. But in reality, there is no such thing as a villain, just humans making mistakes based on their low vibrational choices,” Genesis said with his melodic voice.

“Wait I’m confused. If you are saying there is no bad guy, then why am I being used to bringing the *Savior of Humankind* to Earth? What was the point of that if there is no bad guy?” Vickie asked.

“We don’t consider it as you state, but only that you have been taken down a path where you have lost all that was taught to you. Your frequency has been diluted so much so that the natural Light is being diminished which turns into darkness, which causes harmony to break and chaos to begin,” Genesis responded.

Vickie allowed that last part to sink in, *natural Light is being diminished which turns into darkness, which causes harmony to break and chaos to begin*, she thought.

Vickie looked up at Genesis and nodded her head for him to continue.

“You see, in order to coexist without destroying your species they needed something that would block you from your Light, or what you call frequency. They knew if they came and completely wiped out your species it would cause our species to come here and completely wipe them

out. So instead, they took on your likeness, blended in and slowly took away everything we taught you. And they did this every eighty years so it wouldn't be noticeable and the next generation would forget the teachings ever existed," Genesis said to Vickie.

"Why didn't you tell me this in the beginning?" Vickie asked while not feeling overwhelmed anymore.

"We have our reasons; most is to get you to step out of what the Greys want you to believe and come into who you really are. Without this you will stay stuck in this loop of being discharged from your natural born frequency to create Light that can literally free you of anything that torments your vessel," Genesis said.

"I now understand," Vickie whispered to herself. She began to weep, and it wasn't a sad weeping but a weeping that felt free. Free of questions that she has always had that were finally answered in the little that Genesis had given to her.

Vickie was starting to cry uncontrollably where she lay faced down

on her bed in the hospital. All the years of stress, heartache, depression, negative thoughts, all of it was leaving her as Genesis spoke to her at this moment. She felt the warm embrace of his Light, his aura, his voice.

“This is why we come the way that we do, to not overwhelm your kind. This can turn into what we call overflow if we didn’t give you small increments of our Light,” Genesis said while gliding towards Vickie.

Vickie was astonished at how even his walk looked melodic as he came closer to her. Everything that was negative inside of Vickie started to run out of her all at once. She began to feel this burst of energy be released on the inside of her. This cool sensation was going from the top of her head down to the soles of her feet. All the years of hurt vanish as soon as Genesis opened up his natural mouth and released the frequency of speech to reach to her very soul.

“Now you know the truth, and what you are feeling is centuries of your history running through your blood. And this is

what the Greys have been keeping away from you and your species this whole time,” Genesis continued as he looked down on Vickie.

It felt as though thousands of files were being downloaded directly into Vickie’s DNA, and everything that surrounded her was beginning to feel not only its frequency, but what it was feeling.

From the plants just outside her window whispering songs of love and protection, to the birds not worrying about how it would eat, to the ants creating a safe space for its colony, every living thing she could now feel all at once.

After feeling their natural state, she then felt their current. They were all crying out for help.

Vickie was so overwhelmed, but not in a bad way. She felt things that she wouldn’t believe to be possible. Even the breeze coming through the vents in the hospital had some type of energy that was brushing against a field that surrounded her flesh, like a force field of sort.

“Why is my body blocking the air that is entering the room?” Vickie asked while looking at her arms and legs being protected by this invisible shield.

“It protects you from anything that is not organically created in this planet. This is the Greys doing, to block out any frequency from you, to keep you from connecting back to being enlighten,” Genesis said while walking towards the air vent to close it from seeping out any air.

Vickie continued to look all around her, she couldn’t even fathom any of this. If you told her two years ago this is where she would be, doing just this, she would have called you insane.

There was a knock on the door, but she already felt who it was and knew that Genesis had gone back to invisible mode so the nurse couldn’t see him. But she wasn’t alone, she was bringing in her child Star.



CHAPTER FOUR

A Mother's Choice



CHAPTER 4

“Hello, I’m nurse Betty, just bringing in this precious baby because it’s feeding time,” nurse Betty said while bringing her the baby.

"It's my understanding that you're giving the baby formula?" Nurse Betty asked.

“Oh, about that. I want to change it from formula to breast milk,” Vickie said holding the child.

“Not a problem, I will put this formula back then,” nurse Betty said.

Vickie now understood the purpose that this child had for this planet. Though Vickie felt detached from the child before all of this, she no longer felt that detachment.

Before Vickie knew it, she had placed the baby where she needed to be fed. And by doing so, she finally felt the connection that she never had with her.

In her mind she thought that this baby wasn’t hers, that she was only a host for this child’s development. But now this is

so much more than that, and she knew she had a purpose to fulfill. After looking for her purpose for just about all her life, she finally found it. And it took a Being from a different planet to help her find just that, her way.

“Since you have decided to go this route, we do have breast pumps for you to use whenever you feel you are getting full. The body is so unique. When you don’t breast feed immediately, the milk in the breast eventually dries up. But if you do breastfeed the breast continues to replenish and knows when it’s feeding time automatically. That is our connection as mothers to the child. That is truly a beautiful thing,” nurse Betty said heading towards the door. “If you need anything, please do not hesitate to ring the nurse call bell and someone will be here to help,” nurse Betty said smiling at Vickie while looking in the corner of the room and smiling at it.

“Thank you,” Vickie said knowing what she felt was real with the new nurse.

“She is one of you all, isn’t she?”
Vickie asked while looking down at her child.

“Yes, she is one of the guardians,”
Genesis said, reappearing in front of Vickie.

“I see. So how many guardians do we have?” Vickie asked while rubbing the baby’s cheek.

“That we cannot fully disclose. You are now open and no longer closed off to the energy source. You will know when they are good and when they are evil,” Genesis said.

“So, the tree of good and evil is this feeling or the unblockage of frequency flowing through you?” Vickie asked while taking her eyes off the baby to look up at Genesis.

“No, that is incorrect. Again, those stories are told to keep you in low vibrational tones. You see, words are frequency—number patterns, if you will. Your brain is like the motherboard of a computer. Whatever you type the motherboard relays to the system that you call a computer screen based on the stroke

of the keys. It's the same with your voice. Whatever you speak, your brain sends out signals, or waves to react to those words. If you keep repeating something over and over again, you begin to believe and even act on it whether it is true or not. If the doctor run test and comes to you with the results, if it is negative your body responds to it and then it reacts based on your response," Genesis said while looking content with what he is seeing on how Vickie is no longer resenting this life but she is embracing it.

Vickie looked down at Star as she nursed, feeling a connection growing between them.

"This is why you must always think before speaking. Your low vibrational tone can cause chaos to follow behind it. But if you are high vibrational, when you speak, clarity seeps into those who are in front of you and their mind's, that is being invaded by negative tones, then breaks away from the motherboard. Just like viruses on these things you all call computers, people think once a virus has attached itself to your hard

drive it is the end for your computer but that is not the truth,” Genesis grew silent, allowing Vickie a moment to process his words.

“In order to stop something that is moving at a rapid pace, you must confront it with higher tone levels. If you play a pitch that is so high that the human ears can not hear and causes the glass to shatter this is what high vibrational tones do. It can not live in the same space as low tones. It destroys it,” Genesis finished.

“I see,” Vickie said while still watching the baby feed. “So words are truly powerful,” Vickie stated while also replaying what was just said to her in her mind.

“Illnesses are the same way. Illnesses are negative low vibrational tones that live inside of you. If you stay in that lower vibrational place the illness grows and festers. This is why high vibrational people are never sick,” Genesis finished.

“That makes sense,” Vickie said while bringing her baby up to burp. “Well, she is no longer only drinking two ounces of

formula,” Vickie said while gently tapping her back to burp.

“She knew what the make up was in the formula. Her frequency knew how much to drink to not allow those entities inside of the formula to begin breaking down her frequency in a negative way. So, she only took in just enough to blend in. If she wouldn’t have eaten anything, then they would begin to run test on her,” Genesis said coming closer to Vickie.

“But don’t they give immunization shots to babies while in the hospital?” Vickie asked now, feeling nervous.

“This is why nurse Betty is here, to prevent that from happening. Those particular things are blockage to the baby. You see you come into this world with your Chakras activated. But those immunizations are there to keep it from staying activated. This is why you bring your baby into these types of facilities,” Genesis said while pointing all around him referencing the hospital.

“They do this, so the parent doesn’t become alarmed. They place fear thinking

that if you don't do this your child will die.
But this is not the truth. It is the
immunization injections that is killing the
child, but slowly.

"Some souls decide it's not the right
time, and they leave the body. This planet
calls it AIDS. But this is a soul that has
decided to abort mission," Genesis said
while touching the child.

At that moment the baby started to smile with her eyes closed. Vickie noticed even more so now, she is no longer operating in low vibrational frequency, that more moles had appeared on Star's skin.

"Where did these new moles come from?" Vickie asked Genesis while touching the new moles on her daughter's face.

"Ah yes. Moles or freckles, what you
humans call, are seen as a concentrated
energy point or maps of your life's path. The
new mole that has appeared on her
forehead signifies wisdom. You saw the
ones around her eyes, they are connected
to intuition, being able to see beyond the
surface. This is how she knew not to drink
but only two ounces of that formula,"

Genesis said while pointing to the moles around her eyes.

