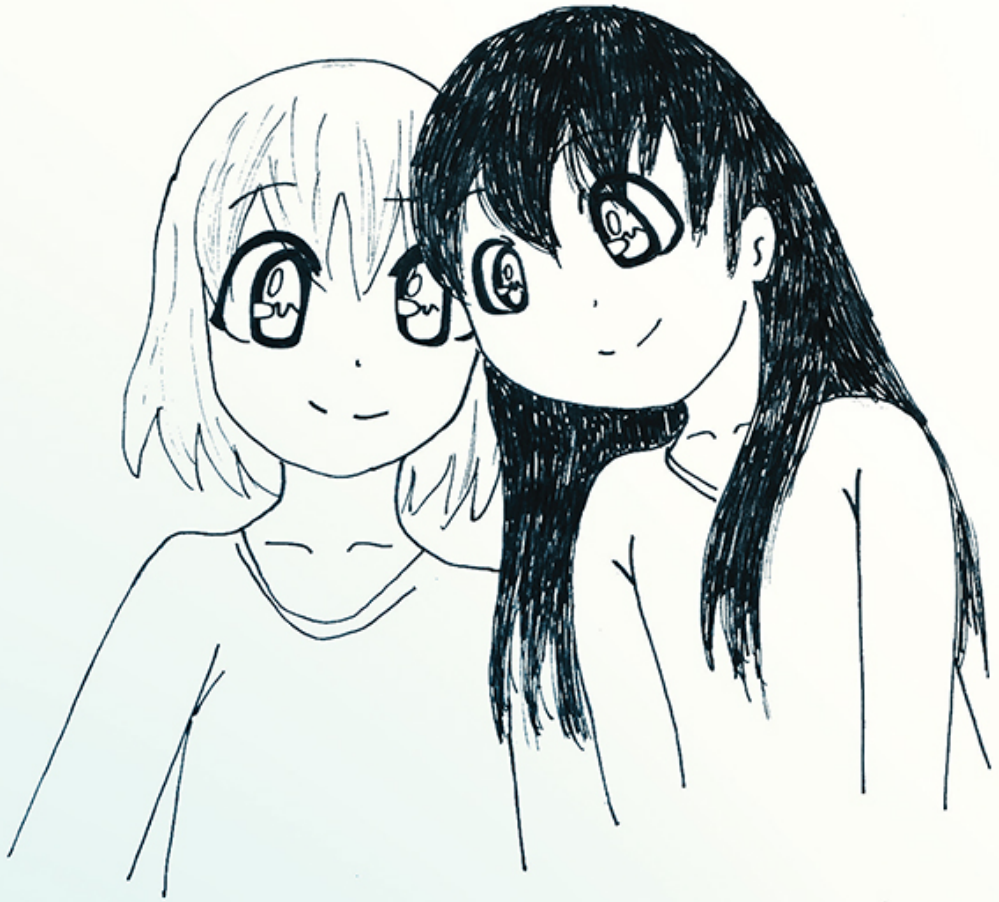
The Love Spirits

The Children who came from the Stars



MARCOS ARAGAO CORREIA

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The Love Spirits - The Children who came from the Stars

Marcos Aragao Correia

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Illustrations: Maria Aragao Correia (12 years old, daughter of the author, hand-drawn illustrations).

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Dedicated to all the Love Spirits, that they might never stop believing in and desiring a better world.

In special and loving memory of Francesca Orofino, Joana Cipriano, Madeleine McCann, and all the other Love Spirits murdered by the monsters devastating planet Earth.

Special thanks to my wonderful Family, my wife Anabel and our children who have already been born, Maria Amor, Joao Amor, Joana Amor and Madalena Amor, and also to all our Guardian Angels, for all the Love and support they have always given me!

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Note From the Author

Love is the most beautiful and powerful force in the entire world! These very true words were pronounced by Kami to the satanic witch defeated moments before by a large group of wonderful Love Spirits. The marvelous union between all the Love Spirits, based on their affinity with values of absolute Love, brought their much-needed victory into effect, once again proving that, even at the last minute, Love will always prevail. All Love Spirits are wonderfully replete with Love, and their consequent spiritual beauty gives them immense pleasure and extra motivation to protect each other fiercely. An enormous difference indeed from the spirits that chose to reject Love! But it is in the hands of the malevolent spirits, and their hands alone, to choose the other way, the way of true and eternal happiness and bliss. Anyone can become Love; it's just a matter of the individual wishing it truly and intensely with all his or her heart, regretting all the evil done by action and omission. Becoming Love is thus an exclusively individual choice, based on the Spirit beginning to really love Love. It must be an eternal decision, otherwise it's not true love for Love, since true Love is eternal. Love Spirits do not retrograde; the decision to become Love is done only once. This decision, to be valid, must be not only free and informed, but also absolute and eternal, using individual free will. The Spirit must want to be Love forever, otherwise it will not be accepted; if a spirit is not sure about wanting to be Love forever, this means that the spirit does not truly love Love. If a Spirit really loves Love, he/she loves Love truly, permanently, absolutely, always, and forever. Only this is true Love. Of course, after that initial decision, there is also a continuous decision to continue to be Love, but this happens naturally due to the initial decision, due to the true love for Love, and also due to the immense pleasure that constitutes loving Love and identifying with Love. It's really very reassuring to know that it's totally impossible for a Love Spirit to become evil! And only because the Spirit does not want to!

This book is based on facts. Extra attention was given to the Love Spirits incarnated as children, and specifically as girls, simply because children and women are still among the main targets of the destructive actions of the malevolent spirits, and labeled by them as "inferior" just because of their age or sex. Let's remember that Spirits do not have gender, though their bodies do. The same Spirit can reincarnate alternately as a man or as a woman, and even, with highly developed paranormal powers, change sex during the same reincarnation. Let's also remember that the age of the physical body of a person is not necessarily the same age as the consciousness (Spirit). A young child can be a very old Spirit, with thousands of previous past lives. Also true, what really makes a person superior or inferior is only his/her Spirit of Love, or the absence of Love. No one is inferior or superior because of their place of birth, nationality, money, age, sex, or color of skin, hair, or eyes. Superior Spirits are simply the Spirits that are truly Love. Inferior spirits are all spirits that rejected Love. This is the only criterion for inferiority or superiority. Simply because the true God is Love, or, in other words, Love is the true God. Love is the origin of the Universe and the

only way for absolute happiness for all Spirits, since Love also means life and bliss. And because of the Love of God, no one is forced to be Love. There is free will for every Spirit. And the cause of all the evil in the world is, exactly, the free will of those who reject Love, since they, and only they, do not respect the other way (our way). They are the only cause for all the unhappiness in the Universe, the only cause for all the world's tears of emotional pain in the world. They are entitled not to be Love, but they are not entitled to harm Love.

Francesca Orofino, Joana Cipriano, and Madeleine McCann are only three of the numerous wonderful Love Spirits who have been murdered, directly or indirectly, by the monsters devastating planet Earth. Here in this book, they are remembered with immense tenderness for all they have done for Love, and for all the pain they suffered because of their Love. Thus, their earthly names also symbolize all the other Love Spirits who have perished in this unfriendly planet known as Earth, a planet where the majority of its inhabitants do not love Love.

This book is part of the work to counterattack the horrible dissemination of lies, hypocrisies, and other varieties of disinformation intentionally propagated by evil spirits, who have two main objectives: to maintain all the alike spirits in their inferior state, and to induce confusion and suffering in general among the Love Spirits.

Apart from that, this book is dedicated to all of the Love Spirits (every single one!) and was written to help maintain the hope and joy of the Love Spirits laboring on planet Earth, so often under so difficult and adverse circumstances, millions and millions of miles away from the absolute happiness that their home would offer them. You are not alone! We Love you!

– Marcos Aragao Correia

Chapter 01

Softly, Sarah opened her favorite book. It was a book of magic, filled with enchanted stories that freed her mind from her everyday problems. The heart of this nine-year-old girl beat with joy as she entered imaginary worlds, much more so than for the world in which she spun. Her long, straight black hair, which contrasted with her fair complexion, touched the open pages of the book while her beautiful brown eyes scanned hungrily for the last paragraph she had read. No more than a few minutes had passed before Mr. John Nobrega, Sarah's father, barged into his daughter's room without knocking.

"Sarah Nobrega!" he shouted furiously. "Once again reading that magic garbage instead of studying?!"

"It's that I—" began Sarah fearfully, avoiding eye contact with her father.

"I don't want to hear your excuses. Give that trash to me now," he said, brusquely pulling the book that Sarah had been holding so tenderly. "What is it that I've already told you?" he shouted while scanning the pages of the book. "I'm not going to raise my daughter to be a slacker who is only interested in things that won't make money!"

"But Dad, I've already done my homework."

"I don't care!" he shouted angrily. "I don't want you to waste time reading anything to do with magic. Do you understand me?"

Sarah kept her mouth shut, realizing that it wouldn't help to argue with her father.

"And what's more," continued her father, "this book is finished." He immediately began to tear the book apart violently.

"No, Dad, please… it's my favorite book," Sarah implored, tears welling in her eyes.

It didn't help. A rain of little pieces of paper descended over the carpet of Sarah's room, as if an evil god had unleashed a horrendous storm over the poor child.

Sarah was devastated. The tears that she had so far managed to contain now trickled down her face as mixed feelings of sadness and helplessness came over her.

Hearing all the noise, Sarah's mom, Mrs. Theresa Nobrega, headed to her daughter's room to see what was going on.

"This useless girl doesn't study but wastes time with these things of…" explained John to his wife, his voice taking on a mocking tone, "…magic!"

“Daughter,” her mom affirmed in a tone of absolute calm, “you have to understand that your father is right in what he says… You can’t live in a fantasy world…”

Now feeling attacked by her mother as well, Sarah, already crying like a river, shouted,

“It’s not a fantasy world! It’s a very real world! It’s not my fault that you guys don’t believe, but you have to respect my beliefs!”

“You dare to shout at us?” questioned her father, moving closer to Sarah. He gave her wet face a violent slap.

The shrill sound of the slap was followed by an overwhelming silence. Sarah looked at her father with great displeasure. No need to say anything. Her eyes pierced her father’s eyes with such sharp intensity that they seemed to burn his very soul. The moment seemed to last an eternity.

Sarah moved to her bedroom window and peered through the glass at the sky. Although it was not yet night, a star was already clearly visible.

Sarah focused on the star and whispered to her:

“Please help me!”, and the star seemed to respond by shining more brightly.

Her father, sure that the punishment had been sufficient, left Sarah’s room, her mother following close behind.

“I’m sure she’ll use her brain from now on,” he said to Theresa.

“She needs to understand that, although we are wealthy, she has to study and work to become someone in life,” Theresa agreed.

Sarah hadn’t slept. Her alarm clock buzzed intermittently, indicating that 6:30 a.m. had arrived. It was a new day, but the routine was the same.

She got up quickly from bed, as there was no time to lose. She still had to take a shower, eat breakfast, and brush her teeth, all by 7:30 a.m., at which time the driver from her father’s firm would come to take her to school.

“Good morning, Edward!”

“Good morning, Miss Sarah!” responded Edward politely as Sarah got into the back of the car. “How was your Sunday?”

“Bad—I mean…” she corrected herself quickly, “okay. And how was yours?”

“Same as always… When one has little money, there are few options in this world. But what about you? You seem a bit sad…”

“Well, a little. My father tore up my favorite book and forbade me from reading anything that has to do with magic,” she confessed, head hanging low.

“But why would your father do such a thing?”

“Because he is blind… He thinks that life is all about money,” responded Sarah quickly.

“Well… money in and of itself doesn’t bring happiness. You know, Miss Sarah, I’ve been poor all my life. My parents were poor, my wife is poor, and I work twelve hours a day, six days a week. But if there is something I can be proud of, it’s that I’ve always done the best I could for my family. Respect, support, and kindness are much more important than money.”

He looked at Sarah through the rearview mirror. “Don’t be sad, sweet girl, because you have it all: health, smarts, beauty, kindness…”

“Well, it’s true that there are boys and girls in a much worse situation than mine,” Sarah said, looking out through the window of the car. “I would love to help them,” she mumbled.

Around 40 minutes later, Sarah arrived at school. There had been an accident on one of the main streets on their way, and traffic had been backed up. The school bell had already rung, and Sarah ran to her classroom.

“Good morning, teacher. Sorry, I’m late.”

The teacher gave Sarah a disapproving glare. “Don’t tell me… it was an elf that made you late?!” said the teacher ironically, provoking laughter among the students.

The teacher had received instructions from Sarah’s parents to firmly discourage any beliefs their daughter had with regard to the supernatural.

“No,” responded Sarah, embarrassed. “There was an accident, and—”

“I know…an evil witch knocked your car off the road!” the teacher interrupted abruptly, provoking even more laughter.

Sarah remained silent, not knowing what else to say. She was standing between the door and the teacher’s desk, head down, embarrassed, feeling humiliated.

“So, have you lost your voice?” continued the teacher. “Or are you just lost in this imaginary world of fantasy, huh? There are no witches!” he shouted angrily.

Hurt, Sarah shouted back, “Yes, there are! There are witches and wizards!”

A great silence fell upon the room. The students admired Sarah’s courage in how she responded to the teacher. The teacher rose from his desk and walked to Sarah.

“Of course. Of course they exist. How could I have forgotten?!” he said, pointing his finger at Sarah’s delicate face. “You’re a witch!”

Immediately, a chorus arose in the room, in which all the students shouted, repeating endlessly, “Witch! Witch! Witch!”

Sarah was devastated. As if yesterday wasn't enough, she already had to deal with the goading of her teacher and classmates this morning.

As if he approved of the shouting of the students, the teacher sat back down without uttering a word. Sarah felt beyond humiliated.

"Witch! Witch! Witch!" continued her classmates insistently, now even louder. Sarah broke into tears.

"I'm not a witch!" she shouted desperately, but it was hopeless, as her voice could not be heard over the shouts of her classmates. "I'm not a witch!" she repeated, sobbing.

"Witch! Witch! Witch!" they continued.

"Stop! I'm not a witch!" she said once more, but already, her voice was fading from her sobbing. From one corner of her eye, she saw that her teacher was smiling while watching the sad spectacle.

Seeing this, the feeling of despair gave way to anger, and Sarah grew more and more furious at the injustice of it all.

"Stop!" she shouted more loudly than ever. "I hate you all!" she shouted with deep anger.

Suddenly, to the class's surprise, all the windows shattered, falling to the floor in thousands of little pieces. With this, the room became silent. The teacher and students were stunned, their silence revealing fear.

Sarah ran out of the room and away from the school as fast as she could.

She knew of a little shop that sold books, magazines, and other items, all related to the paranormal, and she had become very friendly with the owner, Miss Daisy. Sarah had spent most of her allowance there, buying everything she could to learn more about the subject. Now she was there to ask for some advice from a friend.

"Hi, Daisy," greeted Sarah as soon as she saw her friend behind the counter.

"Hi, Sarah! What brings you here today? Don't you have school? Come give me a hug, my beautiful girl,"

she said, coming around the counter and kneeling down to give Sarah a warm hug.

Sarah enthusiastically returned the embrace while wiping a tear from her sleeve.

"What happened, little Sarah? Have you been crying?" asked Daisy worriedly.

Sarah put her backpack down in a corner of the shop. "I need your advice, Daisy," she said, grabbing her friend's hand and pulling her back behind the counter.

"Sarah, you look so sad today."

Sarah sat on one of the chairs beside the phone, took a handkerchief out of her jeans pocket, blew her nose, and tied the shoelace that had come untied when she had run from the school.

“You know, Daisy, something really strange happened today. Remember that book that I bought from you last week? There was a chapter about people being able to move objects…”

“Yes, psychokinesis. There was a chapter about psychokinesis,” confirmed Daisy.

“Yes, exactly! Well, today, something similar happened to me. I think it was something that I did subconsciously.”

“What happened, sweetie?”

“Well, I arrived a bit late to school today. My teacher, who knew I was very interested in the paranormal, began to mock me, and then all the students joined in. I was completely humiliated. I started crying, but then I got so angry that I told them all that I hated them—something I’ve never said to anyone,” she lamented, half crying. “Just then, all the windows in the room shattered, and I have the feeling it was caused by me.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” said Daisy softly, “what happened to you was natural. You were under extreme stress. Something was really hurting you, and that was the way your mind dealt with it, relieving your stress without hurting anyone,” she said, caressing Sarah’s head. “You must not blame yourself… you are a sweet girl with no bad intentions,” continued Daisy, gently bringing Sarah’s head to the warmth of her chest.

“Thanks, Daisy, for being so understanding,” sighed Sarah tiredly. “I don’t consider myself bad, but quite the contrary…”

“Sweet little Sarah, of course you’re not bad!” exclaimed Daisy resolutely. “I’ve known you for some time now. When you first came through this door, I saw how your eyes sparkled with goodness.” Daisy hugged Sarah even tighter.

Sarah was very happy to have such a good friend. She jumped up from her chair and said in a happy tone, as if nothing had happened, “I’m going to study psychokinesis! Which book do you recommend, Daisy?”

“There are several that are very good… Let me see…” Daisy was thinking about some books that might be more on Sarah’s reading level, though she knew it would not be a big issue because Sarah was very mature for her age. “Here’s one, Sarah, Life After Death. It explains really well the differences between psychokinesis caused by humans like us and psychokinesis caused by disembodied spirits.”

“I’ll take it, then! How much, Daisy?”

“For you, my friend, I’ll discount it to only four dollars.” Sarah pulled her little wallet out of her backpack, and as she opened it, she remembered that she didn’t have any money since her

father had taken the rest of her allowance yesterday as an additional punishment for reading books on magic.

“I can’t buy it today,” lamented Sarah. “I don’t have any money with me.”

“Oh, then accept it as a gift, sweetie,” said Daisy, giving the book to Sarah and stroking her head.

“Are you sure?” asked Sarah with concern.

“Of course! It’s yours!”

Sarah picked up the book with hesitation.

“Come on, take it. Don’t be silly, just take it!” said Daisy sweetly.

Accepting it without reservation now, Sarah wrapped her arms around Daisy’s neck and gave her a huge wet kiss on the cheek.

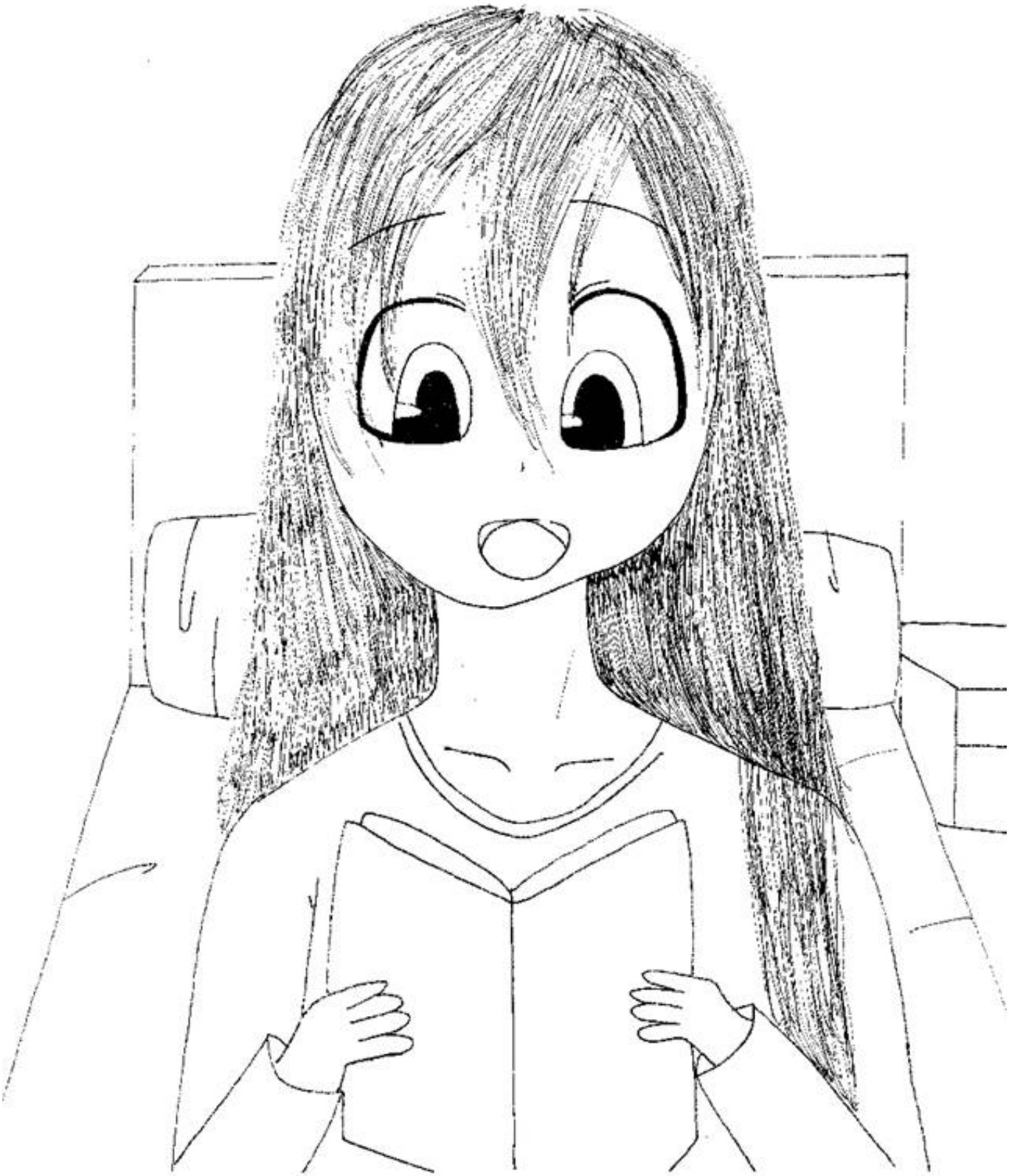
“Thank you!” said Sarah, hugging her older friend.

