

# Sabina's Pursuit of The Holy Grail

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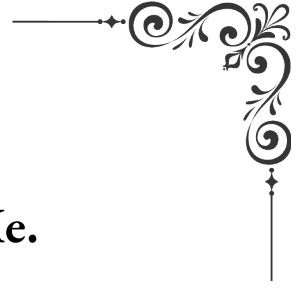
## SABINA'S PURSUIT OF THE HOLY GRAIL

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Written by Martin Lundqvist.

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## Chapter 1: About Me.

**M**y name is Sabina Hines, but I secretly prefer Sabina Eisenstein. I was born in 2019, and I have just turned 18. 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.

Some people say I am beautiful, and maybe they are right. I would describe myself as tall and slender, with symmetrical features and a clear complexion. My hair is blonde, and my eyes are blue, sometimes even glowing 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. I know that many of you will scoff at this, and my claim itself doesn't 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 belief of significant religions such as Hinduism and Buddhism.

But my reincarnation story is unique. You see, my short life as Sabina Eisenstein was in the distant future: I lived between 2875 and 2887. Born to a Martian revolutionary by the name of Keila Eisenstein, the True Maker tasked me to stop the extra-terrestrial Xeno queen, Rangda, from corrupting the Zeto Crystals, and to stop Rangda from tyrannising and destroying the Milky Way Galaxy. While there is a grand total of seven primordial Zeto Crystals in the Milky Way, I was tasked with protecting the Terran one, as the other ones were inaccessible to me.

I failed at this task during the interplanetary wars and galactical Armageddon that occurred, and Rangda killed my physical body, forcing the True Maker to destroy Rangda. But, when doing so, the True Maker also inadvertently destroyed the entire Milky Way Galaxy, shattering it to micromolecular debris. Just before the massive 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. The True Maker tasked me with defeating Rangda, before her demonic prowess grew too powerful. Looking at my options, I decided that 2019 was an excellent year to be reborn, and I got 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 be discovered. I like that. More importantly, 2019 was the year that two individuals with suitable DNA to be my parents, could 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 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.



## Chapter 2: Daydreaming in School.

I was daydreaming in school, thinking about how I could convince John, to pay for 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 an objective 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.

While I was busy daydreaming, Joshua approached me. Joshua was every teenage girl's dream: Good looks, charming, a first-team player in rugby, soccer, and cricket. However, he wasn't my cuppa tea. I wasn't particularly interested in sex or boys, and my good looks were more of a curse, than a blessing, as boys kept approaching me.

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

*"But Josh, I thought you were playing Rugby on Saturday morning?"* I could tell that my reply made Joshua slightly uneasy, but he found himself quickly.

*"Well, I guess I'm doing both."* Josh replied.

*"That's okay, you're still young and should be fine."* I said.

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

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 remembered something: My secret half-brother, Eric Orchard, who was the same age as me, had spoken about his feelings for this girl, Lindsey, from my class. If Lindsey was going to the party, I could help my brother out. Eric has suffered from depression, mainly from growing up without a father, and while partnering him up

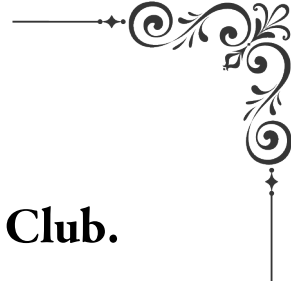
with Lindsey wasn't necessarily the best long-term solution, I wanted to see him happy.

*"Are Lindsey McGowan 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, why do you ask? No-one likes him."*

I considered telling Joshua, that Eric had a purer soul than he had, and that 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 that 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 pointing out 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.



## Chapter 3: At the Chess Club.

Later the same day, I was playing chess against Eric. 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 had the same father. I had withheld the information from him, because I had foreseen that telling him the truth would not be a clever 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, the father that died when he was only a couple of months old. Destroying that image, by claiming that his father had an affair just a few months before his death, was not the way to go.

I enjoyed spending time with my half-brother. Although, because he didn't know that we were related, he tried to kiss me once, and I freaked out.

This day, I decided to lose the chess game in 37 moves. My mental connection to the True Maker made chess too easy for me to win. Even the highest difficulty level on the computer wasn't a challenge. 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 pleased with winning the game.

*"Sabina, stop letting me win on purpose. That's not how real life works!"* Eric said

I faked my surprise and replied, *"I am not letting you win. Why would you say such a thing?"*

*"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 games to ever been beaten."* Eric revealed

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 you are lying to me?"* Eric 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 let you win to build your confidence. Unfortunately, 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 into melancholy again.

*"Did Joshua really invite me to his party? He doesn't even like me,"* Eric said sceptically.

*"Well technically, he invited me. You are just coming as my sidekick, so I can help you get closer to Lindsey."* I replied and winked.

Eric gave me a concerned look. "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 reassured Eric 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 looked at my wristwatch and spoke. "I need to go home now, but I will see you on Friday. It will be a lot of fun."