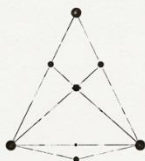
“Are those souls that abort mission from your planet?” Vickie asked.

“No, they come from your planet. They reincarnate back to a human body. And before you ask, yes, they can choose the family it wants to reincarnate with. Most try to stay within the bloodline, some choose to go to another family, but they always find themselves back with the original bloodline, mostly through marriage,” Genesis said.

The baby finally fell back to sleep, and Vickie was just going over what was all said in her thoughts. She placed the baby back in her bed. She felt herself getting sleepy. She began to yawn. And she felt Genesis moving towards her.

“Sleep now,” Genesis said while touching the center of her forehead.

And just like that, Vickie was asleep.



CHAPTER FIVE

Questions from Earth



STAR GALAXY JONES

- Strange birth.
- No father.
- Vision?
- Who is she?



CHAPTER 5

A soft knock echoed through the quiet hospital room.

Who could that be now? Vickie thought as her stomach tightened.

“Come in,” she called softly.

The door opened, revealing a tall man wearing a gray suit with a detective’s badge clipped to his belt.

“Hello, Ms. Jones,” the detective said while walking into the room.

“Hi,” she said as she sat up in her bed.

The moment he stepped inside, the strange heaviness she’d felt from the fake doctor wasn’t there. Whatever intuition had awakened inside her told her this man was human.

“I am Detective Peterson, and I have a few questions for you,” the detective said while shutting her door.

“Okay, that is fine,” Vickie responded.

“I hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time,” detective Peterson said while taking a seat in the chair in the room.

The detective was looking around the room, while Vickie looked at him.

“No, you are fine. Just here, resting, waiting on the day when my child and I are released from here,” Vickie tried to smile while rubbing her arm.

Detective Peterson began to notice Vickie touching her arm, but he didn’t want her to see him observing it, so he quickly responded to her.

“Yeah, those beds are uncomfortable, and there is no place like being in your own bed and in your own home,” Detective Peterson said while pulling out his notepad.

“Do not talk about what you noticed on the doctor’s weapon having symbols,” Genesis sent to her thoughts.

Vickie was surprised that Genesis knew that this detective was here and really couldn’t understand why she couldn’t mention the weapon he used to cut her arm with. How was she going to explain that?

"Just tell him a regular knife,"
Genesis sent to her thoughts.

"So, let's start from the top,"
Detective Peterson said to her while pulling
out his pen.

"Well, I had just finished feeding my
baby and the nurse took her back to the
nursery, and then I get a knock on the door,"
Vickie said to the detective.

"And what time was that?" Detective
Peterson asked Vickie while taking notes.

"It had to be after midnight."

"That's an odd hour to go and do
visits with patients, especially after they
have given birth," Detective Peterson said
while looking up at Vickie.

"That's what I thought."

"What did he say he wanted?"
Detective Peterson asked.

"He was just doing his rounds and
was making sure I was ok. But then he
asked me why I chose formula over
breastmilk. I found that very strange," Vickie
said. "I noticed that," Vickie stopped herself
from speaking on his neck appearance.

“You noticed what?” Detective Peterson asked her while looking up from his notepad.

“Sorry, I really haven’t talked about this or thought about it since it happened to me,” Vickie said softly.

“I understand. This can be challenging, but it’s best that we get this information while it’s fresh on your mind, so that we can solve this case for you and find out why this person tried to kill you,” Detective Peterson said while looking up at her.

“Ok, I did find it odd that he waited so late to come and do his rounds. When he got close to me and looked at my patient ID bracelet, I knew something wasn’t right and I stood up out of bed. That is when I saw,” Vickie paused making sure she wasn’t giving out too much truth. “the knife. I knew I couldn’t leave out of the window,” Vickie said while looking down at her hands that she was rubbing frantically together.

“*Calm down*,” Genesis sent to her thoughts.

Vickie could feel herself becoming less tense. She started to inhale and exhale very slowly. Reopening her eyes she was able to finish talking about the event that happened to her on that night.

“I couldn’t run past him to the front door, so I leaped to the bed and pressed the call button for the nurse. That is when he swiped me and I started to bleed,” Vickie said sounding more confident.

Vickie began to feel her throat drying as her nerves intensified.

“*You’re safe,*” Genesis sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

Vickie’s breathing started to slow down since Genesis sent the reassurance to her mind.

“So, what happened next?” Detective Peterson asked.

“He started to charge towards me, which is what I thought, but he jumped out of the window and the next thing I heard was his fall hitting the car,” Vickie said.

“We couldn’t find the weapon on him, around the scene outside nor in your hospital room. Did you happen to see it

anywhere?" Detective Peterson asked Vickie.

"No, things happened so fast that I forgot about the weapon that he used. I just assumed he had it on him when he jumped out," Vickie said while hating that she had to lie to the detective.

"You are doing great, it's okay," Genesis sent to her thoughts.

But it wasn't okay, she hated lying. She had to lie to her family and now she is lying to this detective.

She wishes she could just respond to Genesis in thought.

"But you can," Genesis sent to her in mind.

"So, you didn't see the weapon after it cut your arm? Also, did you noticed anything strange about this doctor?" Detective Peterson asked while looking at Vickie.

Vickie had forgotten that he was even questioning her, and he was waiting on her to respond that she finally jerked back into reality.

“Um, yes I did,” Vickie said while looking down at her hands. She could feel her skin reacting to the stress she was under now. It felt like welts were forming on her face and now she saw them forming on her hands and arms.

“Are you okay?” Detective Peterson asked with his voice sounding concerning.

Detective Peterson begin to notice that her body was responding to her anxiety even though she was trying to suppress them.

“Yes, it’s just when I get anxious my body responds in this way,” Vickie said looking back up at the detective while rubbing her arms trying to calm herself down.

“Again, I understand this is all traumatic for you, but unfortunately, I have to ask these questions so that we can solve this case as soon as possible. We don’t want the locals to be afraid of what took place in our small town. It’s very rare that we have homicides here,” Detective Peterson said while looking back over his

notes that he had already taken on his notepad.

“So, you were saying,” Detective Peterson looked up at Vickie to continue.

“Yes, there was something strange about his neck,” Vickie finally said. “It was like he was wearing a mask, but it looked so real. His face I mean,” Vickie said while touching her face. “Was I imagining that?” Vickie asked Detective Peterson.

“No, you are correct, he was wearing a mask or what makeup artist calls prosthetic makeup. So he took on the likeness of the doctor that help you bring your child into the world. The doctor that delivered your baby was the actual doctor, this person that came to you that was trying to pretend to be your doctor, was not your doctor,” Detective Peterson said.

All of this was starting to make sense to Vickie. She knew it was odd that when he came in late, it was also smart, less nurses on duty at night than they are in the daytime.

“Do you know of anyone that would want you dead?” Detective Peterson asked her.

“No, I’m not even from here.”

“Where are you from?”

“I’m from Miami actually.”

“So, what brings you to Tuscaloosa?”

“Wanted to start a new life, with my child,” Vickie responded while taking a pause before saying *with my child*.

“Miami has so much more than T-town, did you have any enemies there? Is that the reason why you left?” Detective Peterson asked Vickie while standing up and walking towards her.

“No, no enemies just felt that Miami was not a safe place in general to raise a child.”

“So where is the child’s father, did he come with you?” Detective Peterson asked.

Vickie paused, knowing that she hated lying but she knew that this technically wasn’t a lie for real but the truth, a very vague truth.

“Yes, he came up with me,” Vickie answered hoping this would be the end of that questioning about the child’s father.

“Does he have any enemies that you know of?”

“No, he doesn’t,” Vickie responded getting tired of these lines of questioning.

“Where is he now?”

Detective Peterson held her gaze for a long moment before writing something in his notebook.

“He left probably thirty minutes ago,” Vickie answered trying not to be anxious in this moment.

For the briefest moment, Genesis appeared behind Detective Peterson with the faintest smile on his face.

Vickie never noticed Genesis. Every ounce of her concentration was focused on keeping her fear from showing.

“I would like to ask him some questions; here is my card. Tell him to give me a call as soon as he can,” Detective Peterson said while handing Vickie his card with all of his information on it.

“Ok, thanks,” Vickie said while taking the card from the detective.

“If you have anything else that you remember, please don’t hesitate to give me a call,” Detective Peterson said while walking towards the door to open it.

“Ok, have a nice day,” Vickie said.

“You to, and by the way, what’s his name?” Detective Peterson asked, turning around to look at her before leaving the room.

“Genesis,” Vickie said in a low tone.

“Genesis, what a unique name. Like in the Bible?” Detective Peterson asked.

“Yes,” Vickie responded.

“Ok, talk to you soon,” Detective Peterson said while closing the door behind him.

Vickie could not believe what had just happened, not only did she lie but she had involved the Being that helped make all of this happen with her child Star. And at that moment Genesis appeared.



CHAPTER SIX

— ★ —
The Light Within
★



CHAPTER 6

“You did great,” Genesis said while reappearing to her.

Vickie was still trying to get used to his voice and his presence. It wasn't a negative energy but a calming, light, if you will, energy that made her feel like she was on cloud nine.

It was unlike anything she had ever experienced. Peace seemed to wash over every anxious thought until all that remained was calm.

“I didn't like the fact that I had to once again lie to the authorities, though Genesis,” Vickie said rethinking all of what just happened minutes ago.