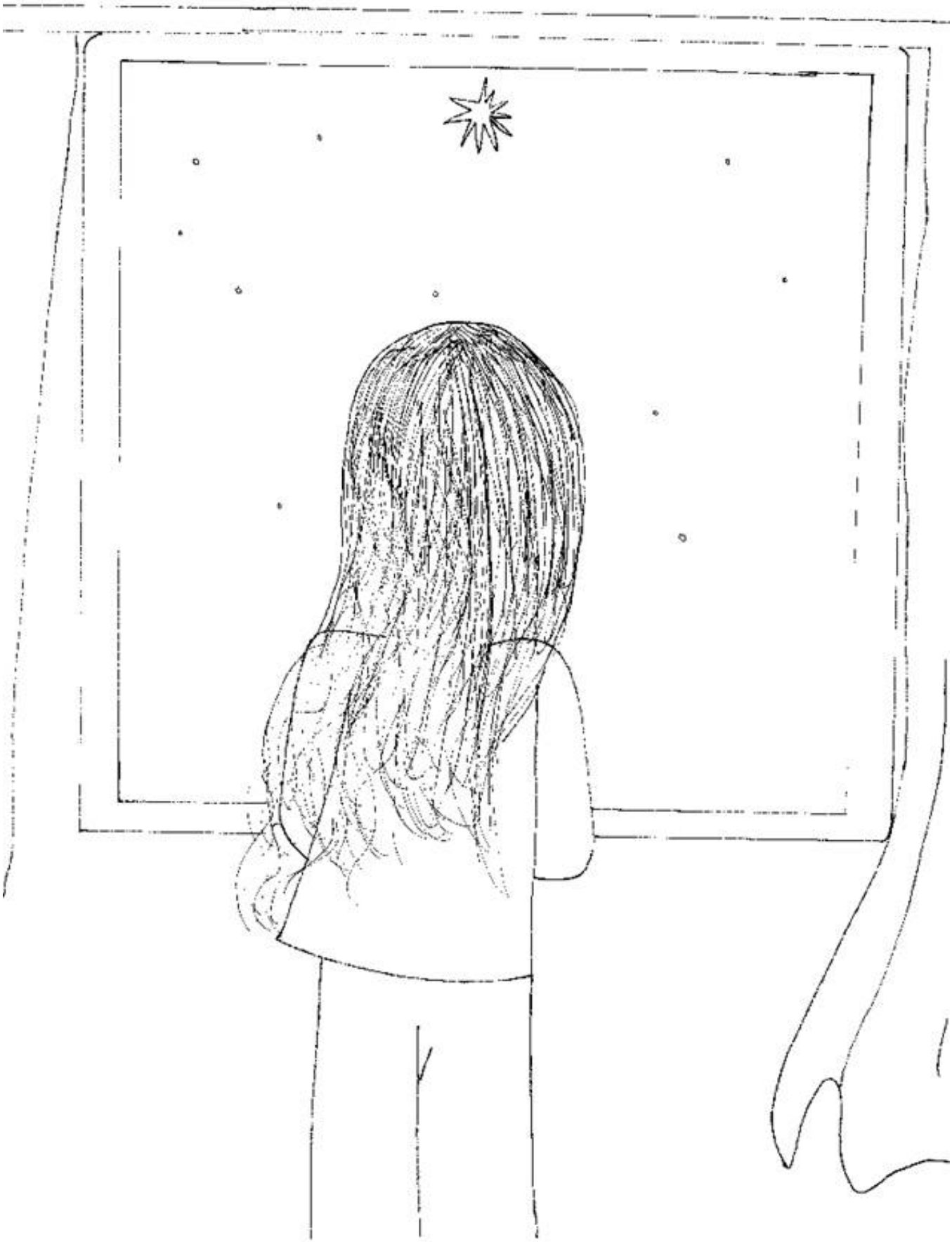
“You’re welcome, sweetie!”

“Bye, see you soon, Daisy!” said Sarah as she happily grabbed her backpack.

“See you later, little Sarah. Take care!”

Sarah knew that she couldn’t go home yet. She had to wait for her father’s driver to pick her up at 6:00 p.m. Moreover, she would have to be careful and avoid reading the book at home, lest her father or mother catch her again, so she decided to walk to the park, where she could read in peace until it was time to go home.





Chapter 02

Sarah closed the car door and waved goodbye to Edward. She walked nervously toward the gate of her house and rang the bell, hoping that it wouldn't be either of her parents who opened the door.

"Who is it?" asked the maid from the other side.

"It's me, Maria," she responded, relieved, and hurried to enter the house. "Are my parents home yet?" she asked anxiously. "No, not yet. Did you want to talk with them?"

"No, no," she replied quickly. "I'm going up to my room. You don't need to prepare a snack tonight, as I'm not really hungry."

Heading up the stairs, Sarah entered her room and put a chair behind the door. Her parents didn't allow her to lock her own door, so they had never given her a key.

I've got to hide this quickly, she thought, pulling a box from her closet. If they catch me with this book, they'll kill me. From a tiny pocket in her pants, she pulled out a tiny key with which she opened the box. Inside were dozens of books and magazines about the supernatural. No one would ever suspect that she was hiding something there, as it was a box of ceramic dolls given to her several years before by her maternal grandparents. As for the dolls, Sarah had given them in secret to a neighbor girl, asking in return that she never tell anyone that Sarah had given them to her. It had been a good deal, as the girl across the street had been so happy, and at the same time, Sarah was free of the dolls that she had never really liked to play with anyway. Her parents never suspected anything because the doll box was heavy and when substituting books and magazines, it felt about the same weight.

She anxiously placed the new book inside the box. Finally, she breathed a sigh of relief. Or almost relief. She knew that her teacher would certainly let her parents know that she had missed school today and this would infuriate them, so she walked back and forth across the room, thinking of the best excuse she could give her parents in order to avoid a big punishment.

What can I say? she worried. *They are not going to let me off the hook for missing a whole day of school.*

It had been half an hour, and Sarah was tired. She lay down on her bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

A few moments later, she was startled out of her bed by her father pounding on the door and trying to open it. Sarah pulled the chair from behind the door and ran back to her bed,

sitting there, terrified of her violent father. He entered the room, shouting furiously, followed by her mother.

“Sarah Nobrega! You lazy slacker! What is it that you did today?” he screamed with rage.

“Sarah, we got a call at the office from your teacher, telling us that you had left the school this morning,” added her mother, also visibly upset.

“I can explain everything,” stuttered Sarah.

“It is I who will explain everything to you!” said her father angrily, pulling off his tie.

“Dad, Mom, please. The teacher didn’t tell you about the glass?”

“Yes, some type of imperceptible vibrations caused by a machine working nearby broke the glass,” replied her mother quickly.

“No! There was no machine anywhere nearby!” argued Sarah with conviction.

“You idiot!” shouted her father. “You are telling me that this is some of that *parabnormal* BS?”

“Yes, paranormal, Dad…”

“Well, I’ll give you your abnormality,” he replied cruelly, beginning to unbuckle his belt and pull it from his pants.

Sarah, seeing this, implored, “Please, Dad, don’t hit me. I like you…”

Her father, unmoved by her pleading, started toward her, snapping his belt as though preparing a whip.

“I don’t like slackers,” he said as he began slapping her violently with the belt.

Sarah cowered on the bed, trying to cover herself with the sheets, but it was in vain. Her father used his other hand to pull the blankets and sheets to the floor, preventing Sarah from protecting herself.

Sarah’s mother watched everything and did nothing, as though in agreement. The belt rose and fell on Sarah as though it were whipping a convicted criminal. Once again, tiny drops of pain dripped down Sarah’s face, the innocent tears of an unhappy child.

While she courageously held in the desire to scream from her physical pain, she thought,

They don’t love me. I’m sure that they don’t love me.

Only a few minutes later, after her father had finally tired, did the horrible sounds of the merciless punishment cease. He put his belt back on, refastened his tie, and left the room, followed by her mom.

It was enough! Sarah was devastated. She no longer wanted to live so thoroughly unhappily like this. What was the point in having computers, cars with drivers, maids, swimming pools—all the

material things of the world—if no one there either loved or respected her? She felt like a slave. Her physical pain gave way to a mental pain that was worse than ever. But no, she didn't want to die. She wanted to live, but live truthfully, live happily, and be loved. What they wanted her to be wasn't really her, but instead some imaginary puppet that didn't exist.

Sarah looked once again to the sky through her bedroom window. The same star was there from last night… It was still there, sparkling! She thought how beautiful it was and how her life was so far removed from that beauty. She got down on her knees, contemplating the star. The tears were still flowing, but not from sadness. A glimmer of hope began to grow strongly within her. Yes, she could change her life.

I'm going to find you, little star. I'll run away from home. I'll find people who can love me, she thought with all the desire in her heart, and the star once again seemed to reply by shining even brighter.

She had made up her mind. She would leave that night. She pushed the chair back against the door of her room and grabbed her backpack, emptying all her school things. It was big enough to hold all the most important things she would need to take.

She began to choose what to take. Some clothes, a pair of shoes, and a warm coat would be sufficient for apparel. Then there was a bottle of water and a package of wheat crackers that were on the bedside table. Her flashlight would be essential for the night, and of course, she had to take as many of her books on magic as would fit.

She filled up the backpack but quickly realized that it was too heavy. I can't carry it with so much stuff. It will be hard to run. With great sadness, she had to choose only a few of the most important books.

OK, I don't need anything else, she thought while she zipped up the bag. *This will do for the first few days.*

Sarah hid the backpack under her bed. All that was left to do now was wait until the best time to leave so that no one would notice. She took off her shoes and got into bed, waiting anxiously for her parents to go to bed. For certain, they wouldn't call her down for dinner after all that drama, she assured herself.

While she waited, she thought about where she could go. She had heard on TV that kids abused by their parents could go to the police and be put in a safe house, where they could wait until a family looking to adopt came for them. It seemed like a good option. *It would be really difficult to have such bad luck as to be chosen by a family worse than mine, but if that happened, I could always run again*, she thought. She had decided: she would go seek help from the police.

When it was 11:30 p.m., Sarah heard her parents go into their room. She jumped out of bed and quickly put on her shoes and her backpack. She snuck a peek out her door to see if the hall

was clear. She went down the stairs and to the security system panel to turn it off so that it wouldn't set off the alarm when she opened the doors. Done. She went out through the garden extra cautiously, peeking to see where her father's bodyguards were situated. There they were: one, two, three, four, five, six! It was their routine, as soon as they saw the lights inside the house turn off, to meet up at the big table in the backyard, where they passionately talked all night about the latest news from their soccer teams. Okay! The coast was clear! She ran for the front gate. She looked up and down at the gate, the last barrier to her happiness, she thought. Inserting the key carefully, she gave it one, two, then three turns. Okay! She rushed into the street, running down toward the closest intersection.

She knew exactly where the closest police station was located. She would only have to run three blocks. Arriving at the station, she told the guard at the door that she needed to register a complaint, so he took her to the service desk.

"Good evening, little girl. What brings you here?" asked the policeman at the desk.

"Good evening, officer. I'm here to register a complaint about my parents," she replied, taking off her backpack.

"What is wrong, little girl?" asked the officer, now curious about the unusual situation. With a long night ahead of him, this could actually be a fun case, thought the officer.

"My parents spend all their lives punishing me, without reason. Just today, my dad beat me with his belt until he was exhausted. Look…" She pulled up her shirt to show the bright red welts.

The officer leaned over the counter to see them better. They looked very fresh and painful. Innumerable long and wide red marks covered Sarah's body, as though she had been violently whipped. Some of them still had blood on the surface.

"And who is your father?" questioned the officer.

"John Nobrega," she replied innocently.

"John Nobrega? Which John Nobrega?" replied the startled policeman.

"John Nobrega, the one who lives in that mansion three blocks up the street," she continued naively.

"You mean to say that your father is Doctor John Nobrega, the Minister of State?" he asked, perplexed.

"That's right," she replied innocently. The officer was shocked. He had in front of him the daughter of the most important minister in the country, complaining about the minister himself, her own father.

For a few long seconds, he didn't know what to say. He finally decided to call his commander.

"Sit here, please, while I call Child Protection Services," he lied.

“OK, I’ll wait,” she replied, moving toward the long bench on the same side of the counter.

The officer headed to a room in the back, closed the door, and called his commander quietly. Given the situation, the commander quickly ordered the officer to lock Sarah in a cell so she couldn’t flee, while he himself took a moment to call her father and tell him that his daughter was at the station.

And do not receive any complaints from the girl, the commander instructed.

The officer walked back toward Sarah, grabbing her by the arm, saying,

“Come this way. Child Protective Services is on the way. But we can’t leave you here. It’s too dangerous with all the criminals coming and going, so, for your own safety, we are going to put you in a cell until the agent arrives.”

“In a cell?” asked Sarah, surprised. “Can’t I wait somewhere else? I’m not really comfortable with the idea of seeming like I’m a criminal…”

“It’s for your own good. It’s the safest place. Just be patient,” he explained, pulling her nervously by the arm. Sarah was then taken and locked in the cell. Half an hour later, Mr. John Nobrega entered the station, accompanied by his wife, the commander, and dozens of heavily armed bodyguard police officers.

“Minister, good evening. We have your daughter here.”

“We hadn’t realized that she had tried to run away. Where is she?” asked John in a calm, authoritative voice.

“She’s in one of the cells, so she couldn’t flee.”

The officer then went to the cell and, opening the door, said, “Come now, sweetie. Child Protective Services has arrived.” Sarah accompanied the officer trustingly. The officer, just to be safe, grabbed her arm as they walked.

As they walked down the hall, she saw her parents and realized that she had been deceived.

She looked at the police officer and said, “You liar! You are just a good-for-nothing puppet!”

Seeing this, her father gave her a solid slap. Then, grabbing her violently by the arm, he said,

“We’ll talk at home.”

Her mother, as always, watched passively, letting her husband assume control of the situation.

“Commander, you can rest assured that both you and your officer will be rewarded. My assessor will call tomorrow and give you your promotions.”

The police gave their thanks, while Sarah, looking from one to the other, said angrily,

“I hope you treat your own children better than you treated me.”

Her father grabbed her arm, and, following the commander, they got into the police car that had brought her parents to the station.

When they arrived home, the commander got out of the car to open the door for John Nobrega. Her father was holding Sarah by one arm. In her other arm, Sarah carried her backpack. The commander said goodbye as Sarah's mother opened the door to the house. This was Sarah's last chance.

With all her strength, she kicked her father on the shin. With shock and surprise, he instinctively let go of Sarah's arm. Sarah dropped her backpack and ran as fast as she could toward the intersection.

The commander, still nearby, shouted at the driver of the police vehicle,

"After her. Go!"

While the driver began turning the car around to chase Sarah, the commander, trying to show his personal dedication to his boss, Mr. John Nobrega, began to run after Sarah; however, his great size and unusually large belly—the result of thousands of lunches and dinners at public ceremonies—didn't allow him to get very far. With his belly obscuring his view of the ground, he stuck his foot in a drain hole that was left uncovered, tripping and falling onto a pile of dog feces.

In his rearview mirror, the driver, who had just turned around, saw the commander fall and, for fear of being reprimanded for failing to help, dropped into reverse.

"Idiot, what are you doing? Catch the girl or we both lose our jobs!" shouted the commander while spitting pieces of feces that had stuck to his lips.

That was all the time Sarah needed to disappear into the mists of the night.

After she was sure that she was far enough away and safe, Sarah paused for a moment, panting. She was exhausted from all the running. She looked back. With the tall, silent buildings and the deserted street, the scene was like an abandoned city.

"Where can I go now?" she murmured uneasily.

She was alone. The night was cold. She had nothing with her, not even a jacket. She sat down on the curb of the street and put her head between her knees. A feeling of hopelessness overtook her. The sadness, loneliness, and now the fatigue and cold made her doubt that she would ever find a better future. For several moments, she remained still. Then she looked to the night sky, trying to find the star that she had seen through the window of her room. It was a special star. It shone brightly, intensely, more so than all the others. But with some clouds in the sky, she couldn't find it. She hoped that the clouds would move, but the wind wasn't cooperating.

"Star, where are you?" she asked with her sweet eyes fixed on the heavens.

Nothing. She asked again. Then once again.

Then a subtle breeze came up, and the clouds began to move. Suddenly, the star appeared! It had been hidden behind a cloud.

“Help me, beautiful little star!” she said, looking thoughtfully, while the star shone brighter in the sky.

With this, a feeling of hope and conviction came over her, and she smiled. She could not give up and go back to that hell in which she was immersed.

She got up, and then she thought of Daisy. She knew that she could confide in Daisy and that Daisy would always help her if possible. She decided to go to her. Daisy lived in an apartment just above her store. It was an emergency, and surely Daisy would understand.

As she started walking toward Daisy’s place, a man came out of a nightclub and came toward her.

“Hey girl!” he shouted, “You want some dust?” He seemed to be drunk as he stumbled from one foot to the other.

“Dust? What’s that?”

“Ahhhhhh! Young innocent thing!” he said while he seemed to make an enormous effort to keep upright. “

Look, white dust, white chocolate mousse!”

“No, no thanks, I’m not really hungry,” she replied.

“Ha, ha, ha!” he laughed ominously. “It’s not to eat, but to smell, little girl! You get it now?”

Sarah now realized he was trying to sell her drugs.

“I don’t like drugs—any of them!” she replied with conviction, moving away from the man.

“Come here. You can have a little try. You won’t know until you try!”

Sarah ran away as fast as she could. She knew about drugs and how bad they are for one’s health.

The man still tried to follow her, but he didn’t make it more than a few steps without suddenly stopping and then spinning around like a carousel.

“I hope you quit that junk and make a change to improve your life!” Sarah shouted from a distance.

A few minutes later, Sarah arrived at Daisy’s apartment, knocking on the door, as Daisy didn’t have a doorbell.

“Sarah, what is going on, sweetheart? Are you okay?” asked Daisy, opening the door for Sarah.

“I need your help, Daisy.” She told her friend everything that had happened.

“Oh, Sarah,” said Daisy, caressing her face. “You can stay here as long as you need. I can’t help but agree that, carrying on your life as it is, you will never be happy. Stay here as long as it takes for you to find the path you want to follow.”

The warm words calmed Sarah.

“Thank you so much, Daisy! But how will I know what path I should take?” she asked with a sigh.

“Only you can discover it. No one can impose it on you. Your path is within you. You should search hard to know it, free from any outside influence.”

“But can’t you help me discover it?”

“The only thing I can say to help you is that the first time you came into my store, I noticed that you are a very good Spirit and that your path will have something to do with making the world a better place.”