As I walked home, I thought about what Eric had said about Joshua. Should I really go to the party or not? I don't like parties nor 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, studying the intricate design and beauty of flowers was a lot more interesting than ingesting a variety of chemicals, 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 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 I found peace from the perfect balance and harmony, that only good music can bring.



## Chapter 4: Friday Before the Party.

On the 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. I know what's on the inside is the most important trait in a human being, but one's appearance should never deter people from getting to know one's inner beauty. As I walked up to Eric, I studied him closely. He looked sweaty, nervous, and slightly drunk. Oh Eric, why were you making things so difficult for me?

I approached Eric with a smile and spoke. *"Hi Eric, are you ready for your big chance with Lindsey?"*

*"Yes, she'll be mine for sure,"* Eric said with a voice echoing false confidence and pretentious arrogance. I shook my head and gave him a disapproving look.

*"Eric, if you want me to help you, you'd better stop that pretentious act at once. The Eric that I know, deserves a chance at love, the Eric in front of me doesn't."* I stated

My words deflated Eric's false ego, and he gave me a sad look before he replied shamefully, "But I don't know how 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, Lindsey is the one I want,"* Eric replied sheepishly.

*"Good,"* I said and smiled. I continued with a more serious tone. *"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 expression and replied. *"I don't understand. What is wrong with only having sex, with no strings attached?"*

*"There is nothing wrong with having casual sex, but it is nothing I am interested in helping you with."* I stated.

Eric looked at me for a while, before nodding in acknowledgement. Eric said, "Okay. Let's do things your way. After all, you were the one who got me the invitation."

"Good," I replied.

We chatted and gossiped for a while, before we decided 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 standard. It felt good to avoid the bus for once, and shortly afterwards, we arrived at Joshua's lavish mansion, located in Dover Heights.



## Chapter 5: The Worst Party That 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. After all, they had been invited to the exclusive 18 years birthday 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. Owning a mansion, we would isolate ourselves in different parts of the house and rarely speak to each other.

We walked past the 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 waiting staff had been hired to look after our needs.

Joshua spotted us and walked up to me. 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 faked enthusiasm.

I noticed that Joshua's face twisted for a brief moment, he clearly didn't like that I mentioned Eric. Shortly afterwards, his confident manner returned, and ignoring Eric's existence, he spoke to me again, *"Would you like a glass of Dom"*

*Perignon?*" Eric wore a posh smile, imagining that name-dropping champagne that was selling for several hundred dollars a bottle, would impress me.

After a short pause, I 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 cup of tea, over a very dear French champagne, surprised Joshua, and he seemed a bit lost for words.

Eventually, Joshua 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 am not interested in drinking alcohol. Thanks for offering, though.*"

Josh looked dumbfounded, but eventually, he gave in. He called a waiter 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, as 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. "*Well, on the bright side, I do prefer beer.*" Eric looked at me with a puzzled expression. "But, Sabina, you do drink alcohol. We celebrated your birthday last month, and I saw you drinking?"

"*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.*" I replied

After we received our beverages, we set out to find Lindsey and her friends. As we found Lindsey, I walked up to her, and gently grabbed her hand. I looked her in the eyes, and spoke, "Hi Lindsey, Eric is here, and he is very excited to see you."

At first, Lindsey gave me a surprised look. But when she saw Eric, she burst out into full excitement, hugged him and said, "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 a mixture of happiness and shyness, and he was astonished at what he heard. But Eric found himself quickly, and soon they were involved in an exciting conversation. 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 was also ashamed about 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 leaned in towards me, and 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? 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 that 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 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 evil eyes, full of desire and self-hatred. I had seen the same eyes before. The eyes of Dov Dorevitch, an 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 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 at 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 the desire 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 a mirror, and turned to self-harm, or at least I assumed so, from the terrifying noises that came from the room.

I had to alert Joshua's 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. I had to get home, meditate, and find my balance.

On my way out of the building, Eric spotted me, and noticed that something was wrong. *"Sabina, are you okay? What happened?"* Eric said.

*"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 reckon 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 keep you safe,"* Eric replied.

*"But what about Lindsey?"* I asked

*"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 conviction.

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





## Chapter 6: A Sunday Morning Jog and Reflection.

After spending the whole Saturday trying to meditate away the shock from the events the day before, I was now feeling a bit better. I tried clearing my mind with an early morning 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 an early 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 shard of a broken mirror to chop off his own testicles. Or so the online whispers went. He was in the hospital hoping to make a recovery, but 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 with a sense of entitlement. His desire to dominate me, was 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.