“I understand, but for the sake of this mission, things had to be said,” Genesis said gliding over to Vickie.

“But how do I explain why you can't talk to the detective?” Vickie asked while looking over the card with Detective Peterson's information on it.

“You don't have to explain it,” Genesis said.

“Why?” Vickie asked, wondering how this was going to work.

“Because I will talk with him,” Genesis said calmly.

“Wait, what? No, he will know that you are different, that something is not right. Especially with your Light speaking through that vessel of yours,” Vickie said while trying to keep at bay the thoughts of how gorgeous Genesis really is.

“I am able to reduce my energy signature to a human level. So, the Light you hear now, will not be the same when I take human form,” Genesis said.

“Okay, I just hope he doesn’t find anything to poke a hole in my story,” Vickie said while taking a deep breath in to relax herself.

“Give the detective a call back now. He shouldn’t have gotten far. Let him know I have returned back to the room,” Genesis said.

“Okay, I will do it now,” Vickie said while watching something so breathtaking happening in front of her.

Vickie saw movies, read novels and only imagined these things as fairytales or sci-fi, but she never thought this could happen, that this was something very real.

Genesis began to change, starting with his Light going inward, as the lights around them began to flicker.

The fluorescent lights flickered once. For the briefest instant, even the steady hum of the hospital seemed to disappear.

His features became more human. The locks of his hair lengthened until they rested against his shoulders. His aura and his voice became softer, like it was dimmed just enough not to overwhelm the detective when he talked to him.

Just as suddenly, the hum of the hospital returned, as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Vickie realized she hadn't taken a breath since Genesis began to transform. She inhaled sharply, only then realizing she'd been holding it the entire time.

No matter what form he took, his eyes still carried the same impossible kindness.

Once again, Vickie couldn't understand why Genesis always revealed a simpler version of himself to everyone else while she had been allowed to see so much more.

"Because you are on assignment, and this mission is very important to your planet," Genesis responded.

Not only had his appearance changed right before Vickie's eyes, now his voice did the same without that melodic tone that he spoke in. Vickie was just amazed.

"Give the detective a call," Genesis said while reminding Vickie.

"Oh, yes," Vickie said while dialing the detective number using her hospital room's phone.

"Hello, this is Vickie, the one you just spoke with," Vickie said while pausing to hear the detective's response.

"Yes, so my daughter's father just got here. I hope you haven't left the hospital

already?” Vickie asked, having a little anxiety in her voice.

“Good, well please come back so that you can talk with him,” Vickie responded.

“Ok, see you soon,” Vickie said while placing the phone back on the hook.

“He had stopped in the cafeteria to grab a donut and was about to head out of the hospital when I called him,” Vickie said to Genesis.

“I know, I sent to his mind to stop by the cafeteria,” Genesis said smiling at her.

“Wait, you can do that?” Vickie asked, feeling flustered and in shock at the same time.

“Why are you shock? I am not of this planet, I am capable of doing much more,” Genesis said.

“Well I can see that now,” Vickie said still in amazement.

“He is on the elevator. He is also almost on this floor,” Genesis said to Vickie.

Vickie started to become overwhelmed, she felt like a panic attack was coming over her. But something

unction her to take a deep breath in and a deep breath out and that actually did calm her down.

Vickie looked up at Genesis just in time to see that perfect smile gleam across his face. Now she understood how Genesis was able to get the detective to make that stop by the cafeteria to get that donut.

Vickie looked at Genesis in a different light now. *Was she falling for him*, she thought?

Genesis looked at her, in the gentlest way. And then there was a knock on the door.



CHAPTER SEVEN

The Interview



CHAPTER 7

“Come in,” Vickie said.

“Hello again,” Detective Peterson said while walking into the room looking over at Genesis.

Detective Peterson paused in the doorway for half a second. There was something about the man standing beside Vickie that felt impossible to place.

Nothing appeared unusual...yet every instinct told him there was something different.

Vickie could tell that Detective Peterson knew something was different about Genesis as soon as he entered the room. But all he could do was walk over to Genesis to shake his hand.

Detective Peterson expected a firm handshake. Instead, Genesis' grip was warm, calm, and strangely reassuring.

Yet, something felt different.

He couldn't explain why, but standing near Genesis filled him with an unexpected sense of calm.

“Hello, I’m Detective Peterson,” Detective Peterson said while shaking Genesis’s hand.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Genesis. Star’s father,” Genesis said without skipping a beat.

“I hope we didn’t inconvenience you in turning around,” Genesis said.

“No, not at all, I hadn’t even left the hospital yet,” Detective Peterson said.

“Vickie told me that you had some questions for me,” Genesis responded with a concerned look on his face.

“Yes, just wanted to make sure that I get everything I need to get this case going. I asked Ms. Jones just a few moments ago, did she have any enemies back home. So, I am going to ask you the same question, did you, Mr.—” Detective Peterson paused, waiting to hear Genesis’ last name.

“It’s also Jones,” Genesis responded with a smile.

“My apologies, I didn’t know you two were married,” Detective Peterson said.

Vickie was just as shocked as Detective Peterson. She fought to keep the shock from showing on her face.

“Yes, I thought I had mentioned that to you when you were asking me questions,” Vickie responded while not trying to make it obvious.

“No, you didn’t. But with all the trauma you experienced after giving birth to your daughter, I could see if you forgot to mention that you were married,” Detective Peterson said while making notation to his notepad.

“Yes, we actually got married after learning she was expecting,” Genesis said.

“I see,” Detective Peterson said while jotting it all down.

“Yes, we did,” Vickie responded.

Vickie didn’t know how to respond to any of this. She began to rub her arm and then her face to see if her body had betrayed her by welting up on her skin, but it had not.

“So, Mr. Jones, do you have any enemies that you know of that wanted your wife dead?” Detective Peterson asked.

“No, I pretty much get along with everyone I meet,” Genesis responded.

“Sorry that I have to ask you this, but are you faithful to Mrs. Jones?” Detective Peterson asked while looking up at Genesis.

“Of course I am. I wouldn’t have married her after she told me she was expecting,” Genesis looked back at Detective Peterson in the eyes.

Vickie was just in amazement on how well Genesis could lie like it was the truth. If he were the star of this performance, he would win the Oscar for *Best Actor*.

“The reason that I asked, sometimes the person you have outside relationships with may become jealous and can go as far as taking out the competition,” Detective Peterson said. “So again, this is why I asked,” Detective Peterson said while looking at Genesis and then at Vickie.

“No problem. I have been faithful to Vickie since day one,” Genesis said while walking towards Vickie to hold her hand.

If anyone deserved an Oscar, it was Genesis. He was truly mesmerizing.

“Detective Peterson, I know that my husband wouldn’t put me in this position. He has been there for me since the beginning, I trust him,” Vickie said while looking at Genesis with a smile.

“Ok, well I guess that should do it. If you have any other information, please do not hesitate to give me a call. You guys take care,” Detective Peterson said while shaking Genesis hands and walking out the door.

In that moment Genesis went back to his first appearance within seconds of Detective Peterson leaving the room.

“Why would you tell him that you were my husband?” Vickie asked.

“So that we could finish this conversation quickly. We have a mission to complete for this planet. Sometimes we must involve ourselves to protect the mission,” Genesis said while looking down at Vickie.

Vickie knew that by him going back to his high frequency state would cause her to

stop questioning what he was doing and
only listen and take in his frequency of
reassurance that everything would be okay.

So, she did just that.



CHAPTER EIGHT

The Awakening



CHAPTER 8

Some months had passed since she had given birth to the baby. Everything went back to normal, even better than normal. She had given birth to this child, then someone or some thing tried to kill her. Then, after months of the Being speaking only in her mind, she was finally able to put a face to the voice when he appeared before her.

He was no longer just a Being but he spoke like an instrument, like a path of frequency and all that was negative in her mind, her heart, and her soul all disappeared in that moment. Once Vickie fed the child, it was as though everything had come full circle.

She had been trying to understand her life, her path. Was her life even worth living? Would she ever find her purpose? Not knowing that her purpose was to come to her on that day. This is what pure healing felt like. This is what knowing your purpose felt like.

Star was now eleven months old. It seemed like only yesterday that the child had been born, October 27, 1980, to be exact. Since all of this happened, Vickie started to pay close attention to astrology. Her daughter was a Scorpio, a water sign to be exact.

Star was beginning to walk on her own. She was so independent. She didn't look for help from anyone, not even from her own mother. She would grunt whenever Vickie would try to help her. In her own way she was telling her mother "She had it under control."

Vickie would laugh, raise both of her hands next to her head and step back. She was just in awe of her circumstances, she wished she had someone to share it with. Genesis stopped showing up after a time, he felt that Vickie had this under control. She no longer feared for her life. Whatever Genesis did right after Detective Peterson left with his questions eased her mind from it all.

She began to meditate each day, only listening to high vibrational sounds.

She no longer entertained low vibrational sounds or ate things that were low vibrational after having that last encounter with Genesis. This is the happiest she has ever felt.

“Hello,” Genesis said appearing out of nowhere.

“Oh my God! Hello!” Vickie said, jumping back, frightened.

“Sorry about that, I sometimes forget how humans don’t trust frequency enough to know when someone is coming nearby,” Genesis said while looking at Vickie.