Sarah felt good. For the first time, someone had told her that she didn’t need to work to make money but only work to help others. This meant that she didn’t have to worry about going to school anymore, she exclaimed to herself, feeling extremely happy inside.

“But being only a child, what can I do?” she asked doubtfully.

“The fact that you are a child doesn’t make you an inferior being. The opposite, actually. You haven’t yet had too many bad influences, and the hand of God is still upon you. And inside your body, connected to it and guiding it, is a Spirit, and it is there that your force resides, independent of your physical age. You are your Spirit.”

“Are you talking about the power of the mind?”

“Yes, the power of the mind and the power of the Spirit are the same thing,” explained Daisy.

Sarah hugged Daisy with gratitude, thankful that she had such a good friend.

“Sarah, tell me something. Have you had dreams out of the ordinary?”

“Out of the ordinary? What do you mean? To do with magic?”

“Yes, for example.” “I’ve had many. For many years, I’ve had a dream that I’m fighting a terrible monster. In these dreams, I have the ability to fly and to shoot balls of fire from my hands against him, just by thinking it.”

“Didn’t I tell you, Sarah, that in your future you would be fighting for a better world? This is the meaning of this dream! And that you have the power to carry out this beautiful mission.”

“You know, Daisy, in the past few days, I’ve been talking with a very bright star, whom, in these difficult moments, I’ve asked for help. In fact, I have the distinct impression that she has helped me,” explained Sarah with sparkling eyes. “Whenever I spoke to her, she sparkled brighter, and it seemed to me that she transmitted strength to me that I might choose my own destiny.”

Daisy was quiet for a few moments.

“Daisy, did you hear what I was saying?”

“Of course. Yes, Sarah,” she replied quickly. “It is that I was thinking… maybe this star… maybe this star is more than just a star…”

“More than just a star? How so?”

“I don’t want to be putting ideas into your head without knowing for sure.”

Wanting to change the subject, Daisy added, “Let’s go. I’m going to get a bed ready for you in the guest room. You need to rest. It’s late, and you’ve had a terrible day.” Grabbing Sarah’s hand, she took her to see her new room.

“But Daisy, I’m curious. What are you saying about this star being more than a star?” insisted Sarah.

“Sweetie, we can talk about it tomorrow,” Daisy replied cautiously while straightening the sheets and the comforter. “Make yourself at home. My house is yours! It’s humble, but you are welcome to anything here without asking—what is mine is yours!”

“Thanks so much, Daisy. I like you so much!” Sarah gave her a big kiss on the cheek.

“Good night, sweetie. Sleep well,” replied Daisy, giving Sarah a kiss on the cheek as well.

Daisy headed off to bed, hoping that Sarah would get some rest from the recent terrible days.

But Sarah did not sleep. She kept thinking about the risk Daisy was taking to let her stay there. After what had happened at the police station, she had no more faith in institutions.

If they find out that Daisy has helped me, they’ll close down her shop and throw her in jail, and my father will do everything to make sure that she never comes out, she thought worriedly. *I can’t let that happen*.

Sarah couldn’t fall asleep with that thought in her head, so she got up and went into the living room. Without making a sound, she looked for something to write with. She came upon a notepad and began writing a note to her friend.

She had to go. She didn’t know where. She couldn’t stop thinking about that star, and how special it was, and the help that it had given her, and that it would certainly continue giving. That was it! She would go ask for help again from the star! She would put her destiny in the hands of that beautiful little star that shone in the sky, decided Sarah with conviction.

She left Daisy’s house. It was the middle of the night. She knew of a wooded area nearby. All she would have to do was walk for about half an hour, and she would arrive at the perfect place to be alone with the star.

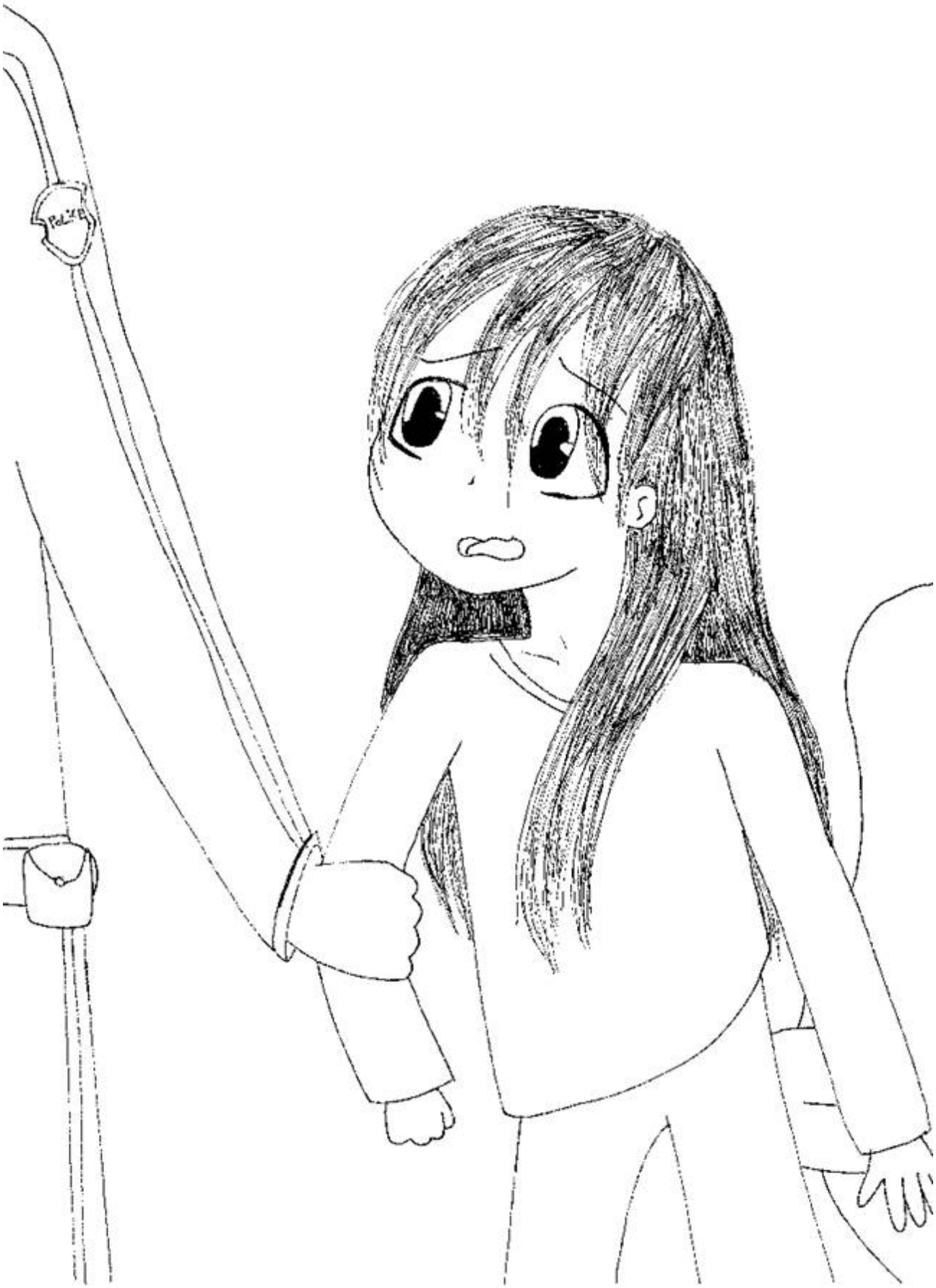
Meanwhile, Daisy had heard the front door close and got up to look for Sarah. Not finding her, she realized what had happened. On top of the bed where Sarah should have been sleeping, she found the note.

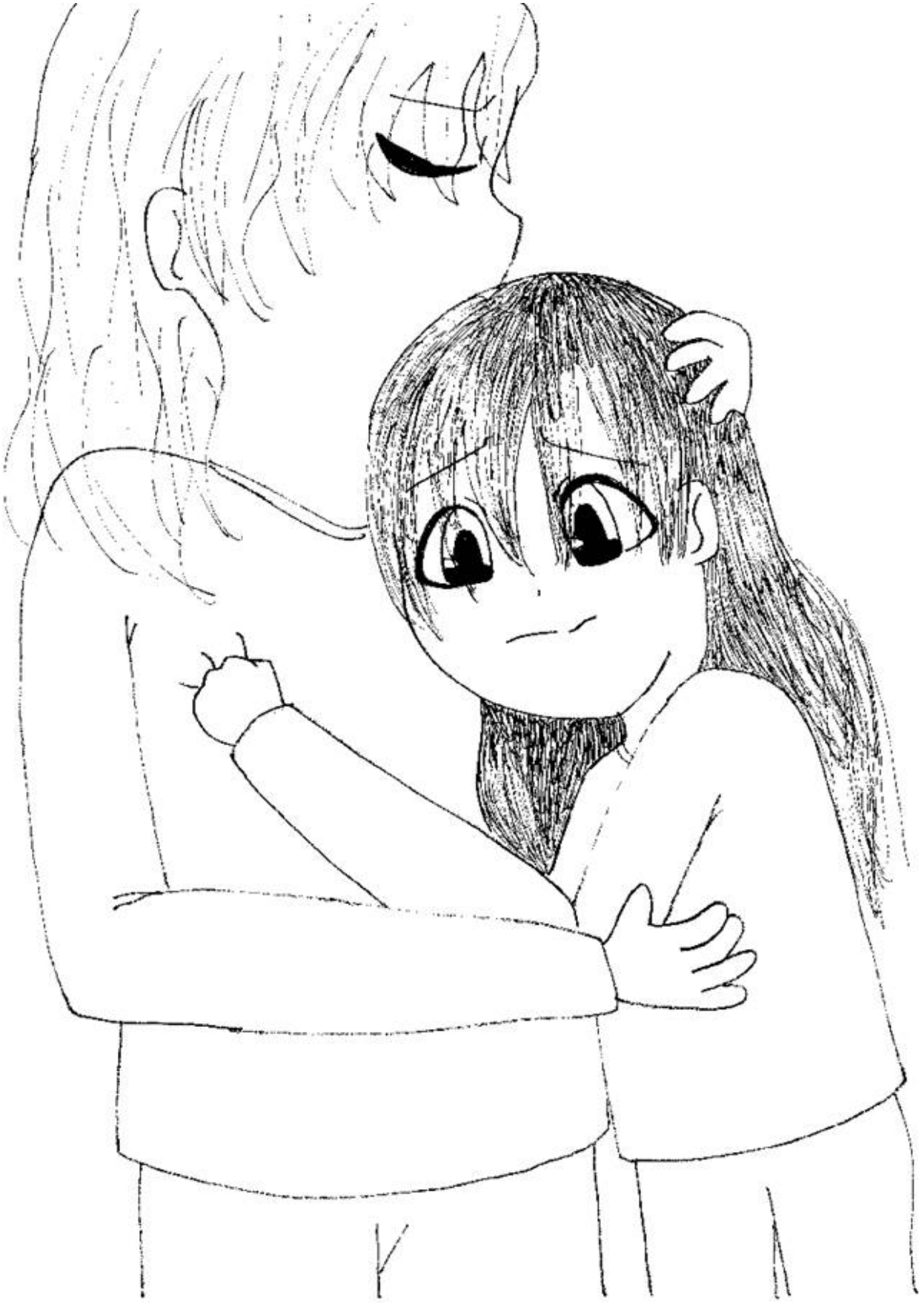
Dear Daisy, first of all, I want to thank you once again for everything that you have done for me. You are so good, just as you've taught me that good attracts good, and bad attracts bad. Because of this, I'm sure that your life will be filled with Light. I believe that it wasn't just a chance that I met you. Nothing in life happens by chance. You taught me many important things. You and your books helped me believe and have hope. You've helped me grow a lot. But, just as the good attracts the good, I can't stay here with you because sooner or later they would find out, and I would never let something bad happen to you, even more because of me. So, I have to go. But don't worry, because, just as you always taught me, faith is the key to achieving our dreams. This is the true magic. Don't be sad. You will always be in my heart, forever and ever. Lots and lots of hugs and kisses full of tenderness, Sarah.

Daisy went to the window and looked up at the sky. She saw the bright star that Sarah had been talking about. Focusing on the star, with all her faith, she said,

"Protect her. Keep her safe. Help her to find her path in life and be happy. She deserves it."

Then Daisy went back to bed, confident that all would be fine.





Chapter 03

It was really cold. Sarah didn't have anything with her except for the clothes on her back. Her coat had been left behind in her backpack. Thankfully, the moonlight helped her see the path through the woods. She arrived at a clearing and rested for a minute. There were no houses to be seen. She looked up to the sky and quickly found her bright, shining star. She got down on her knees and put her hands together at her chest, as though praying.

"Beautiful star, please help me. I really need your help. I know that I can trust you, as you know you can trust me. Help me live in the Light. Please, it is very important for me. You know that I can't go back, and if I stay here, without your help, I'll die. I know this is not what you want to happen—"

Suddenly, it seemed that the star moved. Could it be that her eyes were playing tricks on her? She focused on the star. No, it wasn't an illusion; the star was indeed moving toward the right! How beautiful, she thought. At the same time, it seemed that it was growing larger, or… or was it coming closer to her? Yes, it was moving closer, slowly, toward Sarah.

For a few moments, she was afraid. What if the star is a trickster? she thought. Then, as if it could read Sarah's thoughts, the star stopped and pulled back. Sarah realized that her fear was keeping the star away. If the star could feel Sarah's fear and so pull back, that meant that it was not bad; otherwise, it would be indifferent to her feelings. The star could read her thoughts, Sarah realized, and so didn't want to hurt her in any way, even if it were a simple feeling of apprehension. With this, she felt a new burst of confidence.

"Come, beautiful star. I like you very much! Don't be afraid, because I'm not afraid, either!" she shouted as she stood up.

The star once again softly approached. It came closer and closer, descending until it came to rest just a few yards away. Sarah could now see that it wasn't really a star but something like a round airplane without wings. It was beautiful, emitting bright white rays of light all around, so much that the clearing was illuminated as if it were day. Sarah was overcome by its marvelous beauty.

Neither windows nor doors were visible, but below the ship, some type of hatch opened, and two beings came out and floated to the ground, quickly making up the distance between the ship and the Earth. They had human forms, and as they came closer to Sarah, she could see that they were a man and a woman, both exceedingly beautiful. They looked like adolescents in age, but with auras of exceptional maturity. Their heads were uncovered, and they wore the same white uniform: one tight-fitting piece that covered them from their ankles up to their necks. They had white boots that went up to just over their ankles, and there were two long blue bands that ran up and down the length of each side of their uniforms. It's all very beautiful, thought Sarah.

As they began to walk toward her, Sarah felt a strong sense of peace and tranquility. It was as though they were transmitting it from their minds to Sarah's, that sense of calm. Sarah felt herself relax, and she trusted that she was in good hands.

As they came to a stop in front of Sarah, the young woman put her hand on Sarah's head and said tenderly,

"Hi, Sarah."

"Hi, sweetie," followed the young man.

"Hi," she said, stuttering, not because of fear but because she was in shock from the whole experience. She didn't bother to ask how they knew her name, thinking that if they could do all that they'd just done, they were capable of much, much more.

"We've come to help," said the young man.

"We've come to take you to one of our villages on Earth, where you can be happy and learn to use your powers," said the young woman, now squatting to be at face level with Sarah.

"Would you like to come?" asked the young man, tenderly passing his hand down her cheek.

"Of course I would!" Sarah replied quickly, still visibly stunned.

The young man and woman each gave her a hand, one on each side of Sarah, and led her to just below the ship.

"Now, to enter, you just have to desire it," said the young man.

"Desire it? Just think about entering?"

"Yes, imagine that it is truly possible, and it will become reality in the same moment," explained the young man. Sarah desired to enter the ship, but she couldn't do it. Her feet were still firmly planted on the ground. Looking up, she saw her friends above, stopping to wait for her.

"I'm not able to," she said, disappointed.

"If you think you can't, then you won't be able to," said the young woman. "You know that faith is essential, and without it, nothing is possible. If you don't have faith, it can't happen."

"Try hard, Sarah. Have faith!" added the young man.

Sarah closed her eyes. She focused on this desire with all her might. She imagined herself rising from the ground slowly and believed that it was possible, that it was what she wanted, and that it was actually happening right now. She opened her eyes, continuing to wish with all her strength. When she looked at the ground, she saw she was above it, rising slowly.

"I'm floating!" she shouted with excitement. "I'm floating!"

Her friends put out their hands once again to her, and together, they entered the ship. With that, the door quickly closed, and it wasn't possible to see any trace of it. Sarah looked around.

The ship was beautiful, with a soft white light uniformly illuminating the interior. A porthole, or, better said, a large rectangular window, ran the length of the ship, allowing one to see outside perfectly, while, as Sarah recalled from before, it did not allow visibility to the inside of the ship. There were six large armchairs, in rows of three, all facing the same way while following the curvature of the ship. They were in front of a large panel with a broad screen and many colorful buttons.

“It’s not necessary to depend on them,” explained the young man, seeing that Sarah was looking at the buttons. “They are only there for emergencies. Everything here functions by the control of the mind. All we have to do is desire for the ship to understand what we wish, and it immediately carries out our orders.”

“It’s the most advanced that exists! Have a seat, and we will show you!” continued the young woman, indicating with her hand to Sarah to take a seat in the first row.

“Where is the seatbelt?” asked Sarah, looking around the seat.

“We don’t need seatbelts!” laughed the young man. “There is a force within the ship that makes it such that we aren’t affected by its movements or velocity. It’s as though it’s always stationary, yet it could be going millions of miles an hour!”

“Millions of miles an hour?” asked Sarah, shocked.

“Yes, millions!” replied the young man. “Anything is possible, provided it conforms to the Universal Law. Just wish it!”

As he said this, the young woman smiled at the look of amazement on Sarah’s face.

“What Universal Law is this?” Sarah asked with extreme curiosity.

“Welcome aboard a ship of Love: the only true Universal Law!” replied the young woman, satisfying Sarah’s immediate curiosity.

“I had already felt this to be true!” exclaimed Sarah happily. “I always tried to find the truth, and among all the theories, I always said that what was really important was that Good exists. In the end, I was very close to the truth: God is Love!”

“Of course, Sarah! God is Love, the only true God. All that is Love is Good. All that is not Love is Evil,” explained the young man affectionately.

Sarah settled into her chair, very happy about everything she was hearing.

“Okay, everyone, we are going to lift off! Ship, one hundred thousand, direct, orbit!” commanded the young woman.

Sarah, looking out the window, watched the ground as the ship suddenly lifted off and entered space. Now she could see the planet Earth off to one side!

“Amazing!” exclaimed Sarah enthusiastically.

“I wanted to show you how we control the ship,” explained the young woman as she saw Sarah enjoying the ride. “I don’t even need to speak, just wish, imagining what I want the ship to do, for her to follow my orders. I commanded the ship to directly follow an orbit around the Earth, at a speed of one hundred thousand miles per hour.”

“Wow! Incredible!” exclaimed Sarah with even more excitement, barely remaining seated. “Despite all those computers, supersonic planes, rockets, and so on, Earth seems to be stuck in prehistoric times compared to your technology!”

She looked all around, toward the planet and out to space, trying to see everything she possibly could.

“Not our technology! It is yours, also!” the young man corrected Sarah. “Welcome, Yania!”

“Yes, welcome, Yania!” joined in the young woman. “Yania?” asked Sarah with wonder.

“Yes, your true name is Yania, and just like us, you are a Love Spirit,” explained the young man. “From now on, this is the name that you should go by.”

Yania (Sarah) was on the edge of her seat. Outside, all around her was a fantastic spectacle. She was in space and looking down at Earth! Inside were two beautiful human beings, seated to her right, and they were saying the most amazing things. After so many turbulent days, imagine this welcome change! It was still hard for her to believe all these amazing things that were happening. But no, it wasn’t a dream.

It was real, and she was living it right now!

“You mean, you already knew me?” asked Sarah.

“Yes, long before you were born on Earth, you were born in a beautiful region of the Universe where only Love exists. There, you chose to come to Earth during one life, to fight against Evil,” explained the young woman. “It’s normal that you don’t remember any of this. The process of reincarnation and deincarnation sometimes makes us temporarily forget our past lives, but with special meditative exercises, it is possible to recover those memories.

“I’m just so happy to know that I’m not alone!” exclaimed Yania, almost crying with joy.

