

Sabina's Pursuit of the Holy Grail

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1: About me

My name is Sabina Hines, but I secretly prefer Sabina Eisenstein. I was born in 2019, and when you are reading this, it is the year 2037. I have just turned 18, and I was born in South Africa, but I have been living in Sydney, Australia for many years now since my parents migrated there as the racial tensions in South Africa turned violent and it was unsafe to live in that country.

Other people say I am beautiful, and maybe they are right. I would describe myself as tall and slender, with symmetrical features and clear complexion. My hair is blonde, and my eyes are blue, sometimes even glowing blue when 'she' is talking to me. There is nothing unique about my beauty though, as beautiful girls are a dime a dozen, and physical beauty fades as we age.

No, what is unique about me is that I have lived in a previous life. Before I was Sabina Hines, I was Sabina Eisenstein in another life. I know that many of you will scoff at this as nothing, and my claim itself doesn't even sound that unique, after all, countless people are claiming to have been everything from Napoleon, to Hitler, to Elvis in their past lives and reincarnation is a major theme of significant religions such as Hinduism and Buddhism.

But my reincarnation story is unique, you see, I once lived a short life as Sabina Eisenstein in the distant future, I lived during the years 2875 to 2887. Born to a Martian revolutionary by the name of Keila Eisenstein, I was tasked by the True Maker to stop the extra-terrestrial Xeno queen Rangda from corrupting Zeto Crystals and to stop that wicked demon from tyrannising and destroying the entire Milky Way Galaxy.

I failed at this task during the interplanetary wars and galactical Armageddon that occurred in the future where I was originally from, and Rangda killed my physical body, forcing the True Maker to destroy Rangda, but when doing so, The True Maker had also inadvertently destroyed the entire Milky Way Galaxy, shattering it to micromolecular debris. Just before the massive intergalactic explosion and the *End of Times*, I begged the True Maker to give me another chance to set things right, and 'she' answered my pleas by resetting time so that I could be born again, and defeat Rangda before her demonic prowess grew powerful. Looking at my options, I decided that 2019 was an excellent year to be reborn, and plus, I get to pick my parents.

2019 was a good year, for several reasons. The technology was advanced enough to enable me to reach my goals while there was still a lot to discover. I like that. More importantly, 2019 was the year that two individuals with suitable DNA to me, my parents, could potentially meet so that I could be conceived. It wouldn't be easy though as they were both already in relationships and my father Marvin Orchard would develop incurable cancer a few months later and die before I was born. Using my telepathic powers, I influenced my biological parents to meet and have a short tryst in a restaurant, while their partners were waiting at their tables. I witnessed the whole thing, and while it wasn't glamorous and I am not particularly proud over what I did, it just had to happen. I then convinced my mother to not have an abortion and to not tell my "dad" John that I am not his biological daughter.

Well, I guess that's all you need to know about me for now, so let the story begin.

2: Daydreaming in school

I WAS SITTING IN SCHOOL daydreaming and thinking about how I should approach my "dad" John to convince him to pay me a trip to Jerusalem. The city wasn't safe for a girl to travel alone, and I didn't want my parents to come with me, as I had a personal goal that could get them in trouble. Maybe I could use religious zeal as my reason for going? John would certainly be happy if I visited the holy city of his ancestry since he is a devout Jew.

Suddenly, while I was busy daydreaming, I was approached by Joshua. Joshua was every teenage girl's dream. Good looks, charming and he was a first-team

player in rugby, soccer and cricket. Well, except he wasn't my cuppa tea. I wasn't very interested in sex or boys, and my supposedly good looks were more of a curse than a blessing as boys kept approaching me.

Joshua spoke, *'So, I am having this party Friday night... Would you like to come?'*

I replied with, *"I see, I thought you were playing Rugby on Saturday morning?"*

I could tell that my reply made Joshua slightly uneasy, but he found himself quickly and replied, *"Well, I thought I could do both"*.

"That's okay, you are still young and should be fine", I replied.

"So umm, do you want to come?" Josh asked nervously.

Well did I? The answer was a definite no. Taking different substances to disbalance the chemical responses in my brain, what a dumb idea! But then I remember something. My secret half-brother, Eric Orchard, who happened to be the same age as me, had spoken about his feelings for this girl Lindsey in my class. If Lindsey was going to the party, I could potentially help my brother out. Eric had been depressed a lot growing up without a father, and while partnering him up with Lindsey wasn't necessarily the best long-term solution, I wanted to see him happy.

"Are Lindsey O'Neill and Eric Orchard coming to the party?", I asked. Joshua looked at me with a puzzled expression and replied, *"Yeah, Lindsey said she was thrilled to come. As for Eric Orchard, why do you even ask? No one likes him"*, I considered telling Joshua that Eric had a purer soul than Joshua had, and there was more to life than good looks and success. But I realised that such a prissy approach wouldn't yield any favourable results. Instead, I took Joshua's hand, looked him in the eyes and spoke with a soft voice, *"Please invite him for my sake, he is lonely, and he won't cause any trouble."*

I could sense Joshua was aroused when I held his hand. While this was a bit off-putting to me, it was also a relief. It pained me to reject someone who genuinely liked me, but in Joshua's case, he was merely sexually attracted to me, and he would be fine. I studied his face to get a hint of his thought-pattern, and eventually, he spoke. *"Yes, you can bring your gay friend to the party if you want"*. I thought of remarking that Eric wasn't gay, but I didn't. It served everyone better if Joshua perceived Eric to be gay, and not a competitor for my affection.

3: At the chess club.

LATER THE SAME DAY, I was playing chess against Eric. The chess itself was just a reason to meet up in a safe and friendly environment. Eric didn't know that we were related, that we, in fact, had the same father. I had withheld the information from him because I had foreseen that telling him the truth would not be a good idea. Either he would believe that I was a crazy liar, or he would believe me, and I would have destroyed his memory of his father, Marvin Orchard. Eric had a glorified image of his father that died when he was only a couple of months old and destroying that image by claiming that his father had an affair just a few months before his death, to conceive me, was not the way to go.

I enjoyed spending time with my undisclosed half-brother, but since he didn't know that he was related to me, he once tried to kiss me, and I freaked out.

This day, I had decided to lose the chess game in 37 moves. My mental connection to the True Maker made chess too easy for me to win, and I could easily beat AI on the highest difficulty level on my computer. But losing in a certain number of moves was a lot more challenging, as it takes more brain power to lose a game in a certain way than to win. I had to manoeuvre the game, and I could feel how it widened my thought-pattern. After acing the target of losing in 37 moves, I smiled at Eric and complimented him on what a good match it was. *"Well played Eric, you beat me again"*, I said. He looked back at me, but he didn't look very pleased with winning the game. *"Sabina, stop letting me win on purpose. That's not how real life works!"*

I faked my surprise and replied: *"I am not letting you win. Why would you say such a thing?"* He then replied by saying, *"I saw you beat the AI at the holographic chessboard competition the other day. You defeated the AI at the Kasparov difficulty level, one of the most difficult chess game to ever been beaten."*

I looked at Eric and decided to come out clean. I laughed and said, *"Yes, you are right. I did lose on purpose. But that's just because I enjoy spending time with you."*

"You like to spend time with me but yet you are lying to me?", He asked indignantly. I decided that this was far enough. I grabbed Eric's hand and looked deep into his eyes. *"I did not lie to you, I simply let you win to build your confidence. Sadly, you were too smart for me and saw through it."* Eric sighed and said, *"ignorance is bliss. I would rather not know that you lost to me on purpose."*

"It sure is!", I replied while smiling cheekily.

I decided to change to a lighter topic and said, *"So Eric, do you want to come with me to Joshua's party on Friday night? Lindsey will be there!"*, I winked at Eric, and for a moment I could see a smile in his eyes before he fell down in melancholy again. *"Did Joshua really want me to attend his party? He doesn't even like me"*, Eric said sceptically.

"Well, technically it is me he wants there. You are just coming as my sidekick, so I can help you get closer to Lindsey", I replied while laughing.

Eric gave me a concerned look and spoke: *"Thank you Sabina, but I am worried about you. Joshua is obsessed with you. You don't want to hear the things he says about you."*

"You're probably right about that", I said casually.

After a short silence, I decided to reassure Eric Orchard that it was alright to go to Joshua's party. I smiled at him and spoke *"Look, Eric, I am aware that Joshua is very keen to have sex with me. But I can handle myself, and I am happy that he doesn't have an emotional bond to me. I hate hurting people. I need to go home now, but I see you on Friday, it will be a lot of fun!"*, I responded quickly and then walked home.

As I walked home, I was thinking about what Eric had said about Joshua. Should I really go to the party or not? I didn't like parties and being around young people like me, taking various recreational drugs to alter their minds and get high. I was perfectly happy with my mind, just the way it was. Drinking a cuppa tea and studying the intricate design and beauty of flowers was a lot more interesting to me than ingesting a variety of chemicals to alter one's mind, hoping for acceptance from one's peers. If I wanted to experience physical closeness and fantastic sex with someone, and I am sure that I will someday, I'd much rather experience that with my full awareness.

As I came home, I told the AI in my room to turn on my favourite music album, "The Best of Chopin", and shortly afterwards my mind came back to peace from the perfect balance and harmony that only good music can bring to my inner sanctum.

4: Friday before the party.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, I met up with Eric in Bondi Junction. He looked dashing wearing a marine-blue MJ Bale suit, a white shirt and yellow tie. This relieved me. If I were going to help my secret brother win the girl of his dream, his appearance was essential. After all, what's on the inside was the most important in a human being, but the appearance of one should never deter people from getting to know the beauty that is inside. As I walked up to him, I studied him more closely. He looked sweaty, nervous and slightly drunk. Oh, Eric, why were you making things so difficult for me?

I approached him with a smile and spoke: *"Hi Eric, are you ready for your big chance with Lindsey?"*; I smirked at him. *"Yes, she'll be mine for sure,"* he said with a voice echoing of false confidence and pretentious arrogance. I shook my head in disappointment, and gave him a disapproving look, before I replied, *"Eric, if you want me to help you, you'd better stop that pretentious act at once. The Eric I know deserves a chance at love, the Eric in front of me, doesn't."* Hearing these true words deflated Eric's false ego, and he gave me a sad look before he replied shamefully, *"But I don't know how else to act to make Lindsey or any other girl notice me."*

I looked at him with a sympathetic look and said, *"Well, I am not dragging myself to Joshua's place for you to hit on any girl, I am going there to help you out with Lindsey."*

"Okay, yes Lindsey is the one I want," Eric replied sheepishly.

"Good," I said and smiled before continuing with a more serious tone. I continued, *"First I will set some ground rules. You are there to build a good foundation for the future with the person you love. If you are there just to get drunk and get laid, I will never help you again"*. Eric looked at me with a puzzled look before replying: *"I don't understand, what is wrong with only having sex, with no strings attached?"*

I responded with a direct tone and said, *"There is nothing wrong with having casual sex, but it is nothing I am interested in helping you with."*

He looked at me for a while, clearly finding my outspokenness on the topic a bit confusing, before nodding to acknowledge what I had just said. Eric then said, *"Okay. Let's do things your way, after all, you were the one who got me the RSVP."*

"Good," I replied.

We chatted and gossiped for a while before we decided that it was time to make our way to Joshua's house. I had planned to take the bus, but Eric opted for hiring an AutoCar Deluxe. AutoCar was the most common app for self-driving electric cabs in 2037, and AutoCar Deluxe provided us with a self-driving Mercedes instead of the self-driving Toyotas that were the usual standard. It felt good to avoid the bus for once, and shortly afterwards, we arrived at Joshua's lavish mansion, located in Dover Heights.

5: The worst party I have ever been to.

WE EXITED OUR AUTOCAR Deluxe outside Joshua's parents' mansion, and I realised that Eric had been wise spending the extra money on a luxurious car, seeing the number of expensive vehicles parked outside the premises. I saw a group of girls dressed in short dresses and laden in heavy makeup, entering the party before us. They were all giggling and seemed to be excited, being invited to the exclusive 18-year-old celebration of Joshua Harkins, whose dad was one of the richest men in Sydney. It didn't impress me much. Excessive wealth only led to corruption, and while I was confident that I could become abundantly wealthy should I put my mind to it, I didn't really see how it would make me a happier person. I had a good life in my modest apartment, living with mum and John. Adding 500 square metres of living area and three servants to our lifestyle wouldn't do anything to improve our circumstances, quite the opposite in fact, as we would isolate ourselves in different parts of the house and rarely speak to each other.