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 unleash the real purifying power of the Zeto Crystal or not. Technically, the Zeto crystal, when activated from their dormant state, would inhibit mankind's free will, by limiting mankind's inclination towards evil, as things would turn good. But the concept of free will was an illusion. In this life that I am living, 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 reverse time to fix 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 needed 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 to live in a 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 for my travels? I could spend years, working to make money the regular way, but it didn't seem that stimulating. 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. No matter how I choose to live my life, I would need to make money, and online trading would cause me the least mental stress.

I went home, and I checked my online banking account. I had a thousand dollars, 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.



## Chapter 7: Convincing John to Help Me Apply for a Visa

A few days later, there was \$20,000 sitting in my account; an amount which was enough to splurge on 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. 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. Unfortunately, the 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. That's where John came in, since he was Jewish, and held an Israeli passport.

My relationship with John, who is the man who raised me, believing that I am his daughter, is not as good as it could be. 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. 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 29<sup>th</sup> 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. I was 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, 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 happened.

Thus, I feel guilty for deceiving John, and I am aware that the truth would destroy his happiness. So, my mother and I, kept the truth to ourselves, as the truth, that I am not his daughter, would be too devastating for John to bare.

As for my mother, I feel close to her. Ellen is a good woman, and her short tryst with Marvin was purely 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. *"Is everything okay Sabina? You haven't been yourself since Joshua's party. You haven't even been to school since. 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 the party, but that is not why I haven't been to school."*

*"So, what is really going on?"* 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?"*

*"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 and replied, *"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 doing 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?"*

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. I took John's hand and used my powers to calm his excitement.

When John was calm again, I spoke. *"So, dad. I need your help. I have made the money so that I can go to Jerusalem and study your heritage."*

*"Our heritage,"* John replied with pride in his voice.

*"Okay, our heritage."* 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?"*

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

*"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 any 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 your visa application, if your mother agrees to this trip."*

*"Thanks, dad! You're the best!"* I exclaimed cheerfully and hugged him. *"I need to see Mum now, see you tonight!"*

*"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.



## Chapter 8: Garnering My Mum's Support.

I met my mum 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 with a heartbroken voice, and tears running down her cheeks.

*"Neither do you. You're a white South African, mum,"* I replied and then explained 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 29<sup>th</sup> century, while trying to save the world.

Ellen had believed me when I told her about my purpose. 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 don't talk, and they wouldn't lie, even if they did speak.

Ellen looked at me in silence, for a long time, weighing her words before she spoke. *"But why do you think the crystal, that 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, looked 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 hate-*

*ful 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 for millennia, and that she won't escape for another 800 years. How could she have corrupted the primordial Zeto Crystal?"

I pondered my mother's statement. Ellen was 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. 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 with their evil choices, who gradually weakened the good energy emitting from 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 purify 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, as it contains a shard of her soul. But if I fail, I will be changed. I will still be alive, but you won't recognise me anymore,"* I replied calmly.

I watched my mother cry: I knew her so well; that I knew what she was going to say before she said it. Her eyes were wandering, with tears running down her cheeks, and she cleared her throat to make a desperate plea. *"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 the life you are living now. The end of times is more than 800 years away, after all."*

I took up a napkin and gently wiped the tears from Ellen's eyes. I looked into her eyes and spoke. *"Mother, I am already living a good life with plenty of love from you and 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 nodded in silent acknowledgement. She wasn't going to argue her point and try to stop me from going. 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 I didn't know how to respond. My main concern was that my mother would be considered unimportant to the True Maker. Thus, she wouldn't intervene to save my mother from danger. Going to Israel had always been dangerous, and in the last few decades, things had gotten worse. The extended droughts caused by global warming had turned the entire region very dry, and highly dangerous. The region was filled with greedy paedophiles, who recruited the starving children of Israel for prostitution, and preachers filling the destitute population with false promises about the afterlife. If my mother went there, she was likely to be kidnapped, raped, or killed.

*"No, Mum, I cannot let you go. I have a reason to go there, but you don't. I have foreseen my future, but I can't see what would happen, if you follow me there."* I said with a grave voice.

*"What did you see in your visionary connection with the True Maker?"* Ellen asked

*"I have seen that I will find the crystal, and that I will die in this city, on my 112<sup>th</sup> birthday, in 94 years."* I replied

For the first time during the conversation, Ellen smiled a bit. *"Wow! That's an encouraging thought, my daughter will live for over a century."*

*"Yes. 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."* I replied

*"Yes, I will speak to your father. I will tell him that I support your travel plans,"* Ellen replied.

*"Thank you, Mum. Let's walk to the top of the hill. I sense that the sunset will be beautiful today."* I said and smiled, while holding her hands to give 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. We felt complete oneness with the universe.



## Chapter 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 unique abilities granted by the True Maker. I was blessed with heightened intelligence, telepathy, and foresight. I would have scored 100.00%, if the computer system that generates gradings in Australia had been set up to do so. While I didn't particularly care about 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: they all secretly feared that I wouldn't come back. I couldn't blame them for this, going to Jerusalem was extremely dangerous, but I was glad that they kept up a happy façade. I had experienced enough emotional talk from Mum and Dad, over the last few weeks, being just a naïve and sappy 18-year old girl.