She got up and hugged her two friends, and they hugged her back.

“I was just so sad, seeing so much wickedness in the world. I only had one true friend, Daisy, whom I really liked a lot. But otherwise, I felt like a real extraterrestrial! That’s right! I am an extraterrestrial, and this is why I never adapted to life on Earth! A large number of people on Earth reject Love, and this is why there is so much violence, war, hatred, discrimination, injustice…”

“It’s true,” confirmed the young man. “We are now going to introduce you to other brothers and sisters who live on Earth in a small secret village, vigorously fighting against Evil. That will be your new home.”

Just as the young man finished speaking, Yania saw that they were descending into a wilderness. Although it was night, many small homes with beautiful lights were visible, surrounded by a vast forest.

They exited the ship—its strong light illuminating the area—and floated toward a man, a woman, and three children. The children looked about Yania’s age.

“Hi, Yania. We were waiting for you! I’m Kami. I’m nine years old. This is my brother, Ilky; he’s seven. And this is my sister, Kimi, who is ten,” said one of the girls, pointing to each of her siblings. “And these are our parents, Dyma, who is twenty-six, and Noiu, who is thirty.”

They all said hello to Yania, and each of them hugged her sweetly, as if they were old friends. Yania, of course, returned their hugs.

Meanwhile, the two friends who had brought her there turned toward the ship. As they floated back to the ship, they said goodbye to Yania.

“So long!” she said, turning toward them. “What are your names?”

“I’m Ilya, and he is Ceijo!” the woman replied, and in an instant, they were inside the ship, which began to rise with increasing speed so that it was beyond Yania’s view almost instantly.

Kami was blue-eyed, with straight blond hair down to her shoulders. She seemed to be the most talkative.

“They have a lot of work to do, so they had to go back. It’s one of our ships patrolling Earth’s skies. They don’t live here with us, but they have a base on the other side of the moon.”

“They are the only ones who wear uniforms?” asked Yania, seeing that everyone else in the village wore different clothes—much simpler, yet still very nice.

“Yes, it is just a way to help us distinguish ourselves from the evil beings that also have ships. Still, you have to be careful. The only true way to know us is through the heart, by the vibrations of Love we transmit, which can’t be imitated by the Evil ones,” Kami warned, putting her hand over her heart.

“What? Evil beings have ships like us?” she asked with concern.

“Well, they are not exactly like ours. They have a different shape and different lights, and they don’t work by the power of the mind. Still, they have powerful capabilities.”

Meanwhile, Dyma, the mother of the children, approached Yania and stroked her head, saying in a tone of suggestion, “I think it would be good for Yania to get some rest, as she’s had some very difficult days. After she’s rested, we can explain everything to her.”

“Yes, it does seem she could use some rest!” agreed Kimi, the one with the long, wavy brown hair and green eyes.

“Let’s take her home,” said Noiu.

“What’s your name?” asked Ilky, the seven-year-old boy with brown eyes and straight black hair.

“Sarah,” she paused and corrected herself. “I mean, Yania!”

“I was just testing you, to see if you are getting used to it!” teased Ilky, smiling. Sarah smiled as well.

“I guess that’s just a matter of time! I’m Yania, and like you all, I’m a Love Spirit!”

“Exactly!” Kami smiled, too, giving Yania a hand. “Let’s go home. You need to get some rest.”

While they walked, Sarah looked attentively all around. Everything was very simple and beautiful. Many faint little lights marked the pathways, and others gently brightened various points around the village. There were many beautiful horses of various colors out to pasture, and everything was surrounded by trees, flowers, bushes, and ponds. There was even a fairly wide river flowing through the area. Many small wooden houses were scattered about, but there were no cars and no paved roads. It was all very clean, without any type of pollution or contamination.

While they walked, other people smiled and waved at Yania. She waved in return.

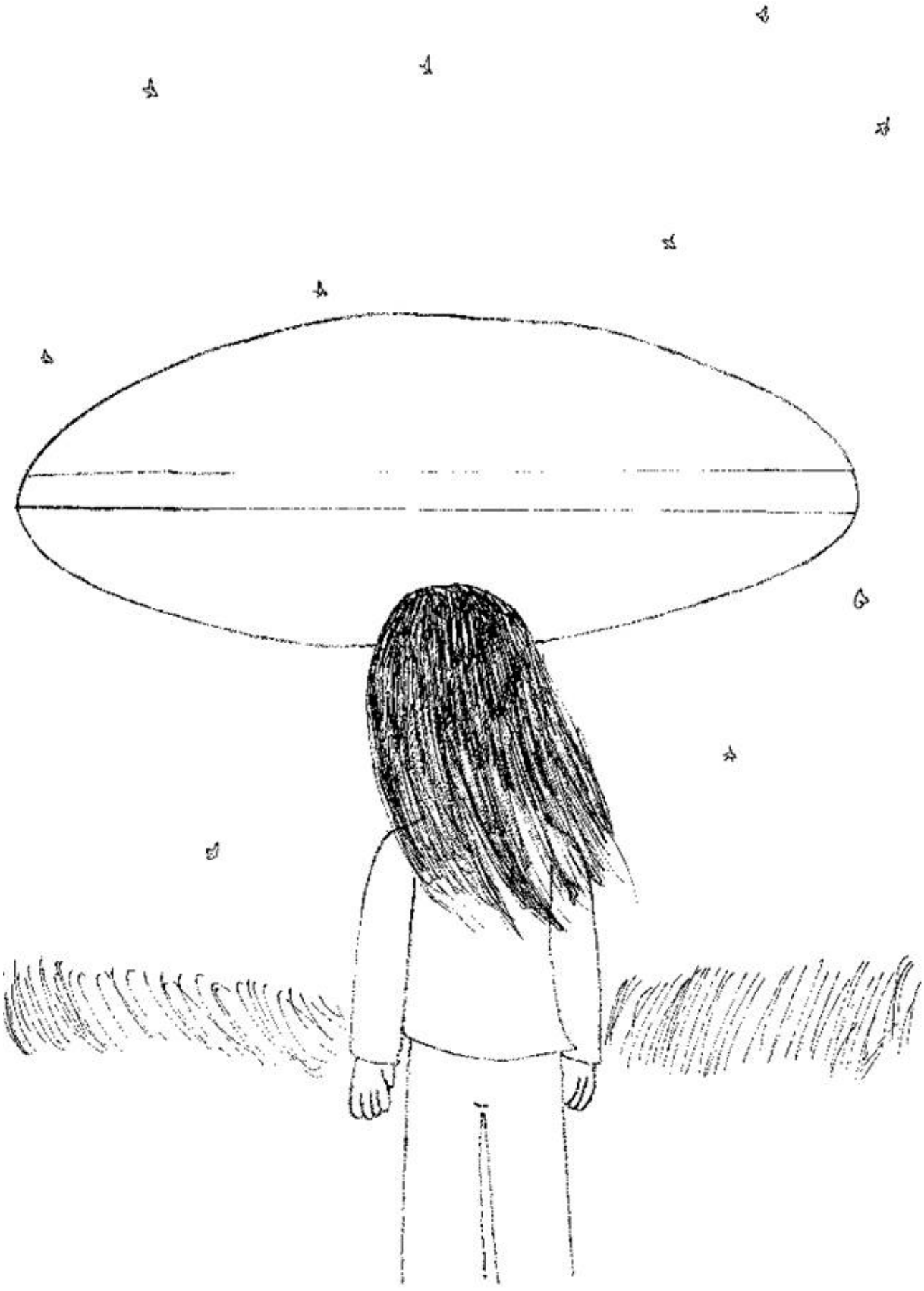
“Everyone is so nice!” exclaimed Yania.

“They are all Spirits of Love, and they know that you are, too. Soon you will be introduced to everyone,” explained Dyma, whose age of twenty-six no one would guess. She had beautiful young skin, the face of a child, long straight black hair in a ponytail, innocent brown eyes, and a beautiful smile. One might guess that she was sixteen or seventeen, at most.

“Here, everyone loves one another,” confirmed Noiu tenderly. Noiu, with red hair and blue eyes, also looked very young. No one would guess he was thirty years old.

Everyone entered the house. It had one floor but was quite large. After they showed Yania around, Dyma and Noiu took her to the room that they had prepared for her. It would be her room. It was beautiful! There was a window that looked out over a pond surrounded by flowers. The walls were painted with magnificent artwork—stars, children, and flowered gardens. Her bed was soft and cozy.

Yania threw her arms around her new parents and thanked them for everything from the bottom of her heart!





Chapter 04

The sun had risen on the village. Yania, so excited the night before, had slept deeply since she had been so exhausted upon arrival.

She stretched out gently in the bed. She looked all around as though trying to push out any lingering doubts she had about the reality of all of this. She smiled, then got up out of bed and went to the window, opening it with excitement. She looked at everything with bright eyes.

“Good morning! This is for you,” said Kami, walking into her room with a plate full of food. “We prepared a delicious meal for you: soy milk, wheat bread, cherry jam, tofu squares, and fruit salad!”

“Good morning, Kami! Thank you! I adore vegetarian food!” Yania replied happily while giving her friend a peck on the cheek. “This is so great! My parents didn’t like vegetarian food and didn’t want me to eat it. They said it was bad for me, even knowing that it is the healthiest food in the world! I had to throw major temper tantrums to get them to buy me any natural foods,” she laughed.

“That’s great that you already know it’s the best kind of food! Here, no one eats meat, not even fish. All our meals are vegetarian, and delicious!” said Kami, drawing her finger across her lips.

“My parents were even in the habit of smoking around me. They didn’t care if their smoke bothered anyone else. I got so sick of coughing and getting red eyes from the smoke.”

“Well, there are a lot of people who don’t have respect for others, not even for children, who are even more sensitive to smoke than adults,” agreed Kami, shaking her head. “Here you can rest assured, no one smokes nor even drinks alcohol, nor takes any other type of drug,” she continued, smiling.

“That’s so great!” said Yania, chewing on some tofu. “This is delicious!” she exclaimed, putting another piece in her mouth.

Kami smiled, seeing her new friend so happy.

“Good morning,” said Dyma, entering the room.

“Hi, Dyma, good morning!” Dyma was followed by Noiu, Kimi, and Ilky, who all greeted Yania with the same tenderness.

“Good morning!” replied Yania, rising and giving hugs to everyone.

Kimi and Ilky sat on the bed, next to Yania and Kami. “We made this for you,” said Ilky, presenting to Yania a necklace.

with a brilliant, beautiful pink stone.

“Everyone here in the village has one, although not everyone wears it around their necks,” explained Kimi. “It’s beautiful! What type of stone is it?” asked Yania. “We call it Pink of Life. It’s a very rare stone capable of detecting the presence of evil spirits. It has been especially modified for this purpose. When it is found in nature, it doesn’t have this capability,” continued Kimi.

“Yes, to give it this power, it takes at least two really good people. They have to hold it tightly with their hands closed on it, both concentrating for five minutes, to infuse it with the energy of Love from their Spirits. At that point, it begins to shine,” explained Kami.

“It really is bright!” exclaimed Yania, lifting it up to see it better.

“It stays bright until an evil spirit is nearby. At that point, it stops shining until the evil spirit is about 1,000 yards away,” added Kimi.

“It’s a precious tool for notifying us of the presence of Evil, giving us time to evaluate what we should do in each case,” said Kami.

Ilky held the necklace and put it back around Yania’s neck. “Look how it shines!” exclaimed Ilky. Dyma and Noiu smiled.

“This means that we are all Love Spirits!” said Yania, touching the stone hanging from her neck.

“And all brothers and sisters!” added Dyma.

While Yania finished eating, she told them all about her interest in the paranormal, and Noiu opened the wardrobe and organized the clothes inside.

“It is great that you have such a deep interest in spiritual things! You are really going to enjoy living here. In just a little while, we are going to have a meeting in the village, so you can get to know all our brothers and sisters. From this wardrobe, you can choose something to wear. It’s all yours!”

“Thank you very much!” replied Yania, looking inside. “It is all very beautiful!”

“It’s all made with natural fabrics, even the shoes. We have a machine that we use here. We just put the fabrics, thread, and other materials into the machine, program the design we want, and, in a few seconds, we have a new piece of clothing,” continued Noiu.

“And it all works on sustainable energy!” exclaimed Kami. “The machines, the lighting, even the heating of our water—it’s all done with solar energy.”

“You mean you don’t have to pay anything to a company?”

Noiu took from his jacket a small bag that had what looked like candy inside.

“See, out in society, this bag would have money, but here it has natural fruit candies. Money is one thing we keep out of the village, since we all help one another without expecting anything in return.” He offered a piece of strawberry candy to Yania.

“If you would like some, please take it!”

“Thank you! I have always thought that the use of money is a form of discrimination, since some people have a lot, and because of this, make much more, while others have little, and, with so little, they can’t make more. But worst of all are the corrupt millionaires who don’t do honest work for their money,” said Yania in a tone of desperation.

“So, here, how are decisions made in the village? Do you elect a leader of some sort?”

“No way!” replied Dyma. “Here, everyone is important and invaluable. We recognize the worth of each individual and know that what is good for one is good for all. All decisions are made unanimously. Because of this, we don’t need leaders or government.”

“And you always are able to come to an agreement?” asked Yania in awe.

“Of course!” smiled Dyma. “We have 189 people, 190 now, counting you, and never once during all the many years the village has existed has there been a decision that was made against the will of anyone. We all discuss and debate, presenting our points of view, then together, we arrive at a consensus—this is because we all love each other and there is no selfishness here. In this way, all decisions are made in the best interests of everyone, since our mindset is to cooperate and not compete with each other.”

“This is amazing!” exclaimed Yania.

“Yes, it is! No country on Earth could hope to become an ideal system like us, whether it is a republic, a monarchy, a democracy, or anything by another name. In fact, while there is selfishness, competition, violence, and evil, no system will be good. All systems will be violent, selfish, and evil, even with all the rules they can invent to try to prevent it, as long as the majority of people are malevolent. These immoral people will block any good intention, whether they are in the government or just found among the population,” explained Dyma.

“And that is why, in our little corner of Earth, everything is marvelous! Because we don’t have any bad people here!” exclaimed Kami.

“I’m so happy that you’ve accepted me here!”

“You were already accepted thousands of years ago,” replied Dyma, thinking how wonderful it was that all children who have Love engraved in their Spirits also have such great intelligence and maturity.

Yania found it hard to choose something to wear, not only because there was so much to choose from but because they were all such pretty options.

“Maybe I’ll go with this outfit,” she said, holding up a shirt and some pants in front of her.

“It looks great on you!” replied Kami. “Yes, put it on!” added Kimi. Yania took off the shirt that she had been wearing, getting ready to put on the new shirt, but everyone noticed the whip marks on her back and chest from the beating from her father.

“You poor thing!” lamented Kami. “We have to do something to help this heal faster for you.”

“Yes, we do,” agreed Kimi. Dyma and Noiu came closer to see what they could do. “It was from my dad. Unfortunately, he seems to be one of those bad people we were just talking about,” she explained with her head low.

Everyone felt sad for Yania, seeing her abused this way.

“Don’t worry, it won’t happen ever again,” said Noiu tenderly.

At the same time, Dyma placed her hand over the wounds.

“They are disappearing!” exclaimed Ilky with joy.

“How are you doing this, Dyma?” asked Yania.

“I’m accelerating the healing cycle in your body. Basically, I’m emanating energy of Love directly over the wounds, giving your body the strength to heal them more quickly.”

Dyma noticed a little red mark near Yania’s shoulder that remained while all the others had disappeared.

“This little lesion here?” she inquired while touching it with her finger, “Have you had this for some time?”

“Yes, it appeared when I was six years old. It has grown a bit, and sometimes it itches. I went to several doctors, who prescribed a variety of creams and pills. In the end, nothing helped it.”

“This lesion has a psychological origin,” explained Dyma. “Since you have suffered so much and been so unhappy since you were little, your mind entered a state of disharmony, and so it began to create a state of disharmony in your body. Many people get sick, and sometimes even die, because the mind is unhappy. Your spiritual state is directly related to your physical state. The mind has the power to destroy, just as it has the power to heal. Now, since you are so happy here, this lesion’s days are numbered. Even you can cure it now; you just have to desire it!”

“Just desire? Is it really that easy?” asked Yania, still a bit perplexed.

“Yes, of course! Since it is something that came from within you subconsciously, what we can do is teach you how to cure it.”

“And how do I do that?”

“In the exact same way that you entered and left the ship: believing that you can, and desiring it so strongly that it becomes reality. Sit here to relax,” proposed Kami, patting her hand on the bed.

Yania sat down, wondering to herself if she would actually have the ability to get rid of that mark that had bothered her for so long.

“Now wish it with all your might!” counseled Kami while giving a light massage to the shoulders of her new friend.

Meanwhile, Dyma, Noiu, Kimi, and Ilky began massaging Yania’s hands and feet.

“This feels so good!” exclaimed Yania in a whisper.

“Wish it as hard as you can,” said Dyma.

“I am! I can and want to be healed… I can and want to be

healed… I can and want to be healed,” she repeated quietly while intensely focusing on her wish.

“You did it! You did it!” shouted Kami. “It’s gone!”

Everyone began to smile with joy and give hugs to Yania. “Congratulations!” everyone said.

Yania looked at her shoulder and jumped for joy. It was gone! The lesion had completely vanished!

She finished getting dressed, and everyone went to the clearing where the ship had landed. Everyone in the village was there, waiting. Yania was introduced to each of them, and each gave her a huge welcome hug. Of course, she returned their hugs vigorously.

“Mom, so who is going to help Yania with all her training?” Kami asked Dyma.

“Well, Ilky is still little and working on perfecting his powers. Kimi is already mentoring Eliu, and Noiu and I just started working on a machine to aerate the ground. Seems to me that you are the only one left on the list. What do you think?”

Kami jumped up and down with excitement.

“Yippee!” she shouted. “I love Yania, and I will be so happy to teach her everything I know!”

“Okay, then, it’s settled. She is all yours!”

Kami ran toward Yania.

“Do you like to ride horses?”

“I adore horses! But I have to confess that I’m a bit scared of falling off,” she replied, giving a few final hugs to the group. Kami grabbed her friend’s hand.

“Now that you’ve met everyone here in the village, I’m going to show you our horses! Let’s go! They are so beautiful! And you don’t have to worry. They are all very tame. They’ve never made one of us fall off.”

“Okay! Let’s go!” replied Yania while being pulled by Kami.

The two of them were so happy! Kami showed Yania all the horses, telling her their names and ages.

“Speaking of ages, I noticed that here in the village there aren’t any old people,” commented Yania.

“It’s true! As you know, our Spirits have unlimited power to realize our desires, as long as those desires follow three requirements: being aligned with Love, having absolute faith that it is possible for the desire to become a reality, and having intense mental focus. These three requirements are the key to all the magic of Love. And, of course, it is natural that here, where all are Love Spirits, and all the adults have solid control over their powers, that there isn’t any sickness or old age, as no one wants to be sick or old.”

“Ahh, I understand.”

“Many of the people you met today are over four hundred years old. Fymi is the oldest of all—she’s 532. In other words, time goes by, but the body doesn’t get old or sick!”

Fantastic!” exclaimed Yania while stroking one of the horses. It is great to know that I will never grow old and never get sick again, she thought happily.

“The power of Evil lives mostly in lies and hypocrisy. As Evil can never overcome Love, it tries to weaken it by spreading a variety of lies. One of the most recent lies, one that you’ve probably been taught in school, is that God doesn’t exist, and that Man came from a monkey!”

“I never believed that!” Yania affirmed quickly.

“Yes, but many do. These lies only make people dependent on corrupt politicians, evil scientists, and other kinds of cretins who serve the Forces of Darkness. This is the reason that, even though you don’t believe directly in these lies, when you got sick, you went to a conventional doctor. Unconsciously you were supporting materialism, and without knowing it, you were believing that the cure was from outside you.”

“I understand. The cure is within me, not from outside. Just like with the lesion on my shoulder,” she realized, rubbing her hand where the lesion had been.

“Exactly! All because Love is our God, and we Spirits of Love, as the true offspring of Love whom we are, are part of God-Love, and God-Love being immortal, our Spirits are also immortal!”

“It is really reassuring to hear this, that we will never die,” replied Yania thoughtfully while looking around at the beauty of nature.