We walked past the buffed-up security guard and realised that Joshua's parents hadn't spared any expense on getting the party as lavish as possible. There were hundreds of guests, and plenty of wait staff had been hired to look after our needs. Joshua spotted us and walked up to me. With a big grin, he spoke confidently, "*Welcome to my house, Sabina. You look smashing tonight. How do you like the party?*"

"*It looks great. Both Eric and I are thrilled to be here.*", I replied with a sort of faked enthusiasm. I could spot that Joshua's face twisted for a short moment, he clearly didn't like that I mentioned Eric. Shortly afterwards his confident manner returned, and completely ignoring Eric's existence, he spoke to me again, "*Would you like a glass of Dom Perignon champagne?*", he said with a posh smile, imagin-

ing that by name-dropping champagne that was selling for several hundred dollars a bottle, would somehow impress me.

After a short pause, I studied him and replied, *“No, I would prefer a cuppa tea, Earl Grey if possible. But I am sure Eric would be thrilled to taste Dom Perignon.”* Hearing that I preferred a nice warm cup of tea to a very dear French Champagne surprised Joshua, and he seemed a bit lost for a while. Eventually, he replied, *“Are you really asking for a cup of tea on an 18-year coming of age party, Sabina?”* I ignored his sarcastic question and responded with, *“Yes, I have just turned 18, and even though I’m at the legal age for drinking, I just simply am not interested in drinking alcohol.”* Josh looked dumbfounded by what I had said, but eventually, he gave in. He called a waiter over and spoke, *“A glass of Dom Perignon for me, a cup of Earl Grey for the breathtaking lady, and a bottle of Daft beer for Eric. I reckon the beer matches his socioeconomic status.”* I gave Joshua a short stare for his comment about Eric, but he ignored it. Instead, he spoke again, *“I must leave you, for now, I need to attend the other guests. Please attend my speech a bit later.”*

“Sure thing!”, I replied casually.

When Josh had left, I turned to Eric and spoke: *“What a dick that guy is, mocking us like that!”*

Eric shrugged his shoulders and replied, *“Well, on the bright side, I do prefer beer”*. Eric looked at me with a puzzled expression and continued, *“But Sabina, You do drink alcohol, we celebrated your birthday last month, and I saw you drank alcohol?”*

“I know, but I am not here to lecture people on the danger of drugs and psychoactive substances. Sometimes a white lie can be useful but use them sparingly or else people will find out that you are lying”, I replied calmly.

After a while, we received our beverages, and we set out to find Lindsey and her friends. As we found Lindsey, I walked up to her, gently grabbed her hand and looked her in the eyes and spoke, *“Hi Lindsey, Eric is here, and he is very excited to see you today.”* At first, Lindsey gave me a surprised look, but then she saw Eric, and she burst out into full excitement, hugging him and saying, *“Oh hi Eric, I am so excited to see you tonight, we are going to have such a great night.”* Eric’s face turned red from feeling a mix of happiness and shyness, and he was astonished at what he heard, but he found himself quickly and soon they were involved in an exciting conversation and they seemed to have very good chemistry. I excused myself and walked off from the group. While I was excited over helping my half-

brother, I also felt ashamed over using my powers to influence Lindsey's mind. I was certain that they would make a great and loving couple, but was it really my place to decide what would happen in other people's lives? I was interrupted from my philosophical thoughts when Joshua approached me, noticeably drunk. "*Sabina, I need to talk to you*", he said.

"*I am all ears*," I replied. Joshua curled up his finger as if to get me closer and then he whispered into my ear, "*I need to talk to you in private. It's important*". I studied Josh. I could sense his carnal desire for me. Although he could have practically any other girl at the party, he was obsessed about the one who had rejected him, i.e. me. I feared what might happen to Josh if I followed him to a private room, and I had to defend myself against him. Then I realised that my preconceptions against Joshua might be blurring my judgement, and he deserved a chance to talk to me in private. After all, he had invited me to his party, a favour I hadn't extended him when I turned 18. The least I could do was to let him talk. After a period of silence, I spoke: "*Okay Joshua. Lead the way.*"

I followed Joshua to a room, and I got unnerved when he closed the door after we got in and blocked the doorway with his body. Did he intend to rape me or just threaten me? Regardless, I would have to try as hard as I could to avoid anybody getting hurt. Joshua gave me a menacing look and spoke, "*I don't understand why you keep rejecting me Sabina, everyone else thinks I am a great catch! I just find you so mysteriously enchanting, I'm crazy about you*". I looked at him and replied with a calm voice, "*Well, then I suggest you find someone among the rest that you like and take her out, as I'm not interested in you like that.*"

"*But why do you keep rejecting me?!*" Josh hissed.

"*Well if you have to know, I am not looking for a partner right now, and even if I were, I wouldn't find us compatible. Now please let me leave, you are making me uncomfortable.*" Josh looked at me, with eyes as black as evil, desire and self-hatred. I had seen the same eyes before. The eyes of Dov Dorevitch, the enemy in my former life. "*No!*" Josh exclaimed, "*I will have you tonight, whether you want me or not. You'd better make yourself ready, Sabina!*"

In my former life as the saintly prodigy-child Sabina, I would have been filled with grief for failing to purify Joshua's soul. But that version of me failed in the end, being torn to shreds by the demon Rangda for being too naïve and too good-hearted.

I had learnt my lesson. I would give Joshua one more chance to repent and save himself. Otherwise, he was solely responsible for what would happen next. *“Are you fucking kidding me, Joshua? You just threatened to rape me. Step aside and leave me alone or you’ll regret it!”* At first, it seemed like my outburst had worked. Joshua was confused and didn’t know what to say. Sadly, the darkness soon returned to his eyes, and he said with a chilling voice, *“I will have you tonight Sabina. I will be the one to take your virginity, and there is nothing you can do about it.”*

Having said this, Joshua jumped me and pinned me to the bed. I realised that there was no way I could fight him with my physical body. Joshua was, after all, a very fit and strong athlete, and physically I was just your average girl. I grabbed Joshua’s arm as he was trying to pull off my pants. I stared defiantly into his eyes and spoke with a commanding voice, *“Joshua Harkins: By the power bestowed upon me by the True Maker, I command you to let go of evil and repent for your sins!”*

The effect was instantaneous: The darkness and will to dominate had left Joshua’s face, and the guy who was crying on the floor next to me would almost have been pitiful if he wasn’t so explosive and unpredictable.

Most evil people won’t just let go of evil. They might refrain from doing evil deeds out of fear for being punished, but the desire to harm others will always be with them. After leaving the room, I heard an anguished roar, followed by a loud sound of shattered glass. Joshua, in shock and conflicted from the forced influx of light, had broken the mirror and turned to self-harm, and I had to alert his parents. I ran up to Joshua’s dad and shouted out, *“Mr Harkins! Josh has lost his mind. You must help him. He is in his bedroom.”* I didn’t stay to check their reactions, my body was shaky from the occurrence, and I just had to get home, meditate and find my balance.

On my way out of the building Eric spotted me, and noticing that something was wrong, he ran up to me. He said, *“Sabina, are you okay? What happened?”*

“Josh... he tried to rape me...” I sobbed.

“Oh my god, I don’t know what to say. Should I call the cops?” Eric replied with a concerned frown on his face.

“No... That won’t be necessary. Josh is a lot worse off than I am.” I replied calmly.

“What? What did you do to the bastard?” Eric asked in amazement.

“I didn’t do anything. Joshua’s conscience got hold of him, realising what he was about to do. I reckoned he went insane and turned to self-harm, but I don’t know the specifics as I ran away,” I replied.

In the distance, I could hear the ambulance approaching as I walked away from the house. Eric walked after me and spoke: *"Where are you going, Sabina?"*

"I am going home," I replied.

"I am coming with you, to make you safe," Eric replied.

"But what about Lindsey?", I replied.

"If Lindsey doesn't appreciate that I have to get you home safely, then she is not the right one for me," Eric replied with confidence in his voice.

"Thank you, Eric," I said as we entered the approaching AutoCar that would take me back to my cozy two-bedroom apartment in Maroubra.

6: A Sunday morning jog and reflection

AFTER SPENDING THE whole Saturday trying to meditate away the shock and disbelief from the events the day before, I was now feeling a bit better, and I tried clearing my mind with an early morning coastal jog, along the coast in the Malabar Headland National Park. I am a firm believer in moderate exercise for living a healthy life. A light morning run, some yoga and good stretches afterwards, that is basically my fitness regime. While inactivity is bad for the body and causes premature death, so does strenuous exercise and often you see famous athletes die at a young age from the effects of overexerting their bodies.

While jogging along the oceanic coastal path, appreciating the rugged nature and soaking up the nurturing energy of the morning sun, I was reflecting on the fate that had befallen Joshua. In his guilt-ridden insanity, Joshua had used the chard of a broken mirror to chop off his own testicles. While he was in the hospital and would hopefully make a recovery, his testicles would not. I had spent most of the Saturday pondering whether I was at fault or not. The young, innocent Sabina of my former life would have felt immensely guilty over what had happened, but I did not. While following my instincts and refusing to speak to Joshua in private would have saved him from himself on that fateful night, it wouldn't have changed anything in the long run.

Joshua's mind was a product of his inflated ego, a product of being born sense of entitlement. His desire to dominate me was simply the desire for what he couldn't have, and the inability to accept that he was not always liked and admired. If I hadn't come with him, he would have raped someone else eventually, someone unable to defend herself. In a world where evil existed, it was better that

Joshua himself took the damage from its corrupting effects than innocent people suffering.

Last Friday's occurrences made me realise that it was time for me to do what I was born to do, to step up my search for the primordial Zeto Crystal, more commonly known as the Holy Grail.

I had been battling with the philosophical question on whether it was wise to find and unleash the real purifying power of the Zeto Crystal or not. Technically, the Zeto crystal when activated from their dormant state, this would inhibit mankind's free will by limiting mankind's inclination towards evil, as all bad things would turn good. But the concept of free will was an illusion anyway. In this life that I am living in, I couldn't hover from my location without the aid of planes, I couldn't swim underwater to the bottom of the ocean without scuba gear. I couldn't teleport to another dimension by the power of my will, I couldn't just reverse time a day before to fix up my mistakes. To sum things up: there were already so many things that the laws of the universe prohibited me from doing, thus limiting individuals' inclinations towards evil deeds would just make things better.

But to be able to do good in the world, I would first need to accumulate money, as travelling the world looking for the Zeto Crystal wouldn't come cheap. I thought about ways to make money, the idea gave me a sense of discomfort. The desire to make money is perfectly natural; it is after all challenging living in human society without it. But too often the desire for money leads to greed, which corrupts the soul and in extension humanity.

But how would I accumulate the money necessary for my travels? I could spend years working up to make money the regular way, but it didn't seem that stimulating, to be honest. Don't misunderstand me, working is great and people working together is an essential part of human society. But my goals were larger than typing on a computer all day or serving burgers at the local fast-food joint. If I wasted time doing menial tasks, humanity would have to wait longer for our golden age, and as a result, a lot more suffering would occur.

I finished my run, and I saw an advert for a massive lottery jackpot. I thought of buying a ticket, but then I realised the pointlessness of the idea. I had many abilities, influencing people and seeing patterns among other things, but neither of those would affect the outcome of the random number generator that gave the lottery outcome.

But what could I do? I realised that online trading was my solution. I had an unparalleled ability to see patterns and predicts future events. While I worried that online trading would expose my soul to the corrupting influence of greed, I realised that I was an adult now, and no matter how I choose to live my life, I would need to make money somehow, and online trading was the way that would cause me the least mental stress.

I went home, and I checked my online banking account. I had a thousand dollars in my bank account, mainly from teaching yoga classes at my local gym. “*Here goes nothing*”, I thought as I poured my money into the trading account and waited for Monday to come for the stock market to open.

7: Convincing John to help me apply for a visa

A FEW DAYS LATER THERE was \$20,000 sitting in my account, a massive amount which was enough to splurge for my upcoming trip to Israel, where my search for the primordial Zeto Crystal would begin. There was a slight problem that I needed to deal with before travelling. I needed to secure a visa to Israel so I could visit Jerusalem, where I believed the primordial Zeto Crystal, also known as the Holy Grail, was located. Sadly, the international security situation in Israel was so bad so that the Israeli government didn't let any foreigner in unless they had a trusted person vouching for them, and that's where my “dad” John came in since he was Jewish and held an Israeli passport.

My relationship with John, who is the man who has raised me while believing that I am his daughter, is not as good as it could be, and this is one of my biggest regrets. John is a stable, loving and hard-working man and he deserves all the love in the world, but sadly I just cannot make myself care about him. I guess the circumstances around my conception is to blame.

I was reborn because of the spirit of the sacred Sabina Eisenstein who fell to the evil of Xeno queen Rangda in the apocalyptic war of the 29th century. Instead of accepting defeat, the spirit of Sabina Eisenstein convinced the True Maker to turn back time to the year 2019, when compatible parents for my rebirth was available on Earth, and for me to be reborn as a beautiful baby. I remember how the spirit of Sabina Eisenstein, my future self, or past life shall I say, made sure that my mother, Ellen, and my long dead biological father, Marvin Orchard, met and had a brief sexual encounter behind John's back. I made it happen, and my

feeling of guilt towards my cuckolded “father” has always kept me distant from him. I know that John wanted more children, but since he was sterile, this never came to pass.

