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The Return

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EARTH FILES

A novel by Inelia Benz

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Disclaimer: Although based on actual events, this is a work of fiction. Names, characters, organizations, places, locales, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner.

Preface

When I wrote the first book in The Return Series, “The Return”, it was clear that Cecilia’s adventures would continue and would bring forth ideas and concepts about our reality on Earth, Space and the Universe which, although they are presented as a novel, can completely change a person’s life.

The “Earth Files” book is here to expand on the story of humanity through the eyes of our favorite characters as well as through new characters which bring our history and evolution to new levels of understanding and awareness. Throughout the proofreading of this novel, my fabulous volunteers kept going into altered states of awareness, and had many aha moments which positively affected them.

Authors write novels for different reasons. Sometimes it is all they can do to stay sane as these stories come in one after the other to be told. Others do it because it is something they love doing. Others will write novels to change the world. My reasons are all of the above and also because I really enjoy spending time with the characters.

Many of you have asked me if these characters are real, both as in real people on Earth, and real as in “do these aliens really exist”. I have to say that some of these characters are based on real people, but none of them exist as depicted. As to the alien characters, I can tell you that Susie exists in real life, but she was not a soldier. When I met her, she was a child and was very much interested in science and not very interested in either politics or military training. Was she really a Rumni or did I dream it all? I don’t have any way to prove her existence, just like I cannot prove that yesterday existed. Take it as you will. Anin is also a person that exists in reality. However, I have not met him physically.

And this is why I call these writings “novels”. The stories told in them are based on real events and people but are fictional in that I have merged different people and their lives into one or more characters.

Cecilia represents the people of Earth who are waking up to realize they are not slaves to negativity and never were. Cecilia represents our awakening.

The “Earth Files” is here to carry out a job. Its job is to allow the reader the space to explore their own power and how it relates to the power-over-others and low-frequency energies which rule most people’s lives on Earth right now. This novel presents the true nature of being human, as well as the true nature of the high and low frequencies that we experience in physical form.

As we move away from Earth and into Space, this novel also explores the possibility that Space is not what we have been taught in school. A concept that will be explored further in the following books in this series.

I am very excited to present to you, "Earth Files".

Acknowledgments

I am extremely honored to have many allies and good counsel (two of the main keys of instant manifestation and success that I teach) in WalkWithMeNow.com. With the member's enthusiasm and encouragement, I was able to be held accountable and write a chapter per week until the completion of the first draft of this book. After that, a magnificent and talented group of individuals offered to proofread the novel and help it come to publication.

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Chapter one

Cecilia watched as the man made his way toward the house. He was deliberate in his steps and the people around him bowed as he passed them. She wondered about him. Was he Human? Yes, he felt Human. The people who worked on the grounds were also Human. They all looked so tiny. She was tiny too. She was so used to the people who surrounded her day in and day out, who were all so much bigger than any Human she had ever met, that now Humans seemed tiny to her in comparison.

She wasn't quite sure why, but it seemed as though the plants and trees, which lined the path to the house, also bowed to the man in respect as he walked past them. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. It was almost like she could sense it, feel the plants and trees do that, but she didn't think they physically moved, or did they? She wasn't sure.

She looked up at the sky and noticed the pink sun was still on the horizon where it would stay for a few hours yet. The days were long here on Garenidan, and it was customary to start them at dawn. Her daddy had told her that Earth's days lasted about half as long as the days here. She didn't remember much about Earth, the planet she was born on. But she did have to take long naps during the day, something that other people didn't do. Her daddy told her it was because she was a growing girl. It was true. She was already eight Earth years old, but she was as tall as most of the Humans who worked in the palace grounds, who were very old in comparison. She didn't know how old they were, but they looked like adults. She had not seen another Human child since she had left Earth five years earlier, so she didn't know if she was a normal Human height for an eight year old. She was about half the size of Anunnaki children her age on Garenidan, however. She thought about this for a while as she watched the man work his way toward the house. It would be a while before he reached it. Her genes had changed, her daddy had told her. Not quite Human anymore, but more Human than anyone else in her family. She could order her body to grow taller if she so wished, so she would be a more normal sized for a girl her age, but something inside her resisted doing so. She never really had much interest in the Humans who worked the grounds before but watching them today as they smiled and bowed to the Human

coming toward the house, made her curious. The approaching man made her curious most of all.