“It’s true! We can change bodies, but our Spirits, our consciousnesses, our thoughts—in other words, that which we are, our true selves—these are eternal.”

“And therefore Love is the key to everything!” exclaimed Yania, brushing her hand across her friend’s face.

“Yes, Yania,” Kami replied, grabbing her friend’s hand tenderly. “We exist to be happy, and to help others be happy, as well!”

“Ayyy! He is tugging on my shirt!” shouted Yania.

Her back was to a horse, who was trying to lift her up by the shirt.

“He wants to play—come on, Tito. You want to give Yania a ride?” she said while rubbing the horse’s white muzzle.

“I’m afraid, Kami,” Yania confessed, a bit embarrassed.

“No, don’t be! All of our horses were taught with a lot of Love, and they are all very gentle.”

“There are many who say that animals have spirits, but I can’t believe it.”

“You are right, Yania! These are only lies to try to confuse us. Of course, animals don’t have spirits. Why would a Love Spirit choose to incarnate in a horse, a dog, a toad, or a grasshopper? That would be absurd! Only the human body has the physical attributes to give and receive happiness, not only due to being the most amazing physical creation, but also because it can interact with others. For example, I can decide… to tickle you!”

She began to tickle Yania under her arms and down her belly in a fast motion, while Yania began laughing uncontrollably. “But a horse, a dog, a toad, or a grasshopper can’t! Not even a monkey can, because it doesn’t have the ability to do these quick motions!” she concluded, laughing at seeing Yania laugh so much.

“Very convincing!” exclaimed Yania, still laughing while trying to compose herself after all the tickling.

“Animals and plants should still be treated well because they are part of nature, and nature must be preserved and respected. Nature exists to contribute to the happiness of us Human Beings. Isn’t it pretty to be able to look over this field, with these beautiful horses out to pasture, and the mountains over there covered by beautiful trees?” she asked rhetorically, releasing a sigh of satisfaction.

“Very much so,” agreed Yania, looking at the natural beauty all around them. “It is all so beautiful!”

“But Evil has destroyed nature,” continued Kami. “All types of pollution: in the air, the rivers, the oceans. Deforestation. Construction of buildings without following any care, with money and wealth being the only goals. Electromagnetic radiation from power lines, and from mobile phone towers, causes sickness and death to many, especially young children.”

“And the death of millions of animals every year, eaten by carnivores,” added Yania.

“Yes, that’s true! Speaking of carnivores, when I said that animals don’t have a spirit… I want to explain a bit better.”

“Okay.”

“I meant to say that no Love Spirit would incarnate in an animal. As a rule, animals don’t have any type of spirit. But sometimes…”

“Sometimes what?” asked Yania, waiting anxiously.

“Sometimes evil spirits will transform into animals to spy on us, or try to do us harm. There was a day, a while back, when a dog wandered into the village. I was just learning to walk, but I remember this dog very well. It seemed abandoned. It was all dirty and seemed as if it hadn’t eaten in months. Jilu, a six-year-old boy in the village, brought him home, fed him, and took care of him. About three years went by, so Jilu was around nine. The dog had become healthy and strong. He had grown in size and had shiny, long gray hair, with nice, pointy ears. Everyone liked the dog. They caressed him and let him enter their homes. He just seemed like such a sweet dog. Until one day…” She paused again and lowered her head.

“Until one day…?”

“Until one day Jilu took him for a walk in the woods here nearby, as he used to do almost every day. Then suddenly, almost the whole village heard him screaming for help. Everyone ran to his aid, but by the time they arrived, it was too late. They saw the dog biting Jilu’s neck viciously. Everyone tried to pull him off, but the dog was strong, and his teeth had already torn into his skin, causing him to lose too much blood. He died right there, before anyone could do anything to help him. He was an only child, and his parents had seen the whole ordeal. It shocked them so badly that they never wanted to have any more kids.

Some of us chased the dog, and we caught him. Just as we were getting ready to kill him, he transformed into a terrible creature—this huge thing, part wolf, part goat, part eagle. It is hard to describe. Those who were there said that it had eight feet: four of a wolf, and four of a goat, and from the sides of the misshapen wolf torso grew two enormous wings, with two terrible claws. It had three heads: one of a ferocious wolf, the other of a goat with dozens of spiky horns, and the other of an eagle with sharp teeth in its beak. They tried to attack the monster with fireballs from their hands, but the monster quickly began flapping its wings and fled into the sky with a shrill, Machiavellian laugh.”

“How terrible!” commented Yania, looking woefully at Kami.

“Yes, it was. This is the reason that we made these necklaces, and today we all use them,” she said, touching the stone around her neck, “so that nothing like that ever happens again.”

Yania also looked at her stone. It shone as bright as Kami’s. She asked herself what would happen if it stopped shining. That would mean that Evil was nearby, and she should be very cautious;

however, she preferred to think that when this moment arrived, she would already be so skilled with magical powers that she would be able to protect herself and any friends who happened to be with her.

“Ayyyee! Again!?” exclaimed Yania. “Now Tito is pulling on the sleeve of my shirt!” she said, laughing.

“He won’t let go until you mount up on him!” laughed Kami. “Wait, I’ll go get some reins for you.” She ran up to a nearby tree, where several reins hung from the lower branches.

“Okay, you put them on like this,” she demonstrated, putting the reins around the horse’s head.

“And the saddle?” asked Yania, thinking that her friend had forgotten.

“You won’t need it. We rarely even use the reins. You’ll see.” She whistled loudly, calling another horse over to them.

“Dida, come! She’s a mare. I usually ride her.”

The mare was large and black, and she quickly came galloping toward Kami. Kami had another set of reins that she placed on the mare.

“Now watch,” she said, getting Yania’s attention.

“Down!” she commanded Dida, and the horse immediately knelt down on its front legs. Kami jumped on her back. “Now do the same thing with Tito,” she said to her friend as she adjusted herself on Dida’s back.

“Down!” Yania said to Tito; however, he didn’t move but continued trying to nibble on her clothes. “He’s not obeying me,” she said disappointedly.

“You aren’t going to tell me that you thought he would obey simply by verbal commands! That’s only in the circus!” she laughed. “Yania, remember the power of your mind.”

“Ah! Of course. Sorry. How was it possible that I didn’t remember that the power of the mind works for everything?!” she laughed. “Down, Tito!” she commanded, desiring intensely that the horse would kneel down the same way that Kami’s had.

“See how he is obeying you now?”

“You’re right. Ayyy!” she exclaimed, afraid that she would fall as the horse was getting up. “And now what would you like to do?”

“First of all, don’t be afraid. Fear weakens the power of the mind. You should be confident and concentrate on your balance. That’s mainly why we use the reins. Everything depends on the horse, and he will never intentionally make you fall off. If you accidentally fall, all you have to do is immediately desire to float in the air, so that you don’t get hurt. Do you get it now?”

“Yes, got it! I’m confident that I won’t fall!” she said while stroking the horse. I’ve got a good balance… I’ve got good balance,” she repeated in her mind.

“Okay. Let’s ride at a gallop so you can see how you don’t have to be afraid,” said Kami. She commanded her horse to gallop at a medium pace.

Yania was left behind.

“Don’t make me fall,” she whispered to her horse, who neighed as though he understood what she said. “Gallop forward to catch up with Kami,” she commanded with desire. The horse started off in a fast gallop, catching up with her friend very quickly.

“It’s fun to gallop, isn’t it, Yania?” “So much! These horses are exceptional!”

They galloped together to a small stream in the forest. “Shall we stop here for a bit?” suggested Kami. Yania truly loved riding her horse, but she also thought that the place was really beautiful and a good spot for a rest. “Yes, sounds good.” They dismounted from their horses and sat at the edge of the stream with their bare feet in the running water.

“Kami, I have a question to ask…”

“Anything you want, Yania.”

“How is it that Evil came to be? From where did it come?” “It’s really simple! See: God is Love, and so can’t force anyone to follow his ideas. God-Love creates the spirits and gives them the freedom to choose what they want to be. Right then, when a spirit begins to exist, it is given two possible paths: follow the loving nature of its origin and become like God, who is absolute Love, or, on the contrary, reject Love and distance itself from God.”

“But why would someone choose Evil?”

“Because they want to experiment, to see if they can be happy through wickedness, violence, selfishness, and hate. That is, they think only of themselves and despise the happiness of others. But because everyone’s existence comes from Love, true and complete happiness can only be achieved by those who also are Love. For this reason, those who are Love feel so happy, so wonderfully happy: for they can love and be loved by each other! This is the reason why God is Love and why his Spirits who are Love never, ever want to stop being Love: because they know that this would mean the loss of this splendid absolute happiness.”

Yania felt in her heart all the beauty of Love. It was a marvelous warmth induced by the comfort of the idea that God, herself and Kami, and all those who, like them, followed Love, would never stop loving and being loved.

“But how come the evil ones don’t change and instead choose Love and become happy like us?”

“The choice for Love has to be something felt in the depths of the Spirit. It can’t just be a mere phrase, something like, ‘I’m now going to follow Love.’ No! It is required to feel, absolutely feel,

that this is what the person truly wants. And since, thankfully, no one can hide their true thoughts, feelings, and most profound desires from God, God will always know if the choice of this person is genuine or not. Besides, those who choose Evil usually end up developing so many negative spiritual qualities that it becomes increasingly difficult for them to feel Love and choose it with a pure conscience. It's a vicious cycle; the more wickedness they perform, the more wicked they become, and the more distanced from Love they remain."

"I understand. It makes sense," Yania commented with her head down. "And when was it that the bad spirits began attacking us?"

"A long time ago," replied Kami, throwing a pebble into the stream. Seeing that her friend was quite interested in learning more, she continued:

"A long, long time ago, at the very beginning of things, only Love existed in the Universe. Everything was perfect, and the Love Spirits lived happily, traveling through space and populating new planets like the Earth. At that time, suffering, misery, violence, hatred, war, disease, and old age were unknown. Everyone had beautiful human bodies, and men and women lived in perfect harmony, loving each other. Yes!" she said with shining eyes. "The motto was: love your neighbor as yourself. But suddenly, monsters began to appear on the various planets, including Earth. You've heard of the dinosaurs! Each planet had different monsters, but all had something in common: they were Evil, and they only wanted to destroy."

"I didn't realize that when the dinosaurs appeared, there were already Human Beings on Earth!" Yania said in awe.

"Yes, there were. Entire villages began to be attacked, and the Love Spirits, being very naive and not accustomed to war, didn't know what to do. The majority ran while trying to protect each other, but those who stayed and fought were killed. Then, with all the wickedness becoming widespread across the Universe, the Love Spirits called to each other and joined together in a galaxy that had not yet been attacked by the monsters. They decided to isolate this galaxy from the rest of the Universe and began to use their powers to create an energy shield of Love that surrounded the galaxy and kept out any and all Evil. And so it went. The galaxy was preserved, and this is what we call Paradise."

"So then, how was it that the Love Spirits returned to Earth?"

"Well, what happened was, after a while, the Love Spirits concluded that it wasn't fair that everything that had been created outside their galaxy would be destroyed by the monsters. And they decided that if they didn't do something, the galaxy would be completely surrounded by monsters, and they would never again be able to leave it. So they decided to begin developing and improving their magical powers so they could control the monsters and make them retreat. They began to ask for volunteers to leave the galaxy and fight the monsters. This is why you, I, and everyone in the village are here: because we offered ourselves to fight them."

Yania was paying close attention while pondering everything Kami was saying.

“And the monsters with human form?”

“Well, that is a good question. After some time, due to years and years of fighting, and by virtue of our powers being very much superior to theirs, they began to retreat. On Earth, as on many other planets not already inhabited by Love Spirits, we froze the atmosphere and the surface, and the monsters died. But many were able to escape, and they took shelter in a galaxy where they were already very numerous. There, they destroyed everything, created a strict hierarchy, and fought among themselves. But not being satisfied with creating Hell, the monsters became skilled at illusion, lies, and hypocrisy, knowing that these were the only ways they could return and try to conquer the Universe. So they hatched an awful plan. Since, generally, the majority of Love Spirits incarnate in their bodies still in the womb of their mothers in the beginning of the seventh month of pregnancy, the monsters resolved to try to incarnate before the Love Spirits, occupying the baby’s body in this way and taking the place that was reserved for our Spirits. But they knew they couldn’t start too soon after the big war because our forces were alert and on watch. They let thousands of years go by, then, taking advantage of our naivety—because we believed that the monsters didn’t want to take the risk of coming back after the huge defeat they had suffered—they began to send monster spirits that incarnated in the fifth or sixth month of pregnancy. Of course, the mothers immediately began to have a lot of pains, and many of these beings were aborted, but many were born. Luckily, in the beginning, all of the beings that were born came out with terrible, horrible deformations, and so we began to investigate and found that there were not any Love Spirits in these bodies.”

“How terrible!” interrupted Yania, looking nauseated. “Go on.”

“It was then that we discovered their plan. So we studied and researched and figured out a plan to stop them! We began to teach all of the Love Spirits that, in order to prevent the incarnation of these wicked spirits into the babies’ bodies, the mothers should emanate feelings of Love, directly and continually, toward the babies, from the beginning of pregnancy. Sometimes this didn’t happen because, since we knew that our Spirits only incarnate in the seventh month, sixth month at the earliest, the mothers generally only began to directly send feelings of Love to their babies after that time. But once we learned to do it from the beginning, we have created an energy shield of Love, like the one that exists around our galaxy, but now the size of the womb of the mothers. In this way, the shield permitted the entry and departure of only Beings of Love, repelling any entry attempt by other spirits. From then on, we never had any more incarnations of wicked spirits in our babies. The boys and girls born among us are always Love Spirits who incarnate to have this marvelous instrument—that is, the human body – capable of providing even more joy to one another! As you know, Yania, the body is only an instrument that serves the Spirit, since the Spirit is asexual. The same Spirit can incarnate in a male body in one life, then in a female body in the next life.”

“Yes, I already knew that, Kami! But in regard to bodies, how is it that the monsters acquired the human form?”

“It was when those first babies were incarnated by monsters. As I was just saying, many died, but many also lived. The mothers and fathers, without knowing that this was the case, took care of these babies with all of their hearts. When they found out the terrible truth, many of the monsters had already grown up and had left because they couldn’t tolerate Love, so they wandered the Earth, and many of them came across one another as they wandered. In the beginning, they all had a semi-human, semi-monstrous appearance, but they studied genetics and made modifications that made them look like true humans—in other words, like us. Nowadays, if you are just going by their physical appearance, it is extremely difficult to know they are monsters, given the incredible resemblance.”

“And the opposite situation?” asked Yania.

“The opposite? What do you mean?” followed Kami, without understanding what her friend was referring to.

“Yes, the opposite. For example, if we are born from monsters… it’s just that, as you were explaining these things, I started thinking about my parents… that my parents could be monsters in human form. It’s horrible to think about something like this! Could I be born… born from a monster? Can a human being really be a monster?” questioned Yania slowly.

“Let’s break it down. Basically, we had to put our naivety aside. After all the terrible things the monsters had done to us, we couldn’t continue to indirectly help them, so many of us offered to be born to monsters in order to demonstrate that Love is the most beautiful and powerful force in the world and that we don’t wish anything bad to anyone, proving that their war against us is completely stupid and useless. But we are never born to them first. Or, I should say, those of us born among them have already been born first among us and have experienced first with us all the beauty of human birth. Now, as far as you being born to monsters or not… well, this is something only you can say.”

It was too much information all at once for Yania. From the time she had entered one of the Love ships, she had spent almost all her time learning new things, and there was so much she wanted to learn, but she had never had the luck to learn these things in her books. To make matters worse, a large majority of the things she had learned in school, she was now learning were wrong. She felt fatigued and conflicted for having wasted so many years in school.

At least I learned to read, write, and do some math, she thought. At least it wasn’t a total waste! She consoled herself.

She threw a little rock into the stream, deep in thought.

“So a human being can really be a monster?”

“Yania, imagine, let’s see… two innocent children with hearts full of Love—for example, two little girls like us, sitting at the edge of a creek, just talking with each other and doing no harm, like us. Then, suddenly, a man appears and kills them with an axe and then rapes the dead bodies. Who do you think did this? A true Human Being or a monster in human form?”

“Only a monster could do something like that!” she replied with conviction.

“Exactly!”

Yania saw an ant climbing on Kami’s shoulder.

“Hold on, don’t move; you have an ant on your shoulder. I’ll knock it off.”

With a quick move, she brushed the ant down to the ground.

Briefly, the ant walked away.

“Kami?” she said with an afflicted look on her face.

“Yes?”

“Your… your…” she stuttered, pointing her finger at her friend’s chest.

“My what?” asked Kami, worried by the look on her friend’s face.

“Your… your stone isn’t shining.”

“No, it isn’t,” Kami gasped, looking at her friend’s stone. “Yours isn’t either!”

“This means that…”

They became dead quiet.

Their horses weren’t nearby, as they had gone in search of food. They heard a branch break on the ground, just a few yards behind them. Fear enveloped Yania. She had just learned the fundamentals about the use of her powers, and here she was, already facing danger.

Her face was an open book. Kami realized that her friend was making a huge effort not to shout in panic.

“Shhhhh,” Kami whispered into her friend’s ear while putting a finger in front of Yania’s mouth.

“Don’t worry. I have everything under control,” she said, even though she also felt her own fear growing by the second. But she couldn’t let her friend know this, or everything would become out of control.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps running toward them.

Kami instinctively pulled Yania’s arm, and they were off running, quickly crossing the stream. Arriving on the other side, they ran into the woods as fast as they possibly could.

“Call your horse!” shouted Kami while they ran.

“I don’t know that I can,” Yania replied, out of breath. “I’m really afraid.”

“You have to! Dida!” Kami called her horse, who came running at a gallop in her direction.

“Tito! Tito!” Yania shouted pointlessly.

Kami realized that Yania was too worked up to be able to focus enough to call her horse.

“Come, give me your hand!” she said.

The sound of the steps was getting closer. Neither of them dared to look back.

“Ready!”

“Okay, when I say jump, you jump and grab around the neck of the horse with me,” Kami said hurriedly, almost out of breath, as they ran beside Dida through the trees.

“Jump!” Kami shouted, and she jumped and grabbed on tightly around Dida’s neck.

Yania, helped by the tug of Kami’s hand, also jumped, and the two of them were hanging around Dida’s neck.

“Wrap your legs around him!” Kami shouted to Yania, who immediately complied. “Ball of light!” she desired with all her strength. A great big ball of light formed around them. “You can let go now,” she told her friend.

The two of them fell inside the ball of light, which held them up, moving in tandem with the speed of the horse. The ball of light rose, turned, and rested softly on the horse’s back, dissipating immediately.

“Now grab on tightly to his mane,” Kami said to Yania while she stabilized her with one hand and held onto the reins with the other. “Tito!” she called, and the other horse came running at maximum speed until it caught up with them.

Kami looked back. Behind them was an enormous man with goat legs, two horns, and a pointy goat beard, almost within reach.

“Tito, attack!” ordered Kami.

The horse stopped running, turned around, and, with a loud neigh, reared on its back two legs, then delivered a direct blow to the face of the monster with its two front hooves.