Thus, I felt guilty for deceiving John, and I am also aware that the truth would destroy his happiness, so I keep the truth to myself, and my mother had also decided to keep her cheeky encounter a secret, as telling John that Sabina wasn't his daughter would be too devastating for him to bare.

As for my mother, I feel very close to her. Ellen is a good woman and her short tryst with Marvin was because I influenced her mind to make it so. It was a necessity for my rebirth, but if someone is to blame, it is me, and only me!

I met with John for a quick lunch in the Central Business District. He had rump steak and chips, and I had a vegan salad with avocado, couscous and grilled tofu. I like eating vegan foods when I can, but it is not my passion, and I don't preach it as I believe preaching rigid veganism causes more damage than it solves.

John looked at me with a worried expression and spoke: *“Is everything okay Sabina? You haven't been yourself after Joshua's party. Even calling in sick to school for the last few days. Did anything bad happen at the party?”*, I pondered on how to answer the question. I didn't want to lie, but I didn't want to tell him what had happened either. Eventually, I spoke: *“Yes, something bad did happen at Joshua's party, but that is not why I haven't been to school.”*

“So, what is really going on, Sabina?”, John asked.

“I needed to make a bunch of money for an upcoming project of mine, dad”, I replied. Hearing this, my father spat out the coffee he was drinking in surprise and yelled,

“Sabina? You're staying home from school to make money?! I thought you didn't even like money or material possessions?”

I responded by saying, *“No, dad. I don't like being controlled by money or material possessions. But I do need them to live. There is a difference.”* I paused briefly and then I continued speaking, *“Anyways, I made the money I needed, so now I need your help.”*

My father was shocked when he heard this and said, *“What? What did you do to make money?? You have hardly left your room for three days. Your mother has been worried sick about you!”*

I paused for a bit and then I smiled at him, sensing my girlish pride bubbling from within over my achievement. *“Online Trading, dad. I have spent my time do-*

ing online trading to raise \$ 20,000 for a trip I want to make." I handed John my phone with my web bank transaction details, he looked, and his chin dropped in amazement. *"Sabina, this is amazing. How did you do it?"* He said. I shrugged my shoulders and replied, *"Online Trading. It is just like chess. You must anticipate the opponent's move and act accordingly. But I must say there are so many more interesting activities than hoarding money."*

"But this is amazing! We could become rich!!", John said in excitement, with the greed for money twisting his face into an unpleasant grimace. *"Yes... But that wouldn't make us happier"*, I replied calmly as I took John's hand and slowly calmed the turmoil. When John was calm again, I spoke: *"So, dad I need your help. I have made money so that I can go to Jerusalem and study your heritage."* *"Our heritage!"* John replied with pride in his voice. *"Okay, our heritage, although technically I'm only a half-Jew"*, I shrugged and corrected myself. I have never classified myself as belonging to any specific race or sect, I see humanity as one, but I needed to appease John my gentle and unknowing dad to get things my way.

John gave me an inquisitive look and spoke: *"But Sabina, you have never been interested in our heritage. You seem to be more interested in Yoga, crystals and eastern religions. What has changed?"*

I replied, *"Nothing has changed, I just want to broaden my horizons"*.

"But Jerusalem is a perilous place these days." John objected.

"Fear shouldn't cloud our judgement and deny us of our heritage. We should face it in adversity and be proud of what we are!" I proclaimed with a sarcastic tone, but humorously and lovingly.

John sighed. He couldn't argue against my words, as they were his words uttered by me. *"Okay."* John paused for a second, looking for words. *"I will vouch for you in the getting your visa application if your mother agrees to this trip."*

"Thanks, dad! You're the best!!", I exclaimed cheerfully and gave him a big hug. *"I need to go see mum now, see you tonight!"*, I continued. *"Okay see you tonight, my darling Sabina"*, he said gently before I ran off in excitement.

On my jog back home, I felt excited. My mum knew my secret desire to go to Jerusalem, and she wouldn't deny my wishes. She would have objections of course, but she would realise that it was all part of a higher plan. As for John, he clearly preferred me not going, and I knew that he hoped for my mother to say no, so he wouldn't have to. But once my mum supported my idea, John would

come around and help me. I knew it. In a couple of weeks, I would graduate high school, and after that, I would embark on my first great adventure.

8: Garnering my mum's support

I MET MY MUM, ELLEN, a few hours later when she came home from work. She seemed distraught and was close to crying. *"I spoke to your dad"*, she said. I looked at her with a sympathetic look and replied calmly *"I figured as much"*.

"But why do you want to go to Jerusalem and study Judaism? You don't even profess to the Jewish faith!", my mum said this with a heartbroken voice and tears running down her cheeks.

"Neither do you, you're a white South African, mum", I replied and then continued explaining myself: *"I believe that the primordial Zeto Crystal of Earth is in Jerusalem and that the constant death, violence and hatred in the city has corrupted its powers."*

Hearing my explanation, my mum nodded. My mother was the only one that knew my secret; that I was the reincarnation of the Chosen One, Sabina Eisenstein who died in the distant future while trying to save the world, and was reborn to reverse the End of Times and to protect the future humanity and the fate of the entire Milky Way Galaxy.

Ellen had believed me. After all, what other possible explanation could there be when her newborn daughter told her this story in private when I was two days old? Newborn babies didn't talk, and they could never lie, even if they did speak.

Ellen looked at me in silence and full of love, for a long time, weighing her words down in her mouth before she spoke: *"But why do you think the crystal you are looking for is in Jerusalem? It's a dangerous place, and you are still very young. Can't you search other sites first?"*

I took my mother's hand, look deeply into her eyes and replied, *"Think about it, mum. Jerusalem is the holiest place on Earth. A lot of devoutly religious people go there, hoping to find solace, peace and harmony. And yet, even though everyone comes there searching for the same thing, many of them end up being hateful fanatics that wish to harm other people. Jerusalem has been contested and the epicentre for wars for thousands of years. No other holy place has that effect."*

My mother studied me for a long time, and eventually, she spoke, *"But didn't you tell me that Rangda has been locked up in the eternal prison for millennia and*

that she won't escape in another 800 years from now or so. How could she have corrupted the primordial Zeto Crystal?" I pondered my mother's assortment. She was partly correct, but she was missing a crucial detail. Rangda wasn't the only source of evil in the universe. There was good and evil in every living being in the Universe. What differed between different beings was the proportion of good and evil in their minds, their conscious choices, and their power to affect the world by their choices.

I looked at my mother and spoke: *"You're right. Rangda wasn't the one who corrupted the Zeto Crystal in Jerusalem. Instead, it was humans who with their evil choices gradually weakened the good energy emitting from the vital source of the Zeto Crystal. Eventually, the good energy was replaced with evil, and as things are getting worse, the corrupted Zeto Crystal will have a detrimental effect on humanity."*

"So, are you going to activate the true healing power by purifying the energy of the Crystal? What if you fail?", my mother asked nervously.

"I am powerless to change the crystal on my own, only the True Maker can purify the crystal containing a shard of her soul. But if I fail, I will be changed. I will still be alive, but you won't recognise my soul anymore", I calmly replied.

I watched my mother cry, I knew her so well, so I knew exactly what she was going to say before she said it. Her eyes were wandering, tears running down her cheeks, and she cleared her throat to make a desperate plea. She said, *"But can't you just leave the crystal where it is? Live a good life, my love. Find true love and happiness. Be happy with what life you are living in now. The End of Times is more than 800 years away after all."* I took up a napkin and gently wiped the tears from her eyes. I looked her into the eyes deeply and spoke. *"Mother, I am already living a good life with plenty of love and happiness from you and my surrogate dad John. But restoring the crystal and stopping Rangda is my purpose in life, the very purpose that I was reborn. How can I deny myself and humanity of this purpose?"*

Ellen gave me a nod of silent acknowledgement. She wasn't going to argue her point and try to stop me from going. After all, my mother was the only one who knew the truth about me. Suddenly, she burst out with words that surprised me, *"Sabina, please take me with you on your search?"* Although this was a natural response from a worried mother, her words baffled me, and initially, I didn't know how to respond. My main concern was that my mother would be considered unimportant to the True Maker and that *she* wouldn't intervene to save my mother from danger, should there ever be one. Going to Israel had always

been dangerous, and in the last few decades, things had gone worse. The extended droughts caused by global warming had turned the entire region very dry, and highly dangerous, as various greedy paedophiles recruited the starving children of Israel for prostitution and fake priests and preachers filled the destitute population with false promises about the afterlife. And with the wars going on, if my mother went there, she was likely to be kidnapped, raped and killed.

“No mum, I cannot let you go. I have a reason to go there, but you don’t. I have foreseen the future in case I go there, but I can’t see anything for the option where you follow me there.” I said with a grave voice. *“What did you see in your visionary connections with the True Maker?”* my mother asked.

“I have seen that I will find the crystal and I will die in this city on this exact day, in 94 years.” For the first time during the conversation, my mum smiled a bit. *“Wow that’s an encouraging thought, my daughter will live for a long time,”* Ellen said.

“Yes,” I replied and continued, *“Can you organise the practical details with dad, please. I had a feeling he wanted you to say no to me, so he didn’t have to.”*

“Yes, I will speak to your father, and make my support for your travel plans known,” Ellen replied. *“Thank you, mum. Let’s go out and walk to the top of the hill. I sense the sunset will be beautiful today.”* I smiled while holding her hands and giving her a sense of security. My mother nodded, and together we walked to the top of the hill where we watched the beautiful sunset in peace, tranquillity and harmony, and feel the complete oneness with the universe.

9: Taking off to Jerusalem.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, I had graduated high school passing my final exams with an HSC mark of 99.95 %, the highest score possible. It had been an easy task for me, as I was born with a unique half-Zetan genome inherited from when I was Sabina Eisenstein. I was blessed with the Zetan abilities for heightened intelligence, telepathy, and foresight. I would have easily scored 100.00% if only the computer systems that generate gradings of the entire school framework in Australia had been set up to do so. While I didn’t particularly care for the result myself, I was happy that my results gave pride and joy for my humble parents.

I arrived at the airport where my mum, dad, Eric and his girlfriend Lindsey came by to wish me safe travels to Jerusalem. In a way, it felt silly that they all

came to wish me safe travels, as I only planned to stay away for a couple of weeks. But I knew the reason why; they all secretly feared that I wouldn't come back. I couldn't blame them for this, going to Jerusalem was very dangerous, but I was happy that they kept up a happy façade for my sake, I had experienced enough emotional talk from mum and dad the last few weeks, being just a naïve and sappy 18-year old girl.

Another thing that made happy was that Eric and Lindsey seemingly had found each other, since the incident that happened at Joshua's party. This was important for me as that meant that the terrible things that happened at the party weren't for nothing, and something good had come out of it at last. Eric looked happy together with Lindsey, and I had predicted that they would share a long and happy life together. I couldn't be sure though as there were too many variables in life. They said that the only certainty in life was death, but even that rule could be bent. I had died fighting Rangda, and yet here I was, in another time and era, with different people around me, who love me for being who I am.

As I walked towards the passport control, my mum came after me and hugged me with tears in her eyes. *"I wish that I could come with you"*, she said.

"You can't go with me now", I said, *"But let's go together next year when the balance of the universe is restored and peace reigns in the holy city."*

Hearing this, John looked dumbfounded at that and said, *"But what can change in one year, aren't you just going there for study and school projects?"*

"Everything," I replied and smiled. After that, I hugged everyone and walked past the line indicating that I was in the international terminal. There were no passport controls anymore, as everyone on Earth was linked to a global database by 2037, and every movement on every airport was followed by an extensive network of cameras that utilised facial recognition as well as biometric data to determine the identity of everyone on the premises. While the system wasn't flawless, it was a lot safer than the previous method of passport controls, as passports were easier to forge than the global travel database was to be hacked by security hackers.

I walked to my gate, and suddenly I felt a bit of shame. I had spent the last few weeks trading extensively and made a lot of money, \$200,000 to be exact. I had initially set out to travel with \$20,000, but now I had over \$200,000 in my account, and despite having more than I needed, I felt the urge to open my trading account and do some more trades. I decided to test myself. I intentionally

bought the wrong stocks and lost one thousand dollars. What did I feel about this? I didn't feel much at all. The lack of attachment to money was a relief to me, and it meant that greed hadn't taken a firm grip on me yet.

Suddenly, I was gripped by an unnerving thought. What if things went badly in Jerusalem and I needed a way out? I realised that I was better off dividing my money into several accounts in case of an emergency, and the best way to ensure that I have money available in case of an emergency, was to open an emergency account where I stashed some of it into a universal cryptocurrency account. After doing some research, I decided that SplitCoin was my most viable option and I deposited half of my money into an encrypted SplitCoin account.