Another thing that made me happy, was that Eric and Lindsey had found each other, after the incident 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. At least something good had come out of it. Eric looked happy with Lindsey, and I predicted that they will share a long and happy life together. I couldn't be certain, 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 era, with different people around me, who love me for 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,"* Ellen said.

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

Hearing this, John looked dumbfounded and spoke, *"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.

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, over \$200,000. 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. The best way to ensure that I had money available for an emergency, was to open an emergency account where I stashed some of my money 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 regu-

lar 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 champagne, and I accepted it. *"I could always have a glass just for the occasion,"* I thought, before finishing the drink and falling asleep in the amazingly comfortable leather armchair that I was sitting in.



## Chapter 10: A City Filled with Fear.

I woke up a few hours later, when the flight was about to land at Tel Aviv International Airport. I was immersed by the powerful 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 me, even if I 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 impossible. 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 sensed that this individual was 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 was turning more fearful and dangerous. I decided to not confront the officer for his attitude, and instead I played 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 a government spied on me. 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, proved to me, how essential it was that I found and purified the Zeto Crystal, to bring back kindness and trust into this world.

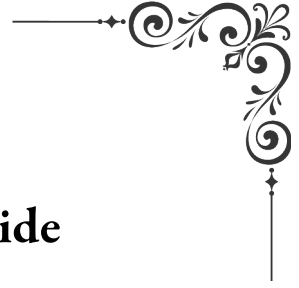
*"What do you have to say for yourself?"* The man's aggressive voice interrupted my thoughts. I hate it when my mind wanders, but I had to snap back to the present.

*"What you say is true. I have tried 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 relieved that I hadn't needed to use my powers to get past him. I needed 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 security officer's soul, was filled with xenophobic hatred and paranoia. The less I exposed myself to those kinds of feelings, the better.

I ordered an AutoCar to Jerusalem, and an hour later, I arrived at my hotel in Jerusalem. I scanned my 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.



## Chapter 11: The Suicide Bomber.

The following day, I woke up refreshed. The sun was shining, and there was a crisp winter breeze coming in through my window as 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 search? Since it was a Saturday, and I was under surveillance by the government, the natural choice would be to go to the Western Wall to pray.

I don't like praying to deities, following specific rites, and gathering at specific 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 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. 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?"*

*"It doesn't matter. All that matters are that everyone here can go home unharmed, and I can help you build a better life."* I replied

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 severely wounded was I?

I got up on my feet and concluded that I wasn't that I was unhurt. But dead and wounded people covered the ground around me, and I could hear people's scream in pain and terror. I desperately needed to find inner peace, so I walked towards my hotel to have a purifying shower. I got to my hotel room 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 heavily armed police raided the room shortly afterwards, bringing me with them.





## Chapter 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 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 the Mossad Spy Agency.”

Dov Dorevitch! The name gave me shivers. It was the name of the genocidal dictator on Mars, who 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 out of this mess. 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. Eventual-

ly, 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 noticed 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 I make up a story about how I knew Yussuf's name, or should I address the elephant in the room: How Yussuf got past 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, trying to come up with the words before continuing, *"...is how Yussuf got 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 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.

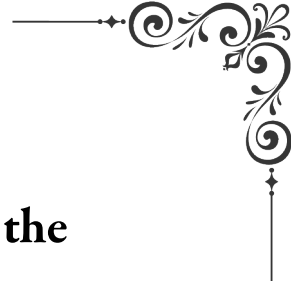
Dov led me to his car. *"Get in the car!"* he commanded.

*"I'd rather just catch a taxi back to the hotel."* I replied.

Dov opened his coat displaying 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. 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 turned off from the main road and turned onto a small gravel road with no streetlights. I was alone with an armed and unstable man. I hoped that he would be a friend and not a foe.

After driving for ten more minutes, we arrived at a small, seemingly abandoned shed. *"Get out!"* Dov hissed, and I exited the car. The frigid 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.



## Chapter 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. 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?"* I replied.

The man laughed menacingly and replied, *"You are catching on fine. Dov Dorevitch was kidnapped and murdered by the foreign terrorist, 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 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 himself feel powerful, but I wouldn't succumb to it. Instead, I replied defiantly.

*"Any last words? I have another 94 years to think about that. I warn you, however, put that gun down and surrender, or 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 powers bestowed upon me by the True Maker.

A dozen of very tense seconds ensued. Suddenly, I could sense that Jakub was going to shoot me. Being able to sense his thought pattern in advance, I managed to time my action perfectly. I jumped away, avoiding the bullet, and landing on the ground, in the split second it took for Jakub's 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, as Jakub was struck by a bright lightning flash from the sky, caused by the raging thunderstorms. His metallic pistol had acted as a lightning rod, drawing electricity towards him. Thus, Jakub's decision to kill an innocent girl to cover up his heinous crimes, ended up being his undoing.

