

THE WALKWAYS AWAKENING

By

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All characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

In a distant galaxy the Authoritians control ship enters the Solar System.

A fleet of battle cruisers, killer of worlds and species are slowly making their way to Earth and have just passed Neptune.

The Plaigan Federation monitoring galaxies alert Planet Historia.

The Authoritians had left Interstellar Space and had entered the Solar System.

The Historians knew Earth was in danger; the Halflings would have to be reawakened.

One evening as Mila the High Principles daughter passed the Internal Chamber, she overheard her father talk about his Halfling daughter on Earth.

Shocked and angry by the news, her anger was taken out on her subjects; the angrier she got the more she attracted dark energy; until eventually it darkened her soul.

On Earth were a young couple enjoying their last few weeks together.

Chapter One

As Stephanie showered, she could feel the rash on the top of her left arm. It appeared just over a week ago above where her BCG had been, three tiny red dots set in a triangular shape.

Assuming she'd been bitten by a mosquito she continued to apply antihistamine cream to the area, however the cream did not seem to be working and the red dots had become more prominent.

One evening Stephanie and her boyfriend Tom were watching a TV programme about Philip Dicks. He was a visionary who wrote a number of science fiction books, some had even come into science fact.

It got Stephanie thinking about the unusual tiny red dots.

Maybe it wasn't a rash. Was it a sign of some sort?

Was she from another planet within the solar system?

Was it a tribal mark, and if so were there others with the same markings?

Stephanie's imagination was running away with her.

'Maybe I'm from another planet and these are my tribal marks,' remarked Stephanie getting up off the sofa.

'Get a grip Stephanie, if you were an alien you'd know about it and so would I, anyway what's your special power?' said Tom, grabbing her by the waist and giving her a peck on the cheek.

'In fact, let's go and check,' continued Tom taking her by the hand and leading her to the bedroom.

The following day Stephanie dismissed the idea of being an alien. Tom was right and logical as usual.

He's going to make a brilliant Seismologist one day, she thought.

Stephanie was taking a degree in Forensic Science. She wanted to work for the police forensic department one day and solve crimes.

The day of her graduation was a time for sadness and celebration, as both Stephanie and Tom had job opportunities in different parts of the world.

Tom was heading for Europe. He had received an invitation to go to Romania to join a team of Seismologists. They were going to do some research

on some high level seismic activity, and he couldn't wait.

Stephanie was overjoyed for Tom to be given such a great opportunity, but she knew she would miss him terribly. They promised to keep in touch but deep down they knew it could be difficult especially with Tom's new job, but she could only hope.

Stephanie was going to sunny Brighton. A job opportunity had opened up for her too, not as a Forensic Scientist as she had hoped but as a Laboratory Technician at a local hospital.

Although Stephanie was disappointed she was desperate for a job. She told herself that this would be a fill-in until she found her dream job.

Chapter Two

It was strange being in a new town without Tom. He'd always been there to comfort her when she'd had bad dreams.

Moving to Brighton was a big challenge. Stephanie felt a little insecure without Tom there to support her, however she'd have to be more adult and take control. Now aged twenty-five she was all alone and knew she'd have to make her own decisions, but she wasn't looking forward to it.

At the hospital Stephanie was welcomed by the most energetic person she had ever met before, 'Natasha,' a leggy and very intelligent brunette who loved wearing short skirts that showed off her long legs. They became friends immediately and began working together in the Haematology department.

Natasha was a great friend. She rented a room to Stephanie when she first arrived in Brighton.

After a few months Natasha helped Stephanie move into the flat she now lived in.

There was no doubt about it Natasha attracted the men. In the two years that Stephanie had worked with her, she could honestly say that Natasha had slept with most of the single men at the hospital and now she was staring at the new in-take of doctors.

She wasn't at all like Stephanie who was elegant, selective and discreet especially about her private life.

She liked to party but not with a different man every night like Natasha.

The intercom buzzed. Stephanie pushed the button to release the door, Natasha glided in and headed towards an armchair. She was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

'What have you done?' questioned Stephanie.

Natasha slumped into the armchair putting her long legs up onto the coffee table.

'I've got you a date,' said Natasha, pouting her lips before giving Stephanie an enormous smile.

'No way Natasha,' said Stephanie as she swept Natasha's legs off her coffee table, annoyed that she'd set her up with a date and for sticking her dirty feet on her clean coffee table.