She moved closer to the window and touched the glass, it felt cold under her fingertips. The flowers outside responded to the movement of her fingers. It made her giggle. She would have to show her daddy when he came home. It was a new skill she'd discovered two days earlier when playing hide and go seek with her brother, Lorcain.

Lorcain wasn't exactly her brother. He was her daddy's half clone. It was such a complicated story, but she loved to hear Lorcain's mother, Shylar, explain it all which she liked to do often. Lorcain, according to Shylar, was a gift from the Gods, a gift that she brought into the Universe, and which was forbidden by the tyrannical laws of both Rumni and Anunnaki in most planets. Shylar, in fact, was now under constant danger of execution by her own family for having made Lorcain.

Shylar and her daddy had never been married. She had tricked Anin, her daddy, and stolen his blood. She then used the blood sample and mixed it with her own blood to create Lorcain.

Shylar also liked to remind Cecilia that she, Cecilia, wasn't in fact Anin's daughter and in no way was she genetically related to him or Lorcain. Cecilia was the biological daughter of Anin's wife, Queen Onelyet, who was Anunnaki and Rumni. Her father was a 'mysterious Human' man, according to Shylar, who "your mother is obsessed with finding," as she would often add, creating the feeling inside Cecilia that her mommy didn't love her daddy very much. She knew this feeling was false, and as soon as she would discard it, Shylar would frown and hiss as Rumni did when displeased.

This made Cecilia smile. She had become familiar with the Rumni's skill in manipulating the thoughts and feelings of others early on in their relationship. Being a quarter Rumni herself, she managed to learn the skill to such a degree that made even Shylar pause for thought. After Shylar figured out Cecilia had learned that skill from her, she didn't use other of her racial skills around her.

The man was talking to one of the gardeners now, but at that moment, the moment when she had made the flowers outside the window move, he looked over to her and smiled.

She smiled back and tapped into his mind. It was full of stuff. She rolled her eyes and stepped away from the window. The man was a teacher and she'd had enough of teachers. She didn't want another teacher. She felt his mind reaching into hers, "I'm not really a teacher," he said. "I'm an Oracle. Do you know what an Oracle is?"

When he asked, Cecilia didn't know what an Oracle was, but she found that the man did, and it seemed very interesting indeed.

"An Oracle can see past what's visible, hear past what's audible, remember what hasn't happened yet, and guide themselves and others through unknown territory." She said and waited for his approval.

"Very good! We also make great pancakes, have you had pancakes before? They are Human food."

A memory of pancakes stirred in her. She was very young, in a small kitchen. Her Human foster family around her, and... a man... someone she loved very much, was making her pancakes.

"Francisco." She said, feeling a wrenching sadness shake her body at the memory. She took control of her emotions, her small Anunnaki suit helped stabilize them, and she smiled. Big girls don't cry. Maybe she should stay little, she thought to herself.

She looked behind her at her Anunnaki tutor sitting and telling her in a raised voice to come and sit next to him, and then looked at the other adults who were constantly by her side. She noticed that none of them were aware of the people on the grounds outside the window. No one had noticed the man walking through the grounds, nor did they notice that all the Humans were bowing as he passed them. No one noticed as he made his way to the front entrance. No one had noticed her split second show of deep emotion. All was as always, distant, unnoticed and disconnected.

"Come sit by me and pay attention, Cecilia, this is important. You need to learn about your people, your planet and your history." The Anunnaki tutor said in a stern and powerful voice.

