Her Journal - Angel Colony

A rambling start to a private journal.

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I am a long way from Earth. I am *home*. At least that is what my heart tells me. My *head* is still catching up with it all. The accident that forced us to translate so far across the galaxy is *not* something that should be attempted in reverse, and our ships are no longer capable of a more practical attempt. It is kind of ironic that we are stranded here, totally cut off from our origins. If only the people back on Earth could be told about what we have discovered here! It seems too strange to be true, but it *is* true and it changes everything we have ever thought about ourselves and the Universe. It certainly upset me. As an asset trained for the possibility of making contact with an intelligent alien race, the *last* thing in the Universe I was supposed to expect was *anything* even *remotely* close to human.

I should have asked for the odds and placed a bet. Not that I would have been able to collect on it. Still, it would have been an interesting legacy to leave my children. After all, at some time in the future, it is possible that others from Earth could come across us here. Of course, it is possible that such travelers might not even be aware of *why* we left Earth in the first place. None of us may be alive by then to explain what happened and how we came to this state of affairs. From the things that have *already* happened, I can say that it is questionable whether there will still bea colony here to rediscover.

It is a wonder to me that I am alive now.

Whatever happens, a firsthand account of the foundation of Angel Colony and the events leading up to it will be invaluable to those who come after me. It would be fun to write the *official* account, but I think that my private account will make more interesting reading for whoever finds us!

I am not consciously a first hand witness to everything that happened around me—and at times to me. I was only at the focus of events. Since I don’t have any idea what facts will be known to you, my future reader, I will omit nothing that comes to mind as important to this account. I am even putting *some* of it together from memories I am not normally aware of—memories that don’t belong to me. I can do this only because I am an *active*. I am constantly and subliminally aware of the perceptions of those who happen to be around me or who have become familiar to me. For my own sanity I try to remain unconscious of the constant telepathic overlap. I know that part of my mind pays attention to this input and remembers it. It is a selfless part of my mind. It sees through me as well as it sees through everything else. I know I have this pool of remote experience in my memory. I have to submerge myself in it to draw from it, and it is more like a vision, than a memory. I do not attempt it lightly. Nor do I care to do it often.

It is too unnerving to see myself from a third perspective, standing outside of it all. I am not ashamed of who and what I am. I don’t mean to imply that at all! I am proud to be me. I am all I’ve got! My account of what happened to us is also, necessarily, a story of my life—not *the* story perhaps, but never-the-less my own thoughts and experiences. So, I may not hesitate to describe some events in detail that, historically speaking, could otherwise be ignored. Why bother hiding anything? I know human nature too well to assume that my sexuality–at the top of a list of other intimate concerns–will be ignored, if I am silly enough to pretend nothing interesting actually happened. Sex will always be an abiding interest to human beings, so where it seems that editing out a scene is only inviting you to speculate on who did what to whom and how, I don’t see any reason not to set the record straight.

If it seems like I am making sex an issue, it is because sex became a serious issue between us and the natives. I learned the hard way. The matter came up in a natural way, I was shocked to discover the sex of my sponsor—and I know that I can’t go into that without calling attention to my own sexual history. Since I can’t avoid it, I might as well take that, and similar matters, in context.

In any case, before there was a question of any meetings of the body, I have to deal with the equally touchy first meetings of the mind. As the Principle of First Contact, I have a unique perspective on the founding moments of Angel Colony. But I stress that my distinguished position was accidental. I happened to be in the right place at the right time. Actually, the way I look at it I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I was happily anonymous until it happened—I’d given up everything on Earth just to become another face in the crowd. Maybe I should not have fought it. I seem to have this knack for getting caught up in the center of things. Call it bad experience. I confess that being singled out in everyone’s attention troubles me. The first time it had happened to me it ruined my life. I did not see how this situation resembled the one I fled, not until it was too late to avoid it, so I’ll keep my peace.