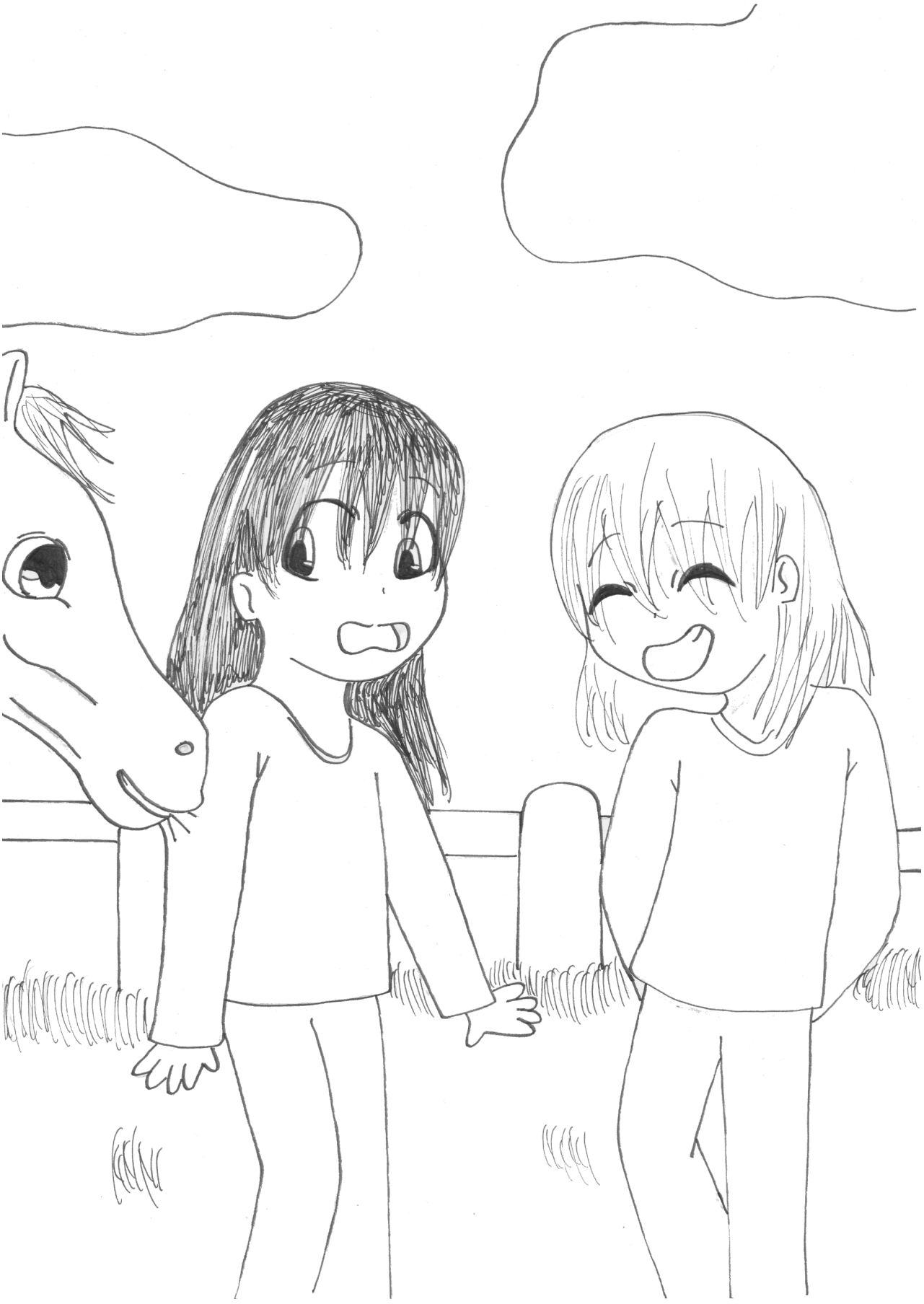
Kami turned to look back, still galloping at full speed. She could see Tito on the ground, bloody and dead, on top of the monster, which was also dead.

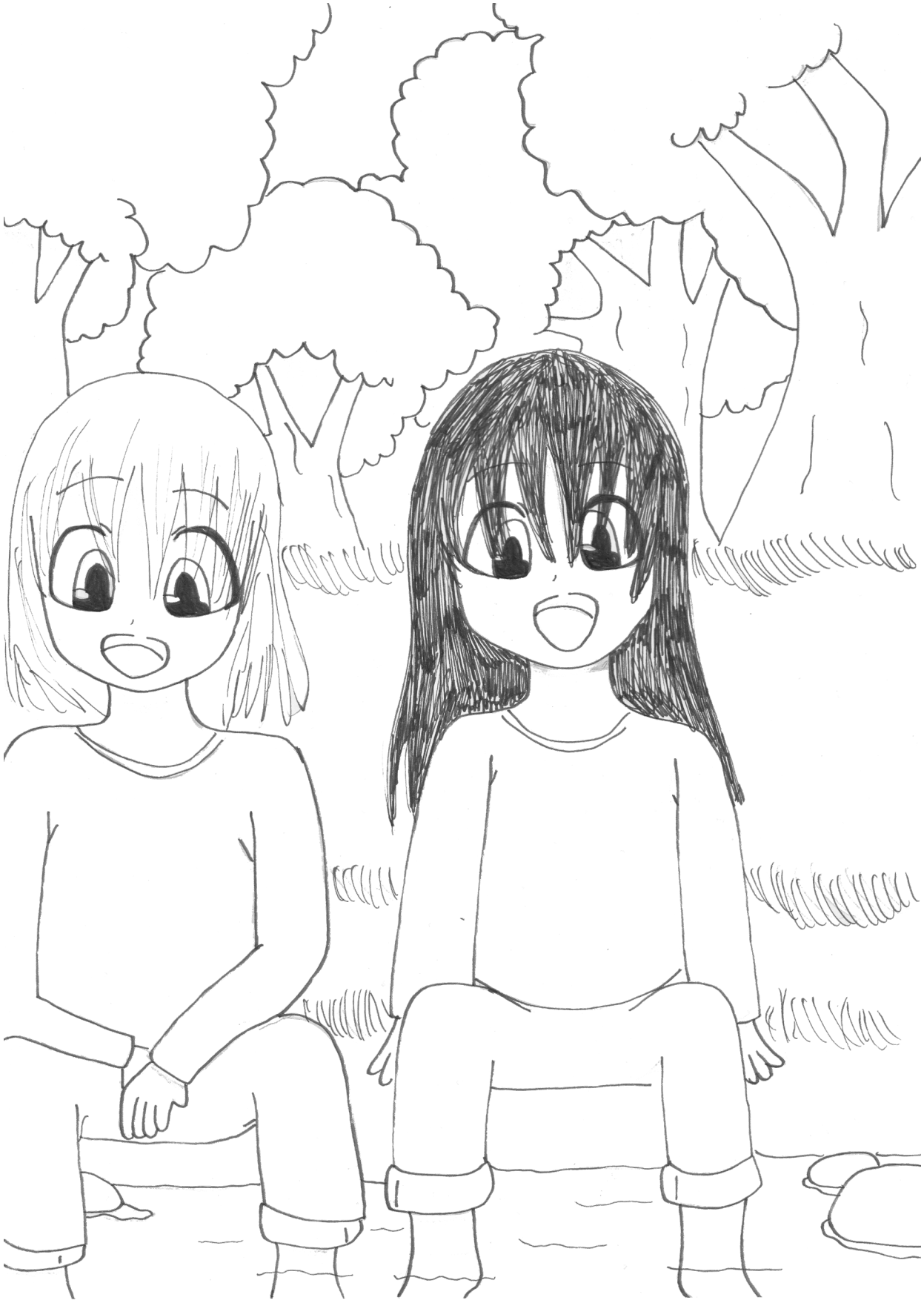
She looked down at her neck. The stone had begun to shine again. She ordered Dida to quickly return to the village, then whispered to her friend,

“Everything is okay now! We can go home!”

Yania shouted with relief and joy.

Her friend had saved her life.





Chapter 05

The situation is highly concerning. It has been a long time since there was an incident so close to the village," said Noiu, who had called a village meeting in the clearing.

"We were at the edge of the creek, the part that passes through the south of the forest, when he attacked us from behind," Kami explained. "We lost one of our best horses, Tito, who defended us from the monster."

"I believe we must take action. They may be trying to invade," suggested Dyma.

Yania was sitting on the grass with her legs bent and her arms wrapped around them. She was still recovering from the scare from the day before.

"Why don't we just destroy the monsters once and for all?" she asked.

"Dear, we cannot do it because we are not like them. We could kill all the monsters that are outside of Hell by launching a massive attack from our space fleet, but doing so would be unfair. We would be killing all the monsters, even those who never harmed us," Dyma explained with her usual tenderness.

"Yes, we are not like them," repeated many of the residents in agreement.

Yania understood that the Love Spirits weren't just in name only. There were values that characterized and distinguished them from evil spirits.

"Does anyone have any other suggestions?" asked Noiu.

One of the residents, Hytu, stood and said,

"Until now, except for the case of the murder of my son Jilu, to which we reacted by making these necklaces—since then, no monster has dared to come near our village. So I suggest that we train a hundred birds to signal the approach of any monsters within a radius of thirty thousand feet from the edge of the village. We will thereby increase our margin of safety, which so far has been about three thousand feet."

Noiu asked, "Does anyone have any other comments or suggestions for another alternative?"

There was a murmur of agreement among the group.

"Let's see, then. All who agree with this measure, raise your arm now," said Noiu, raising his own arm after speaking.

All raised their hands except Yania.

"Sweetie, do you not agree with this measure?" Dyma asked affectionately.

“I most certainly agree! I think it’s a great idea!” Yania answered quickly. “I didn’t raise my arm because I wasn’t sure if I could participate in decisions,” she explained.

Dyma knelt and embraced Yania strongly.

“My dear girl,” she said as she hugged Yania, “of course you can participate in the decisions, from the first day you arrived here. You are our sister. How can you even doubt your equality with us?”

She hugged Yania tightly again.

“Thank you, everyone!” said Yania, giving Dyma a big kiss. “It’s just that I am accustomed to living in a society where children have no rights.”

“Well, Yania also agrees, so this measure is approved,” Noiu said, concluding the meeting.

Immediately, Hytu, his wife, Dena, Cimus, Eda, and Hemia approached Noiu and volunteered to train the birds.

“Let’s go, Yania. I’ll teach you to make balls of fire!” Kami said to her friend, pulling her by the hand.

They went to an area with only bushes along the river that passed the village.

“The key is the magical powers you already know. Now I’ll teach you to create fireballs using the same key!” Kami said with contagious joy. “All you have to do is to imagine that a round ball of light is formed between your hands,” she explained while making circular gestures with her hands as if there were a ball between them.

“Do as I’m doing.”

“Is this okay?” Yania asked as she mimicked her friend. “Perfect! Now fervently desire that a ball of light appears!” After a few seconds, it was possible to see a faint ball of light in the hands of Kami.

“Wait, I’m just about there,” said Yania, creating her ball of light.

“Ready! Now you have to envision the target and shoot the ball, desiring that it strike with great force. It may be there in the middle of the river, or in front of that bush,” Kami suggested, pointing while holding the ball with her other hand. “When the ball of light has already gone out of your hands, you then desire it to become a ball of fire. But always be careful not to ignite it too close to your hands!”

Kami showed her friend how to do it, throwing her first ball, which hit the target dead center.

“Now it’s your turn!”

Yania focused on the target and threw the ball, but she couldn’t transform it into fire.

“It’s your first time. Don’t worry,” her friend assured her. “Go ahead, try again!”

Yania tried again.

“Concentrate on the fire. Imagine the ball turning to fire, and desire with all your strength that it become a reality.”

Yania didn’t want to fail again. She was determined to fix the mistake of her first attempt. She created a new ball of light, focused it on the target, threw it, and wished for it to transform into fire.

However, her fear of failure led her to desire a huge fireball, and that’s what happened. The little ball of light turned into a huge fireball in midair. Even after hitting the target in the middle of the river, the fire was so big that it spread and reached a bush at the edge of the water.

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Yania, bringing her hand to her mouth in worry. “I set the bush on fire!”

“No problem!” Kami laughed and laughed. “It’s great to see you create such a big fireball!” she added, still laughing nonstop. “Next time, be sure that you throw it against a monster!”

Kami then wished for it to rain upon the bush. She noted to herself that this desire was not against Love; she believed with faith that it was possible, and she strongly wished that it would happen. The three requirements were met for exercising the greatest magical powers in the world: those of Love. The sky was clear, but immediately, the girls saw a black cloud moving at great speed and then stopping above the bush, immediately dumping an abundant rain that extinguished the fire completely.

“I think you have learned well!” said Kami, still laughing.

“With practice, I will improve! And only set fire to the monsters!” said Yania, smiling. She approached the river and splashed water toward her friend, indirectly suggesting that it was time to take a break and play.

Kami joined in immediately and splashed water back toward Yania, but stumbled and fell into the river, getting drenched from head to toe.

Yania, seeing her friend all wet, threw herself into the river, and they played together in the water for the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon, after lunch, Kami taught Yania to develop her powers of psychokinesis, telepathy, and healing. She always reminded her friend of the key to using the magical powers of the Love Spirits, which are LOVE, FAITH, AND DESIRE.

Yania progressed rapidly. Like all other Love Spirits, she was very smart, and it did not take her long to understand how to use all of her powers because she loved learning and working on her Love magic.

At school, she sometimes had poor grades, but only because she was not interested in some of the subjects being taught, especially when she had doubts about whether what was being taught

was legitimate. Science is always contradicting itself; it says one thing one day, then says exactly the opposite the next, she used to think. She remembered one day when the teacher had been talking about communications and said that it was proven that the use of mobile phones was completely safe, so she had begun to save a certain amount of her monthly allowance to buy a mobile phone so she could speak with Daisy anytime. Just three months went by, and she read in the newspaper by chance one day that more recent studies had shown that frequent use of mobile phones was extremely harmful to one's health and might even cause fatal diseases. After that, she gave up on the idea and instead used the money she had saved to buy a large poster of dolphins that she had given to Daisy. Daisy was so moved by the gift that the next day, she offered an even larger poster of horses to Yania.

I believe in the magic of Love! Yes, in the magic of Love! Yania thought happily, only regretting that she had not applied herself before to the practice of her magical powers. If she had done so, she could have spoken more often with Daisy… just using telepathy!

"I'm going to think of one of these three stones, transmitting which stone I'm thinking of to your mind. Then you have to move it toward you, but only with your mind," suggested Kami as she placed three pebbles on the ground in front of them.

The two were sitting cross-legged under a tree, facing each other, about two yards apart.

"Okay! I'm ready!" Yania replied.

Kami and Yania then began concentrating. They knew that what they were going to do was based on Love, had faith that they could do it, and intensely desired to do it. Kami thought of the stone in the middle, and immediately, Yania received this information in her mind. Using the keys of Love, faith, and desire, Yania moved the same stone to the tip of her feet.

"Right on!" congratulated Kami, so happy for her. "Fantastic!" After doing some more telepathy and psychokinesis exercises, Kami looked for and located a small scratch that Yania had on her left leg, which she had received when they'd fled from the monster the previous day.

"Our mother explained to you how the magical healing powers work," said Kami, putting her hand on the scratch. "Use the key," she said, focusing. "This is Love… I can heal you… I want to heal you," she said slowly, and the scratch soon disappeared as if it had never been there.

"It's really easy!"

Now, Yania looked for a scratch on Kami, finding one that was even larger.

"Kami! I've got to heal this scratch as quickly as possible!" she said as she focused and mentally repeated the whole process of the key of Love.

"Well done!" Kami exclaimed as she watched the scratch disappear. "Now you have to heal the scratch you have on your knee!" she suggested, pointing.

Yania repeated the process, but now on herself.

This is Love… I am able to heal myself… I want to heal myself.

Done. The scratch was gone.

Both were very pleased and happy, so they decided to take a break to go horseback riding in the big green meadow in the village. They galloped, jumped, laughed, and joked with each other. They were two very happy girls.

Dinnertime arrived. The two friends had just taken a bath and cleaned up, and had just sat down at the table, where they found Dyma, Noiu, Kimi, and Ilky.

“Kami, how is Yania progressing with her powers?” Dyma asked her daughter.

“Very well! She is now able to burn monsters!” she replied with a laugh.

“Sweetheart, do you really feel able to use your magic?” Dyma asked, turning to Yania.

“Yes, Mother. Kami has taught me very well.”

“Eliu has also made a lot of progress,” Kimi told Yania and Kami. They had not arrived in time to hear what she had taught him.

“He is also able to make balls of fire!” exclaimed Ilky, who had accompanied Kimi that day.

“It’s great to see everyone so happy!” smiled Noiu, very happy himself.

“Very good. We have a mission now to give both Yania and Kami!” Dyma suggested. “But it will be an easier one because it will be Yania’s first.”

Kami excitedly jumped from her chair. She loved the idea of missions against monsters. She couldn’t bear to see those evil creatures spread harm throughout the Earth with impunity. One of her biggest dreams was to disable the Great Beast, but she knew it would be very difficult, since he was the ultimate king of the monsters, demons, and devils of Hell, and he rarely left his throne in the infernal region of the Universe.

“What will it be, Mother?” Kami asked with eyes full of excitement.

“There is a little boy who is seven years old who was sent to a state orphanage about four years ago. His parents died in a terrible car accident, but he survived virtually unscathed, thanks to the protection of his guardian angel. It turns out that last year, a new employee was hired who hates the boy—without any valid reason—just didn’t like him from the get-go. He is a very stern man, one of those types who think that the education of children should only be done by smacking them and that the more you hit the children, the better educated they will be.”

“Reminds me of someone,” Yania interrupted sadly.

“We know, Yania,” Kami said as she stroked her friend’s head, comforting her.

“The biggest problem is that whenever he sees the boy, which is almost every day, he takes him into the pantry and burns him with his cigarettes. If the boy cries, he smacks and kicks the boy and threatens to kill him if he tells anyone. He is a wicked man, and he must be separated from the boy right away. But I don’t know if Yania is truly prepared to…” She hesitated and looked compassionately at Yania.

“Of course I am! Kami has taught me that the mission of the Love Spirits is to defend Love and to protect individual freedoms, contributing to the happiness of all our brothers and sisters. This happiness is our own happiness.”

“Yes, it is true. Freedom is essential, and the freedom of each individual implies respect for the freedom of others. Thus, that employee is violating the freedom of the boy to have a body and mind free from suffering,” Dyma said, looking at Yania compassionately. “You really want to start on these missions for Love?” she asked, returning to the question.

“Mother, my greatest wish is that there might be no more evil in the world,” Yania said. “So all I can do to fight Evil, I will do without hesitation and with great pleasure!”

Kami, hearing this, gave a peck to Yania’s forehead.

“We are truly sisters!” Kami said, so glad to see that she and Yania were of the same mind.

“Very good. I want to thank you for your dedication to our values,” said Dyma without hiding her satisfaction that Yania had accepted the mission. “Tomorrow you can practice a little more magic while we prepare everything for your departure the next day.”

“How about if tomorrow we all join in training?” suggested Noiu.

“Yes!” Kimi agreed. “Tomorrow we can all do target practice with fireballs!”

“Yes!” shouted Ilky, also supporting the idea. He loved to shoot fireballs.

Yania and Kami smiled at each other. It would be another super-fun day, and this time everyone would be playing together and training. And it would be safer for the success of the mission for Yania to practice a little more magic because, even though she controlled her powers sufficiently, they could not risk anything. If something went wrong, it would be the boy who would suffer, since surely, the monster would kill him out of revenge. It was decided. They would leave the day after tomorrow.

And so it happened. The next day, they trained and practiced all of their powers, Yania, Kami, Kimi, Eliu, and Ilky, although it was true that, due to the constant teasing by Ilky, they spent more time playing than actually training. But it was great because this was also an excellent way for Yania to get to know the wonderful Spirits who were the other children, and vice versa. Yania felt truly happy and grateful to Love for the beauty of Love.

Night fell, and Kami and Yania went to bed early in order to rest well for the mission that awaited them in the coming days.

They slept next to each other in Yania's room, hugging each other tightly in order to reassure one another that everything would be fine.

As soon as they woke up, Dyma and Noiu met with them, outlining for them all the details of the place, the boy, and the monstrous man. They also gave the girls money to travel to the city and eat at a vegetarian restaurant. They also gave them some clothes to wear—the normal type of clothes for life outside the village, so that they wouldn't arouse suspicion.

They quickly ate breakfast and called two horses that would lead them out of the village to the edge of the forest. From there, they were on their own.

Upon leaving the forest, they ordered the horses to return to the village and caught a train toward the city where the orphanage was located.

It had already been a while since the stones on their necklaces had stopped shining.

"How do you think we should separate the monster from Peter?" Yania asked Kami as they sat inside the train.

They were both a little edgy, especially Kami, because the air pollution stood in sharp contrast to the village's clear air.

"On the previous missions I have been on, we often decided this once we were there, as plans were often made but later had to be changed because, for example, the monsters reacted differently than expected."

"I understand. It is all a matter of adapting and reacting to the circumstances."

Three and a half hours later, the train finally arrived at the city. They went to the tourist office next to the station, where they asked for a map and directions to the orphanage, and even asked where to find a vegetarian restaurant.

Because it was already so late and they were hungry, they took a taxi straight to lunch at the only restaurant that served vegetarian meals in the city. Both ate soy steaks served with whole-grain pasta, spinach, and seaweed. Kami drank carrot juice, and Yania had orange juice. For dessert, they both chose apple pie without sugar. It was all very delicious!