The other adults in the room went silent and turned their attention toward her. How would she react? What would she do? What would happen to the tutor? She heard their thoughts and felt their emotions.

She sighed and walked to the door, opening it just as a guard was about to knock. She nodded at the guard, who promptly stood aside and let the man enter the room.

She heard gasps in the background.

She smiled and extended her hand, as her daddy had taught her, in the traditional Earth greeting.

The man took her hand in his, shook it gently, then knelt before her and bowed his head in respect.

“Our Queen Returned,” he said, then proceeded to copy the Anunnaki greeting when meeting a Sovereign.

Cecilia could feel the adults behind her relaxing in their chairs. This was something familiar for them, it was something they could understand.

She waited until the formal greeting was done, then invited him to join the group around the table.

“This was my tutor,” she said as she looked at the old man who had been trying to teach her nonsense the past day,” but I can’t recall his name.” The Anunnaki tutor frowned at this disrespectful introduction, as she pointed at him.

“This is Daddy’s spy, Orsel,” a young man shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

“These three people are scientists from some genetic place, I can’t recall which one, and this one is Momma’s spy, Sefin.” A slender older man bowed.

“That female there in the corner is my brother’s Mommy, she’s a Rumni and very dangerous, so be careful with her. Don’t get too close and don’t let her touch you. She’s obsessed with me and won’t even let me sleep without taking a blood sample. Her name is Shylar.”

Shylar hissed a laugh and carried on with her work.

“Everyone, say hello to my new tutor...” She looked at him for a name.

“Alexander.”

“Meet my new tutor, Alexander. He’s Human.”

She then turned to the tutor who had been assigned to her that morning, bowed her head, and pointed to the door. “Thank you for your wisdom and services, Sir, my Daddy will compensate you for your hard labor,” she looked at her father’s spy and added, “probably as we speak.”



Somewhere in the same planetary sector, Anin got a direct message from his agent at the house, “Sir, your daughter has a Human visitor. He arrived today unannounced. We can trace his vessel’s origin to the Orion Sector. She has allowed him to enter the property and is in conversations with him, apparently telepathic. She has stated that he is her new tutor, and she has formally fired the one you assigned to her today. I have taken the liberty to recompense the fired tutor for his troubles.”

Anin sent a quick ‘message received and approved’ response and smiled. His wife’s daughter was The Queen Returned, but she was also a very young child. Finding a tutor for her had proven impossible. If the child didn’t sack them, one of his staff members did, or they simply walked out.

The child wasn’t difficult. She was just more knowledgeable than anyone he had ever met. However, she was at a developmental stage that required integration of certain social etiquette that was vital for future diplomatic enterprises. If he didn’t find a way to civilize her, make her see that people had to think they had free will, and that not everyone in the Universe was her friend, or could be manipulated to do her bidding, introducing her to the Empire was going to be unimaginably harder than it was already set to be. Already she was refusing to change her shape to a normal Anunnaki size and form, preferring instead to look like a Human. It would be so much easier if she would simply comply and look like a regular person.

“Orsel, send me the man’s deep profile and give him a communication device, I want to interview him.” He said into his mind communicator.

“Yes Sir.”

“Are you listening to me, young man?” Unkin, the Ambassador for the Andromeda System, spoke out loud as he looked into Anin’s eyes.

“Deep apologies, Ambassador.” Anin knew better than to lie to this man. He was renowned for knowing truth from lies even if the lie was well wrapped in truth. “It is my daughter. She is only eight years old.”

“Oh! Why is she not with you? At this age she should be tethered to you.” The man suddenly stopped talking and leaned forward. “Anin, you are not old enough to have fathered a child. How is this possible?”

“She is my adopted daughter, Ambassador Unkin. My wife’s child by a previous marriage.”

“And the biological father?”

“Missing in action, presumed dead.” The truth was, neither Anin nor his wife Onelyet knew who the biological father was. They had been actively searching for his genetic lineage among Human colonies for years and so far had not had any positive results.

