

STAR SEED

THE BEGINNING

A Free Preview

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CHAPTER 1

Her Arrival

Her tiny eyes opened to the brightness of the light. She wasn't certain whether this was the destination she had chosen or whether the Creator had chosen a different path for her. What she did know was that this path would be hard, but this time, she would walk it without hesitation.

"It's a girl," the doctor said as he held the baby up to make sure she was okay and was breathing on her own.

The baby began to make a small cry only because the doctor rubbed her back to make sure her airways were open and her lungs were strong.

She immediately stopped crying when the doctor handed the baby over to the nurse.

The nurse then placed the baby on Vickie's chest.

After forty-eight hours of labor, Vickie looked down at the child and felt like she could pass out at any moment.

But she didn't. The baby opened her eyes at Vickie as if she knew how Vickie felt.

Vickie trembled beneath the child's gaze. Those tiny eyes seemed to pierce her very soul.

Vickie knew at that moment that this child, this tiny little creature, was different. And she didn't know how to feel about any of it.

Why was she given the task of carrying this child? Vickie wanted no part, but she had no choice.

"What is her name?" the nurse asked her while wiping the afterbirth off the child.

"Star," Vickie said but not in a joyous tone.

"What a beautiful name," the nurse smiled at her.

Vickie closed her eyes, hoping she would awaken in her old life—free, alone, and untouched by the responsibility of raising a child she still could not accept as her own.

So, what did that make Vickie, the incubator?

"Will you be breastfeeding, or giving this precious child formula?" the nurse asked before taking the child away.

Vickie didn't even respond, she just kept looking outside the window.

The nurse could tell that her patient was running out of patience. Being in labor for close to forty-eight hours took a toll on her, especially a first-time mom.

The nurse surely thought after being in labor for that long that the doctor would have performed a c-section, but Vickie refused it.

“Are you ok Ms. Jones?” the nurse asked Vickie.

Vickie kept looking out the window, trying to drown out the noise of the nurse’s voice that started to irritate her.

“Yes,” Vickie mumbled without taking her eyes from looking out the window.

“You are all set. There was no tear, and so because of that it will not require any stitches,” the doctor said while taking his latex gloves off.

“Any questions for me?” the doctor asked Vickie.

“No,” Vickie said while still looking in the same direction towards the window.

The nurse walked over to the doctor as he was walking out of the delivery room.

“Doctor. Scott, I really think we need to bring someone in to speak with Ms. Jones. She is barely responding to my questions. I asked her about whether she was breastfeeding,” the nurse said with worry in her voice to Doctor. Scott before being interrupted by Vickie.

Vickie heard the nurse, and the nurse thought that she was whispering but her accent really did travel far and around the room.

“Formula,” Vickie told the nurse in a cold tone, still looking in the same direction.

As the baby started to cry from a distance, she knew it was not a dream—not a figment of her imagination. This was reality.

And she was responsible for this child’s life until she turned eighteen years old.

Vickie’s mind couldn’t take another thought. She could feel herself drifting off to sleep from complete exhaustion.

Vickie fell into her dream state, dreaming of feeling the tiny kick, the rapid small heartbeat echoing through the examination room, then seeing the man she loved turn away. Everything went black, and Vickie jolted back to reality, realizing she had only been dreaming.

She was back in reality. Her thoughts going back to when the Being came to her, placing the seed inside of her without even having one touch of man, the man that she loved. No, it was a simple light entering her navel and it was done. She was now expecting.

Vickie had to leave her family and friends behind. She had to start a new life and with a new name. This would have brought shame to them, being pregnant without being married.

So no, that was not her story. It was not her story at all. And now, because of the Being had come into her life through that vision, she was expected to raise this child as her own.

Of all creation on this planet, why her?

She had her own path. Vickie had her own dreams that she wanted to fulfill. To make a mark in this world. And now it was being taken away from her and given to the child she carried and just gave birth to that was not her own. The child—Star. That is the name that was given to her, Star Galaxy Jones.

* * *

“It’s feeding time,” the nurse came in with the baby. It was just after midnight, just fourteen hours ago she had given birth to the child.

“I told you I wasn’t breastfeeding,” Vickie responded to the nurse that was pushing in the child that she had just given birth to.

“Yes ma’am, I know. But we do want mothers to start feeding their child, even if it’s formula. Just so that you don’t be so overwhelmed after we release you from the hospital. It’s just to make sure the child is being fed and gaining weight properly,” the nurse stated while handing over the child to Vickie with the baby formula.

Vickie looked closely at the child, she noticed the child had freckles under her eyes, they were very faint. She also noticed a tiny beauty mark beneath her lip. Vickie just looked at her, in her arms, while the nurse made sure she was holding the baby correctly to feed her.

There were four ounces of formula in the baby’s bottle. When Vickie placed the nipple in the child’s mouth she began to drink the formula.

“There she goes. Well you are all set, just ring the nurse bell if you need any assistance,” the nurse said while walking towards the door.

“Wait, hey I don’t know what to do after she finishes,” Vickie said feeling her anxiety over take her.

“Just ring the nurse bell and I will come back in to help you burp her,” the nurse said while in between the door and the hallway.