I got up on my feet, and I studied the two 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 dying from the lightning strike. I could save him, but did he deserve to live? 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. If Jakub survived, the conspiracy 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. If I took up a gun to take another person's life, I would have fallen. Killing people was 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. I entered Dov's car and drove 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 the Mossad still had my phone and my passport, which was a complication, but I had to settle for what I had.



## Chapter 14: Limping and incognito.

I woke up the following morning in the worn-down room, when there was a knock on my door. I opened the door, and in front of me was a handsome-looking woman around my age. She was slim, tall, and had a boyish haircut. She was dressed like a computer hacker, equipped with a cool-looking laptop, and headphones with loud music banging. She delivered my package and left without saying a word. I opened the package, and I was grateful that I had found a good dark web shop, which delivered the promised goods instead of robbing me of my cryptocurrency or tracing me, to turn 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 the laptop. 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 I had twisted my ankle the previous night, when I avoided Jakub's bullet. If I sustained a slight injury on my shoulder, my walking movements would not be recognised by the AI as it would think I was someone else. I wasn't a fan of self-inflicted damage, but I realised that I was here on a mission, so I had no other choice. 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, I got up. I studied myself in the mirror. I realised that the pain had caused me to stand and walk differently, although not for the better! I put on my hoodie and my sunnies, and I went out to commence my search for the Zeto Crystal.

As I exited the room, 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' hostage. 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. My mission was to find and cleanse the Zeto Crystal to make Earth a better place. I wasn't here to save 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. "עצור, 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.

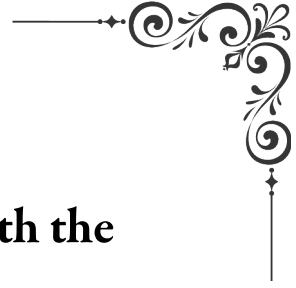
The police officer studied my fake ID and my face for a while. He nodded, forced a smile, and spoke. *"Thank you, Miss Keila Eisenstein. Do you need medical assistance with your limp?"*

I smiled back and replied. *“No, it’s just a minor sporting injury. I should be fine in due time.”*

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

I was relieved that I didn’t need to use my powers to get out of the situation. I was also comforted that there evidently wasn’t a warrant for my arrest. Otherwise the police officer would have studied my ID more closely. I walked into a small alleyway and went into a small coffee shop. I ordered some peppermint tea, to calm my very tense nerves.





## Chapter 15: Meeting with the Templars.

As I was enjoying my peppermint tea and trying to relax, I was approached by a group of three shady-looking characters. They wore white Middle Eastern robes and Turbans that covered most of their faces. I freaked out at first, had the conspirators within the Mossad sent assassins, as Jakub had failed to kill me? I was relieved when the leader of the three men removed his turban and 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 surroundings. The other two men were of Middle Eastern appearance, while he was tall, blonde, had sharp icy blue eyes, and very distinct 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?”*

The mysterious man bowed to me and replied. *“I am Martin Al-Sham. 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?”

“You think I might be mistaken, but I’m sure that you are the one that I’m looking for. You are the Keila Eisenstein that I have seen in my visions, you are the one that Brahma told me to find.” Martin replied solemnly. It was as if, he had waited for years to come to this epiphanic moment.

As confusing as the man’s statement was, it all made sense to me. I was struggling with the mission that the True Maker had assigned to me. 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 icy blue eyes and spoke. "If that is so, Martin. Then how can I be of assistance?"

Martin nodded at me and pulled up his sleeve. He revealed a strangely glowing tattoo on his right arm. *"I was meant to show you this tattoo, which I received in a sleepless dream. In the tattoo, there are strange codes and intelligent markings. 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 looked strange and alien in origin, but they didn't mean anything to me. In a way, this made sense, as 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. 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. I could spot the desperation and plea in his wise eyes. Martin continued speaking. *"I joined with the Templars after an incident 20 years ago. 20 years ago, I travelled to the Divine Dimension and met with the Zetans. They urged me to find 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.

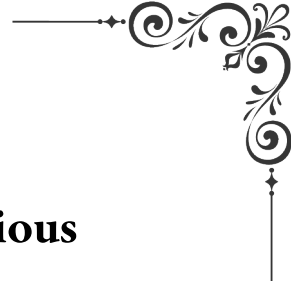
Martin nodded in acknowledgement and replied. *"Yes, I know what you are talking about. I once bought a tiny azure crystal in a shady Egyptian market, just days before I entered a portal to another dimension. After the incident, I have travelled the world looking for alien artefacts. I joined the Middle Eastern Templars as I realised that we 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. 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 in Jerusalem, it could also be a sign of immediate danger. 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. *"This is the police, open the door now!"*

Upon hearing this, Martin 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 took a picture of Martin's tattoos so that I could decipher them later. I got into the ventilation shaft, but my curiosity got the better of me, so I felt compelled to stay hidden and see how things would unfold.