‘Look, I need to make up a foursome as Craig is young and scared to come out alone,’ cried Natasha, taking her feet off the coffee table.

‘I don’t blame him he still sleeps with his teddy bear,’ replied Stephanie, giving the coffee table a spray and brisk clean with some tissue.

‘Be serious, I like Craig he’s cute and I want to look after him,’ said Natasha making a frown.

‘You mean have sex with him,’ said Stephanie.

‘Yes, ok, you’re right but I want to be his first conquest and show him everything a girl likes,’ replied Natasha.

‘I’m sorry, but not every girl likes the things you do!’ spluttered Stephanie.

‘I know, I’m a bit of a freak, but come along and sit with his friend, he fancies you anyway,’ begged Natasha.

‘You’ve gotta to be joking, sorry but I’m washing my hair every night this week,’ replied Stephanie crossly.

Natasha got up off the chair, thought for a moment and said.

‘I don’t mind if his friend comes along a threesome is just as good as a twosome.’

‘You’re disgusting, have a great time,’ said Stephanie as Natasha walked towards the front door.

Stopping at the door, Natasha turned to face Stephanie.

‘Oh, come on it won’t be as bad as all that, you don’t have to sleep with him just be company,’ begged Natasha.

‘No, I’m busy,’ said Stephanie still cross with her friend.

‘Please, please, pretty please,’ begged Natasha who was now crouched down in front of Stephanie pouting.

‘Oh my gosh stop begging, yes ok, ok, I’ll come along then, but I’m not interested in anything else,’ replied Stephanie.

‘Thanks Steph, pick you up tonight around nine, see you later,’ said Natasha blowing her a kiss before leaving the flat.

Chapter Three

The following day a ray of light shone through the window pane and caught Stephanie's green eyes, groaning she pulls the sheet over her head.

The telephone rings.

'Oh no leave me alone I'm not well,' she shouts croakily reaching for the receiver dragging it under the sheet to her ear.

'Hello.'

'Wakey, wakey rise n shine,' Natasha's chirpy voice came down the receiver.

'No go away, I'm not feeling well,' said Stephanie in a tired voice.

'You know it was that last vodka shot you had, it messed you up big time, get up I'm on my way to get you, otherwise you'll be late,' said Natasha.

'Late for what,' asked Stephanie?

'Work of course, see you in thirty minutes,' replied Natasha.

'Click,' went the receiver as Natasha hung up.

This is why I don't go out during work time, thought Stephanie pulling off the sheet revealing the

clothes she had worn the night before. A short black tight fitted number just right for her wonderful, sought after figure.

Stephanie hurried into the shower; she could feel the triangular shaped dots that had become part of her makeup. Her mind wandered then realising the time she quickly grabbed her towel and got out.

Now dressed in jeans and a t-shirt she was just getting a glass of water when the intercom buzzed.

Stephanie pushed the button releasing the door to let Natasha in.

She'd just finished tying her auburn hair up into a pony tail when Natasha walked in dressed in a short skirt, heels and low-cut top, chewing gum, with a food bag in one hand and two coffees in a drinks tray in the other.

'Couldn't you find a skirt that fits you?' asked Stephanie stunned!

'I could but that wouldn't be fun now would it, anyway I bought you breakfast,' replied Natasha smiling as she put the drinks tray down on the table and chucking a patisserie bag towards her.

Catching it Stephanie peeked inside to view one croissant and one fairy cake.

'I don't want anything to eat I feel terrible, my throat feels like it's had a fight with a hedgehog,' said Stephanie putting the patisserie bag down onto the table.

‘That’s ok I’ll eat them both,’ replied Natasha licking her lips.

‘Well did you?’ asked Stephanie.

‘Oh yea, we did and he did and it was all ok, getting all wet and drizzly like until his mother called him; mummies boys all of them I need a real man to squeeze the juice out of me,’ remarked Natasha.

‘I don’t want to hear it, you’re a right ole lap-err,’ said Stephanie.

‘Don’t you mean slapper?’ smiled Natasha.

‘No, I know what I meant,’ laughed Stephanie.

‘Did you give him a kiss goodnight,’ teased Natasha.

‘No, I bloody well didn’t, that’s the last time I go on a double date with you,’ replied Stephanie, getting a glass of water and taking a tablet for her sore throat.

‘Did your hangover stop you dreaming this time?’ asked Natasha, remembering what she was like when she’d stayed with her.