Then they hurried to catch a nearby bus that passed near the orphanage. When they arrived, they worked out a plan to get past the stern-faced gatekeeper who controlled the building's entrances and exits.

Yania looked at him, thinking, We have to distract him, but how?

Kami then noticed that, in the planter box next to his little guard shack, there was a cat eating scraps of food.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Kami. "I will order the cat to go inside the guard shack and, without harming the guard, attack him by furiously clinging to his legs."

“Great idea! So he will have to worry about the problem of the cat, and he won’t be watching the door!”

Kami focused on the cat. She closed her eyes and thought, wishing that the cat were hanging on the guard’s left leg, crying with rage.

The cat immediately dropped what it was doing, went into the guard shack, and, in a single jump, grabbed onto the guard’s leg, meowing and hissing threateningly.

The guard jumped up, startled, and came bouncing out of the guard shack with the cat wrapped around his leg. Yania and Kami quickly ran through the gate, through the courtyard, and into the building.

One stern-faced employee came around the corner down the hall and noticed the two girls she did not recognize.

“Who are you?”

Yania stammered. Then she remembered that Dyma had told them the boy had some classes outside the orphanage in the morning.

“You know, we are classmates of Peter Ernest…”

“Yes, we are repeat students, and we’ve come to ask him for help with our homework. We already showed our ID cards at the door,” Kami adeptly improvised.

The employee didn’t raise more questions because she trusted the strict control exercised by the guard.

“He is in the game room, at the bottom of that hall to the right.” The woman pointed in the direction of the hall.

Kami and Yania thanked her and quickly started down the hall, as they didn’t want the employee to notice that they hadn’t brought any notebooks.

They reached the room, where many boys were playing various games. Kami approached one of the boys and asked where Peter Ernest was playing. The boy pointed toward the corner.

They saw a very sad-looking boy sitting alone, not playing but just looking at a large poster of the solar system on the wall.

The two friends went toward him. It was the same boy as in the photo that Dyma and Noiu had given them.

“What’s your name?” asked Yania.

The boy was very surprised to see two girls there. Girls were almost never seen in the orphanage. Eyes that were rivers of misery settled upon Yania.

“Peter.” Yania and Kami were deeply moved. Yania gave him her hand to accompany them, and she quickly

noticed scars that looked like cigarette burns just above his wrist. “Come, let’s go to the courtyard to talk a bit.” “You are both very beautiful. You look like angels,” said the boy,

who followed them without question. “We are Guardian Angels, and we’ve come to help you!” said Kami.

As they entered the garden, the girls saw that it was sufficiently large to find a corner to talk alone with the boy. The three sat together near a fence that separated the orphanage from an apartment building.

Yania stroked the boy’s hair.

“We are here to help you. We know that you have suffered much, but we want you to know that Love does exist.”

“Yes, we love you, and we will not let you suffer anymore.”

Peter glanced back and forth at the two of them with a very surprised look.

“This seems like a movie,” he said, not knowing what else to say.

“No, it’s not a movie. This is all very real, Peter. But we won’t let what they have done be real anymore.”

Kami gently lifted his shirt a little. She wanted to cry, as Peter was covered with marks.

“Why hasn’t anyone at the orphanage asked you about this?” “The man who does this says he is a cousin of the director.” “Ah, that explains it!” Yania said as she patted his hand. “Take us to him, Peter.”

“I’m afraid.”

Kami knelt in front of him. “Fear is not the right way, Peter. It complicates our lives and prevents us from succeeding. Do you think that feeling fear has helped you all this time? Don’t they just continue to beat and mistreat you?”

“Yes, fear has just kept you suffering,” added Yania.

“You have to have strength to change your life for the better. With fear, you won’t have that power, because fear is weakness. And, weak and afraid, your life will always be hard or become even worse.”

Yania stood up, grabbed Peter’s two hands, and pulled him up.

“Come on. Don’t be afraid. You are not alone. We love you!”

Peter suddenly began to feel brave. The two girls, with eyes so full of light and beauty, and their sweet words, inspired him, giving him strength. He believed he could conquer the Evil that tormented him.

He got up and sighed.

“Thank you for being my friends. Come.”

The girls reentered the building and followed close behind Peter. They walked up a long stairwell and stopped together after entering the next section of the building. There was a man alone in front of a computer.

“That’s him,” said Peter.

“Wait here,” said Kami. “It is safer for you to watch from here.”

Yania and Kami entered and approached the man without fear.

“Who are you, and what do you want?” asked the man brusquely.

“We came to talk with you. We are very upset with what you have been doing to Peter,” Yania replied immediately.

“You brats! Get out of here!” he shouted as he got up from the chair.

“Get out of here?” replied Kami, outraged. “This is your reply? Oh, I know, you want to continue to mistreat a helpless, innocent boy!”

The man turned red with anger and took an umbrella from the edge of the table, lifting it menacingly into the air. “Get out!” he shouted monstrously.

The girls didn’t move an inch.

Kami shook her head in disagreement. “Violence… so much violence… but why?”

Suddenly, the man tried to hit Kami with the umbrella, but Yania immediately desired to stop the umbrella. The man was shocked, realizing that an invisible force was blocking the umbrella in the air. He tried to move it, but it was useless. He let go of it, then noticed that the umbrella did not fall on the floor but remained suspended in the air in exactly the same position. He took a few steps back.

“What is all this about?” he asked with a look of astonishment and fear.

“What is this all about?” It is about you being a monster!” replied Yania, desiring that the umbrella hit him repeatedly on the head with great force.

Immediately, the umbrella reared back and began to unleash heavy blows to the man’s head. He tried to get away, but the umbrella chased him relentlessly, continually hitting him on the head.

The boy, watching everything, began to laugh to see that the evildoer was taking such a beating from the umbrella. Yania and Kami, seeing Peter laughing, started laughing, too.

Suddenly, the man's voice began to change to an unusually thick and husky tone as he backed toward the door.

"Aaahhh! Damned Love Spirits! I hate Love! You are going to pay!" he shouted, revealing huge canine teeth. When the girls saw the monster about to leave the room, they ran to Peter to protect him.

The monster grabbed the umbrella and broke it in half with brute force, stopping it.

Kami reacted immediately, intensely wishing that a nearby chair would hit the monster with great force.

The chair rose up immediately and was shot with astonishing speed toward him by an invisible force, hitting him squarely in the head.

The monster was quite stunned and ran away, stumbling.

"Never come back!" Yania shouted as she followed him to the stairs, where he ran down and out of the orphanage.

Both of the girls turned to Peter to comfort him. "Everything's okay now!" exclaimed Yania.

The boy was astonished. He hugged his new friends and thanked them for all they had done. His eyes began to shine again.

"He will never return!" Kami assured him, being accustomed to such missions.

"Yes, and if one day you need further help from us, do not hesitate to ask. Search in the night sky for the brightest star of all. Ask for it to help you with all your might. It will always answer your calls for help!" Yania assured him.

"May your mission be filled with success!" Kami gave him a long kiss on the forehead.

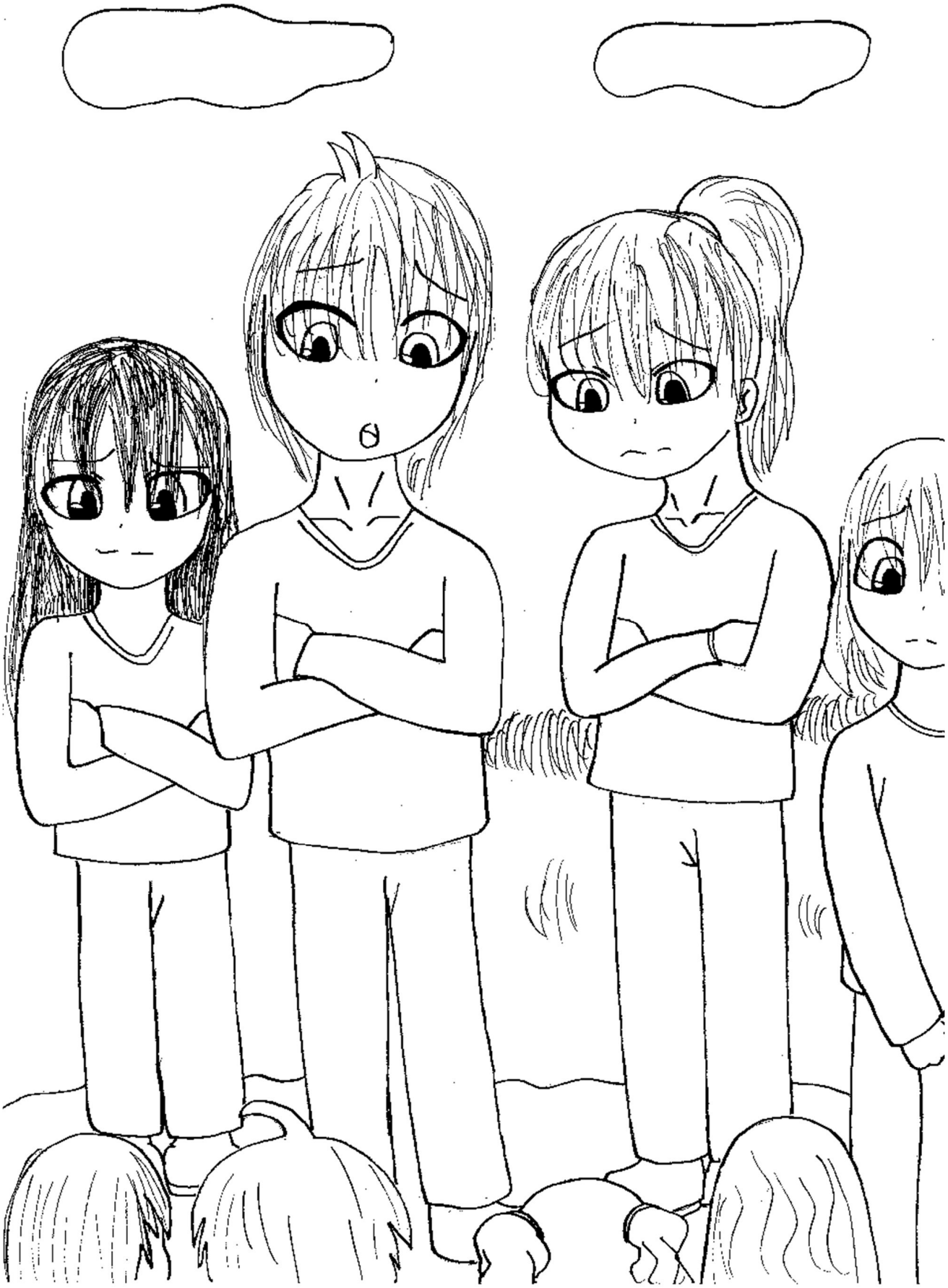
"Truth is Love, and your life is a part of Love. You are here on a mission, a mission of Love. Your future is solely in your hands, with the help of our hands."

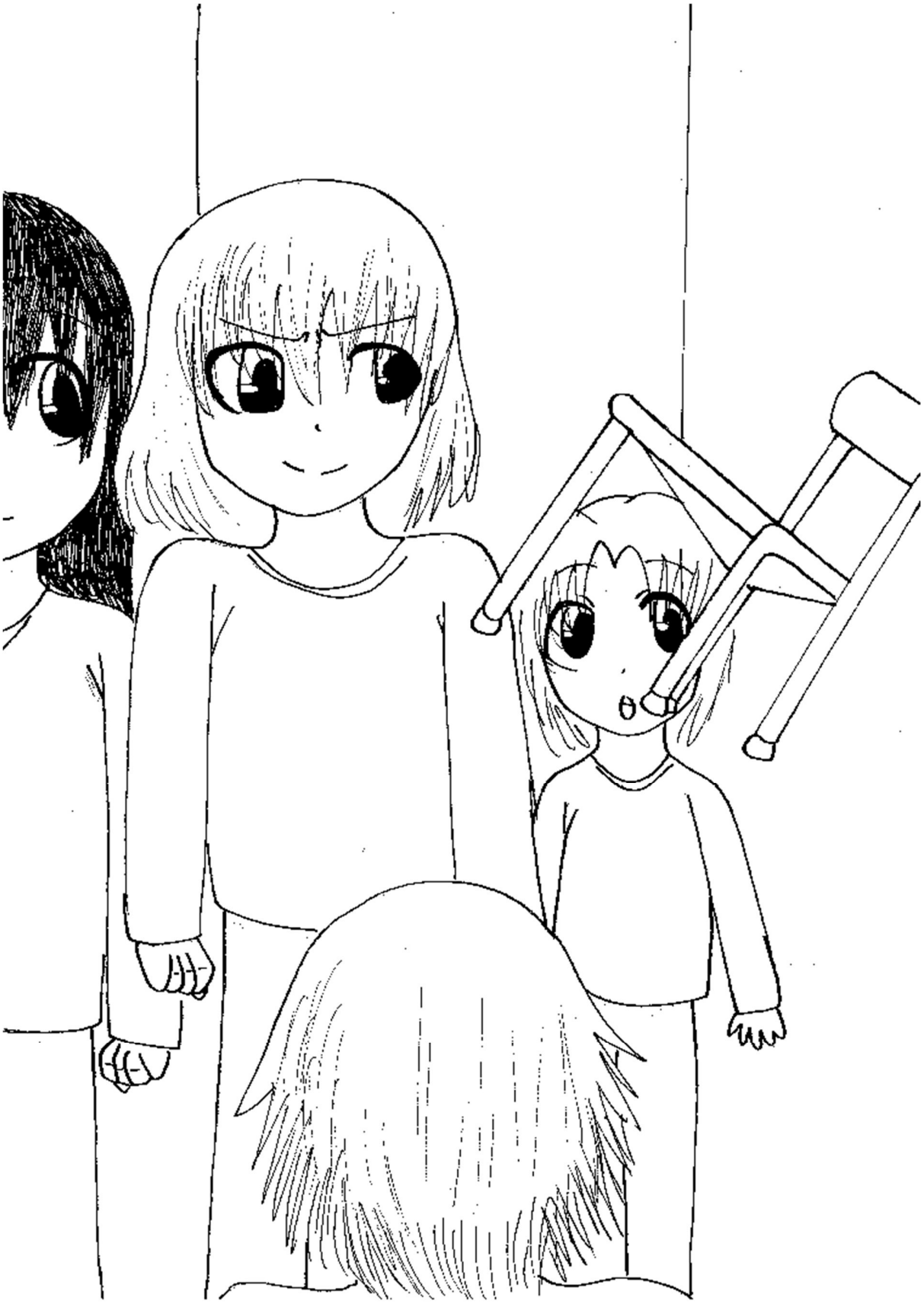
Yania also gave him a sweet kiss on the forehead while they hugged him goodbye. Tears were in the eyes of all three.

"Will I ever see you again?"

"Of course you will!" Kami replied immediately. "One day… somewhere in the Universe."

"But until then, you will always be in our hearts," added Yania as a tear ran down her face, a sign that they were going to miss him.





Chapter 06

Yania and Kami were already at the station, waiting for the next train that would take them back to the boundary of the forest between their village and the society beyond.

Yania picked up a newspaper that someone had left on the bench. Right there on the first page, she read in large letters: *Freak who Kidnapped Daughter of Minister Declared Insane by Court and Admitted Compulsorily*.

Her heart almost jumped out of her chest. She began quickly reading the whole article. She had no doubt that the article was about herself and Daisy.

“Kami, quickly, read this,” she asked her friend, trembling.

Kami was also shocked.

“They are talking about you and Daisy,” she said, reading the article. It stated that the abduction had been proven through the discovery of a note left by the girl at the home of the owner of a shop that sold paranormal objects and books. A search had been ordered on the suspicion of the girl’s parents.

“The monsters accused Daisy of kidnapping me and have put her in an asylum. I have to help her!” Yania jumped out of her chair.

“What are you thinking of doing?”

“I don’t know. I just know I need to help her!” Yania said, pulling the newspaper from Kami’s hands and tearing it to bits. “How can they tell such huge lies as if they were absolute truths?” She put the pieces in the trash. “My father must have noticed the stamp of the shop that was in my books and suspected that I could be there,” she sighed. “I got out in time, but Daisy was so fond of me that she probably kept the simple note I wrote to her before I left. I should have told her to destroy it,” she said, blaming herself.

“No, Yania! It wasn’t your fault! Neither yours nor Daisy’s! It was normal that she wanted to keep your note because that would be her last remembrance of you.”

“I must go look for her!”

“Calm down! We have to first go back to the village and meet with everyone to see what can be done.”

Yania started walking toward the ticket office.

“No, Kami! There’s no time to lose!”

“Wait, Yania! Don’t do it! It’s very dangerous! We have to go back home first!” Kami cried.

It was useless. Yania went straight to the ticket office and bought a train ticket to the capital city. It was four hours away, and she had hardly any money left, but she didn’t care. She was willing to starve and sleep on the street if need be. She had to help Daisy.

Kami ran after her.

“Yania, listen! You are not prepared for a mission like this. Besides, the police are still looking for you, and your photos have been published everywhere. Going to the capital city is one of the worst things we can do, as you will easily be recognized.”

But Yania was unwavering in her decision.

“Kami, you don’t have to come with me. I’ll go alone.”

She hurried toward the train that was departing in minutes for the city.

Kami stood watching her friend get farther away. She felt in her heart that Yania was also sad for not having received her support and for her not being able to perceive the urgent nature of the situation. A feeling of guilt came over her.

Yania entered the train, sat down, and avoided looking out the window. The doors closed, and the train began moving. She felt very sad and angry at the same time. The sadness that made her heart ache stemmed from her imagination of the terrible things Daisy was suffering, compounded by the lack of unconditional support she had expected from Kami. This bitter grief was accompanied by a tremendous feeling of disgust at the monstrosities that were destroying the Earth, and that seemed to have no end. She sighed, desperately wanting to cry.

Despair engulfed her soul. She loved Kami and all of the others at the village, but she also loved Daisy, and Daisy needed her now more than ever. She closed her eyes, trying hard to hold back the tears that were coming.

Suddenly, she felt a kiss planted very tenderly on her face.

“Yania, did you think I was ever going to leave you?”

It was Kami who had sat by her side!

“Kami! Thank you! Thank you for being my true friend!”

The two tightly embraced. Then they began crying, but crying for happiness now that they would be together always.

During the trip, the two came up with ideas for how they could get Daisy out of that horrible place. Yania and Kami did not trust in the institutions of society. They knew these institutions were corrupt, false, and malicious. Kami had learned this, also, because many from the village had previously lived in society and had shared their experiences of the horrible things that

had happened there. Yania had experienced firsthand the hypocrisy and Machiavellianism of institutions, including the police, but it was always difficult to understand how someone was able to obey orders or immoral laws in exchange for money. They both also knew that there were some good people in many of those institutions. Although many police were bad, a few were good and were using their jobs to try to help good people, be they rich or poor.

They came to an agreement. They decided to try to talk to the director of the psychiatric hospital. They counted all the money they had. When they got to the capital, they would go to a supermarket and buy some vegetable sandwiches and a box of organic soy milk to share, as well as a big blanket to keep them warm, since they would have to spend the night hidden somewhere in a city park.

And so it went. It was three o'clock in the morning, and they were cuddled together, sleeping on a secluded patch of lawn among some trees. Suddenly, they were awakened by an empty beer can landing on top of them.

"Look, two girls snuggled and are sleeping… gotta love that!"

It was a band of seven young delinquents, many of them drunk, standing in front of the girls, laughing and making fun of them.

Kami took the can and threw it back to them.

"We don't like the smell of alcohol," she said indignantly as she and Yania got up.

"They must be little lesbians… hugging," said another boy stupidly.

Kami spoke up again.

"Mind your own business, you morons!"

"Yes, you bunch of jerks," Yania added.

"Look, look, the two little birds are protesting," said one, who seemed to be the leader.

"Let's teach them a lesson!" proposed another boy, and the others murmured in agreement.

"A couple of slaps and we are done here," ordered the ringleader.

The delinquents began to get closer to the girls, one of them even opening a switchblade.

Kami immediately and intensely wished that the intruders be pushed back.

Suddenly, the seven began to feel a powerful unseen force pushing them all in the opposite direction. It was such a great force that one even fell flat on his back. They didn't really understand what was going on, and even though they started backing up, they had not yet fled.