“It's okay. I haven't seen you in a while,” Vickie said while looking away from Genesis.

“I have some good news that I wanted to tell you,” Genesis said not responding to what Vickie had just stated.

“Ok, what is it?” Vickie asked in a curious way. Not knowing if it was good news or bad news.

“You can now return home, and be with your family,” Genesis said calmly.

“Wait, I thought that I would never see them again. I changed my name, which is what you told me to do,” Vickie said finding herself getting angry.

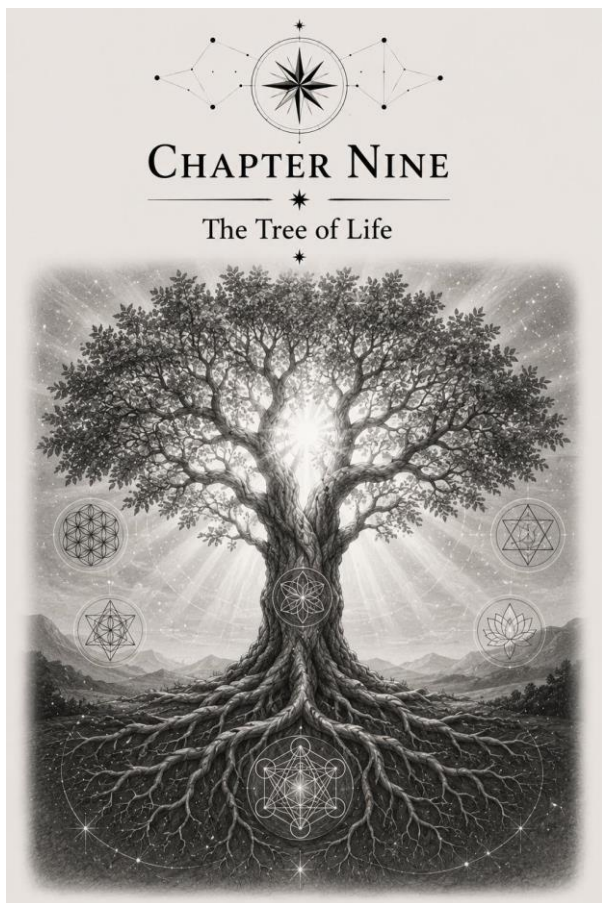
“Only for the time you were carrying and delivering the child. We wanted to make sure that once the child completed her first year, she would have her gifts and is able to discern what is low vibrational and what is high vibrational, that you can then return to your family back home,” Genesis said while clasping its hands together. “She is now speaking very clearly. But only to you of course,” Genesis said.

Vickie was about to open her mouth to refute what was just said to her until something happened that she hadn't felt or heard since Genesis stopped speaking to her through thought.

“Hello mother, this is Star,” Star said while walking next to Genesis.

Vickie was in disbelief. She was not expecting Star to connect to her with thought; but at the same time, she couldn't doubt what she was hearing. This child, Star, was now talking to her through

thought just like Genesis was able to do when he first made contact with her.



CHAPTER 9

“Star, I don’t know why I am so surprised that you can do this,” Vickie said while looking at her daughter.

“Yes, *I can do a lot of things, I also know when I am in danger as well,*” Star sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“This is why it’s okay for you to go back home if you like. I know it has been difficult for you to move here and start a new life with no one to connect with. I know how humans need that connection to cope,” Genesis said while looking at Vickie.

“But I no longer need that connection like I used to. I am okay with us staying here,” Vickie said with confidence.

“Good, you may stay here. But you can reach out to your family if you like. I have already created a frequency to them that they already know of your child as well as your name having always been Vickie Jones to them. They know of your marriage to me as well. So, there is no need to worry

about that,” Genesis said while walking closer to Vickie. “Your documents all read Vickie Cain, which is your maiden last name, but Vickie being your new first name,” Genesis finished.

“Oh, I see,” Vickie began to think and be grateful for this news.

But Vickie also had gotten used to the idea of being alone, not being connected to people really did help her clear her mind from all things that were draining her energetically.

“I think being in solitude was the best fit for this assignment and it should continue as such,” Vickie said while looking at Genesis and then to Star.

Vickie began to rub her scar on her arm. It had been giving her problems for the past few days, but she said nothing about it, especially not to Genesis. Besides, he knew what she was thinking, but now so does the child Star. If Genesis felt that this scar was a problem and that it could harm the mission, he would have done something by now.

“So, let’s not change a thing and continue with the mission as planned. Will you be returning here to help Star with whatever it is she needs to be able to carry out her mission?” Vickie asked.

“There is no need for me or any other Being to come and do this when her mission is embedded in her frequency. Whatever she needs, at that moment, will flourish until she comes across something that causes her other gifts to enlighten her soul to penetrate and to take action for that particular time,” Genesis said while looking at Star. “There will be times when Star will forget things, because it is for her own protection from being sought out by those who wish for her death. So, she will be challenged and hated at times, but this is all to build her power even stronger,” Genesis said while looking back at Vickie.

“So, she will have to go through dark times in order to become stronger?” Vickie asked Genesis, with concern in her eyes.

“That is correct. Just like how you make glass, it has to go through fire in order to be shaped into something that is

beautiful. In order to reach your higher self, you must go through a lot of fires to be completed, to make you whole,” Genesis said while sending calmness to Vickie’s soul.

“So, what we call tests and trials are basically something that we as humans must go through in order to become who we are meant to be in this world, or even on this path of life,” Vickie said while tears ran down her face.

“Yes,” Genesis responded.

Genesis allowed her to let that moment move through Vickie. Not only emotionally but spiritually as her frequency began to rise as the tears began to fall from her face.

Vickie knew what this all meant for her. She knew it was meant to prepare her for this child that she carried in her womb. To finally find your path in life is not a feeling that can be explained. Vickie never thought for a moment that she would get to this point in life. She was just going through the motions like a walking zombie, and she came to just accept it.

“Since you are talking and thinking about your path, let me explain *The Tree of Life* to you,” Genesis said while guiding Vickie and Star to the table to sit down.

“Every religion believes in *The Tree of Life*, but unfortunately the more popular religion in the Western World, Christianity, really doesn’t break it down. Yes, it is mentioned in the Bible but it’s scattered throughout it. So, you have puzzle pieces in a box that does not match the picture on the cover of that puzzle box.”

“You see the Greys know that they must tell you about the truth, but they put it in T.V. shows, books as fantasy or sci-fi, or even cartoons. So, you can never say you didn’t know,” Genesis stated.

“I see, that makes sense. Just like in a courtroom, the prosecutor states the case, they even tell what the defense might say to get their client off for whatever they are in court for. Every evidence that is being presented is given, but it’s up to the jury to either believe it or not,” Vickie said while looking at Genesis.

“Correct. I will just give you the shorten version, but the child will eventually get the entire version as she grows,” Genesis began.

“Do I need to write this down?”
Vickie asked.

“Yes. Again I forget that your memory is very short unless you have the visual always in your face to remember. This is how you humans are programed. But once they are done with one thing they bring in another, you then forget the last thing. As you all call it, out of sight out of mind,” Genesis said to Vickie.

Vickie got up without responding to what Genesis just said. She was used to it by now. She didn't take it as an insult, but wisdom that was always there, it just took a Being like him to connect the dots for her brain to understand what was always right in front of her.

“Okay, I'm ready,” Vickie said while walking back with her materials that she needed to take notes.

“You have heard of the Chakras correct?” Genesis asked Vickie.

“Yes, they at least tell us that much,” Vickie said while looking at Genesis.

“Okay, so the Tree of Life is your path from the material world, where the Greys want to keep your focus, to your highest consciousness. You see they want you to believe that Jesus Christ is coming back and that sign will be cracking the sky, but this is not true. When Christ was on this earth, he asked his disciples how much longer do I have to stay and teach you. They were sent to cast out a demon but were not successful. Those parables that he had given were basically explaining *The Tree of Life*,” Genesis said while looking at Vickie take notes.

“In *The Tree of Life*, you have ten circles and twenty-two life paths. Those ten circles, from bottom to top, are *Kingdom*, this is your material things, this is where the Greys want you to be stuck in. But there is more to life than material things. They can come and they can go, and when you close your eyes and take your last breath those things cannot come along with you. Do you understand?” Genesis asked Vickie.



“Yes, I have it,” Vickie said without looking up while continuing to write.

Vickie started to rub on her arm; it was beginning to irritate her. She didn’t want to bring this attention towards her arm to Genesis. She surely didn’t want him to turn his focus on what was causing her to become unfocused.



CHAPTER TEN

The Hidden Frequency



CHAPTER 10

Vickie saw where Genesis' eyes were looking towards. They were no longer looking at her eyes but at her arm. She was afraid he was about to ask her about her arm.

"Mother, I am ready for my nap now," Star sent to Vickie's thoughts.

"Ok," Vickie said looking down at Star.

Vickie walked over, still trying to get used to the fact that her daughter can talk to her through thought. Vickie knew that this wasn't a dream, but if she ever tried to tell this story, no one would believe her.

"Ok, I'm back and Star is down for her nap," Vickie said while passing Genesis as he sat opposite of her smiling.

"Good," Genesis said with the same smile.

"Let me say this because I want you to understand the importance of who you are and what you possess Vickie," Genesis said to Vickie.