I turned off my phone and walked on Orbit Flight 55222 to Tel Aviv. Orbit Flight were aeroplanes that resembled spacecraft, they flew at a higher altitude than regular planes. Cruising at 30,000 metres, they faced minimal air resistance, and they could reach a top speed of Mach 5, reducing the maximum travel time to anywhere on Earth to just 6 hours. The tickets were costly compared to regular flight tickets, but with my newfound talents in trading, I could afford them. When I got on the flight, I was offered a glass of French Champagne, and to my big surprise, I accepted it. Oh well, I could always have a glass just for the occasion I thought, before finishing the drink and falling asleep in the very comfortable leather armchair that I was sitting in on the uber-fast plane.

10: A city filled with fear.

I WOKE UP A FEW HOURS later, upon the uber-fast plane landing on Tel Aviv International Airport. I was immediately immersed by the strong sense of fear that was gripping the entire country. It broke my heart that these holy lands had fallen so far away from the paradises they were meant to be. What had happened to 'love thy neighbour'? As I reached immigration, I was subjected to a new technology that took a 3D scan of my body and detected my movement patterns so that it would be possible for the AI to identify, through scanning my body type and my movement pattern even if I had concealed my face. While I was impressed by the technology, it also frightened me. The people in power were continually looking for new ways to control the population, and the fearmongering was getting worse. In the past, it had been enough to leave your phone and your credit cards at home if you wanted some alone time, but now, it was almost im-

possible. Paradoxically, the more the government could track the population, the lonelier everyone got. In a culture where no-one trusted their fellow man, no-one came out as the winner.

After having my movement patterns and body scanned for an extended period, I was brought into a room for further questioning. A stern-looking security officer studied me with his predatory eyes, and I could feel that this individual was quite content with the current state of affairs. *"Sabina Hines, why have you come to Israel?"* The man asked with a voice filled with suspicion. The security officer's hostility frustrated me as he was acting out on his fear, which in turn made the fear spread, and society as a whole was turning more and more fearful and dangerous. I decided to not confront the officer for his attitude and instead play along with his little game. *"I have come to this Holy Land to learn more about myself and my heritage"*, I said with a serious and sanctimonious voice.

"Is that so?", the man asked rhetorically before continuing, *"Our sources in Sydney state that you rarely visit the synagogue and that you work as a yoga teacher."*

I studied the man in bewilderment. I had travelled to multiple places on family holidays throughout the years, and never had I had a government spy on me before I arrived on a tourist visa. If my quest to Jerusalem hadn't been so important, I would have said *'thanks, but no thanks'* and returned home. But my journey here was of utmost importance, and the decline of the holy land had really proven to me how essential it was that I find and purify the Zeto Crystal, to bring back kindness and trust into this world.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" The man's aggressive voice interrupted my thoughts. I hate it when my mind wanders, but I had to snap back to the present. *"What you say is true, I have been trying different paths to spiritual awareness throughout my life. The spirituality I have tried is not contradicting the first commandment, however, as I haven't worshipped any other gods"*, I said with an imploring voice. The man studied me for a while and spoke. *"Very well, because of the good standing of your father, John Hines, I will grant you entry to Israel. But we will be watching you."*

The menacing security officer stamped my passport, I thanked him, and I was on my way. I felt a sense of relief that I hadn't needed to use my powers to get past him. I felt a need to function as a human and not just rely on spiritual, meditative powers every time I needed to get things my way. Besides, I could feel that the se-

curity officer's soul was filled with xenophobic hatred and paranoia, and the less I exposed my soul to those kinds of feelings, the better.

I grabbed an AutoCar to Jerusalem, and an hour later, I arrived at my hotel in Jerusalem, scanned my beautiful blue set of irises at the blast-proof security checkpoint and got in. Tired from the exposure to paranoia and suspicion, I retreated to my room, where I meditated for hours to regain balance and to calm myself down before I could finally go to sleep.

11: The suicide bomber.

THE DAY AFTER, I WOKE up refreshed. The sun was shining, and it was a crisp winter breeze coming in through my window when I opened it. After eating breakfast, I set out to explore Jerusalem on foot. While most guidebooks strongly recommended guided tours with bulletproof vehicles, I felt that I didn't want to give in to fear. Besides, I was looking for clues on the whereabouts of the Zeto Crystal, and I believed that my senses would be better attuned to find them if I were out in the open, slowly walking around the city. But Jerusalem was large, so where would I start my exploring? I realised that since it was a Saturday and I was clearly under surveillance by the government, the natural choice would be to go to the Western Wall and pray.

I don't like praying to deities following specific rites and gathering at specific manmade buildings. I see this merely as a symptom of man's vanity, to worship gods created by men for men. The True Maker is everywhere, she is the universe, and any place is as good as the other to connect to her. What is important is the mindset of the individual, not the location and the ritual.

Casting aside my own preferences, I approached the wall, and I sensed something magical. Could it be that the Zeto Crystal was nearby? Suddenly, the sensation was dulled by another feeling. The strong feeling of danger and fear. I turned around, and I saw a young man, around my age. His face was solemn, and he was reciting his prayers, but this was only a façade. This man was here to harm himself and others. I quickly touched the man's hand to get a better read of his emotional state, and to get a sense of who this strange person was.

Yussuf was a seventeen-year-old Palestinian man struggling with severe depression. Unfortunately, instead of finding help to deal with his problems, he had come across evil men. Men that would manipulate him into killing himself and

others so that perpetual vicious cycle of hate, fear and paranoia could continue. Although I hadn't come to Jerusalem to save individuals, I had to save Yussuf from himself. My life and the lives of countless others depended on it.

I grabbed his hand tightly to establish a telepathic link. I didn't say anything. Partly because it would be hard to talk with him with all noise around us, especially since I couldn't speak Arabic but also because I didn't want to arouse panic in the people around me. If the worshippers found out about the suicide bomber among them, they would run away in panic, and in the stampede that ensued, people could get harmed, or even die.

"Don't do it, there is still hope.", I communicated to Yussuf telepathically. Yussuf stared at me in awe and replied. *"Who are you? How can you get inside my mind?"*

"Does it even matter?", I replied before continuing, *"All that matters, is that everyone here can go home safe and sound, and I can help you build a better life"*. I saw tears running down Yussuf's cheeks, and he replied telepathically *"I believe you, but it is too late. I had already activated the bomb when you contacted me"*, Yussuf stood up, shouted out **"Allah Akbar"** and shortly afterwards I saw the bright flash from the detonation followed by Yussuf's body disintegrating into blood and flesh from the terrible force of the bomb.

The shockwave from the bomb knocked me unconscious, and my mind was transported to the Divine Dimension. There I saw the True Maker, taking the form of my first mother, Keila Eisenstein. She spoke with an urging voice, *"Sabina! You must be careful. You cannot fall here. Get up!"*

I woke up, and I studied the carnage around me. My head was pounding, my ears were ringing, my eyes were blinded by the flash, and I was covered in blood. How badly wounded was I? I got up on my feet and concluded that I wasn't that bad off, but dead and wounded people covered the ground around me, and I could hear people's screams in pain and terror. I desperately needed to find inner peace, so I started walking towards my hotel to have a purifying shower. I got to the hotel and entered the shower, the warm water washed away the blood, and the shock and terror slowly receded from my body. I didn't have the time to find inner peace though, as the room was raided by heavily armed police shortly afterwards, bringing me with them.

12: Meeting up with the namesake of a future enemy

I WAS LOCKED UP IN a police interrogation room. It had been several hours; my head was pounding and worst of all, I suffered from a terrible thirst as no-one had acknowledged my pleas for a glass of water. The door opened and in came the same security officer that had questioned me at the airport the day before. I stared at him in disbelief; why had the immigration officer from the airport come to question me? The man somehow sensed my confusion and stretched out a hand to greet me: *“Miss Sabina Hines, we meet again. I didn’t introduce myself the last time we met. I am Special Agent Dov Dorevitch, from Mossad Spy Agency.”*

Dov Dorevitch! The name gave me shivers. It was the name of the genocidal dictator on Mars that I had defeated as a 7-year-old in 2882, eight and a half centuries into the future. Could this be the same person, or was it just a coincidence that they had the same name? I studied the man in front of me. Clearly, it wasn’t the same soul, nor the same appearance, and it was just the stress that caused my mind to play tricks on me.

Dov spoke again: *“So, Miss Hines, security footage shows that you are holding the hand of the suicide bomber and looking him in the eyes just moments before the explosion went off. Do you care to elaborate?”* I realised that I would have to use my divine powers to get me out of this mess, after all, Dov was difficult enough at the airport without a terrorist attack taking place. I wanted to try talking first; however, so I responded: *“Yes, he seemed to be agitated, so I tried to calm him down. Sadly, I couldn’t do it.”*

Dov studied me in silence for a while. I didn’t know if he was thinking of anything or if silence and observation were his interrogation approach. Eventually, he spoke: *“The terrorist was carrying a bomb belt with a dozen bombs filled with shrapnel. Nine of these bombs went off, killing and maiming a lot of innocent people. The three that didn’t go off were the ones facing you. I want you to tell me why these three bombs didn’t explode?”* Dov’s tone and implied accusations made me upset. I had survived a tragedy, and instead of receiving treatment and proper care, I was exposed to toxic accusations by the man in front of me. I snapped at Dov and yelled out: *“I don’t know why those bombs didn’t go off. Maybe Yussuf defused them...”*

I bit my tongue and realised my mistake. I hadn’t spoken to Yussuf, and yet I knew his name. This wouldn’t help to prove my innocence, and I would have

to use my powers to get out of this mess. As anticipated Dov picked up on this detail, and he screamed back at me: *"How do you know the name of the terrorist? You arrived yesterday, and you are not seen talking to him before the explosion."*

I froze. I needed to come up with something to convince Dov of my innocence, but would the best way be to make up a story on how I knew Yussuf's name, or should I aim to address the elephant in the room, how Yussuf managed to pass the security checkpoints? I decided to go with the latter. I grabbed Dov's hand and focused my empath ability to influence his mind. *"What you should really focus on..."*, I paused for a second trying come up with the words before continuing, *"...is how Yussuf managed to get past the security checkpoints unnoticed on his way to the Western Wall."*

I studied Dov as his facial expression was changing. I had managed to influence him in the right direction, and hopefully, the input would lead him to the real villains behind this heinous crime. With a concerned expression on his face, Dov replied: *"I believe you, Sabina. Our efforts need to be put towards finding the ones responsible for letting Yussuf through our security checkpoints."*

After this, Dov pressed a button and leaned towards me, whispering in my ear. *"I have turned off the recording. I can sense that you are special. Please help me find the ones responsible for this crime."* Dov's request surprised me. I had hoped that he would believe me and let me go. But asking me, an outsider, to help with his investigation? Had he sensed my powers or was he testing me? I took a tighter grip of Dov's hand and established a telepathic connection with him: *"Why do you need my help, Dov?"*, I asked.

"I knew it, you're an empath. I will get you out of here, just follow my lead." Dov replied, and before I knew it, he was leading me out of the room.

Dov grabbed me by the arm and was intercepted by one of his colleagues. *"Where are you taking that girl? She is still a suspect!"*, Dov's colleague remarked.

"I am taking her back to the hotel. She is innocent and had a plausible explanation on how she knew the terrorist's name!", Dov snarked. Before his colleague had the time to answer, Dov dragged me into the elevator, and we ended up in the basement of the building. He led me to his car.

"Get in the car!", he commanded.

"I'd rather just catch a taxi back to the hotel," I replied. Dov opened his coat showcasing the pistol he had holstered. *"Get in the car now, I don't like asking twice,"* Dov hissed at me

I nodded and got in the car. Dov got in the driver's seat and drove away from the garage quickly. I sat in the car and pondered what I would do for the next half an hour. Dov drove fast, too quick for the conditions as it was heavy rain and there were thunderstorms in the sky. I realised that I had been too careless when Dov suddenly turned off from the main road and turned onto a small gravel road with no street lights. I was now alone with an armed and unstable man, and I really hoped that he would be a friend and not a foe.

After driving for ten minutes, we arrived at a small, seemingly abandoned shed. *"Get out!"*, Dov hissed, and I exited the car. The cold winter rain chilled through my bones, and the coldness amplified the fear I felt being at this spooky location. Suddenly I heard gunfire, and I took cover on the ground...

13: Saved by the lightning.

I LAY IN A PUDDLE WHILE the shooting took place. With my hands firmly grounded to the Earth, I could feel the planet speaking to me, and I momentarily lost track of time and place. As the shooting ended, I saw Dov, lying on the other side of the car. It seemed like he was dead. I got up, and I saw that Dov's colleague from the police station was approaching me, and instantly I felt a sense of relief.