“I am so sorry to hear of the father’s death. You are a brave man to take such a huge task on your shoulders, and at such a tender age too. I hope and pray the mother, your wife, is older and of an age to mother a child?”

“Yes, she is. Our marriage is... love based.” He made the statement knowing it often stopped any further discussion on the matter.

The Ambassador’s eyes flickered in shock for a split second and Anin could see the man’s training and suit taking over his display of shock and emotional disapproval.

“I have heard of it, of course. A thing of myth and legends. But I know when a man speaks the truth, and you are speaking the truth. This is very unexpected news. I take it that apart from the awkwardness of a love based marriage, and incapacity to tether the child to you due to your tender age, no other issues are present in the joining?”

Anin knew the Ambassador meant his and his wife’s family approval, acceptance and legal contracts pertaining to their marriage. It wasn’t

something they had made public, which was rare in his social strata, but normal.

“Yes, all is well. All contracts were entered with full agreement of all parties concerned.”

“You, of course, won’t be fathering a child for quite some time.”

Anin thought of his son, Lorcain, the child he couldn’t speak about with anyone, for any reason.

“My God, Anin. The Rumni child. Yes, I remember now. You are that Anin. My deep felt apologies, I should have done my homework before opening my big mouth. I am very sorry for your loss.”

The Ambassador’s voice increased in pitch and volume, indicating that his interest in finding out more about the Rumni child had not been fully satisfied. His mind was clearly busy looking for the correct way to approach more questions about the sordid situation Anin had been part of. It was obvious to Anin that this man had been waiting days to breach the subject. There was absolutely zero chance that the Ambassador didn’t know he was ‘that Anin’. It wasn’t like Anin hadn’t had to put up with this specific conversation in every single meeting for the past few years. He knew what to expect and how to respond.

He took a deep breath, allowed his suit to stabilize his emotions and thoughts, and expressed his thanks to the condolences in a way which clearly put an end to the discussion. No one outside the secret Order of Protectors must know that his son was alive and well. Soon after Lorcain’s birth, news had been purposely spread of his death. This had been done to protect the child from Shylar’s family, who had declared that the child would not be allowed to live no matter where he was. The Order of Protectors was an ancient organization that kept the belief in The Return alive throughout the centuries. They also had the technology and rituals to remove all artificially created social and personal programs designed to keep a person limited in free will choices and life paths. Anin had been introduced to the Order by his mother, who was one of its leaders.

“We were discussing mineral rights.” Anin said, concluding the personal talk. To his relief, the Ambassador nodded and continued with the negotiations.

Anin was no longer the Ambassador to the Solar System. After he had brought Cecilia from Earth to Garenidan, his family had ensured a promotion that kept him close to home. He now limited his trips work trips to an hour or less, which included a large area of this sector of the Quadrant.

Fathers of young children often took sabbaticals from their careers so they could imprint their children fully during their infancy and critical defining years. His wife Onelyet was known to have a young daughter, who Anin had adopted as his own which had given him the perfect excuse to stay close to home and make sure to imprint his culture on his son Lorcain. He personally would have preferred a sabbatical, but it would have been a highly unusual decision to take for an adopted child.

The Order could not afford an investigation into one of their major family's affairs. Cecilia was, after all, not Pure Blooded. And his son, well, he was not naturally begotten and was half Rumni. The true nature and bloodlines of his wife had also been kept secret. Only her Annunaki parentage had been recorded during the signing of the contracts. Although rare, occasionally a woman would have an affair resulting in children whose father's lineage was not made public. Everyone assumed that this was the case with Onelyet's parentage. Her lineage was also from a very remote sector, from a planet that had been destroyed. All these facts made her Rumni heritage easy to conceal. But if investigators came to Garenidan and took genetic samples to establish lineages, or to ensure his son had died at birth, all would be lost.