## Chapter 16: A Mysterious Enemy.

I overlooked the small café from the ventilation shaft. I saw Martin open the door for the police officers. A few police officers dressed in combat gear, entered the room with drawn weapons. They were followed by a mysterious man, who I assumed was their leader. The leader was dressed in a long coat, wearing a monocle and a top hat. He 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. *"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 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 can 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. Where is the girl going?"

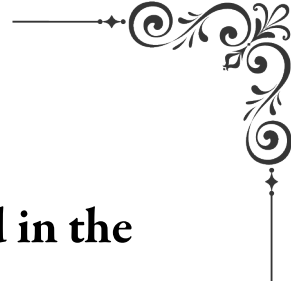
Martin: *"Perhaps she is going to the Templar Tunnels under the Great Temple of Solomon."*

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

Having said this, Ben Yehuda aimed his gun at Martin's chest and shot him with several bullets. Ben's accomplices followed suit and killed the other two Arabic templars.

Hiding in the ventilation shaft just above them, I was petrified from witnessing the murders. But I kept my calm, and I crawled silently away from the scene.

I needed to find a new hiding place and a new identity, as Keila Eisenstein was clearly not a good name to use to avoid attention. I logged into my SplitCoin account and ordered the closest available safe house. I followed the ventilation shaft to its exit at 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 house, where I collapsed in tears as soon as I had locked the door behind me.



## Chapter 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 the 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, like when I was a child. I had felt a similar sense of apathy after Joshua tried to rape me, 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, knowing the damage that my self-defence had caused 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 the Mossad's possession, which meant that they knew who my mother was, and they were certainly monitoring any calls or electronic communications that were made in her direction. If I called my mum, then the Mossad would know. They would track my location and come after me. But what if I called Lindsey, 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?"*

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

*"Oh, has something happened? Show yourself in hologram mode."* Lindsey replied

*"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 I dreamt terrifying dreams about the murders that I had witnessed. 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 playing tricks on me? I needed to find out, and to be safe, I ordered a new ID, new clothes, 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 delivered my package, and just as before she didn't say anything. She just 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.



## Chapter 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 razed overnight. Razing a building where a triple murder took place wasn't the normal police procedure, so clearly something 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 sense 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 property was destroyed was risky. I reached out, grabbed her hand, and looked into her eyes. "*Please help me, it's important.*" I said.

The woman's face changed, and she became friendlier. "*Come in,*" she said, 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 revealed

"*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 ordered 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, that 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? 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 the authorities will shoot me," 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. *"Is there anything else that you can tell me?"*

*"Please don't ask any more questions. I have children to look after."* The woman stammered, and she was close to tears.

*"I understand. Thank you for your assistance. I will pray for you."* I said reassuringly.

Knowing that I couldn't get any more information from this terrified Palestinian woman, I made my way back to the safehouse. I knew exactly who I would ask for help in this tricky situation.



## Chapter 19: Seeking Help from the Young Hacker Girl.

As I came back to my hideout, 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 an order, and I waited eagerly for the delivery, hoping that the same girl would deliver it.

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 delivered the goods. 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 sensed anxiety from the lanky, boyish girl, and I tried to send her a calming emotion. This was a lot harder than it usually was, as the events that I had witnessed, had upset my inner peace, but eventually, she seemed a bit calmer.

*"What do you want to talk about?"* the girl said carefully, staring at 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 looks.

She talked softly and replied, "Perhaps not, but someone who spends nearly 100,000 Shekel on discreet accommodation, clothing necessities, laptops and fake ID's, must be up to something?"

I nodded 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."*

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 to pursue 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 the True Maker's 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 humankind."*

Upon hearing these words, the girl 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, if I didn't know how to research my potential customers,"* the girl 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.

*"Simona, Simona Fischbein is my name."* Simona replied

*"Is that your real name?"* I asked.

*"Well, names are just imaginary, a human construct that doesn't exist in nature. Simona Fischbein is not the name that my parents chose for me, but it's the name I am using now."* Simona 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, while looking nervously at the floor. *"Do you feel the same way about me?"* She continued.

Hearing this, I was a bit lost for words. 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 replied, and then quickly added in. *"But I am very grateful for your compliment, and that you're helping me out."*

Simona seemed hesitant and indecisive, 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, I don't focus 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 O'Neill at 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 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. *"I am not comfortable being touched that way,"* I said with a meek voice.

*"Am I too ugly for you?"* Simona said, with a shivering voice.

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

Simona crashed onto the bed, with tears running 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,"*

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 had such a strong connection,"* Simona said.