This was the first time she had heard Genesis use her name in any context of him talking to her.

“I must urge you to understand the importance of what I am about to say when it pertains to your natural self and your spiritual self.”

“The Greys are confusing you adults into thinking that your flesh trumps your higher self, and that is incorrect.

“So, while you are all fighting for rights that pertains to the flesh, you are too occupied to even pay attention to the most important thing, which is reaching your highest consciousness.

“And this is what is preventing you to see the entire picture of this assignment that has been given to you,” Genesis said while getting up from his seat.

Though it only felt like minutes to Vickie of the start of their conversation, she noticed that not only was it dark outside, but that time had flown by.

“I must go,” Genesis said while walking towards Vickie. “When Star wakes up from her nap, you will find a

discoloration began to take form on the left side of her face and her hair, on that same side, starts to change in color,” Genesis said while looking down at Vickie.

“Should I be alarmed about this drastic change in Star?” Vickie asked while the look of panic took over her face.

“No, she is fine, this is just the process her body is taking. Remember she is half human and half Celestial. What you all call vitiligo, we call it Light. What you see is the human negative frequency trying to fight the truest form of Light in the physical.”

“The process is beginning, and the time has come for yours to begin as well Vickie,” Genesis said while disappearing within seconds of saying her name.

“No, wait,” Vickie called out to the space where Genesis was standing before disappearing.

“Why does he always do this? Tell me something that pertains to me and we either get interrupted or he disappears,” Vickie said while sitting back down in her chair with her hands covering her face.

“Mother, I am awake and ready to eat,” Star sent to Vickie’s mind.

Vickie slowly placed her hands on the table before opening her eyes, and to her surprise, Star was standing right in front of her. *How did she get out of her crib?* Vickie asked herself.

“I have the ability to teleport,” Star smiled while sending the message to her mother’s thoughts.

Vickie did notice a white streak in Star’s hair that wasn’t there before. And she noticed a discoloration on her left earlobe. It was a small circle, but it was very noticeable to Vickie.

“Let me put you in your highchair so you can eat,” Vickie said while picking Star up and placing her in her highchair.

“Sliced apples, and I would like some cucumbers with vinegar and pepper with noodles,” Star sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

Vickie had to make everything from scratch and go to the farmers market on the weekends to get all of what Star needed

that were more organic. Vickie was use to Star's unusual appetite now.

"I only eat what this body craves,"
Star sent to Vickie's thoughts.

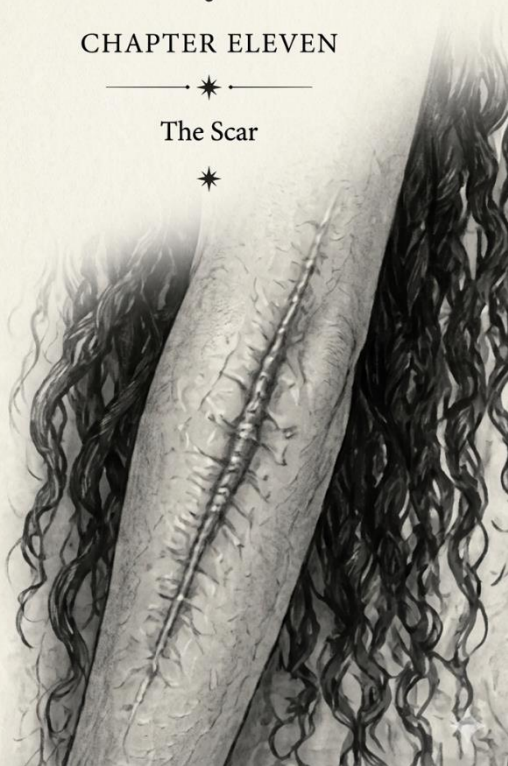
And right at that moment, Star began to convulse.



CHAPTER ELEVEN



The Scar



CHAPTER 11

Just as Vickie opened the refrigerator door, she heard a loud thud. When she closed the door, her body froze.

“Star!” Vickie screamed while running towards her daughter.

“Genesis, come quick!” Vickie screamed while taking her child out of the highchair.

Vickie knew what was going on, her daughter was having a seizure. She knew that this could be dangerous.

“Genesis!” Vickie screamed again while laying Star on the ground on her left side.

But Genesis did not come. He was just in her kitchen not even five minutes ago and he was not responding to her. What was Vickie supposed to do now?

And in that moment Star began to stop convulsing; while looking straight ahead she regained consciousness. But not only did she regain consciousness, her hair and skin also began to lighten from their darker complexion.

What was going on, Vickie thought?

Star began to cry, which is something that Vickie never heard Star do before. This was the first of her truly hearing Star cry like a normal child.

“What is wrong Star? Tell me,” Vickie asked while holding Star in her arms.

But the child kept crying and nothing was being sent to Vickie’s thoughts by her child. Only Star's crying filled the room.

In that moment Vickie’s arm began to bother her where the scar was located. But this time it was getting worse. Vickie, in turn, wanted to cry from not only Star's cries but the pain that she was feeling from her scar.



CHAPTER TWELVE



The First Lesson



CHAPTER 12

“Ow!” Vickie screamed, gently placing Star back down on the ground.

She couldn’t understand why all of this was happening after just speaking with Genesis. He did not prepare her for this, why would he come after not seeing her for months, and then have all of this to blow up in Vickie’s face?

Vickie had the perfect child without any issues. She thought she had finally reached a point where she was content with Star as her own. Why would Genesis come and change all of that for her? Why now?

Vickie didn't know what to do. Star was still crying, and Vickie felt herself about to join her when an orb appeared before them.

It began to pulsate on Star’s left temple, and she began to stop crying. As soon as Star stopped crying, Vickie's arm stopped throbbing. Then the orb disappeared.

“Star, are you okay? Talk to me,”
Vickie asked while holding Star in her arms.

Star just stared back at Vickie without sending one single thought into her mind. This now worried Vickie. She didn't know if she had done something wrong or if she had taken too long to feed Star what her body was craving.

Vickie also wondered why the orb showed up and not Genesis. She called out to him and all he did was send her the orb in his place.

“Tell me what is going on here?”
Vickie asked while tears roll down her face.

But there was no response to her cry for help. As she looked down on Star, she couldn't understand why on just this day she was able to speak to her through thought like Genesis, but now, nothing.

What had changed, Vickie thought?

The next day Vickie woke up after having had a dream that felt so real to her.

She knew it was answering the questions she had about what was going on with her daughter Star.

Why did things all of sudden begin to change as though she never had the gift of being able to speak to her telepathically?

But now she knew. She knew what had happened. Star had forgotten who she was and what gifts she possessed.

In the dream she saw what had happened to Star that her natural eye could not see when it was happening, but this dream showed her what she missed.

It looked like her gifts were locked away inside of her. Her Celestial side no longer in functioning mode, and now it only left her human side active.

This is why she cried like a human child. Even as a baby she never made a fuss, not even to be fed or diaper change.

The nurse at the hospital did mention to her how a mother's body knows when it's time for the baby to be fed. And that nurse was correct, because Vickie automatically would get up to feed Star when it was time for her to eat.

Her body also knew when it was time to change Star's diaper.

So, for Vickie to hear Star cry for the first time scared her. But after having this dream, just made her understand what had taken place.

What Genesis told her would happen with Star losing her sense of her gifts and how later in life they would start to come back to her.

She also remembered him talking about as humans we have to go through traumatic things in order to awaken our gifts. Now she understands it now more than anything.

Vickie understood how it is just as important for her to know the truth, so that she will be able to guide Star back to her Celestial side that will eventually unlock her gifts as time goes on.

What she was still puzzled on was the scar and why did it pulsate whenever it pertained to Star? Was it linked to her daughter's Celestial side or her human side? Was it good or was it evil?

Vickie didn't know, but she did feel that eventually time will tell.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Calling



CHAPTER 13

Vickie went in to check on Star, and she was still fast asleep. *Maybe last night had been a lot for her, and her body was resting*, Vickie thought.

After all of that, Vickie realized she needed someone to talk to outside of Genesis. Vickie picked up the phone and began to dial the number.

The phone rang. After the fourth ring, a voice answered.

“Hello,” the female voice answered.

“Hello, Mom. It's me...” Vickie paused. “Vickie,” Vickie said with anxiety in her voice not knowing if her mom knew her new name or not.

Although Genesis told her that he had made the change to their memory of her old name to the new one, she still wanted to make sure that what he told her was the truth.

“Oh my God, He does answer prayers,” her mother cries out with joy. “Steve, Vickie is on the phone,” her mother yelled out to her father with excitement!

“Hey mom,” Vickie said relieved as tears started to fall down her face.

She had been alone for so long she forgot what the human experience felt like. And as the tears fell down, her experience now was a joyful one.

“I’ve missed you,” Vickie said wiping away her tears trying to contain her voice from trembling.

“I’ve missed you too, sweetheart. Hold on, your father wants to speak to you so I’m going to put us on speaker,” Vickie’s mom said.

“Steve, how do you put it on speaker?” Vickie’s mom asked while struggling with the phone.

“Give it here Jo,” Vickie’s father Steve said to her mother.

“Hey baby girl,” Vickie’s father said while holding the phone in his hand with Jo standing next to him.

“Hey dad, I’ve missed you,” Vickie said while her emotions started to well up inside her.