The mountain of unnatural and death threatening circumstances, if the true nature of his children and wife were to become public, would have driven a lesser man mad. But Anin was Complete, and he was young. Very young. Those types of insurmountable odds were, to him, simply life.

The rest of the meeting was concluded without incident, in fact, it had been extremely successful and easy. Ambassador Unkin had suddenly become supportive, friendly, and willing to do business. Anin wasn't sure exactly what had happened or what he had said that had changed the Ambassador's stand so quickly. Maybe he too had lost a child at some point which had been kept out of the official records. An affair perhaps? Anin speculated.

Both himself and the Ambassador had gone into negotiations some months earlier knowing that the contract which would include the mineral rights over several planets and moons, would take years to finalize. But here they were, signing a final, and very profitable to both families, preliminary version of the contract.

The mineral rights had been acquired. Anin sat with his back to a large art piece which proudly exhibited the Ambassador's family territory in this sector of the Universe. He had noticed it when he had entered the room several weeks past and knew it had been carefully placed to show negotiators the strength and the might of the family.

Now he saw the same image in the contract, this time several planets had Anin's family insignia next to them accompanied by the names of the minerals they would now be able to acquire from those planets.

When Anin first got this assignment, it was known to him and his family that the deal might never happen. But every ten years or so, the two families routinely resumed negotiations. It was more like a dance than a real attempt at working together. The Ambassador's family had never used or mined the minerals in the sector, they didn't have the investment needed nor the know-how in their lineage to do so, as their strengths lay elsewhere. But they rotated negotiations with several families on a regular basis to bring about a possible deal.

No one expected Anin to go home with a contract.

Before he left the room, Anin communicated his concerns to his own people. He reported how, to him, the way in which the Ambassador had turned things around and made his final decision, was highly suspicious. Anin made sure everything was clear and recorded properly. It would not surprise him at all if the Ambassador accused him of blackmail or some other illegal action in the days or weeks to come. He was obviously playing some sort of political game, and Anin needed to figure out what it was as soon as possible.

But at least now Anin was able to get home for lunch, which for some reason felt to him more important than closing a deal that had been escaping his family for centuries. He knew the deal would be thoroughly investigated and most probably declared null and void. If the Ambassador

wasn't playing political games and planning to tie him up in litigation for the next few centuries, then Anin's own competitors would. But for now, for today, he had succeeded in acquiring the rights to mine several planets. He would enjoy his initial victory no matter what followed.

He read the contract again from beginning to end. It was watertight. Hoping against hope that this wasn't a scam, and that it wouldn't be reversed any time soon, Anin placed his seal on the documents and stood up for the customary embrace which marked the end of a positive negotiation.

He then turned and made his way out of the palatial offices of the Ambassador. His assistant and security detail were waiting for him outside as they were unworthy and too lowly in rank to enter the palace. As Complete and Free men and women, his people were accustomed to being treated as equals at home. Yet, they knew how to behave out in regular society. They bowed deeply to him as he reached them, then escorted him back to his ship.

As he entered his ship, Anin looked back at the palace and worried that even though everything looked and felt above board, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was afoot. Something was wrong with the deal. It was too perfect.

A voice in his personal communicator broke through Anin's worried thoughts, "your son has awakened, Sir. The nanny tried to stop him from leaving his room, but he ran away still in his sleeping clothes and is now on his way to your daughter's quarters." Orsel announced in his communication device.

"Well, he's running wild and unchecked. His mother, I assume, is with Cecilia?"

"Yes, Sir. She is."

"I'm on my way," he said and signaled his crew to take off.

Anin had tried to inform himself of the ways of Rumni parenting, but it had been a struggle. The children were kept away from all other races until their Rumni form was stable. Whatever race the children were with, between birth and stabilization of form, was the one that would be their

normal shape. There was a period following stabilization where children were exposed to any number of races that he or she might in the future want to shapeshift into. This ability would be dormant in those Rumni who were not exposed to other races by the time they reached puberty. Overall, Rumni parents didn't partake in their child's upbringing very much. The children were mostly brought up in groups consisting of people matching their social status and work paths.