"You saved me! That deluded man brought me here at gunpoint, talking about conspiracies and stuff...", I said timidly.

"Silly girl", the man exclaimed. *"Dov was correct, there is a conspiracy within the security agency that allows the operation and funding of terrorist attacks"*, he continued.

"So, I guess you are not here to save me then, hey?", I replied. The man laughed menacingly and said, *"You are catching on just fine. Dov Dorevitch was kidnapped and murdered by the foreign terrorist supporter, Sabina Hines. I, Special Agent Jakub Kluger, intercepted the terrorist and killed her when she tried to get away."* The man replied with an evil grin on his face. I studied him carefully, planning on my next move, but I didn't say anything.

Jakub raised his gun and aimed it at me. *"Any last words?"* He asked with a mocking tone. I could feel his aura, I knew that the sociopath in front of me wanted me to beg for my life, to make him feel powerful, but I wouldn't succumb to it. Instead, I opted to reply defiantly: *"Any last words?! I have another 94 years to think about that. I warn you, however, put that gun down and surrender or*

else, things will end badly for you!”, I could sense a moment of hesitation reaching Jakub’s mind. I expected him to be man killing from behind his desk, by ordering others to do his dirty deeds. To murder an innocent girl while staring into her eyes wouldn’t be as easy for him, especially not when the innocent girl was me, a girl with gifted powers bestowed upon me by the True Maker.

A dozen of very tense seconds ensued until I suddenly could sense that Jakub was going to shoot me for real. Being able to sense his thought pattern in advance, I managed to time my action perfectly, to jump away instantly, avoiding the bullet and landing on the ground in the split second it took for his mind to send the signal to his finger to pull the trigger. The shot missed, as I landed safely into a muddy puddle. From my position, I could see that Jakub changed his aim to take another shot at me, and there was no way I could avoid this shot.

The shot never happened though, as Jakub was struck by a bright lightning flash from the sky, caused by the raging thunderstorms. His metallic pistol had fortunately acted as a lightning rod, drawing electricity towards him, and thus his decision to kill an innocent girl to cover up his heinous crimes had ended up being his own undoing.

I got up on my feet, and I studied the two pathetic men on the ground. I wanted to save Dov, now that Jakub had told me the truth, but it was too late as he was already dead. Jakub was still alive, but unconscious and was dying from the lightning strike. He could be saved, but did he deserve to live on? If he was brought back to life, there was no evidence against him except for my words, and if things came to worst, I would become the scapegoat for Jakub and the people that he worked for, meaning they could keep killing and hurting the innocent so they could retain their power through intimidation and fear.

I studied Jakub’s pistol that was lying on the ground next to him. I felt enticed to pick it up. If people were out to kill me, I needed to protect myself. I shook my head at the notion. I didn’t have the right to take people’s lives, that was not the mandate I was given, and besides people that owned guns, were much more likely to die gun-related deaths, than people who didn’t own guns. If I took up a gun to take another person’s life, I would have fallen, and it was simply not the path I wanted to take.

I decided to leave Jakub to die, as I didn’t feel compelled to save the man who had tried to murder me, and I entered Dov’s car to drive back to the main road. Once I got close to the main road, I got out of the car and ordered an AutoCar

using Dov's phone as it would be unwise to drive around in a car stolen from a murder victim. I directed the AutoCar to drive me to a discreet building, where I had paid for a room using cryptocurrency. I knew that Mossad still had my phone and my passport which was a complication, but I simply had to settle for what I had.

14: Limping and incognito.

I WOKE UP THE FOLLOWING morning in the worn-down room, as there was a knock on my door. I opened the door and there in front of me was a handsome-looking woman around my age, she was slim, tall and had a boyish haircut, and was clothed like a computer hacker, equipped with a cool looking laptop and a stereo sonic headphone with loud music banging. She delivered my package, and without saying a word, she left. I opened the package, and I was grateful that I had found a good dark web shop online last night, which delivered the promised delivery instead of robbing me of my cryptocurrency or tracing me and turning me over to the authorities. The package contained a set of clothes, a laptop, a cell phone, a fake ID, a prepaid credit card and a pair of sunglasses.

I put on the clothes and realised that it was used clothes. The same could be said for the phone and laptop that I had also ordered, but there wasn't much to say about it. After all, beggars couldn't be choosers, and I was happy that they had delivered my package at all. I checked the internet, to see how I could outsmart the security cameras that were located everywhere. Apparently, a hoodie and sunglasses were a good start, but since the security cameras also detected a person's movement pattern, I needed a more radical change to fool them.

I concluded that the damage caused by jumping into the puddle to avoid Dov's bullet had twisted my ankle, and with a slight injury on my shoulder, my walking movements would not be detected by AI as it would think I was someone else. I wasn't a fan of self-inflicted damage but realised that I was here on a mission, and so I had no other choice. Firstly, I deliberately slammed my shoulder forcefully into the wall, dropping to the floor in agony and pain. Hating what I would have to do next, I kicked the wall with my bare foot, causing my ankle to twist even more.

Once the pain had receded from the self-inflicted damage, I got up. Studying myself in the mirror, I realised that the pain had indeed caused me to stand up

and walk differently from before, although definitely, not for the better! I put on my hoodie and my sunnies, and I got out to commence my search for the Zeto Crystal.

As I exited the room that I had hired anonymously, I damned myself for my immoral cowardice the night before. By letting Jakub die, I also killed off the trail to the conspiracy that was holding Jerusalem and its inhabitants as hostages. What if the conspiracy was somehow linked to the Zeto Crystal? I hadn't thought about it in my agitated state the previous night, but now the question overwhelmed me with relentless force.

I realised that the moral dilemma was irrelevant now. I was here on a mission, and my mission was to find and cleanse the Zeto Crystal to make Earth a better place, not saving the lives of cold-blooded murderers who had tried to kill me.

But how would I find the Zeto Crystal and where would I begin my search? I realised that I had felt a tingling sensation at the Western Wall, just before Yussuf and his suicide-homicidal plans had shattered the peace. But the Western Wall precinct was probably in lockdown after the previous day's terrorist attack. I decided to explore the remaining parts of the Old Town on foot as it wasn't very suitable for traversing in a driverless cab. It was painful walking on my rolled ankle, but it was, unfortunately, the only way to cheat the automated AI cameras. I just hoped that my injured state wouldn't attract the attention of the local police.

I walked around in the local quarters for an hour, sensing that the Zeto Crystal was somewhat near, but not close enough for me to pinpoint its location. I froze as someone screamed at me from behind: "מעצור, משטרה!". It meant nothing to me, as I don't speak Hebrew, but I turned around and much to my dismay, I was facing a police officer in combat gear. "I don't understand", I said as the police officer faced me. "Take off your sunglasses and show me your ID!", the police officer stated with an assertive voice.

I froze for a moment, angled myself away from the facial recognition security cameras, hoping that the police officer wouldn't recognise me. After that, I took off my sunglasses and showed him my fake ID.

The police officer studied my fake ID and my face for a while. He nodded, forced a smile and spoke: "Thank you, Miss Keila Eisenstein, do you need medical assistance with your limp?"

I smiled back in relief and replied: "No, it's just a minor sporting injury, I should be fine in due time.", I responded to the officer.

“Very well, carry on then, civilian.” The police officer said this and walked away from me.

I was relieved that I didn’t need to use my powers to get out of the situation, and I was also relieved that there evidently wasn’t a warrant for my arrest out, otherwise the police officer would have studied me and my ID more closely, as I had used my future mother’s name on the identification card. I walked into a small alleyway and made my way into a small coffee shop. I ordered some peppermint tea to calm my very tense nerves.

15: Meeting with the Templars.

AS I WAS ENJOYING MY peppermint tea and relaxing my nerves, I was approached by a group of three shady-looking characters wearing white Middle Eastern robes and Turbans that covered most of their faces. I freaked out at first, had the conspirators within Mossad sent assassins after me, as Jakub had failed to kill me? I was relieved when the leader of the three men spoke: *“Keila Eisenstein, we have been looking for you.”*

I studied the man. He was in his fifties and looked strangely out of place in the surrounding that he was with, as the other two men were Arabic and of Middle Eastern appearance, while he was tall, blonde with sharp icy blue eyes, and had a very fair and stunning North European ancestry. But, why was he looking for my mother from the future, Keila Eisenstein, and should I play along with the ploy? I decided to do so. *“Yes, I am Keila Eisenstein”*, I replied before continuing. *“Who am I speaking to?”*, I added confidently. The mysterious man bowed to me and replied: *“I am Martin Al-Sham, and I have been looking for you for almost twenty years.”*

I gave him a puzzled look and replied, *“But I am only eighteen years old, surely you must have mistaken me for another person?”*

He responded and said, *“You think I might be mistaken, but I’m sure it is you that I’m looking for. You are the Keila Eisenstein that I have seen in my visions, you are the one that Brahma had told me to find.”* The wise man replied with a solemn and knowing voice as if he had been struggling for years to have come to this epiphanic moment.

As confusing as the man’s statement were, it all made sense to me. I was struggling with the mission that the True Maker had assigned to me, and I realised

that the appearance of these strange men must be the intervention of the True Maker herself. I looked Martin Al-Sham deeply into his striking icy blue eyes, and spoke: *"If that is so, Martin, then how can I be of assistance?"* The man nodded at me and pulled off his sleeve, revealing a strangely glowing tattoo on his right arm. *"I was meant to show you this tattoo that I received through a sleepless dream. In it, there are strange codes and intelligent markings, and I have failed to decipher them for the last decades, and so has everyone I've ever known. But you will understand them, as you are The Chosen One."*, he said with a solemn voice.

I watched the strangely captivating and illuminating tattoo. The markings and codes were strange and alien in origin, but they didn't mean anything to me. In a way this made sense, I wasn't Keila Eisenstein after all. I tried touching the tattoo, and I could feel a deep psionic message, and yet I couldn't understand it. *"There is a message conveyed in those intelligent markings and coding, and yet I cannot understand it,"* I said.

"But you have to understand it, you are the only one that could open the portal to another dimension", the man said, and I could spot the desperation and plea in his wise eyes. Martin continued speaking: *"I joined with the Templars after the incident 20 years ago. The incident where I travelled to the Divine Dimension and met with the Zetans, who urged me to seek Keila Eisenstein and gave me these undecipherable markings on my arm."*

I froze as I heard this, and I realised that this man must be crucial to the success of my mission. *"Zeto Crystal, I am looking for the primordial Zeto Crystal"*, I said. Martin nodded in acknowledgement and replied: *"Yes, I know what you are talking about. I once bought a tiny blue crystal in a shady Egyptian market many years ago as a Swedish tourist, just days before I entered the portal to another dimension. I didn't realise it was a Zeto crystal. Once I woke up in the hospital, I decided to get a permanent residency in Israel, changed my surname to Al-Sham and joined the Middle Eastern Templars as I realised that they and I were looking for the same thing. The Holy Grail, or as you call it, the primordial Zeto Crystal."*

I felt excited hearing this good news, but also a hint of apprehension came to me. Who were these mysterious men and why were they looking for the primordial Zeto Crystal? While it was a good sign that they were also looking in Jerusalem, it could also be a sign of immediate danger to both myself and the world. I realised that I could use my empath powers to read Martin's mind, but before I had the chance, there was a loud banging on the door, followed by: *"This*

is the police, open the door now!" Upon hearing this, Martin immediately got up and said, *"Quickly, get into that ventilation shaft over there, we'll delay them."* I realised that time was short, but before I escaped, I had the mental presence to take a picture of Martin's tattoos on his right arm so that I could decipher them later. I got into the ventilation shaft, but my curiosity got the better of me, and I felt compelled to stay hidden and see how things would unfold.

16: A mysterious enemy.

I WITNESSED THE SMALL café from above the ceiling, where Martin and the other two templars were standing as Martin approached the door to open it for the police to enter. A few masked police officers dressed in combat gear approached the room with drawn weapons and they were followed by a mysterious man, who I assumed was their leader. The mysterious leader was dressed in a long coat, wearing a monocle and a top hat and looked very much out of place, both in time and location. I could sense a strong evil aura from the man, and it terrified me and gave me the chills. *"Where is the girl?"*, the man hissed to Martin.

Martin: *"What girl? I don't know what you are talking about?"*

Stranger: *"You know exactly which girl I am talking about, Keila Eisenstein. That is why you came here, isn't it."*

Martin: *"Perhaps, but alas, I didn't find her."*

Stranger: *"You need to be more careful with your words, Martin, accidents happen so easily."*

Martin: *"What is this girl to you anyway? Why is she a person of interest to you, Ben Yehuda!"*

Ben Yehuda: *"She is the key to finding the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail is destined to change mankind as we know it. I cannot let that happen."*

Martin: *"What if she is to change it for the better?"*

Ben Yehuda: *"Bah, we are living at the best of times, and my masters are close to achieving their goal of world dominance. I am giving you one last chance to save your life Martin, where would the girl be headed to?"*

Martin: *"Perhaps she is headed to the Templar Tunnels under the Great Temple of Solomon."*

Ben Yehuda: *"Yes, perhaps. In any case, you have outlived your usefulness, Martin. Greet you heathen gods from me!"*

Having said this, Ben Yehuda aimed his gun at the chest of Martin and shot him with several bullets, and that was the signal for his accomplices to do the same and kill the other two Arabic templars.