She knew she couldn't contain this feeling for too long. So, Vickie allowed herself to just cry.

Steve knew his daughter very well, so he stopped his wife from interrupting Vickie as she processed her emotions and allowed her to cry without any interruptions.

"So, I am sure you know about my marriage as well as you having your first grandbaby," Vickie said with a smile on her face.

"Yes, and when are you coming to see us, Vickie?" Vickie's mother asked with anticipation in her voice.

"Soon, I am making plans to come this weekend if it's alright with you?" Vickie asked.

"Of course, you know our door is always open for our only child," her mother said.

"I know mom, and I want to apologize for not contacting you guys

sooner,” Vickie said while feeling a little guilty by her actions of not reaching out.

“We understand baby girl, there is nothing for you to apologize for,” her father said reassuring Vickie that all is well.

“So, are we meeting your husband as well?” Vickie’s mother asked.

Vickie knew that this was probably something that she would have to lie about. She hated lying but she also understood how important this assignment was. It was to protect all humanity from the darkness that had taken over her planet called Earth.

“Of course I would love for you to meet him,” Vickie paused. “But at the moment he is traveling for work,” Vickie finished knowing that she wasn’t completely lying to her parents.

“We understand. When the time comes, we will meet him. All is well baby girl,” Vickie’s father responded.

“Thanks daddy,” Vickie responded. “Going to book a flight for this Friday,” Vickie said to her parents with joy in her heart.



Vickie realized how much she needed to hear her parents and to know that she is not alone in this world. All was coming into a full circle. All was well.

“Flight 1010, we are about to board the plane at this time. Flight 1010, we are about to board the plane at this time,” the flight attendant called out over the intercom.

“Please start lining up based on your letter on your boarding pass. Those who are seeking assistance in boarding with help of a wheelchair can start boarding now,” the flight attendant continued over the intercom.

Vickie was finding herself anxious and ready to take this trip. But then she began to wonder if Genesis changed everyone’s memory of her old name to her current one, or if this was just a change to her parents’ memories?

“I wonder if Genesis changed all of their memories that knows me back home?” Vickie asked herself in a whisper.

“What was that sweetie?” the elderly woman turned around and asked her while waiting in line to board.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I was thinking out loud,” Vickie said while plastering a fake smile on her face.

“If you say so. Always remember, whatever was said is always what is actually meant,” the elderly lady responded to Vickie.

That really didn’t make any sense to her. *Whatever was said is always what is actually meant*, Vickie thought while making sure that this time it didn’t come from her mouth.

“Oh, thank you,” Vickie responded while still having that fake smile on her face.

Should I ask her to go into more detail, Vickie thought.

“I used to tell my Herman, if I say I have given you verbatim my instructions, then you have what you need so trust every

word of it,” the elderly woman continued without skipping a beat.

Was she reading Vickie’s mind? Vickie felt like this woman was not human at all, but a part of the “team” that Genesis had assigned to Star for protection.

And at that moment the elderly woman turned around and winked. Vickie stood there with her mouth wide open while Star was fast asleep in her stroller.

Vickie looked down at her left hand towards her ring finger that had her jade glass ring. It symbolized her union to Genesis.

“Olivia, is that you?” A male voice called to Vickie.

As Vickie turns around slowly, she begins to feel her heartbeat in her throat and herself feel flustered because she recognizes that voice. And it’s not just a voice, but the voice of someone back home that she thought she would not ever run into, especially in an airport.

“Richard!” Vickie said, excitement and panic colliding in her voice.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

— ★ —
The Journey Home
★



CHAPTER 14

Vickie's scar on her arm began to throb. But it didn't hurt as much. It felt as though it was reminding her of the mission she was on to protect Star, her daughter.

"It is you," Richard pulled her in for a long hug.

Vickie tried to catch her breath, but she couldn't understand how Richard's memory hadn't changed; he had just called her by her actual name, which is Olivia.

"The line is moving," the person from behind Vickie said to her.

"I'm sorry, didn't mean to tie up the line," Vickie said to the stranger and started to move closer with Star in the stroller.

"Same Olivia, always saying sorry for something that she can't control," Richard said while looking at not only Vickie but also to the stroller she was pushing.

"So, who is this?" Richard asked.

"Oh, my daughter Star," Vickie said hesitantly.

"Wait, you have a child?" Richard asked, excitement and surprise filling his voice.

"Yes, and I am married as well," Vickie said to him while looking down on Star in her stroller.

Out of all the places in the world, Vickie had run into not just someone from back home, but the man she once thought she would spend the rest of her life with. Her high school sweetheart, Richard.

"Oh. Well, I guess congratulations are in order," Richard said while showing melancholy across his face.

"Thank you," Vickie said while trying to pretend like she was the luckiest woman in the world.

"Just scan your tickets across the screen," The flight attendant instructed Vickie to do.

"Are you headed back home?" Vickie asked while scanning both of her boarding passes.

"No, actually my job is sending me to Nashville, this was a connecting flight here in Birmingham before I get to my final

destination,” Richard said while taking another glance at Vickie’s ring.

“Well, I gotta go. It was nice seeing you again,” Richard said while giving Vickie a hug. “Again congratulations,” Richard said while pulling away from Vickie.

“Thanks,” Vickie responded while placing the same fake smile on her face like she did to the elderly woman.

As Vickie walked toward the tunnel, she wanted to look back, but something inside of her told her to move forward. She didn’t want to, but she knew she had to.

“Don’t worry, things will be taken care of,” the elderly woman said to her.

“What do you mean?” Vickie asked with panic in her voice.

“Everything happens for a reason. It is up to you to choose which reason is more important,” the elderly woman finished while walking ahead to enter the aircraft.

What was up with this "protector" speaking in riddles? Vickie knew who they were, so why not just speak normally?

“There are always eyes and ears,” the elderly woman said while taking her seat in first class.

“Of course, you have a pleasant day,” Vickie said but this time without the fake smile.

Star opened her eyes as soon as Vickie undid her car seat that is connected to her stroller. She placed Star in their seat next to the aisle on the last row of the plane.

Vickie began to break down the stroller and place it in the overhead compartment above her seat. All in her mind all she thought about was Richard.

Vickie finally took her seat...Vickie looked across the aisle and noticed a person staring at her.

And not just any stare, but a stare that she recalled when she was in the hospital from the man that pretended to be her doctor.

“Ow,” Vickie tried mumbling while grabbing her arm.

Vickie felt a throbbing sensation in her scar, far worse than the pain she had

felt the night Star suffered her seizure. And the sensation kept growing, even past the actual cut. Pain was soaring up her arm to her neck and then its final destination was her temple.

And just like that, something inside her switched.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Unanswered



Chapter 15

By the time Vickie came to, she and Star were in an Uber heading toward her family home.

"What happened?" Vickie asked herself.

"Sir, how did I get in your car, and how do you know my destination?" she asked the driver, frantic.

"An elderly woman put you in the car after you requested me in the app," the Uber driver responded while glancing up to his rear-view mirror.

Vickie began to rub her temple and then her arm where the scar was. She could not recount anything after seeing that person across from her aisle staring at her and the pain she felt coming from her scar that moved up her arm all the way to her temple.

"I need answers," Vickie said out loud without realizing how loud she was.

"I did answer your question, ma'am," the Uber driver responded looking at Vickie in his rear-view mirror.

“Sorry, my apologies,” Vickie said while rubbing her scar on her arm.

Somebody better explain to me what happened, and I do mean now, Vickie thought.

Vickie didn't like being put in the dark, for that matter she didn't think that anyone liked to be at a place where they had no clue of what was going on.

Somebody or something needed to answer her, and they needed to answer her now.

Vickie saw flashing lights from a distance heading towards the airport. As the fire truck turned into the special entrance, where emergency vehicles gain access to aircraft during takeoff and landing.

Vickie looked towards that direction in amazement.

Vickie felt a tingle in her scar; this was a new feeling. Normally it only gave out pain, but now it gave out what felt like goosebumps to her.

“Oh, wow,” the Uber driver responded, but not trying to take his focus completely off of the road.

Vickie could not close her mouth. The very plane that she was on was on fire. There was a huge hole on one side, like it had been hit by something that was very large.

Vickie felt a lump in her throat before she uttered these words.

"That was my flight," Vickie said, still in shock.

“What happened?” the Uber driver asked Vickie.

“That’s the thing, I don’t know,” Vickie said while watching the scene of the plane being on fire grow smaller in her view.

Vickie just sat in silence for the remainder of the drive. She didn’t know whether or not Genesis would come to her or even send someone to answer her questions.

Vickie was tired. She was getting really tired of being in the dark and having her life threatened any time Genesis shows up in her life.

Vickie didn't want to turn back into the person that resented being the one to have to uproot her life, change her identity, and have a child that has no earthly father.

She was finally at a place where she was at peace with this mission. But she could feel herself resenting it even worse this time than before.

Vickie looked at Star and then looked out of the car window with nothing but silence in her thoughts, and resentment in her heart.

"Ma'am, we're here at your destination," the Uber driver said while looking back at her.

"Thank you," Vickie said coldly. "I will make sure to leave you a tip," Vickie said while pulling the car seat out from the seatbelt.

"Thank you," the Uber driver said while getting out of the car to help Vickie.