‘Actually no, I think their getting worse,’ replied Stephanie.

‘What’d you dream about?’

‘That’s the problem I can never remember, but somehow, I feel like it’s the same dream reoccurring each night.’

‘When you do remember, I’ll look it up in the dreams book; you’re probably just a troubled soul,’ said Natasha nudging Stephanie’s arm teasing her.

Stephanie poked her tongue at her friend.

‘Let’s get going then,’ said Natasha picking up the patisserie bag.

Stephanie followed Natasha out of the flat locking the door behind her.

Chapter Four

In the car, an old song came on the radio they sang along to it on the way to work.

Then as they parked up at the hospital car park they saw Craig. He blushed when Natasha shouted out loudly, “Mummies boy.”

The pair laughed and went inside.

Once inside the building they walked down the corridors towards the locker rooms to change into their white lab coats.

The duo worked in the Haematology Department testing blood in the laboratory.

It was a tedious and boring job but someone had to do it.

Every now and then a lovely new doctor would drop off a blood sample, Natasha was in her element.

Stephanie wasn't interested in the men at the hospital, never mix work and pleasure was her motto.

Putting on some gloves Stephanie got on with her work.

Collecting the specimen bags from the in-tray, she started testing the samples and inputting the results onto the database.

Oh yes this was a very important job she thought, bored out of her mind.

Eventually it was five o'clock and time to go home.

Thank goodness, another day over, she couldn't wait to get out of the lab.

Stephanie walked briskly towards the locker rooms she couldn't wait to change back into her own clothes.

Natasha had already changed and was waiting for her.

'You wanna go out again tonight?' enquired Natasha grinning.

'You must be joking, I'm still recovering from last night, so no thanks,' replied Stephanie, still feeling tired.

'But Dan's going to be there,' said Natasha.

'So what, I'm not interested,' remarked an agitated Stephanie.

'But he's so looking forward to seeing you again after last night,' teased Natasha.

‘You know I don’t mix work with pleasure and he’s work so thanks, but no thanks,’ replied Stephanie sternly to her friend.

As they walked towards the car park Natasha searched in her bag for the car keys, finding them she unlocked the car and they got inside thankful that the day was over.

Natasha turned on the radio.

Their favourite song came over the air waves, in fine tune the pair sang along as they drove towards Stephanie’s flat.

Getting out of the car, Natasha couldn’t resist asking Stephanie once more about going out that night.

‘No, good night, see you tomorrow.’

Stephanie slammed the car door shut and walked into the block of flats.

Getting out of the lift, Stephanie started to feel weird.

She managed to get her door keys out of her handbag before she reached her flat, number thirteen.

Closing the front door behind her she rushed towards the bathroom dropping her handbag in the process.

She started to vomit, feeling hot and clammy she ran the cold water and threw water onto her face,

wetting a towel she placed it to the back of her neck; she started to feel a little better.

Walking into the corridor she took off her boots and chucked them towards the front door.

She nearly tripped on her handbag that was dropped there a few moments ago and picking it up she headed for the kitchen.

Stephanie looked for some peppermint tea to settle her stomach, maybe I ate something funny she thought trying to find a reason why she had just vomited.

Relaxing in the armchair, finishing the last of her tea, she started to feel extremely tired.

It's an early night for me I need to catch up on my sleep she thought as she headed to the bathroom again.

After showering she put on her favourite PJ's and then headed for bed, asleep, soon as her head touched the pillow.

Stephanie fell into a deep sleep, her head filled with unusual dreams.

She was in a room full of aliens. They had pale grey coloured skin, high foreheads and no hair. The male species had wider heads and longer fingers than the

females, both had translucent eyes that seemed to glow green.

A male stood before her dressed in grey robes and drew pictures in the air with its very long fingers. They didn't speak although she could understand them.

Then an alien pressed a clear coloured crystal into each of her palms, these sank quite easily beneath her skin leaving a tiny pin hole.

She noticed the aliens had the same three dot markings but theirs were in green.

All of a sudden, she recognized the room, it was her bedroom.

She woke instantly, relieved that it wasn't real and was only a dream.

Falling back to sleep the dream continued.

This time she saw herself fighting using some mystical power that came out of her hands. She was confident and fearless.

Then suddenly she's confronted by a faceless enemy that causes her to wake instantly, again she was relieved that it was only a dream.

This was a typical sleep pattern for Stephanie; waking a number of times during the night from weird and confusing dreams that all began when she was fifteen.