“Okay,” Vickie called back to the nurse while looking back down at the child she was now feeding.

She suspected that the child would come out purple or close to the color of indigo. At least that is what the vision had shown her people to look like, the person that spoke to her looked like an out of space creature with the complexion of indigo. It had human features, and it was beautiful. It didn’t actually speak with its mouth but communicated with her through thought.

Vickie watched her cheeks go in and out as she drunk the formula while her little eyes were closed. But then the child completely stopped drinking the formula from the bottle and moved her small head away from it.

Vickie thought that was unusual, because there was formula still in the bottle. When Vickie raised the

bottle up to see how much the child drank, out of the four ounces only two ounces remained. And it wasn't like one ounce or even one and a half, but the child stopped after only drinking two ounces of the four ounces that was given her.

Vickie then looked for the nurse's bell. After finding it under her pillow, she pushed the red button.

"Can I help you?" a woman responded.

"Yes, the baby is finished," Vickie responded into the nurse bell.

"Well, that was fast. I'm on my way," said the nurse and ended the call.

When the nurse walked in, Vickie held up the bottle to show her that the baby only drank two ounces of the formula.

"Interesting," the nurse stated as she walked closer to Vickie's bed side.

"What do you mean interesting?" Vickie asked curious.

"Every feeding has been exactly the same. Two ounces. Not more. Not less," the nurse took the formula and added it to her logbook.

"Is that not normal?" Vickie asked.

"Actually, it isn't. I have never seen a newborn drink a certain amount of formula and stop on command at the same amount. Is she even from this world?" the nurse jokingly asked with a little laughter.

"Why would you say that?" Vickie asked now afraid that the truth was out.

"Darling, I didn't mean nothing by it. I was just making a joke, just trying to get you to laugh," the nurse said. "I was just trying to bring your spirits up," the nurse continued while making notation of the baby's, feeding time and the amount.

Vickie noticed the different times on the nurse's log book.

"I've been asleep that long?" Vickie asked the nurse.

"Yes, and that is not unusual. You were in active labor for forty-eight hours. So that is understandable honey," the nurse said while closing the book.

"Now let me show you how to burp the little one," the nurse said while reaching for Star and sitting in the chair next to Vickie's bed.

"You first take a burping towel and place it over your shoulder like so. Then you place the baby over that shoulder with her head over the burping towel and start to pat her back like this," the nurse said while patting her back.

“For how long?” Vickie asked sitting up watching.

“Until she burps,” the nurse responded.

And in that moment little Star burped on command as if she knew what was required of her.

“Ah, there she goes. Such a sweet girl. Would you like to keep her here with you?” the nurse asked.

“No, I’m still tired. Is it alright that she goes in the nursery?” Vickie asked.

“Not a problem my dear, get your rest. Whenever you want to spend that bonding time with her, just ring the nurse bell,” the nurse said while putting the baby back in her little crib to carry her back into the baby’s nursery.

As the nurse finally walked out with Star from her room, Vickie tried closing her eyes.

She was glad that part was over. As she turned over a small light appeared outside of her window. But it wasn’t like a flashlight, but an orb. Vickie sat up thinking she was seeing things until the small orb went through the window as if the windowpane wasn’t even there.

“Hello?” Vickie asked afraid.

“It is done,” the orb glowed but the voice only came to her thoughts.

Vickie sat up afraid of not knowing what would be said next. Will they appear to her in this manner on what to do? Are they watching her every move from here on out? Have they been watching all along? Could they tell how she really felt about all of this?

“Like we have said before, this child is very special and you were chosen to carry her and bring her into this world. For she has a great purpose for this planet. The time has come for darkness to be dispelled and for this planet to enter the stage of enlightenment. Many have come before her and were not successful because of the darkness. But now the time has come for the darkness to leave and never to return,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“Yes, you told me, but why is she only drinking two ounces of her formula?” Vickie sat up while asking this to the orb.

“She only drinks what her body requires. The rest would harm her,” the orb sent to Vickie thoughts.

“So is it better for me to breast feed her?” Vickie asked.

“Yes. Human milk carries the memory of creation,” the orb paused. “Within a mother’s milk is the pattern of life itself.” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

Vickie stared at the orb as it sent the message to her thoughts while she processed everything that was said to her.

“So, what about the child needing Vitamin D and calcium? How would she get those?” Vickie asked.

“There are foods that grow on your planet that gives you calcium and your sun helps your body

absorb calcium by triggering the production of Vitamin D in your skin. Without Vitamin D, your body cannot properly utilize the calcium you get from food to build and maintain strong bones,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

“So basically, you are telling me that it is best to just breast feed her. Got it,” Vickie said while laying back on the bed with her hands over her eyes.

This was all becoming too much. Why her?

“We know you are not pleased with being chosen to do this. But the reason you were chosen was because of your bloodline,” the orb sent to Vickie’s thoughts.

The orb was about to explain why she had been chosen when a knock sounded at her hospital room door.

Before Vickie answered the knock, she looked to where the orb had been. It was gone.

Just when she was about to learn why, out of all the people on Earth, she had been chosen for this task, the knock interrupted everything.

“Just great,” Vickie whispered to

herself. “Come in,” she called to the door.

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