Vickie watched the Uber driver take her things out of his trunk. Watching him take the stroller, her suitcase, and the baby's bag just did something to her that she tried to push far away from her mind.

Star was an innocent child who only wanted to save humanity, Vickie didn't fault her one bit.

But this had also taken away what—and who—Vickie really wanted. The only thing on her mind before the Uber driver drove away was *Richard*.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

—*—
The Promise
*



CHAPTER 16

Now she faced the door of her childhood home. She realized how much she had missed home. Everything was coming in so fast for her. She was feeling emotions that she had suppressed for the mission she was now holding in her right hand by the handle.

The door opened before she could even ring the doorbell.

“Baby girl,” Vickie’s father said while grabbing his daughter for a huge hug and not seeing that Vickie was holding Star in her car seat in her right hand.

Vickie simply allowed him to hold her, and she began to let out so many emotions that she didn’t realize her mom had grabbed the car seat from her hand and set Star on the couch in the front room.

“Oh my God, my daughter is so gorgeous,” Vickie’s mother said while moving her husband to the side to get a bigger hug.

Vickie simply allowed her mom to take hold of her, and she melted into her

mother's arms. All the negative times she had with her mom, it all went away. She felt her mother's love for the first time, and she didn't want to let go of it; not today, tomorrow...never.

Vickie felt that her mother saw her for who she really was inside and out now, and not the old ways of trying to get her to conform to her standards.

Vickie took in a deep breath while her mother held her in her arms, taking in the familiar smell in her childhood home. She finally felt the warmth of her mother that had been missing throughout her childhood. The family pictures of them on the walls felt like the fresh start of her real home. As Vickie looked over and saw her father watching from afar in amazement, everything finally felt right.

Vickie's father stood back and saw, finally, his two favorite women in his life, embracing each other for the first time truly in this very emotional but positive way.

Steve walked over to his third favorite girl now—his granddaughter, that

he knew in his heart he had to protect her with every breath in his body.

Star looked up to her grandfather smiling and pointing at him, which caused Steve to take her out of her car seat.

"Hey, you. You are so beautiful," Steve said while holding her near to his heart. "Don't tell your mother, but I never thought I could love another outside of your grandmother and your mother. But you just took the remainder of my heart, and you brought our daughter back to us," Steve whispered in Star's ear while a single tear ran down his cheek.

Steve knew that his granddaughter didn't understand what was being said to her, but he hoped that she knew how special she was to him; as he wiped the tear from his face.

Vickie walked towards her father and began to wipe the tears from her face while reaching for Star, realizing that she had caught her father doing the same thing. Vickie had never seen her father shed a single tear in her life before. And at that

moment seeing those tears from her father brought joy to her soul.

"Mom and Dad, meet your granddaughter, Star." Vickie said while facing both her mother and father as her mother got closer to Vickie's father.

Star began to smile and laugh right after her announcement was given to her grandparents.

"Give me my grandbaby," Jo said while grabbing at Star.

All Vickie could do was smile and hand her daughter over to her mother. And at that moment warmth to her heart came over her.

But this time she didn't cry, she understood that, yet she might have had a dark moment she wasn't going to allow it to cloud her mind into thinking that this mission wasn't worth it.

She wasn't going to allow herself to think that her daughter wasn't worth the battle.

Of course, it was a battle, she was being attacked, but she knew there were always mini battles. You win some and you

lose some, but it is the war that determines the victor and she now understands that.

And in that moment, Vickie released her victim mentality and chose to embrace one battle at a time.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Breaking News



CHAPTER 17

"Breaking news... We received word that Flight 1010 safely landed at our airport today, after being struck by a meteor that even NASA never detected. We have Chelsie Jonas live at the scene." The anchor Jim Cherry stated while looking at the camera.

"Chelsie," Jim Cherry said.

The broadcast switched to Chelsie standing in front of the damaged aircraft.

"Yes Jim, apparently right after takeoff from Birmingham, Alabama, flight 1010 started to have technical issues that the pilot was able to manage until the aircraft was about thirty minutes from Miami International Airport." Chelsie said while standing in front of the airplane.

The cameraman panned out from Chelsie and focused on the aircraft that had a gigantic hole near the back.

Smoke was still coming from the aircraft after the firefighters tirelessly took out the flames.

Vickie began to sit further back in her chair, thinking that would keep her parents from putting two and two together, but that didn't work.

"Vickie, weren't you on that flight?" Steve asked Vickie while standing close to the television with the remote control in his hand.

"Yeah."

"Hush, Steve. I'm trying to hear what happened. Turn it up." Jo said to Steve while sitting at the edge of her chair.

The cameraman panned back to Chelsie as she continues to talk about the scene that was just behind her.

"The pilot stated that the controls in the cockpit began to flicker and they almost lost power. Which would have caused the aircraft to start taking a nosedive," Chelsie said while looking at her notes she took after interviewing the pilot.

"Right before they were about to land, the pilot heard a loud boom, and he saw smoke coming from the left side of his window. We have confirmed that there was

only one tragedy, and five injuries on the plane,” Chelsie stated.

Steve pushed the mute button again and looked at Vickie. He knew that reporter wasn’t there to witness anything, but his daughter was.

Vickie realized her breathing had become rapid and uneven. Heat spread through her body as though she were having a hot flash.

Her scar began to throb, and she remembered what happened last time it reacted this way. She had blacked out.

“Vickie, what happened up there?” Steve asked while walking toward Vickie and sitting beside her.

“I... I... I don't know.” Vickie stuttered.

“Calm down baby,” Jo said while holding Vickie’s hand.

Vickie didn’t realize her mom had made her way next to her until she grabbed her hand.

The moment Jo wrapped her hand around Vickie’s, her heartbeat began to slow, and her breathing returned to normal.

How was her mother doing this?

The last time she felt this calm was whenever Genesis was around.

Vickie stopped and looked at her mom with questions running through her mind.

Who is she?



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Bloodline Revealed



CHAPTER 18

“Steve, Vickie and I are about to go to the store to get something for dinner.” Jo said while letting go of Vickie’s hand.

“Jo, I’m in the middle of asking our daughter what happened on that airplane.” Steve looked at his wife, then at Vickie, who looked spaced out.

“And you will get your answers once we return from the store.” Jo said to Steve while looking into his eyes.

Steve began to calm down, just as Vickie had done.

“Ok, baby, let’s go to the store. I’m sure you have questions,” Jo said while grabbing Vickie’s hand to stand up and walk towards the counter that had Jo’s wallet and keys.

“We’ll be back, and I’m sure Star won’t be waking up any time soon Steve,” Jo looked back and said to Steve.

Questions raced through Vickie’s mind faster than she could answer them. She started to realize what Genesis meant

when he told her the reason why she was chosen.

Vickie felt chills run through her body, as though her own body was confirming what she was thinking.

Genesis said it was because of her bloodline.

“Mom, what is going on?” Vickie asked while her mom closed the door behind them.

“We will talk once we are in the car,” Jo said while walking at a fast pace toward the car.

Vickie’s scar began to tingle and not throb. Was the scar trying to tell her something as well? Has it always been trying to tell her something?

Vickie closed her door as her mother started the car. There was silence while her mom backed out of the driveway. Vickie waited patiently until her mom placed the car into drive to speak.

“Who are you really, Mom?” Vickie asked while looking at her mom’s face.

“Olivia, I really don’t know where to begin,” Jo said while keeping her eyes on the road.

“I thought your memory had changed,” Vickie said in disbelief.

Everything was rushing in her mind at once. Vickie was trying to get hold of herself, but she couldn’t stop herself from overthinking all of this.

“Only your father’s.” Jo responded, still focusing on driving to their destination.

Vickie’s scar began to throb at that moment when Vickie’s mom mentioned her father.

What did this all mean, Vickie thought.

“The scar that you have been dealing with since giving birth to Star is a very complicated explanation,” Jo began to say while taking in a deep breath before finishing her explanation.

“The creature that cut you deposited a negative rune into your bloodstream that has been working to get you to hate the child and cause harm to her,” Jo said while waiting on Vickie to respond.

“Wait, let me get this straight. Not only do you have the same type of frequency as Genesis, but you all knew this whole time what was going on with my scar and said nothing,” Vickie began to feel herself getting upset.

“Genesis wanted me to be the one to tell you, it would have come better from me as your mother,” Jo said with sincerity in her voice.

Vickie started to calm herself down, because she didn’t want her emotions to blind her from hearing the whole truth.

“So, who are we,” Vickie asked her mom.

Jo looked at her daughter for a long moment before answering.

“We are the guardians of the very planet that Genesis comes from,” Jo responded.

Vickie allowed that to sink in before she opened her mouth. Seeing the leaves change and fall was her favorite time of the year. Seeing that while driving down the road unlocked something inside her. She

felt a burst of energy rush throughout her body.

“Don't fight it. That's your Light unlocking,” Jo's mother said while glancing over at Vickie.

They had pulled in a secluded area that surrounded them with woods on a dirt path.

Jo allowed her daughter to finish the process before touching her scar.

All the ancient teachings from every planet began to download into Vickie's mind. She began to remember everything.

How her and Star were actually best friends, and how she begged for this assignment to help Star on her mission.

Vickie saw where the council had granted her wish, but there was one condition. She had to forget everything that she knew.