They had kept Lorcain away from his mother until stabilization happened, something she had insisted upon. She was able to control his day to day care through monitoring devices and would speak to him in her tongue until the day his shape was solidly Annunaki, at which point she was able to physically hold him.

Their bond was mysterious. Shylar was often absent in mind but her connection to the boy was deep. Anin felt that somehow his own genetic material had affected Shylar on a long term basis. She often now smiled and sometimes was quiet and reflective of her surroundings.

She and Anin had never become close friends, but their relationship was amicable. She had nowhere to go. Having been convicted of a crime against her own species, she wasn't able to leave the protection of his family's planet, lest she be captured and executed by her people. This meant that Anin didn't have to worry about her kidnapping the children, which he was sure she would do if she had somewhere to go.

He made sure she had everything she required for her scientific and genetic investigations. His mother also had a large building designed and built especially for her 'daughter'. The Rumni had given her a grandchild, making Shylar now a member of the family. The fact that Lorcain was not her grandchild, but a half clone of her son didn't matter to her. And it no longer mattered to Anin either. Lorcain was his son in everything, but scientific terms and he loved the child more than he could express. Lorcain was his own little man, and in Anin's heart he lived big and strong.

Anin had been in the building his mother had built for Shylar once and had found it to be ornate but mostly it felt to him to be more like a medical lab than a home. Shylar had been assigned her own staff, guards, and technical team. All Complete, a state that meant their genetic programming had been

disabled, and fully armed with suits that prevented mind control and poisoning.

“Sir, your son has arrived at Cecilia’s quarters and both tutors are still here.”

“His shape?”

“Anunnaki, Sir.”

“No matter, then. Let him in.”

Lorcain burst into the room as the old tutor stormed out red in the face and shouting obscenities, his suit obviously failing to control his emotions.

Lorcain checked himself, as he had been told to do every day of his life, to make sure he looked like an Annunaki. He did. The man didn’t even notice him. Lorcain smiled to himself, today he was a good boy.

Cecilia was the first one to spot him, she smiled and called him over. He ran over to her and noticed the small man standing next to her. Cecilia was older than Lorcain, but she was very small, and the strange looking man was also small and had a flat head like his sister’s. She started telling him about the man. She seemed very happy and excited that he was there.

“But you said that all teachers were bores.” He said after several minutes of listening to her ramble on.

“Well, don’t tell anyone but this one here is not really a teacher. He’s an Oracle and he’s going to teach me how to oracle.”

The man laughed.

Lorcain frowned. Cecilia was always using words that he didn’t understand.

“It’s OK little brother...”

“I’m not little and I’m not your brother. I’m bigger than you and when we grow up, I am going to marry you.”

He knew that marriage meant they would live together forever, and his mother had told him that’s what was going to happen. He thought that Cecilia was his sister, but Shylar, his mother had made sure to let him know

that brothers and sisters didn't marry when they grew up. She had told him that brothers and sisters lived in different sectors and rarely saw each other. His mother hadn't seen her own brothers and sisters in hundreds of years, she had told him. "Cecilia was his nest mate and one day, when they both grew up, they would become married and live together forever." His mother had assured him.

"OK, yes, you are bigger than me, and no, we are not getting married." Cecilia stated, stopping him from arguing his point about the marriage with a stern look and sending him a big hug, letting him know they would never be apart. "So, younger bro... boy," she continued, "one day you will start to mature and grow up, and then you will be able to retain more information in your mind. You will learn how to read, write, sing, communicate with other people, and stuff like that. Your mommy says it's only a matter of time."

The boy knew that this was true. His mother and everyone around him had told him so. They also told him not to compare himself to his tiny, older nest mate because she was different to anyone in the Universe. He touched into his mother's mind and told her that Cecilia had said they were not going to get married. His mother told him Cecilia didn't know everything, especially what was planned for her future. She told him that it would be their knowledge to hold and remember forevermore, and not to mention it to anyone else again.