As after having the BCG vaccine (Bacillus Calmette-Guerin vaccine) at school she became very ill. The doctors diagnosed an allergic reaction, the bad dreams a side effect.

When Stephanie finally woke she felt exhausted; it was as if her spirit had travelled a great distance and had come back to rest.

Bits of the dream flashed in her mind, but as usual she couldn't remember.

Feeling like crap, she wondered if she could call in sick and stay home.

Wearily she got out of bed and walked towards the bathroom.

In the shower she blamed Natasha for taking her out the previous night.

When Natasha arrived at the flat, Stephanie was dressed and waiting for her.

'You ok?' asked Natasha looking at Stephanie intensely?

'Just a little light headed, probably coming down with something.'

'Is it man flu?' teased Natasha, winking at her friend.

'Very funny, I had a restless sleep last night, but not as exhausting as yours, I bet,' remarked Stephanie sarcastically.

‘You know it, come on let’s get going before the rush,’ said Natasha smiling, not fazed by Stephanie’s last remark.

Taking the same route to work, Stephanie looked up at the clear blue sky; a face appeared like it was drawn in the sky by the clouds.

The image got bigger and bigger it was just about to appear as close to her face as her nose was attached, when she felt herself being shaken.

‘Wake up Stephanie,’ called Natasha.

Coming back to reality she realized she’d fallen asleep.

‘Hello, its bad when your friends fall asleep on you, especially when I was filling you in on all the juicy details,’ remarked Natasha.

‘Sorry, I didn’t mean to fall asleep, you can fill me in later,’ replied Stephanie.

That afternoon they met for lunch. Bringing sandwiches and juice they took a stroll over the park and sat on a wooden bench under some trees to eat it.

Afterwards as they took a slow walk back towards the hospital Natasha filled Stephanie in, on her latest conquest.

Then approaching the exit to the park Natasha's mandar came into play; Stephanie's word for man radar.

As expected Natasha zoomed in on an unsuspecting male waiting by the gate.

Leaving Stephanie, she went over to introduce herself.

Stephanie headed back to work leaving her to it; no doubt she'd hear all about it later.

Chapter Five

As Stephanie walked back to work she passed a handsome stranger; not seen him before, she thought to herself however she had a strange feeling she already knew him.

The stranger smiled as he walked past.

When Natasha came into the Lab she talked non stop about the guy she had chatted to at the park.

‘He works for a delivery company we’re meeting up later for a drink.’

‘Yeah and what else?’ questioned Stephanie.

‘Um maybe dessert,’ replied Natasha grinning like a Cheshire cat.

‘Ooh,’ remarked Stephanie disapprovingly.

‘You know you’re going to get an STD (sexually transmitted disease) if you carry on like this, you’re self-harming with sex,’ said Stephanie.

‘Oh well, I’m here to enjoy myself while I can, I’m only young once,’ replied Natasha in defence.

‘Hi.’

Came a voice came from the window of specimen reception startling the pair.

Natasha turned to see the stranger that Stephanie had seen earlier.

‘Hello,’ how can I help you?’ asked Natasha in a sexy tone, pointing at the stranger with one of her immaculate manicured fingers on the word you.

‘I’m Dr John Foster I’ve come to see Stephanie,’ said the stranger.

Stephanie’s mouth dropped, the handsome stranger had asked for her by name, she composed herself and said.

‘Hi, I’m Stephanie, how can I help you?’

She moved forward stepping in front of Natasha to continue the conversation.

Stephanie looked at him, his eyes captured her gaze. She felt mesmerized and for a moment she felt like she was in one of her dreams, the spell was broken when he spoke.

‘Can we talk privately?’

‘Oh yes, of course,’ spluttered Stephanie, trying to recover as she walked towards the lab door. She looked back at Natasha.

Natasha’s smile had disappeared it was replaced by a puzzled look.

Stephanie led Dr John Foster to an empty office, once inside Dr John Foster started closing the blinds.

He walked towards the door and locked it, turning on the light he could see that Stephanie was frightened.

The doctor spoke.

‘My name’s Nero, I’m from a planet called Plaigan; I’ve come to find you.’

‘Sorry I don’t know what you’re talking about,’ said Stephanie panicking believing she’s locked in a room with a complete mad man.

‘You are a Halfling, half Earthling and half Historian; your father came to Earth from planet Historia to save their species.