Hiding in the ventilation shaft just above them, I was petrified from watching the murders took place, but I kept my calm, and slowly and silently I crawled away through the shaft away from the scene. I needed to find a new hiding place and a new identity before it was too late, Keila Eisenstein was clearly not a good name to use in this city to avoid attention. I logged into my SplitCoin account and ordered the closest available safe house. I then followed the ventilation shaft to its exit leading out to the main street. After that, I followed the instructions on my phone to make my way to the safe hiding place. I made my way to the abandoned empty house where I collapsed in tears on the bed as soon as I had locked the door behind me

17: Traumatized in the safehouse.

I WOKE UP THE FOLLOWING day, traumatized and unable to get out of the lice-ridden bed. I was shaking from shock, and I had lost all resolve to get on with life. Here I was, a fugitive in a foreign land, having witnessed several murders and barely survived the ordeal. All I wanted to do was to be held in my present mother's arms and be comforted as when I was a child. I had felt a similar sense of apathy after Joshua tried to rape me a month earlier, but at that time it was easier. Back then I had been in a safe place, and Joshua had never posed any real threat to me, although it did hurt my spirit to know what damage my self-defence had caused upon him.

I looked at my encrypted phone. All I wanted was to call my mother and speak to her. I knew that she would be worried sick, as I had promised to call her every night and I had failed that promise. But then I stopped myself. My phone and personal belongings were in Mossad's possession, which meant that they knew who my mother was by now, and they certainly were monitoring any calls or electronic communications that were made in her direction. If I called my mum, the Mossad would know, and they would track my location and come after me. But what if I called Lindsey, Eric's girlfriend instead? She was not closely aligned to me, but she could still let my mother know that I was alive.

I dialled Lindsey's number, and a few signals later she picked up the phone. "Hello, Lindsey speaking, who is this?" she said.

"It's me, Sabina. I need you to tell my parents that I am alive.", I said to her.

"Oh, has something happened? Show yourself in hologram mode.", Lindsey asked me.

"I cannot show myself; they would find me. I need to go.", I stated as I hung up the phone abruptly.

I collapsed on the bed and dreamt terrifying dreams about the murders that I had witnessed the days before. I woke up with a twist, realising something strange. There was no blood in the visions where Martin and his fellow Templars were murdered. Did this mean that the murders were staged, or was my mind simply playing a trick on me? I needed to find out, and to be safe, I ordered a new ID, new clothes and a new phone and some cash, as I reckoned cash was less traceable than a prepaid credit card. I checked my SplitCoin account. Buying things illegally wasn't cheap, and I hoped I wouldn't run out of money.

A few hours later, the same young hacker girl came and delivered my package, and just as before she didn't say anything at all when doing so, quickly delivered the parcel and left. I studied my ID card. Hopefully, 'Eleonore Smith' wouldn't attract as much unwanted attention as the name 'Keila Eisenstein' had done. I got dressed and set out to investigate the crime scene I had witnessed the day before.

18: A dead end and a clue.

A SHORT WALK LATER, I arrived at the coffee shop where I had witnessed the murders the day before. Or rather, I arrived at the location where the coffee shop had been, as the building was suddenly razed overnight. Razing the building where a triple murder took place couldn't possibly be a normal police procedure, so clearly something suspicious was amiss.

I knocked on the neighbour's door, and she reluctantly came out to answer the knock. "What happened here?" I asked the neighbour.

"Why should you know?" she snarled at me.

"I am not from here, but I can make it worth your while", I replied as I pulled out a bunch of 100-Shekel-bills. I could see the internal dilemma the woman was facing, on the one hand, she was a poor Palestinian who really needed the money, on the other hand, helping a foreigner the day after the neighbouring proper-

ty was destroyed was certainly not safe. I reached out and grabbed her hand and looked into her eyes. *"Please help me, it's important."* I said, and the woman's face changed, and she became friendlier. *"Come in"*, she said this, and I entered the small house.

I handed her the pile of notes, and she invited me to sit down by a small table. *"So, what happened next door?"* I asked.

"There was gunfire, and a while later, six men left the building. Shortly afterwards a missile hit the building, and it collapsed.", the woman said.

"What about the other customers in the cafeteria?" I asked.

"Cafeteria? It was just a home, not a place of business," the woman replied with a puzzled look on her face. I tried to recall what had occurred on the day before. Had I really walked into someone's home believing that it was a coffee shop and ordering tea? It wasn't impossible, I had been quite riled up the previous day.

"The men that left, can you describe them?" I asked the woman. *"Yes, there were six of them. Two police officers in combat gear, one man in a brown trench coat, and three tall hooded men in white robes,"* the woman replied. This confirmed my suspicion, the murders that I thought I witnessed yesterday was fake and staged by a group of high-level conspirators. But why would they do such a thing and what should I do?

"Is there anything else you can tell me?", I asked the woman. *"These are dangerous questions, a poor woman like me should never reveal too much, or else I will get shot by the authorities"*, the woman replied nervously. I reached in my pocket for another pile of bank notes, but before I had reached them, the woman spoke again. *"I found this outside the house, one of the men must have dropped it."* The woman handed me a police ID. I took the ID, and I gave her another 100 Shekel bill as gratitude. I put the ID in my pocket and spoke again: *"Anything more you can tell me?"*, I asked. *"Please don't ask any more, I have children to look after,"* the woman stammered as she was close to tears. *"I understand. Thank you for your assistance, and I will pray for you."*, I said reassuringly. Knowing that I couldn't get more information of value from this terrified Palestinian woman, I turned around, and made my way back to the safehouse. I knew exactly who I would ask for help in this tricky situation.

19: Seeking help from the young hacker girl.

AS I CAME BACK TO MY safe hiding place, I visited the same site on the dark web that I had ordered from twice before. I didn't need to buy anything, but I needed to meet with the young hacker girl that had delivered my last two deliveries. I put through the order and waited eagerly for it to be delivered, hoping that it would be delivered by the same girl as before. While I was waiting, I realised that I was starving. With all the stress from the last few days' events, I had forgotten to eat. I decided to order the food from the same website, as I didn't want to be away from the room when the girl came with the delivery. I hoped that the food would be worth the hefty price tag, but I had no illusions, the prices were steep because of the secrecy of the platform, not because of the quality of the food.

A few hours later the young hacker girl came again with yet another delivery. But this time, I wouldn't let her leave without saying a word. I grabbed her hand and said: *"Hey, wait. We need to talk! I don't know your name yet!"*, I could sense anxiety from the lanky, boyish girl opposite to me, and I tried to send her a calming emotion. This was a lot harder than it usually was for me, as my own inner peace had been upset by the events I had witnessed, but eventually, she seemed a bit calmer. *"What do you want to talk about?"*, the girl said carefully, staring her down into the floor. *"You don't need to be afraid of me"*. I said, and I put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. The girl looked up, and I saw her eyes. She had beautiful features, hidden by her boyish and alternative good looks. She talked softly and said, *"Perhaps not, but for someone who spends nearly 100,000 Shekel on discreet accommodation, clothing necessities, laptops and fake ID's, you must be up to something?"*

I nodded to acknowledge what the girl said, and replied: *"Yes, I am here on a mission. But first, what do you know about the conspiracy within the Mossad?"*

The girl shook her head and replied: *"There are many conspiracies in the world. But the only way for someone like me to survive is to stay off the grid and don't put my nose where it doesn't belong."*

Hearing this, I pondered on what the girl had said. She was doing the right thing by staying out of trouble, but I really needed her help. Then again, what moral rights did I have to risk her life and well-being by pursuing my own goals? I closed my eyes, and I could hear the voice of the True Maker. *"Human lives are*

finite; the future is what matters." I felt relieved that I had gotten approval, but I was still uncomfortable with what I had to do. I looked the girl into her eyes and hypnotised her with my soft and yet commanding voice. I said, *"Listen. I really need your help. It's important, for all of us, for the future of all humankind."* Upon hearing these words, the girl suddenly relaxed, and she entered my room, closing the door behind her.

"Okay Sabina Hines, I will help you," she said.

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"I wouldn't last long in my line of business if I didn't know how to research my potential customers," the girl promptly replied. I nodded in acknowledgement; this hacker girl clearly knew what she was doing. *"So, you know everything about me, but I don't even know your name?"* I said in return. *"Simona, Simona Fischbein is my name,"* the girl replied.

"Is that your real or false name?" I asked.

"Well, names are just imaginary, a human construct that doesn't exist in nature, Simona Fischbein is not the name my parents chose for me, but it's the name I am using at this moment," the girl smartly replied.

I nodded. While Simona had used a lengthy way of telling me that she was using a fake name, I understood her predicament, and I didn't want to push the issue further. *"You are very beautiful, Sabina,"* Simona said to me, while looking nervously down the ground before she continued. *"Do you feel the same way about me?"* I was a bit lost for words when hearing this. Was Simona sexually attracted to me or was she just a lonely girl that needed a compliment? *"What matters is the beauty of the soul, and I don't know you well enough to determine the beauty of your soul,"* I started and then quickly added in. *"But I am very grateful for your compliment and helping me out with this conundrum."*

Simona seemed to be hesitant and indecisive for a while, but eventually, she spoke. *"But have you been with a girl before?"* Ouch, this was awkward. Being a divine reincarnation of the Chosen One, Sabina Eisenstein, daughter of Keila Eisenstein, I don't focus much of my energy on sex and physical attraction. I do know, however, that my physical body is attracted to boys my age. I had felt very attracted to a guy called Alexander in my school, but I had never pursued that attraction. I felt no spiritual connection to him; purely physical attraction and I hadn't figured out whether I should pursue the desire of the flesh or if I should wait for the individual that would fulfil me both physically and spiritually.

Things were getting more awkward as Simona somehow was interpreting my silence as a signal to seduce me, and I could feel an unpleasant shiver when her hand stroke the side of my breast. *"Hmm, I am not comfortable being touched that way"*, I said with a meek voice.

"Am I too ugly for you?" Simona said, with her voice breaking into tears.

"No, you're beautiful, I am just not into girls", I replied.

Simona crashed onto my bed, and with tears flowing down her cheeks. *"Do you know how hard it is for me, being a lesbian in a country where my desires are shunned upon, and I can't live openly?"*, Simona said. I grabbed Simona's hand, and I spoke to her. *"Simona, the increasing oppression in this region is terrible, and I am here to help. But to do that, I'll need your help"*, I said. Simona dried her tears with the bed sheet and replied: *"But I need you right now."*

"Well, you cannot have me without disrespecting my physical integrity. Surely you wouldn't want to do that?", I replied.

"But I thought we have such a strong connection", Simona said.

"What you believed to be physical attraction was actually me trying to connect telepathically to your soul. I am an empath, not a lesbian.", I replied calmly.

After a moment of tranquil silence where I telepathically soothed Simona's struggling mind, Simona finally came to peace, and she spoke again: *"So, why are you here, and how can I help you?"* I exhaled deeply, pleased that I was no longer an object of Simona's unrequited attraction and replied: *"I am here because I need to find something, the primordial Zeto Crystal, commonly known as the Holy Grail."*

Simona studied me and then she nodded. *"So, you are a young white girl travelling on her own, all the way from Australia, to seek a mythological Arthurian treasure?"*, Simona said.

"Yes, that's right.", I said with a light-hearted tone hoping to ease up the tension in the dark yet cozy room. For the first time, I saw Simona smile, a beautiful warm smile and she replied: *"You are crazy. We must be soulmates"*.

"Perhaps spiritually, but not physically", I replied.

"I guess that's better than nothing", Simona replied, and we both laughed at the funniness of the awkward friendship-budding situation.

"So, tell me, how can I help you?", Simona said with a more serious tone, and I replied, *"I am looking for the primordial Zeto Crystal, which I think is the Holy Grail. I was shown this strange-looking tattoo by a mysterious man. The same man then pretended to be murdered by a group of Mossad agents. One of the agents*

dropped his ID card at the scene." After saying this, I showed Simona the picture of the tattoo that I took on my cell phone, and handed her the ID card of Ben Yehuda, the mysterious Mossad agent.