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

After a moment of tranquil silence, I telepathically soothed Simona's struggling mind, and Simona finally came to peace. *"So, why are you here, and how can I help you?"* Simona asked. I exhaled, relieved that I was no longer an object of Simona's unrequited attraction and replied. *"I am here because I need to find*

*something. I need to find the primordial Zeto Crystal, commonly known as the Holy Grail."*

Simona studied me for a while. Then then she nodded and replied. *"So, you are a young white girl, travelling on her own, 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

For the first time, I saw Simona smile. Simona had 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.

*"I was shown this strange-looking tattoo by a mysterious man, Martin Al-Sham. Martin then pretended to be murdered by a group of Mossad agents. One of the agents dropped his ID card at the scene."* I said. I showed Simona the picture of the tattoo that I had on my cell phone, and I handed her the ID card of the mysterious Mossad agent, Ben Yehuda,

Simona studied the pictures and the ID card carefully. She opened her laptop and searched on the dark web, looking for answers on a discreet hacker forum. Eventually, she spoke. *"I have made some queries on the dark web. I think you might be onto something thrilling."*

I could feel my pulse rise in anticipation, and 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."*

*"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 disappeared with all their treasures in 1307, and the Templar Order hasn't been seen since,"* Simona stated.

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

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."*

*"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 met me. I can make you a fake ID that will give you easy access."* Simona smirked and looked at me wittily.

*"Except that, your services are not cheap, and I have run out of SplitCoin."* I replied shortly.

Simona bit her fingernails and stared at 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, Simona 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. *"This Mossad agent you came across. His name is Ben Yehuda, and 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. 20<sup>th</sup> October 2131, about 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?"*

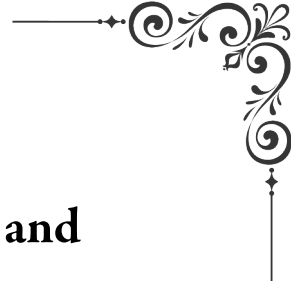
I smiled at her and replied. *"Yes, I have been told."*

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

*"Sure, I need all the help I can get."* I replied.

"Great, I am heading home, to gather our equipment and make fake ID's for both of us. I will be back in a couple of hours." Simona said. Then she took off before waiting for my answer.

After Simona had left, I felt 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.



## Chapter 20: Fake ID's and Cover Stories.

A few hours later, Simona returned with new ID's. I was now Madeline 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? Simona explained herself before I had the chance to say anything *"Makeup 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 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. 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. *"Now, I know everything I need to know, to blend in as an archaeologist."* I said

Simona stared at me in disbelief. *"Was that what you just did when you quickly scrolled through that text?"* Simona said.

*"Yes."* I replied.



*"It took me years of elementary school to learn all that stuff,"* Simona said.

"Some people never 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.



## Chapter 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 towards 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 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. 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 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 to humanity as a whole,"* I said.

The guard shuddered and stuttered out a reply. *"But they know that I am working by myself tonight, if I let you past this entrance, they will come after my family."*

*"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 close to something. *"I am going to be honest to you,"* I started. The guard looked attentively at me as I continued speaking. *"We are not really university scholars. 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 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 I sent with my mind.

*"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. 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.



## Chapter 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, 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, until a discomforting feeling overtook my senses. The feeling that we were not alone. I sensed 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, 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, would enable me to learn any language 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. One of the men is speaking in bad Hebrew," she replied.

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

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

Simona's 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, which was a dead end but hidden from the main tunnel. I re-

ally 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 Templars walking straight past us, through the main tunnel. I let out a sigh of relief, and when the coast was clear, I led Simona in the direction where I could sense that the Ze-to Crystal was located. Eventually, we made our way to a tiny room, illuminated with glowing markings on the wall, full of strange alien symbols.



## Chapter 23: Unlocking the Door and Finding the Primordial Zeto Crystal

As we entered the dark and 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. Staring at the pattern caused me migraine, as there were simply too many extra-terrestrial symbols, and too many possible combinations for my head to compute. The harder I tried to figure it out, the worse my migraine became. After a minute of pushing my brain 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 next to me as I was lying on the floor and spoke. *"What's the matter, Sabina?"* I 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 overloading from thinking too much."* I said with a weak voice. I felt 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 jumper, and spoke. *"Thank you, Simona. For showing me the way."*

I closed my eyes, zoned out from this world, and got dream-like visions from the True Maker. In the visions, 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 take in my vision. When I finished, the entire wall lit up, and a huge rock moved to reveal a secret passageway.

*"Follow me,"* I whispered, and 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. "Not so fast, or your friend will die!" Ben said menacingly. As I turned around, I saw Ben Yehuda accompanied by the Templars, and Martin Al-Sham, aiming their pistols at Simona.



## Chapter 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 the key to opening the door.”* Ben Yehuda continued, looked at Martin and nodded malevolently.

“Is that so?” I asked rhetorically before continuing, *“You see, I am not Keila Eisenstein.”*

Martin Al-Sham interjected, *“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. All that matter is that you led us to the Holy Grail. With it in my possession, I will conquer these lands and control our people.”* Ben Yehuda said maliciously

*“And how do you intend to do that?”* I shouted.

