

The Chronicles of Milky Way Galaxy

A New Beginning

En route to Solis system
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Where am I? thought Celeste, her head hurting. She stood up, touching the cold metal wall. *Was I kidnapped?* she thought in terror. Flashes of stories she heard on the news started flooding her mind. *Calm yourself,* she thought at the sight of many more people around her. They all looked scared, and the silence in the room was abnormal. Many of them were still just waking up. *How long was I out?* She thought and then yelled, "Does anyone know what's going on?" Most turned and looked at her. She could see that everyone was fearfully shaking their heads. She checked her pockets but they were all empty. "Does anyone have anything on them? Like a phone?" she asked. Most were scared and did not even check; the ones who did replied negatively.

Celeste was looking around while trying to think. *This cannot be a prank; last thing I remember was ... I think I was walking toward Lutri's place.* Her thoughts came to a sudden halt at the light that flooded the room. It was a lot bigger than she had anticipated. *There must be over a thousand people here,* she thought. A holographic figure appeared in various places inside the room. It was one of them.

"Welcome to your new beginning," said a person with a calm and friendly voice. "There is nothing to fear. You have all been chosen by chance, for an experiment unlike any before."

Celeste could not help but feel that the person behind this must be incredibly arrogant and selfish.

"My name is Spirto," the holograms continued, "and I will be your host for the duration of this experiment."

Before he could go on, the look on some of them became so filled with worry and fear that Spirto had to stop.

"There is no reason to be afraid," he repeated. "No harm will come to you. We will be arriving at your new home in a short while. A planet filled with life and perfect conditions for your species."

For our species? thought Celeste. *Are we in space?* Her mind went to all the movies she had watched where aliens come and kidnap people for experiments. She wondered if this was some kind of sick joke. "Where are we now?" she yelled, making everyone around her turn and look at her.

"You are currently a few thousand light eo's away from your planet," said Spirto.

"What's an eo?" asked Celeste, confused but now almost certain that this was some kind of joke. "You know what? Don't tell me. This has gone long enough."

Release us now, and I will consider not calling the authorities on you!" she said with a sharp voice.

The room began to shake. Not violently but enough to force many to sit. After a bit of shaking, the room shook violently for a second, like it dropped from the height of a ball and rested calmly. The entirety of one side opened up, revealing a magnificent natural world. A small star was bringing all sorts of beautiful hues of red in the sky. It was just before sunset, and the smells of flowers and soil along with the humidity of the atmosphere entered everyone's nostrils.

"This can't be real," said Celeste while walking bravely out. She looked up into the sky and quickly realized that this is not her world's sky. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Home," answered Spirto, who was now standing next to her.

She quickly turned, and with fear in her eyes, she asked, "Why?"

Spirto smiled at her and turned toward all the others. "These crates have tools. Use them as you see fit. This is your leader," he said while pointing at Celeste, who could not hide her confusion. "You can change your leader anytime you want; you can make any systems you want; this is your land. From here until the border of your neighboring species."

No one had any words yet. Everyone was, as far as they could tell, just taken from their everyday lives into this extraordinary adventure that none asked for and none wanted.

"I have questions," said Celeste

"This is why you will be their first leader."

The rest of them started exploring the scenery without venturing too far. Some opened crates and to their surprise, there were hammers, pickaxes, and all sorts of hand tools. Many began painting the image. Still, some were thinking this is a joke. They were keeping their cool as a defense mechanism against the unknown.

"This is ridiculous," said one. "We are expected to survive like this? I have never touched a tool in my life!"

Celeste looked at them and walked away with Spirto to talk. "We can't stay here," she said.

"You can and you will," said Spirto calmly.

"Why are you doing this to us?"

"There is no need, nor is there a way to make you understand now. Try to trust me when I say that you are not going to be able to leave this planet for a very long time, but it's a blessing in disguise. You will be the builders of your future people. You will live in peace in an endlessly complex world full of species that I have brought here."

"You look just like us," said Celeste, almost sure of the answer that was going to follow.

"I can look like anyone," said Spirto with a smirk.

Celeste took a deep breath. She then looked around her at the marvelous nature and thought to herself, *A new beginning, a forced one, but this is what I was hoping for all my life. I should not complain.* Then she looked at Spirto and asked, "Is there a goal?"

"There is," answered Spirto. "You have to get back to your world, perhaps not you but your descendants."

Celeste's curiosity piqued. "What's the purpose of this? Is it just a test to see how quickly we can advance to a spacefaring civilization?"

Spirto turned and looked at her curiously. "I have brought many in this system. Most of them remain in shock for the first hours. You're abnormally quick in dealing with the reality around you."

"How many have you brought here?"

"Well, over two hundred species have arrived so far. I am bringing some more, but they are spread over a few planets and moons of this system."

Although Spirto's words and calm voice allowed Celeste to speak with him with a certain amount of bravery, she was panicking inside. Her mind was working fast, but the confusion of the situation did not allow her to think clearly. "I see," she said almost mechanically. "Will we have to fight each other? The other species?" Her mind was trying to identify the potential dangers that were seemingly all around her.

"You will not have to fight anyone. I will help make sure that everyone cooperates. Every species has to work with every other, and every species has something to offer in the endless pursuit of knowledge."

"Are you looking for answers and you brought all of us here so that we find them or you?"

"Where did that come from?" asked Spirto almost in shock. "You are impressively perceptive. Is your entire species like this?"

Celeste thought for a second. "But they have all seen the spaceships. They all have a clear view of the reality that you brought us here."

"This will remain true forever. There is no doubt that once science advances, the records of this world will betray that you all have been brought here from space. You underestimate the speed with which people forget or build new stories. All you have to do is not spread the truth until it's lost. Then you will rediscover it. The lack of fossils alone will make everyone understand. Until then, however, the story of Spirto will be lost. All I need from you is to make sure that this is the last time they hear of me."

"I think I understand," said Celeste with her head low. Like a kid who is learning the rules of a game it does not like, she looked up and said, "Is every leader of every species aware of everything you told me?"

Spirto frowned. "I am not sure where this question is aimed at. I do like this very much to be honest though. No, your species does not age. Also, your civilization was the most technologically advanced from the ones I brought here. Some asked the right questions and some asked nothing but instead bowed and prayed at my feet." He took a deep breath and continued talking as if he got tired. "All deserve and all have the same potential. You need to be a part of the unity."

With this phrase, Spirto vanished. Celeste looked around, trying to take it all in. *So, we are brought here by an alien without any information. We need to advance and find our way home. This is the story we will go with. Not too far from the truth.* With this thought, Celeste began organizing herself. She found water and food sources and began working on a home. The others followed.

Years went by with Spirto rarely interfering. The new kings of each species had never heard of him, and war was brewing. The hate that species harbored for each other meant it was only a matter of time before some got annihilated. The peace

would require Spirto to reappear and keep things in balance. At this crucial point in time, he gathered all the kings, and after establishing his immense power, he set a new goal for them. A transport and a communications technology would have to be made to take the kings off planet to a smaller world within the system. From there, he could easily control the communications sent to the planets and moons and hold off wars until education and advancement rendered them obsolete.

Or so he thought.