Simona nodded and studied the pictures and the ID card carefully. She quickly opened up her laptop and typed and searched her way through the dark web, looking for answers on a discreet hacker forum. Eventually, she spoke. *"I have made anonymous and untraceable queries on the dark web. I think you might be onto something thrilling."* I could feel my pulse rising in anticipation as I replied: *"Please tell me what you know, Simona."*

"Martin Al-Sham is a prominent member of the Templar Order. If he is in Jerusalem, that must mean that they have resumed an archaic project," Simona said.

"Which project?" I asked.

Simona hesitated for a bit, looked around in the room and then spoke again. *"In 1099, the Templars invaded Jerusalem during the first crusade. They located their headquarters at the Temple of Solomon and immediately started to dig under the Temple. Rumours have it, they found magnificent treasures under the temple."* Simona answered.

"What did they find, and why did they stop digging?" I asked eagerly.

"No-one knows, but rumour has it, that they found the Holy Grail. They took off with all their treasures in 1307, and The Templar Order hasn't been seen since," Simona stated.

"Except that, Martin Al-Sham had introduced himself as a Templar, so they are not seeking secrecy anymore," I said in realisation.

Simona paced back and forth nervously in the room before she finally spoke again. *"Yes, they are getting bolder. That must mean they have found what they are looking for. The first place to look would be in the tunnels under the Solomon Temple,"* she said nervously.

"I assume they are not organising tours down there?" I said innocently.

Simona smiled and replied: *"Not exactly, but that's where you are lucky to have known me. I can make you a fake ID that will give you easy access,"* she smirked and looked at me wittily. *"Except that, your services are not exactly cheap, and I have run out of SplitCoin,"* I replied shortly.

Simona bit her fingernails and stared down towards the floor in silence. I could sense that she was conflicted and didn't know what to do. I thought of influencing her but decided not to. This was her choice to make. Eventually, she

looked up and spoke to me with righteous conviction: *"I'll help you for free on one condition: That you are taking me with you!"*

"You want to come with me to the tunnels under the Solomon Temple?" I asked with a confused voice and then added in, *"But why?"*. Simona looked at me with a serious face and spoke: *"The Mossad agent, his name is Ben Yehuda, he murdered a dear friend of mine. Whatever he is after, I intend to stop him!"*

"You'll be up against some very dangerous men, I am not sure I can keep you safe," I said with a grave voice. Simona looked at me with a confused expression and replied: *"So you are worried about me, but not about yourself?"*

I nodded and replied: *"Yes, I can foresee my future and I know the date of my death. The 25th of November 2131, over 94 years from now. I haven't seen your destiny though, as it is outside the scope of my powers."*

Simona shook her head, laughed, and spoke: *"You are crazy Sabina, do you know that?"*

I smiled at her and replied: *"Yes, I have been told."*

"Well, at least we are on the same page! So, am I coming with you?", Simona asked.

"Sure, I can use all the help I can get.", I replied.

"Great, I am heading home now to gather our equipment and make fake ID's for both of us", Simona said and then she took off before waiting for my answer. When Simona had left, I felt a sense of melancholy gripping my body. Simona was young, lively, had a pure soul and we could become good friends, but I was certain that she wouldn't make it through this ordeal alive...

20: Fake ids and cover stories.

SOME HOURS LATER, SIMONA returned with new ID's. I was now Made-line Berkley, and I was a 28-year-old professor in Archaeology, who was here to study the Solomon Temple. I studied the credentials carefully, and while they wouldn't get through a thorough examination, I could always use my powers to influence if things were getting hairy. *"I brought some makeup,"* Simona said. Her statement confused me; we were going on a dangerous undercover mission to recover ancient artefacts, why did I need makeup? As if Simona could read my confused mind, she explained herself before I had the chance to say anything *"Make-up to make us look older."*

"Oh, good point!" I said sheepishly, embarrassed that I hadn't understood Simona's intention straight away. As Simona carefully applied my makeup, I realised how similar we were. She was also very multi-talented, and I asked myself if she had also been sent by a higher power to help me with the mission. I didn't think about it for long as Simona finished up quickly. I studied my new face. I certainly looked older, and the tinted lenses and the wig helped as well.

Hopefully, I would be able to impersonate the real Madeline Berkley and to do that I would need to learn a lot about archaeology quickly. I accessed the internet and utilised my photographic memory to accumulate lots of archaeological knowledge. It was an interesting subject, but I only needed to know the basics for my cover to work, so I logged off the internet and turned to Simona: *"Do you know everything you need to know, to blend in as an Archaeologist?"*, I asked her, and she stared at me in disbelief. *"Was that what you just did when you quickly scrolled through all of that text?"* Simona said. *"Yes,"* I humbly replied. *"It took me years of elementary school to learn all that stuff,"* Simona said. *"Some people never even learn, even though they have years of schooling,"* I replied.

Simona smiled at me and spoke: *"So, Miss Madeline Berkley, are you ready to see the catacombs of the Solomon Temple?"*

To which I replied, *"Yes, Miss Arya Simon, I am very grateful for you showing them to me."* After that, we left the safehouse and headed in the direction of the Solomon Temple.

21: Influencing the guard.

A SHORT WALK LATER, we arrived at the Solomon Temple. The sun was setting, and most of the visitors were heading home, but we had other plans. We walked to the tunnel entrance and were approached by a guard. Simona spoke Hebrew to the guard for a while, and then the attendant turned towards me. *"So, Madeline Berkley from Australia, why are you here?"*, he asked.

"I am here to get a private academic tour of the Solomon Temple catacombs, with my fellow researcher from Jerusalem University, Miss Arya Simon," I replied.

"That won't be possible," the guard replied with a stern voice.

"But, why am I not allowed to go in? I have travelled so far to see and study these catacombs with my own eyes," I replied.

"The catacombs are closed on orders from the Israeli government. It is a matter of national security," the guard replied with a hint of insecurity in his voice.

I studied the man. He was guarding alone, and I could sense that he was easy to influence. He would most certainly be in trouble later if he let us through, but it was imperative for me to get through and uncover the secret that lay in those catacombs. This was the constant dilemma in life that there were rarely any clear cut solutions between right and wrong. While I needed to get down in the tunnels, I didn't like the prospect of having this innocent employee punished. I shrugged off my moral objections, grabbed the man by the arm and looked into his eyes reassuringly. *"We really need to get down to those catacombs tonight. Strange things are taking place down there, and we must stop the perpetrators from causing more damage to the people of Jerusalem and possibly to humanity as a whole,"* I said. The guard shuddered and stuttered out a reply: *"But they know I am working by myself today, if I do let you past this entrance, they will come after my family and me."*

"Who are they?," I asked. *"The mighty men in Templar robes, working with that authoritative and wicked government official Ben Yehuda,"* the guard replied. I gave the man a concerned look, but I could feel the excitement growing within me. We were definitely close to something. *"I am going, to be honest to you,"* I started, and the guard looked at me attentively as I continued speaking: *"We are not really university scholars. Instead, we are here to save humanity from enslavement and fear."*

I realised from the fear in the guard's eyes that I had made a crucial mistake. I should have had kept up my façade, but now there was only one way to go, to move forward. I focused my psychic energy, grabbed the guard tighter by the arm, and knocked him unconscious with a psionic shock that was sent through from my brain.

"What did you do?," Simona exclaimed in awe.

"I knocked him unconscious, he wasn't going to cooperate, it was the only way," I replied.

"But, how did you do it?" Simona asked.

"With my powers. I don't have time to explain, time is short, and we need to move!" I urged Simona. She nodded, and together we rushed down the stairs to the catacombs below, leaving the unconscious guard where he was.

22: Searching the tunnels and avoiding the enemy

AS WE REACHED THE TUNNELS below, I realised that expelling the psionic shock to knock the guard unconscious had jumbled up my memory of the map, and I no longer knew the layout of the tunnels. But I could sense the Zeto Crystal, and it gave me a general sense of direction on where we were headed. We moved as fast and silently as we could in the dark tunnels until a discomforting feeling overtook my senses. The feeling that we were not alone. I could sense four males just ahead of us, and as we got closer, I could hear them. I recognised the voices of Martin Al-Sham and Ben Yehuda murmuring at the back, although I couldn't make out what they were saying. I was annoyed at myself for not learning the local language before I set out on my mission. I was convinced that my heightened intelligence from the True Maker would enable me to learn any languages in less than a month, and yet I had been too careless to learn Hebrew before setting out on my mission.

I turned to Simona and whispered: *"What are they saying?"*, She responded, *"I am not sure. They seem to be speaking in riddles and strange codes. One of the men is speaking in very bad Hebrew"*, she replied.

"But why are they speaking in Hebrew if they are not good at it?", I asked rhetorically.

"Maybe they know you are listening, and they don't want you to know what they are talking about", Simona replied.

Her words struck me to the core of my being. Maybe she was right, and I was the one being played by my opponents. I didn't have much time contemplating this option, as I could hear the men approaching our position. We snuck into a small side tunnel that was a dead end but hidden from the main tunnel. I really hoped that they wouldn't find us there, or we were done for. On the bright side, why would they come looking for us there?

I spotted Ben Yehuda, Martin Al-Sham, and the two other Middle Eastern Templars walking straight past us, through the main tunnel. I sighed a sigh of relief, and when the coast was clear, I led Simona in the direction where I could sense that the Zeto Crystal was located. Eventually, we made our way to a very small room, illuminated with glowing markings on the wall, full of strange alien symbols.

23: Unlocking the door and finding the primordial Zeto Crystal

AS WE ENTERED THE DARK and strangely mystical room, the alien symbols suddenly lit up in an opaque, dimly lit and soothing neon-bluish colour. I recognised the symbols from the tattoo on Martin Al-Sham's arm, but I couldn't make out the pattern. There were simply too many extra-terrestrial symbols and too many possible combinations for my head to compute, and the harder I tried to figure it out, the worse my migraine became. After a minute of trying very hard to decipher the illuminating encryptions, I was lying on the floor in terrible pain, suppressing my screams to avoid getting the attention of Ben Yehuda and the Templars.

Simona kneeled towards me as I was lying on the floor and spoke: *"What's the matter, Sabina?"* I suddenly coughed up some blood, and Simona stared at me in horror and spoke: *"Sabina! You are bleeding from your mouth, your nose, your ears and your eyes! What's going on??"*

"I can't decipher the encryptions, and my brain is collapsing from thinking too much.." I said with a weak voice, feeling like I was close to fainting. *"Well, then stop thinking!"*, Simona exclaimed.

Hearing this brought me back to my senses and I felt slightly rejuvenated. Thinking hard wasn't the solution to the mystery. Good feelings and karmic intuition were. The riddle was meant to be deciphered by my mother from the future, Keila Eisenstein, and not by me. While I was the thinking kind, possibly the most intelligent human ever alive, Keila Eisenstein, my true mother from the future, had something that perhaps was more important to break the codes, telepathy and premonition. While I also had these supernatural talents, thinking too much and not following my intuition had dulled my other senses, and stopped me from deciphering the alien codes.

I got up, wiped the blood off my face with my T-shirt, and spoke: *"Thank you, Simona, for showing me the way."* I closed my eyes and allowed myself to zone out from this world and get dream-like visions from the True Maker. Suddenly the vision came to me. I saw Keila Eisenstein deciphering the code and opening the door. Blessed with a photographic memory, I replicated all the steps I had seen Keila did in my vision, and when I was finished putting the right combinations to interlock and using Martin's tattoo as a guide, the entire wall lit up, and

the huge rocks moved to reveal a secret passageway. *"Follow me!"*, I whispered, and together we ran towards the newly revealed room. Inside the room, sitting on the top of a medieval plinth from the Arthurian era, I could see the primordial Zeto Crystal, glowing ever so slightly, with a faint soothing light. I ran towards it, but before I could touch it, I heard an acrimonious man's voice, the voice of Ben Yehuda. He said menacingly, *"Not so fast, or your friend will die!"* As I turned around, I saw Ben Yehuda accompanied by the Templars, and Martin Al-Sham, aiming their pistols at Simona.

24: A terrifying sacrifice

"THANK YOU FOR OPENING that secret door, we have spent a decade trying to open it.", Ben Yehuda spoke with a maliciously grim voice. *"Martin Al-Sham was right all along, finding Keila Eisenstein was indeed the key to opening the door."* Ben Yehuda continued and looked at Martin and nodded malevolently.

"Is that so?", I asked rhetorically before continuing speaking, *"You see, I am really not Keila Eisenstein."*

Martin Al-Sham interjected and said, *"Bull! Your ID card said that your name was Keila Eisenstein, and you look exactly like the girl from my visions."*

"I was using a fake ID; my real name is Sabina Hines.", I replied.

"STOP IT!" Ben Yehuda shouted. *"Your real identity is of no concern to me, and all that matter is that you led us to the Holy Grail. With it in my possession, I will conquer these lands and bring regulated control among our people."*, he continued slyly.

"And how do you intend to do that?!", I shouted back at his deceitful lies.