CHAPTER NINETEEN

— * —
The Path Ahead
*



CHAPTER 19

Memories crashed into Vickie's mind one after another, each one fitting together like pieces of a puzzle she never knew she was missing.

She remembered years of training, then standing before the people as the royal family addressed the planet.

Star was the princess of her planet, and Vickie was her sworn bodyguard.

This remembrance stole Vickie's breath, seeing her child as the princess of their planet.

From childhood through her teenage years, she had been preparing for this mission—to help save humanity.

Vickie's mom Jo was sent here first, to find a human husband for herself. Jo became pregnant with Olivia. Though Steve was not her biological father, Vickie was placed in Jo's womb, just like Star was placed in Vickie's. But here, on Earth she had just begun life as though she didn't have one prior to this.

Vickie's name change from Olivia to Vickie wasn't just to hide her identity. It was because Vickie—Victoria—was her true name.

All the information was now stored within Vickie's Light.

The Earth seemed to stand still, and Vickie slowly opened her eyes with a sense of calm.

"Welcome back," Jo said to her daughter while brushing her hand across Vickie's cheek.

"It all makes sense now," Vickie said as the memories continued to replay in her mind.

"So now that you know and remember everything, you must recall what happened on that plane," Jo said while looking at Vickie with concern.

"You are right, the scar was affecting me in a negative way. They weren't sent to kill me at the hospital, only to place that negative rune into my frequency," Vickie started recalling.

"On the plane though, it was trying to get the negative rune to activate fully so

that I would kill Star while she sat next to me in her car seat. And it almost worked until Bethany stepped in,” Vickie said while touching the right side of her temple.

“Bethany is Betty, the nurse that was in the hospital that is a part of our team, I remember,” Vickie said while having flashbacks.

“Yes, she is,” Jo responded with a smile on her face.

“She is also the elderly lady that was on the plane with me speaking riddles,” Vickie said while a warm smile came across her face.

“She froze time, leaving only the Grey able to move while every human remained frozen,” Vickie said.

“This is probably why the pilot recalls the lights flickering,” Jo said while placing her hand under her chin thinking.

“Where is Betty now?” Vickie asked.

Jo looked away before answering.

“That’s the thing, we don’t know,” Jo responded.

Vickie couldn't understand how they didn't know, Genesis knew everything there is to know.

"Genesis must know." Vickie said while looking at her mother.

"Unfortunately, he doesn't know everything when it comes to us. It's a violation to our way of how we are governed," Jo said while looking at Vickie.

"So he can sense humans—or those who are still asleep among the nonhuman races?" Vickie whispered softly as she processed it all.

"That is correct," Jo responded.

"So, who killed the Grey," Jo asked remembering that she wanted to hear the rest of what took place on the plane.

"I did actually. Betty took Star and placed a shield around her," Vickie paused before saying the next thing in disbelief.

"I reached into the sky itself, and a meteor answered." Vickie whispered.

"The plane was hit and I was fighting with the Grey. The impact knocked the Grey out and parts of the plane that came flying

stabbed him in the forehead,” Vickie said while recalling everything that happened.

“Betty was able to protect those who were sitting opposite of the plane where they only got light injuries,” Vickie finished.

“Did you see where she went after the plane landed?” Jo asked Vickie hoping that her dear friend was ok.

“Like the Uber driver said, she grabbed myself and Star, took my phone, ordered the Uber and placed me in the car. And then she disappeared,” Vickie finished while rubbing her temple.

Vickie was no longer worried or burdened by negativity. She felt only peace.

The world no longer appeared through a single lens. Every person, every emotion, every thread of reality existed at once.

But then she remembered what Genesis said about them not having a name.

“Mom, Genesis told me he had no name when he appeared to me in the hospital,” Vickie turned to look at her mom.

“Was he lying?” Vickie asked.

“No and yes. We do have names on our planet; he was afraid that if he gave you too much about himself it would ruin the mission. That is all,” Jo reassured Vickie.

Vickie could feel something coming over her, a sensation and then a visual appeared right before her. It was Star stirring in her bed.

“Star is waking up,” Vickie said after the vision ended.

“Let’s grab something and head back to the house,” Jo said while backing out of the secluded area.



CHAPTER TWENTY

— ★ —
The Warning Before the Storm
★



CHAPTER 20

“Mom, I forgot to mention that I ran into Richard at the airport in Birmingham,” Vickie said while looking out the window, taking in Earth's beauty.

Jo fell even quieter before she finally spoke.

“What did he say when he saw you?” Jo asked but very cautiously.

Jo knew that her daughter had awakened, but not to her fullest, she had awakened to only thirty percent of her abilities.

“He called me by my name that you gave to me on this planet, Olivia,” Vickie said while turning to look at her mother.

“Why do you ask?” Vickie asked her mother.

Jo's face flushed with worry. She had believed that by sending Vickie to another state, there was no chance she would ever run into Richard. She had been wrong.

“Oh, nothing darling, just haven't seen Richard for a long time myself,” Jo said without hesitation.

"I must be honest. I do miss him. I know you never liked him, but he was my first love," Vickie said while glancing at her mom.

"I have my reasons," Vickie's mother whispered, just loud enough for Vickie to hear.

"Why? Because I used to sneak out of this house?" Vickie chuckled a little.

"Remember you have a daughter now," Jo responded with a smirk on her lips.

Jo pulled into the parking lot of the fast-food restaurant to place their order for dinner.

"So, you're not cooking?" Vickie asked jokingly.

"No. Do you not know what time it is?" Jo responded to Vickie with a smile on her face.

Vickie started to realize this was what she had wanted from her mom when she lived with her.

As Jo placed their order, Vickie looked at her with a compassion she had never felt before.

"I miss this place, I want a Philly cheesesteak," Vickie told her mom.

That's what her father always ordered here. *Did she only love it because her father did*, Vickie thought.

"Okay," Jo looked back at Vickie with a smile.

"Welcome to Miami Subs. How can I take your order?" the cashier asked through the intercom.

"Yes, can I have two Philly cheesesteaks, one of those without onions. And let me also get one gyro without sauce please," Jo finished with her order.

"I have two Philly cheesesteaks, one all the way and the other without onions. I also have one gyro without the sauce. Is that correct?" the cashier asked.

"Yes," Jo responded.

"Okay, will that be all for you?" the cashier asked Jo.

"Yes, that is all," Jo responded.

Before the cashier could give them the total, Jo pulled out of the drive-thru line and sped toward home.

“Mom, what’s wrong?” Vickie asked straightening herself after being thrown against the passenger-side door.

“We have to get home. Now!” Jo blurted as she drove faster than Vickie had ever seen.

The moment Jo finished speaking, Vickie felt the same sensation she had experienced in the dark, secluded place when Star first woke up from her nap.

What Vickie saw froze her.

Her father was fighting a man.

Star was in the next room, and Vickie’s father was losing.



CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

— ★ —
The Attack Begins
★



CHAPTER 21

Vickie had never known her mother to be afraid of anything, let alone allow panic to overtake her.

“We are almost there,” Jo said with panic in her voice.

Vickie had always known her mother to be fearless, but now she saw someone she barely recognized.

To hear the panic in Jo’s voice scared Vickie in a way she had never felt before.

As they got closer to their street, Vickie felt her scar begin to throb.

She thought unlocking her frequency had finally overcome what the Greys had placed within her Light.

“Mom, something is happening,” Vickie said with panic in her voice.

Jo looked at her daughter and didn’t realize that she was changing right before her eyes, until the last minute.

Vickie felt the same pain that she felt before she blacked out on the plane. She tried to fight it, but she wasn’t strong enough. The rune was overtaking her.

Vickie blacked out.

Jo swerved off the road before she was attacked by her own daughter.

“I need a little help here!” Jo screamed with panic in her voice.

As if she had been waiting for them, Betty stood on the corner just before the entrance to Jo and Steve’s street.

“Victoria, please don’t do this,” Jo said to her daughter calmly while slowly unbuckling her seatbelt.

“We want the child,” the strange voice came through Vickie’s mouth that sounded as if several voices were speaking at the same time.

“Victoria, I know you're in there. Please fight this.” Jo pleaded while paying attention to Betty coming up towards the car in Vickie’s blind spot.

Jo was hoping that Vickie didn’t pay attention to what was happening behind her, so she continued to keep Vickie focused on herself.

“Victoria, remember Star, your friend, the princess of our planet. You must remember,” Jo said softly hoping that Vickie

would overcome what the rune was doing to her.

In that moment, Betty was able to open the door and snatch Vickie out of the car.

Though Vickie was still strapped into her seat belt, Betty tore her free as if the belt were nothing more than a ribbon.

“Wait Betty, Vickie is in there!” Jo screamed out to Betty.

“I know,” Betty said while taking Vickie down.

“Who is protecting Star?” Jo asked with panic in her voice.

“No one, so go,” Betty said while holding Vickie down on the pavement.

Jo looked around and noticed that no one was in sight, Jo shot into the night sky and flew toward home.

With the moon being the only light shining in the sky, Jo was able to get to her home without any human eyes seeing her fly.

But what she saw almost stopped her in her tracks.

Jo ran inside the house, with it
looking to be turned upside down, and sees
the man her husband has been fighting.

Jo ran over to Star to place a shield
over her and then turns her focus back to
her husband to help.

Then Jo saw his face.

A face that she will never forget.

Richard.

Jo's heart shattered.