Your father is the High Principle the ruler of Historia, your stepmother the High Priestess has been reawakening the Halflings.

I am a Plaigan agent, my job is to find you and the other Halflings and take you back to planet Historia to finish your training.’

‘You’re having a laugh,’ said Stephanie.

‘Who’s put you up to this?’ she asked believing it to be a joke as she tried to get past Nero to unlock the door.

‘I have no reason to make you laugh, I am only telling you the truth,’ replied Nero in a more serious tone.

‘Prove it then,’ replied Stephanie determined to leave the room making a rush for the door.

Nero grabbed her arm, pulled up her sleeve to reveal the three dot markings.

‘This is the mark of your species, you also have dreams; the High Priestess is relaying telepathically to you the history of your people and of your planet Historia, let me show you.’

Before Stephanie had time to think he placed his hands onto her palms, a link of white light transferred from Nero’s palms into Stephanie’s she could see visions of her past dreams flooding her brain.

Flashes of images triggered all the memories she had *of her planet; who she was and what she must do. The crystals planted into the palm of her hands in one of her dreams was real;* as their palms unlocked it had all become clear to Stephanie, of her mission to seek out her people and go home to Historia.

‘Whatever you do, don’t tell anyone, there are spies everywhere,’ said Nero.

Stephanie looked stunned.

‘Are you ok,’ he asked?

‘Yes, I just feel a little strange,’ said Stephanie looking down at her palms.

‘We have to go now,’ said Nero.

‘Remember not a word.’ He unlocked the door.

‘I have to get my bag it’s in the changing room at the lab,’ said Stephanie a little unsure about what had just happened.

‘I’ll meet you outside, go and get the bag, be discreet,’ said Nero walking behind her as he headed for the exit.

Stephanie walked past the lab and headed towards the changing rooms; she was nervous and didn’t want to bump into anyone.

In the changing room she opened her locker to retrieve her bag, just as she closed it she was startled to see Natasha standing there.

‘Oh Natasha, you scared me,’ said Stephanie trying to compose herself.

‘What you doing?’ asked Natasha.

Thinking of what to say Stephanie lied.

‘I need to freshen up and everything is in my bag,’ she said hoping to convince Natasha.

‘I see anything to do with Dr John Foster?’ asked Natasha, her voice changing slightly from banter to a more serious tone.

‘Of course not, I’m not like you,’ replied Stephanie; she laughed nervously.

She hoped Natasha would drop the interrogation and go, so she could leave.

‘What did the doctor want?’ asked Natasha.

‘See you back in the lab in a few minutes and I’ll tell you what the doctor wanted although it’s not at all interesting,’ replied Stephanie trying desperately to get rid of her friend.

Just then the changing room door opened.

“Natasha; call for you.”

Natasha glared at Stephanie and walked towards the door, Stephanie followed quickly behind her.

As Natasha went into the office to take the telephone call, Stephanie headed quickly for the exit, meeting Nero outside. He was on a mobile device.

She listened to his conversation and noticed his voice had changed; he sounded like a female.

‘Ok I’ll visit my doctor then, thank you for your help Natasha.’

Stephanie stared at Nero she wondered what was going on.

‘You needed a diversion, get in,’ said Nero opening the passenger door of the car for Stephanie to get in.

‘Where are we going?’ asked Stephanie.

‘To the Plaigan base,’ answered Nero, opening his window and checking the side view mirror.

‘I need to get my things from the flat, my passport, clothes, and other personal things,’ said Stephanie in a frantic voice.

‘You will not need a passport, everything else you can buy again; what’s in the bag?’ asked Nero calmly.

‘Just my keys, mobile, my purse, a credit card and some cash,’ remembering what Nero had just said she remarked.

‘I’m not rich I can’t just buy all my clothes again.’

Stephanie clasped her hands to her head trying to take it all in.

‘Give me the mobile and the card.’

Stephanie handed the items to Nero, he held them with one hand and somehow melted them into each other turning them into a ball of plastic, and throwing it out of his open window.

In that moment everything important to her was gone.

‘What the hell, how am I supposed to buy anything now?’ said Stephanie glaring at Nero in disbelief.

‘Trust me you cannot use any of those things, you could easily be traced by government spies or intelligent agencies here on Earth,’ answered Nero calmly.

Thank you for reading the first five chapters of
the new science fiction book
“The Walkways Awakening,” by Charmain Ingleton

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