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



*"Although the crystal could also be used to end the discord. To bring peace and unity to humankind,"* I replied.

*"Perhaps, but I care little for utopian dreaming and teenage fantasies,"* Ben Yehuda responded nonchalantly.

I realised that I had to stop Ben Yehuda. 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 peace and harmony. The visions were so beautiful that my mind entered a state of pure bliss, and I forgot about the perilous situation I was in.

I was brought back to reality, 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 unleashed a dozen pistol shots into my body, causing me excruciating agony on every impact.

I heard Ben Yehuda scream, *"Why won't you die? 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.



## Chapter 25: An Unlikely Hero

I looked up and saw Martin Al-Sham dropping his smoking pistol to the ground. Next to him were the bodies of the two other Templars and the body of Ben Yehuda. Suddenly, Martin knelt to the ground and started to cry.

*"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 inquired.

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

I got up on my feet and studied the enchanting and mystical alien crystal. It had stopped glowing, and it looked dull, like a regular uncut sapphire. *"I must have been saved by the 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. Do you need help removing those bullets?"* Martin replied.

I studied my torso. All the bullets had penetrated one 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, could be lethal,"* I said.

*"There is medical equipment in the Templar safehouse, that I can use to stitch you up."* Martin replied.

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 robe? I don't want to walk there looking like a messy pinboard, riddled in holes and bullets."*

*"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 grievously.

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



## Chapter 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 associates 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 have been a nightmare explaining how I survived getting shot thirteen times.

*"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 worse than the physical pain that I experienced. 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, 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 didn't agree with their views?"*

Martin looked around the room before he answered my question.

*"Well, you would think I am crazy if I told you."* Martin said.

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, and that 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 future mother and raise her as my daughter, to bring her into this timeline. Would you believe what I just said?"*

Hearing this, Martin 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 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 the 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, which opened a portal to another dimension. 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 crucial mission in life from thereon. I joined with the Templar 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.

Martin sighed heavily before he spoke again. "The others will come after me, and so will the Mossad and the police when they find out 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. He also secretly deleted your records. He wanted you to lead him to the Zeto Crystal without telling the others. If I can take back your belongings from his house, it will be easy for you to leave Israel." Martin said confidently.

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



## Chapter 27: A Shootout and a Narrow Escape.

An hour later, I was waiting nervously in a dark alleyway outside Ben Yehuda's house. Suddenly, I heard an explosion, and 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 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 particularly fast, and the Mossad Agents were closing in on me, with bullets hailing around me.

"The Zeto Crystal!" I shouted to myself. I took it out of my pocket, and I squeezed it with my hand trying to extract energy. The power that was still in the crystal, 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, grateful that Martin had been right. Ben Yehuda had indeed deleted my records. I was no longer perceived as a criminal in this country and was able to travel as myself,

Sabina Hines. I boarded the next flight departing Jerusalem, and 20 hours later, I arrived in Australia unharmed.



## Chapter 28: Epilogue

As I arrived back home, my present mother, Ellen Hines, hugged me tightly and cried with 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 worried voice.

*"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 she was my best friend, 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 the 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. Then I would have to tell him the lie about being injured in the terrorist attack, causing me to be in the intensive care for a week. It was just as well; I had never been close to him.

I contemplated 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 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 of good, if I utilised my talents for trading, to support charitable projects



I thought about Simona, and I had another epiphany: 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 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 woman would.

I called Alexander 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 seemed 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. *"I am going to my former classmate, Alex,"* I replied.

*"Alex? What are you going to do there?"* my mum asked with a confused 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, leaving her speechless.

TO BE CONTINUED in Sabina's Quest to Open the Portal in The Sun Pyramid

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## About the Author

### **Martin's background**

Martin is a Swedish male born in 1985

He has lived in Australia since 2012, and has been with his partner Elaine Hidayat since 2013.

### **Martin's writing history**

Martin wrote his first book, the psychological crime thriller James Locker: The Duality of Fate back in 2013.

After that Martin had a break from book writing for a couple of years.

In late 2016, Martin decided to take up book writing again and he finished his Science Fiction novel The Divine Dissimulation a year later.

In July 2018 Martin finished his third book, The Divine Sedition. which constitutes the second book in The Divine Zetan trilogy.

In 2018 Martin also wrote a short-story for children Matt's Amazing Week and a parody novella called Divine Space Gods: Abraham's Follies

In January 2019 Martin finished writing Divine Space Gods II: Revolution for Dummies

### **Martin's style**

Martin is a multi-genre writer who likes to mix up his works. So far he has released works in the crime, science fiction, humor and children genre, and he intends to write more genres in the future to mix up his repertoire and improve his writing.

Read more at [martinlundqvist.com](http://martinlundqvist.com).