He nodded to her because he knew that he was very good at keeping secrets. He leaned over and put his large head on his nest mate's shoulder and let her stroke his hair. He loved Cecilia more than anyone on the planet, except his mother and father. His mother said that he had inherited his father's heart. She said it in an annoyed voice when he would do things she didn't approve of. He reached over to touch Cecilia's face the way his father touched his face when they greeted.

"You got smaller," he said, lifting his head up after getting his fill of Cecilia's love.

"No, you got bigger."

"Why don't you get bigger too?"

“I don’t know. I thought about it, but I feel like it’s not right for me to do that. I’m Human and,” she pointed to the man next to her, “Humans are tiny.”

He heard her say the words, but he knew, somehow deep inside of him, truth stirred. She was not all Human. This man was all Human, but his sister only had a little bit of Human. She was more like him than the man, she was part Annunaki and part Rumni just like he was.

She felt his dissonant discomfort with her words and corrected herself. “Yes, I am only part Human, but I was fostered by Humans on a Human planet while I was young. And that makes me a lot more Human than Anunnaki or Rumni. My shape stabilized to the Human form.”

“Oh, yes. I can see that.” The boy said. “No,” he added, addressing the man who was about to ask him if he wanted tutoring too.

At that point, Lorcain decided that his mother was a much more interesting person than Cecilia and her new tutor. He bowed to them and made his way across the room, walking slowly this time, to get his mother’s physical attention.

Cecilia watched him walk away and the question formed in her mind again, why was her nest mate so stupid? He was only three years younger than her but behaved like he was an infant.

“His rate of development is much slower. But don’t worry, by the time he is fifty Earth years old, he will be about as mature and able to retain information as you are now.”

“I’ll be an old lady by then,” Cecilia said. She had learned about Earth Human physiology and life expectancy. She also remembered her foster family, they were all under forty years old and were fully grown, mature, and able to function. Her foster siblings were only a few years older than her and quite able to hold deep and detailed conversations.

The man looked at her in puzzlement. Then he remembered how Earth Humans had been genetically altered to live an extremely short lifespan averaging seventy odd years.

“Our natural lifespan is no shorter than Annunaki or Rumni lifespans, Cecilia.” He said, wondering why she didn’t know this.

Cecilia looked at him surprised.

“No, my foster family, my parents there were very young in years, but they were old in body. And my grandmother was super old, and she was only sixty Earth years. I remember that I was told she wasn’t going to live much longer.”

“Yes, Earth’s Humans genetic data was altered to create very short lifespans with accelerated physical maturity and reproduction. People there die before they reach an age of reason. The rest of the Human species, the ones in the rest of the Universe, live natural lives. We can live indefinitely in the right conditions. Old age and sickness are not part of our reality. I, myself, am over twenty thousand Earth years old.”

“Wait, we can live longer than the Annunaki? They do get old.”

“Yes.”

“But, how come I look older than my nest mate? I am smaller, but I look older and, well, I’m more intelligent.”

“The nature of the Annunaki, as most species, is one of physical expression and learning. Their mental development and maturity perfectly mirror the development of their bodies.”

At this point Alexander stopped talking. Cecilia felt a deep censoring of information, a massive block of data that was paused. She looked at him, and he told her, not in words, but in something that felt like a memory that there was something he could not discuss with her in present company.

She stood, feeling the block, and the awareness of the block vanished from her mind. The memory of it, and the thought of a memory, vanishing with it.

Alexander sighed with relief. To him, the fact that a memory could be removed from Cecilia’s mind was good news. It meant that she was still part of the larger collective and had not fallen for the illusion of separation to the degree that nothing matters but the satisfaction of the egoic self.

“Daddy!” Both children suddenly shouted and ran to the window. Anin’s transporter was landing outside.

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