"Oh, I am sure you know about the powers bestowed in this extremely valuable hidden treasure. Why else would you be after it?", Ben Yehuda smiled slyly and cunningly.

"I know the powers of the Zeto Crystal. What I don't know is how you intend to use it?", I replied with a calmer voice.

"And why would I tell you?", Ben Yehuda scoffed at me.

"I am just trying to make up my mind on whether I should stop you or not", I replied.

Ben Yehuda was flabbergasted by my answer, but after a period of silence, he decided to answer: *"Very well, I'll tell you my plan. I intend to use these crystals to*

fulfil my God-given duty to unite my people and claim this land for our master race. This land was given to us, and we shall not share it with anyone.

“Although the crystals could also be used to end the discord and bring peace and unity to humankind,” I replied.

“Perhaps, but I care little for such utopian dreaming and teenage fantasy,” Ben Yehuda responded nonchalantly and selfishly.

I realised that I had to stop Ben Yehuda and it saddened me that I saw no way to save Simona, who was held captive and was kneeling while having four pistols aimed at her. I looked at Simona and exclaimed, *“I am sorry for failing you Simona, but the True Maker has her own reasons to make me do this.”* Having said this, I quickly turned around, leapt towards the archaic plinth that held the Zeto Crystal in place, and grabbed the crystal while in mid-air, landing just behind the plinth. I heard several shots, and I knew what that meant; Simona was no longer with us.

Once I had the crystal in my hand, I studied the Zeto Crystal. It was the size of a tennis ball, and it shone with a bright blue light, giving me a sense of future of peace and harmony. The visions were so beautiful, so my mind entered a state of pure bliss and forgot about the perilous situation I was in. I was immediately brought back to reality though, as I heard another shot and felt a sharp sensation of excruciating pain in my abdomen. I looked up, and I clutched the Zeto Crystal closely to my chest, as Ben Yehuda then unleashed a dozen pistol shots into my body, causing me excruciating shock and agony on every impact.

I heard Ben Yehuda scream, *“Why won’t you die yet, this is impossible??”* Ben Yehuda reloaded his pistol, and I knew I was going to die, and there was nothing I could do about it. Oh, why have you abandoned me I wailed, but there was no response from the True Maker. I closed my eyes, held the Crystal tight and prepared myself for dying. Suddenly, I heard several gunshots followed by several thumps, and I saw Ben Yehuda drop dead to the ground

25: An unlikely hero

I LOOKED UP, AND I saw Martin Al-Sham dropping his smoking pistol to the ground. Next to him lay the two other Templars and Ben Yehuda’s bodies. Suddenly, Martin kneeled to the ground and started to shedding drops of tears from his eyes.

"Michael and James were good friends, and yet I killed them.", he said.

"Why did you choose to save me, if I may ask?", I asked.

"Well, I guess I just wasn't as a big fan of unity through genocide as the others were planning to do. My main reason for staying in the Templar Order for 20 odd years was to find Keila Eisenstein and show her the tattoo that I was bestowed by the Zetans.", he replied and knelt beside me. *"How did you survive getting shot thirteen times?"*, Martin asked.

I got up on my feet and studied the enchanting and mystical alien crystal. It had stopped glowing, and it suddenly looked dull, like a regular uncut sapphire gemstone. *"I must have been saved by the magical healing powers of this Zeto crystal"*, I replied.

"The crystal seems to be drained of its energy", Martin replied with a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"It will re-energise in due time, at least we saved it from being stolen by evil men today", I replied.

"Yes, that's the main thing, my lordship", Martin replied.

"Do you need help removing those bullets?" Martin asked, and I was reminded about being shot thirteen times just moments ago. I studied my torso. All the bullets had penetrated half centimetre deep with the back of them hanging out from my body. They would leave me scarred as a reminder, but I would survive. *"I'd rather remove them in a medical centre. Removing the bullets here, without the chance of getting immediate stitches and disinfection, it could be lethal"*, I replied.

"There is medical equipment in the Templar safehouse, that I can use to fix you up.", Martin said. I contemplated my options. Martin Al-Sham was a murderer, and there was no guarantee that he wouldn't try to kill me to steal the Zeto Crystal for himself. Then again, if that was his goal, why wouldn't he try now? I decided that seeking his help was my best option and spoke: *"Thank you, Martin. Can I borrow your garment? I don't want to walk there looking like a messy pinboard, riddled in holes and bullets!"*, I spoke to him softly but surely.

"Sure, here you go", Martin said and handed me his robe.

Before we left, I sat down next to Simona's dead body and whispered softly to her. *"I am so sorry for dragging you into this. I am sorry for failing you and causing your death. I am sorry that I couldn't be the lover you needed"*, I said calmly but grievously.

It might have been my mind playing tricks on me, but when I studied her dead and beautifully handsome face, I could see the hint of a peaceful smile, as if she was happy with her end on Earth. After this, I got up and quickly left the room without looking back.

26: Getting stitched up and learning about Martin Al-Sham's motivations.

A SHORT WHILE LATER, I was in the Templar safehouse where Martin and his templar mates had been based during their stay in Jerusalem. I needed to get medical treatment, and while I would have preferred to visit a proper hospital, it would be a nightmare explaining how I managed to get shot with 13 bullets, all of them just penetrating my skin without going further into my body.

"Would you like some pain killers?", Martin asked.

"No, I don't believe in using drugs to dull my senses. Whatever I will feel, is what I am meant to feel", I replied.

"Are you sure?", Martin asked while shaking his head.

"Yes, I am sure.", I replied.

"Okay. This will hurt a lot!", Martin said as he began to pull out the bullets and disinfect the bullet wounds.

I would lie if I said it was a pleasant experience, but the pain I felt from causing Simona's death was way worse than the physical pain that I felt could ever be. I let down my guard, and I started crying like a baby. *"Are you sure that you want me to continue?"*, Martin asked with a concerned voice.

"Yes, this needs to be done.", I replied while grimacing in pain. After a while, the pain receded, both the physical pain and emotional pain, and I got back to my senses. I decided to find out more about Martin, so I spoke to him: *"So why did you team up with Ben Yehuda and the Mossad when you clearly didn't agree with their views?"*

Martin looked around the room before he answered my question.

He spoke, *"Well, you would think I am crazy if I told you."*

I smiled warmly at Martin and spoke to him gently: *"Would it comfort you if I told you that I have lived once before, in the distant future to be exact, in which I asked the True Maker to reverse the time so that I could be reborn in this timeline. Furthermore, I intend to find a genetically compatible sexual partner so that I*

can give birth to my mother from that same alternate reality, and to raise her as my daughter to bring her into this timeline. Would you believe what I just said?"

Hearing this, Martin's face lit up, he smiled a broad smile and spoke: "Okay, you definitely win in the crazy story competition!"

"Exactly, so what is your story?" I asked.

Martin nodded and replied: "My story is that I visited Egypt while on a holiday trip in 2019. I found a mysterious crystal at an Egyptian bazaar, it looked like a miniature version of the one we found today, and I went to Cheops Pyramid for a tour the next day. Unbeknownst to me, that crystal that I had hidden in my pocket emitted an unusual extra-terrestrial energy and opened a portal to another dimension, when I was trapped alone while getting lost inside the Cheops Pyramid. I stepped into the portal, and there I met some Zetan extra-terrestrial beings, who claimed to be humanity's deities. They gave me this glowing tattoo and urged me to show it to Keila Eisenstein. I woke up in a hospital a few days later, knowing that I have a very important mission in life from thereon. I decided to stay in the Middle East and joined up with the Templars Order a few years later when I realised that we were looking for the same thing."

"And what about now?" I asked.

"Well, my time is over", Martin replied. He sighed heavily before he spoke again.

"The others will come after me, and so will Mossad's agents and the police when it's revealed what I have done. All that matters now is to get you and the Zeto Crystal to safety."

"Is that something you can help me with?" I asked.

"Yes, you are in luck.", Martin replied.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Ben Yehuda took your confiscated passport and belongings from the Mossad for himself and deleted your records in secrecy. He wanted you to lead him to the Zeto Crystal without telling the others, so, if I can take back your belongings from his house, it will be easy for you to leave Israel.", Martin said confidently.

"Okay, so let's go. The sooner that I get out of here, the better", I said while feeling hopeful and excited. Martin nodded and shortly afterwards, we left the house to take back my belongings from Ben Yehuda's house.

27: A shootout and a narrow escape.

AN HOUR LATER, I WAS waiting nervously in dark alleyway outside Ben Yehuda's house. Suddenly, I heard an explosion, I saw Martin running towards me.

"What did you do?", I asked.

"Isn't it obvious, I took back your passport and possessions so that you could leave the country. But I also set an explosion, to get rid of the evidence....", Martin answered.

I didn't have the time to answer as a bullet grazed my ear and I had to jump into the alley to take cover. Martin fired back at the attackers, and after a brief shootout, he dropped to the ground with a bullet wound in the side of his body. *"Take this bag and run, they are coming!"*, Martin shouted. I grabbed the bag, and I ran for my life, leaving Martin where he was. I ran as fast as I could, but with the injuries I had sustained earlier during the evening, I couldn't run very fast, and the Mossad Agents were closing in on me, with bullets hailing around me.

"The Zeto Crystal!", I shouted to myself, and I took it out of my pocket, and I squeezed it with my hand trying to extract energy. Whatever power that was still in the crystal, it somehow guided my way, and I managed to outpace the Mossad agents to the relative safety of a nearby nightclub. From the nightclub, I quickly ordered an AutoCar while hiding at the back, and as it arrived, I sprinted through the kitchen, reaching the driverless taxi unnoticed. I stayed down and crouched out of sight until the cab had taken me to the airport.

Once I was at the airport, I passed the border control officers, eternally grateful that Martin had been right, and Ben Yehuda indeed had deleted my records. I was no longer perceived as a criminal in this country and was able to travel as myself, Sabina Hines. I then boarded the next flight departing Jerusalem, and 20 hours later, I arrived safe and sound into Australia.

28: Epilogue

AS I ARRIVED BACK HOME, my present mother, Ellen Hines, was hugging me very tightly and crying from relief. I had been impossible to contact for the last week, and my parents had feared for the worst, hearing about the recent terrorist attack at the Western Wall in Jerusalem.

“What happened? You were uncontactable for a whole week! I was worried sick about you.” Ellen asked me with a voice containing both worry and concern.

“I ran into some serious trouble, mum, but I’m okay now”, I replied.

“What kind of trouble?” Ellen asked. I hesitated for a while. For my mother’s safety, it would be better if I told her a lie, but on the other hand, she was my best friend in the world, and I couldn’t keep what had happened to myself.

I decided to tell her the truth on the condition that she wouldn’t tell anyone. After telling Ellen what had really happened, we agreed to make the official story that I was injured in the terrorist attack. This would explain the many scars I had on my body. Rumours tended to spread quickly, and I didn’t want the Templars or Mossad to find out the truth about what I had done or that I was in possession of the Zeto Crystal.

After speaking to my mum, I went back to my room. John was on a business trip, but I was sure that my mum would call him to come home, and that I would have to tell him the lie about being injured in the terrorist attack and was in intensive care for a week. It was just as well, I had never been close to him, knowing that he wasn’t my biological father.

I sat silently in my room to contemplate what my future would hold. I had the Zeto Crystal, but it was drained from saving my life from certain death. It would recharge eventually, but I wanted to be proactive and do something useful in the meantime. I realised something. That I shouldn’t be afraid of making money. Money was a great tool to make the world a better place, and I could do a lot more good by utilising my talents for trading and supporting charitable projects than I could if I sought solitude meditating on my own.

I thought about Simona, and I had another epiphany. That it was time for me to experience sex! When Simona had tried to seduce me, I had felt discomfort as I wasn’t a lesbian, but it had also awoken my dormant attraction to my former classmate, Alexander. While Alexander wasn’t the one, and not meant to be the father of my future daughter, he was smoking hot, and I realised it was time for me to lose my “holier than thou” mentality, lose my virginity, and pursue my sexual desires, as any 18-year-old teenage girls would.

I called Alex on his mobile, and he replied: *“Hi Sabina, what’s up?”*

I said to him straight up, *“I want to have sex with you, are you free today?”*

“Is this a joke?” Alex asked with a sceptical tone, but he was pleased at the same time.

"No, are you at home?" I asked.

"Yep", Alex replied.

"See you in an hour, we'll have lots of fun", I said and hung up the phone. As I left my house, my mum asked me where I was going. "To my former classmate's house, Alexander's place", I replied. "Alex's place? What are you going to do there?" my mum asked with an acquitted voice.

"Well, after saving the world from an evil underground conspiracy, it's time for me to do something long overdue!", I replied.

"And what is that, sweetheart?", Ellen asked.

"To experience sex and be a normal 18-year old girl", I replied cheerfully and took off before my mum had the time to say anything else, leaving her speechless and flabbergasted.

TO BE CONTINUED

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