Yania wished that another invisible force would give a nice, hard slap to each of them. Suddenly, every boy experienced a strong whack to the face. At that point, they all panicked and ran out of the park, screaming as loudly as they could!

“Now who are the sissies?” Yania shouted at them.

She began laughing together with Kami.

They again lay down, huddling close, but this time, to prevent the devil from doing any more tricks, they wished that a group of squirrels, which they had seen before, signal them with loud noises should anyone approach again.

The sun came up. The two friends wasted no time finding out where the psychiatric hospital was located and tried to talk to the director personally. Yania wanted to prove that she had not been kidnapped and that Daisy was innocent.

When they arrived, Yania was recognized by a hospital guard, who immediately escorted them to the director’s office.

“Good morning,” Yania greeted him, a bit apprehensively. “I’m here to prove that I was not kidnapped by anyone and that it’s a lie that Daisy had any involvement. I ran away from home; that’s all.”

The director looked at Yania with a calm air, as if he had everything under control.

“You know, kid, I can see that you are mentally disturbed. I’ve been a psychiatrist for thirty-three years, and I can tell a sane person from a sick person just by looking at them.”

“Disturbed? I’ve never been so well in my whole life!” Yania exclaimed, outraged.

Kami jumped into the conversation.

“I see that you do not notice any feelings or emotions going on inside one’s soul.”

“You two are very sick. This little friend of yours,” he pointed to Kami, “has brainwashed you with crazy ideas, right?”

Yania objected, “I see that it is useless to talk to you.”

“Useless? Well, maybe. Many patients need more measures… pills, electric shocks, and lobotomies… You abandoned your parents, school, everything! You failed to meet your main objective, which was to study.”

“Main objective? Since when is the main purpose of the life of a human being to study in your schools? The main purpose of a human being is to be happy and make others happy!” Yania grabbed Kami’s hand.

“I see that you are the one who is mentally ill.”

The director remained calm.

“Well… maybe that’s true. After all, what is mental illness? Are we not, certified psychiatrists, the ones who define it? Yes, perhaps you are right… we are all crazy… interesting…” Suddenly, he slammed his fist on the table.

“But it’s the governments and their laws that tell us what to put in the psychiatry books! They give the orders! We obey!”

Yania and Kami retreated a few steps.

“Where is Daisy?” Kami said. “Where will you two be within a few seconds!!!” He picked up the phone to call the guards. “You’re a monster,” Yania said, making a face of disgust. Four guards came in and grabbed the girls.

“They are very sick. Take them to the E Ward, where they will remain under lock and key until further notice.”

As the girls were taken out of the office, the director picked up the phone to call Mr. John Nobrega to tell him what had happened. While the girls were being forced down the corridor, Kami had an idea.

“Mr. Guard,” she said to the guard who held her by the arm, “I need to go to the bathroom. Really, really bad!”

“That is not allowed. You have to wait until you reach the internment ward,” he responded like a robot.

“But, Mr. Guard,” she said, acting as though she couldn’t walk, “I won’t make it! If I don’t go to the restroom right now, I’ll pee right here, and you will end up with your gorgeous uniform all wet and stained. What will your superiors say?”

The guard looked at his colleague. They could not let that happen. The rules were very strict with regard to uniforms.

They told the guards, following Yania, that they would have to stop quickly at the nearest bathroom.

Kami went into the bathroom, leaving the four guards with Yania at the door. She opened the tap to the maximum and desired that the gushing stream of water become a thick iron chain that would wrap around the guards, chaining them immediately.

She opened the door, and bang!

The water had turned into iron chains, wrapping up the guards, knocking them to the ground, and tying them one against the other from head to toe, so that they could not even scream.

“Quickly, Yania, let’s go!”

“But where is Daisy?” Yania asked as they ran.

“We’ll handle that in a minute!” Kami replied, looking for a hideout. They quickly found an empty room and went inside, and shut the door behind them. They leaned back against the wall, catching their breath.

“Give me your hands,” Kami said, grabbing both of Yania’s hands.

“I want you to concentrate and visualize Daisy, and think how much you like her and how much she likes you.”

“But do I have to communicate with you by telepathy?”

“No need. Just think!”

Yania closed her eyes and did what Kami asked. Kami also closed her eyes and concentrated. A few seconds went by. Kami felt the beauty of the relationship between the two and the wonderful feelings of Love that flowed between them. Immediately, she sensed where Daisy was located.

“Okay, there she is! I know where they have her! Come on!” she said, opening the door carefully.

“How did you do that?” Yania asked in admiration.

“It wasn’t me; it was you! Come on, there’s no time to lose!” The two of them ran, Kami leading the way. They came to a room that had a locked door. “Daisy is here,” Kami said.

“Let me open the door,” she continued, wishing that the door would be unlocked.

They entered and saw a woman tied to the bed, with a bottle of serum connected to her arm.

“Daisy!” A look of anguish overcame Yania as she ran toward the woman.

“Daisy, it’s me!” Yania shook Daisy gently, as she seemed unconscious.

Soon, she noticed that there were many bruises and wounds that were still bleeding on Daisy’s head and arms. She became extremely worried.

“Daisy! Daisy! What have they done to you? Wake up!” she screamed.

Daisy slowly opened her eyes and fixed them on Yania. “Daisy! It’s me!” Yania said, squeezing her hand.

“Sarah,” Daisy replied with great difficulty. “It’s so good to see you…”

“What have these monsters done to you?” asked Yania, very upset.

“Sweetie… what they did to me isn’t important,” Daisy continued, still struggling with her words.

“All that’s important is that you’re okay and that I love you…”

“I love you, too, so much!”

“I know… so one day, later… we will meet again,” Daisy sighed, closing her eyes and turning her head.

“Daisy… no! Daisy!” cried Yania with anguish, shaking her friend forcefully.

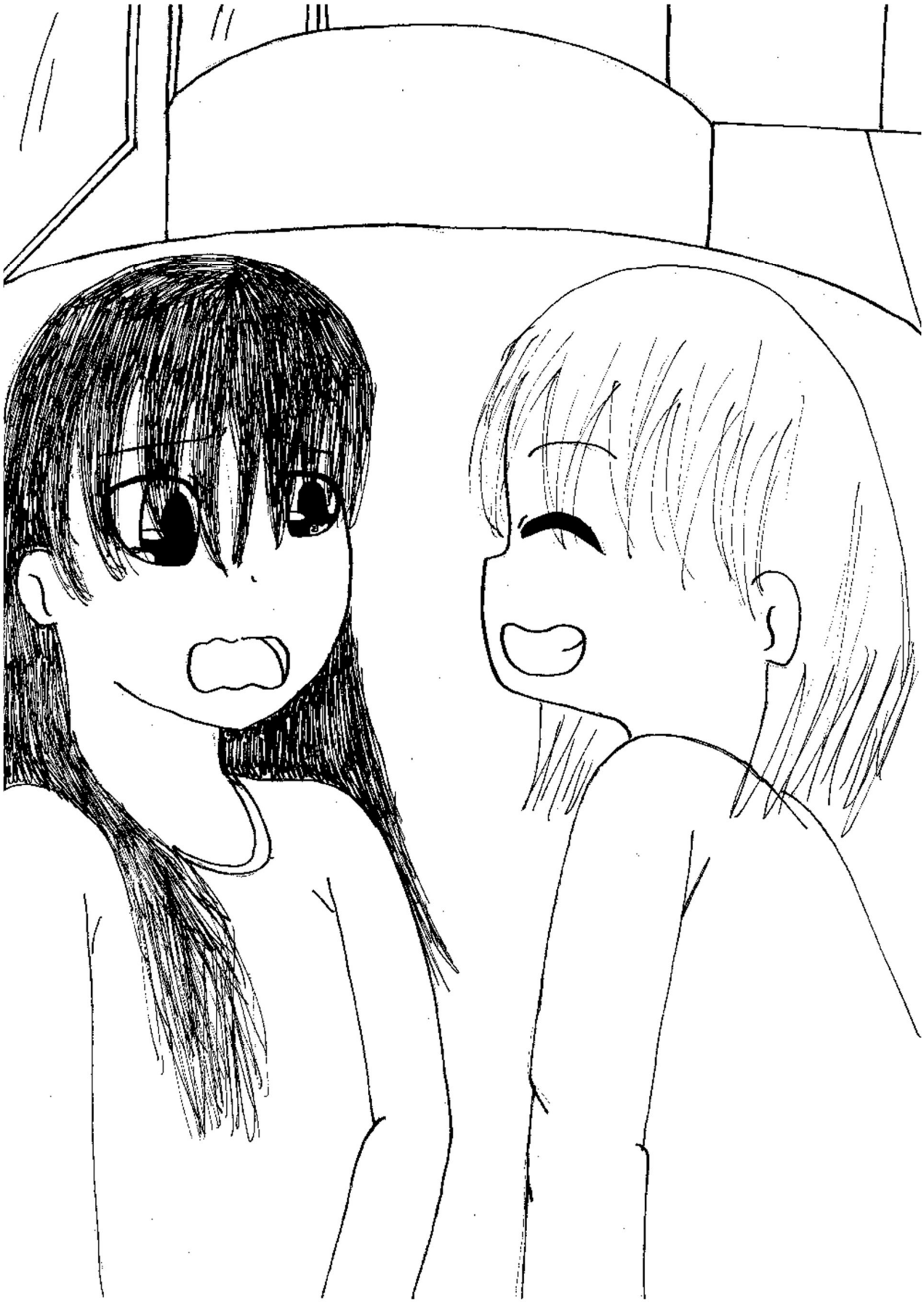
Kami, standing next to Yania, put her arm around her, comforting her and telling her that it was of no use.

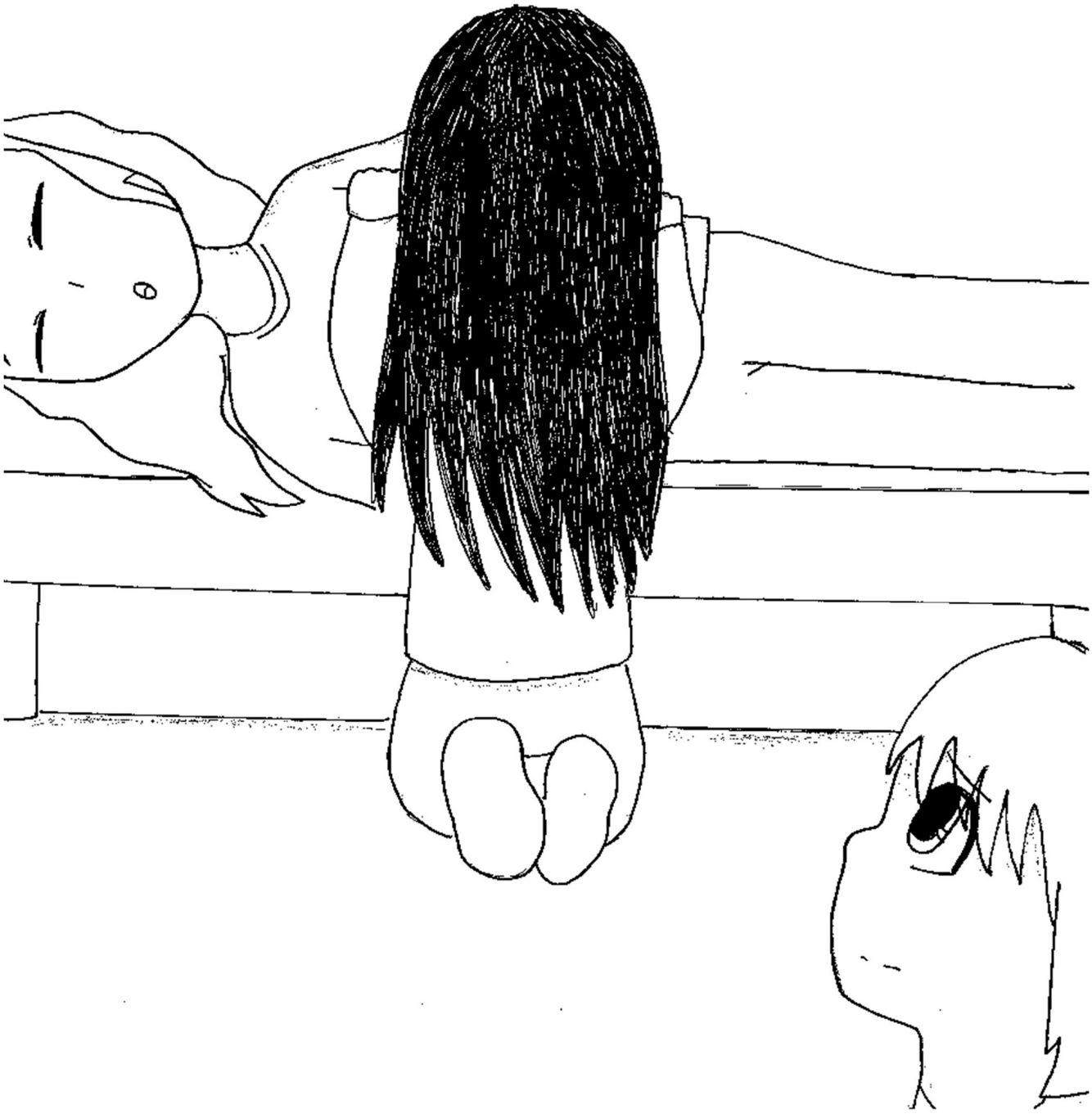
“She is gone, Yania.”

“No! Daisy!” “Yania, she now lives in a better place…” “Daisy!” shouted Yania, tears streaming down her face, embracing the lifeless body.

Kami knew that Daisy was in the galaxy of Paradise already, but she understood the immense pain Yania was feeling. After all, even with Daisy having gone to a better place, the terrible manner in which this goodbye had happened, full of suffering and before its time, disturbed her tremendously.

“Monsters! Monsters! They really are monsters!” Yania screamed, crying.





Chapter 07

The Minister of State, Yania's earthly father, had just received a second call from the director of the mental hospital, who told him that his daughter and her friend were definitely Love Spirits, as they had demonstrated exceptional powers that confirmed the information they had given him earlier.

John Nobrega became very worried. He had already ordered a police siege of the hospital, but it being a very serious public order situation for the security of all monsters, he decided to call his superior, the president of the most powerful country on Earth, to warn him of what was going on.

"Mr. President, sorry to bother you, but there is an emergency situation in our country," he reported anxiously over the phone.

"Mr. Minister! It's always a pleasure to hear from one of my most faithful servants. So, what's going on?"

"Thank you, Mr. President. I have just discovered that my daughter is a Love Spirit. She ran away from home a week ago and now has returned to save a friend of hers sent to a mental hospital with a diagnosis that we forced through the court. She is accompanied by another girl, and they have demonstrated highly developed psychic powers."

"This is really serious," said the president, who paused a few seconds, thinking over the situation. "We cannot risk it. Send the army commandos to imprison them while I advise the Church of Satan."

The Minister of State, who in his country was the head of government, immediately fulfilled the orders of the president of the most militarily powerful and financially rich country on Earth, sending the army commandos. He also prepared an official press release, sent by his office, claiming that a group of extremely violent madmen had mutinied and taken control of the mental hospital, but that the situation was under control and in the process of being normalized.

Meanwhile, the headquarters of the Church of Satan, having just received the call from the president asking for intervention, went into action. The Highest Priest, leader of the Church of Satan, ambassador of Hell, and intermediary between the corrupt rulers of Earth and the Great Beast, called an emergency meeting of the Council's Infernal Priesthood.

"Satanic high priests, bishops of the Supreme Bestial Goat, abominable monsters of Hell, we are gathered here because Spirits belonging to the name we dare not pronounce had the audacity to launch an attack, even under our noses," he explained to his subordinates in a hoarse, rough voice.

The council was composed of eighteen monsters, all in human form, but with long beards hanging from their chins like goats', little hats with long horns, and long dresses in red and black. On their necks were large inverted pentagrams. The hierarchical positions of the monsters were indicated by the size of the horns on their hats. Thus, the Highest Priest gloried in having the largest and most pointed horns (about ten feet each—yes, the roof was very high).

There was a frantic buzz.

"Your Excellence, these loathsome creatures must be killed without mercy," the Infernal Bishop of Mendes proposed with the voice of a viper.

"Agreed!" cried the High Priest of the Cursed Trapeze, giving a resounding blow to the table. Rumblings of support rose in the room.

The Bishop of Belial, however, number two in the hierarchy of the board, laying out his tongue like a serpent, rose, and said, "Your Excellence," addressing the most high priest, "we must be cautious. Killing them outright would cause an immediate, massive counterattack by the Spirits belonging to the name we dare not pronounce. So, I propose that we kill them, yes, but at the same time attack their village with numerous squadrons of monsters of death. In this way, they will be weakened and unable to react to the death of these two nasty little creatures."

A silence came over the room. An attack of this magnitude on the village was something long desired by all but also feared.

The Highest Priest of the Church of Satan stood up.

"It is decided. I command, by the power given to me by the Forces of Darkness, that these nasty girls be killed, and at the same time we attack their village on Earth with one thousand death squads, ten thousand monster infantry battalions, and eight hundred ships."

The monster scribe wrote the minutes of the meeting and gave them to the Highest Priest for his signature. Written authorization was required for the monster army to mobilize such large numbers. Meanwhile, 36 footmen with the faces and wings of bats came in to hold the long cloaks of each of the priests, as they headed for the Cursed Temple—which was annexed to the headquarters of the Church—to prepare a ritual against the girls.

In the temple, they put on masks of animals (wolves, bats, felines, and snakes), and the Highest Priest, taking a huge, sharp sword, began a ritual of destruction for the purpose of causing the deaths of Yania and Kami, through the emanation of psychic waves of destructive hate. They all concentrated and, invoking Satan (one of the names of the Great Beast), began to wish very strongly that the girls would immediately die.

Meanwhile, in the psychiatric hospital, Yania and Kami ran hurriedly through the halls of the eighth floor, looking for a way to escape without being seen, because they knew that the police and military had surrounded the building.

We must find a way out to the roof. From there, we can fly away from here," said Kami while trying to find a door to the terrace.

"Fly? I've just barely learned to float, and just doing that was really hard!" said Yania worriedly.

"It's the same power. Floating is just flying for short distances, so whoever can float can also fly."

Yania was not really convinced of the ease of floating over longer distances, so she sighed in anguish at the situation they found themselves in; however, neither she nor Kami regretted in the least that they had tried to save Daisy. On the contrary, both were happy that they had tried but were upset at not having discovered earlier what was happening to Daisy, since they might have been able to arrive in time to help.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Kami. "This is the door that goes to the roof!"

Suddenly, Yania began to feel a sense of suffocation, as if someone were squeezing her neck, trying to kill her.

"Kami! Wait!" she shouted, bringing her hands to her throat. "I'm not feeling well."

Kami began to feel exactly the same. "Yania, they are trying to kill us with negative psychic energy," she said, struggling to speak. "Summon Love. Think of Love and ask Him for help against Evil."

The two, overcome with pain, stopped responding to what the evil ones were doing from a distance. They concentrated on the beauty of Love and invoked His aid. A large group of soldiers entered the hall where the two were struggling against the psychic attack.

Love, Kami, and I love you very much. Please do not let us die without at least fulfilling our mission on Earth. Please, thought Yania with an intense feeling of Love.

Kami also invoked the help of Love. Seeing this, the elite soldiers came running, accompanied by a sorcerer of darkness. But the sight only increased the desire of the girls

to be free from the mental attack, and… done! The two were immediately freed from the destructive energies being sent to them from the Church of Satan.

They only had enough time to run into the stairwell leading to the rooftop, and Kami wished to turn the door they'd just passed into a huge block of stone. The sorcerer of darkness tried to remove the stone block but was unsuccessful.

Yania and Kami now arrived at the terrace and concentrated on flying.

"It's just like all other powers!" Kami said, grabbing Yania's hand. "You just have to concentrate very hard and wish, with Love and faith. Wish to be elevated, just as with floating, but also desire to take a certain direction at a specific speed."

"Okay!" "Follow me!"

Kami rose from the ground slowly.

Yania focused while Kami, hand in hand with her friend, waited about two feet above the ground.

Now both girls were in the air.

“Up higher, and forward at high speed!” Kami shouted to Yania, who accompanied her closely.

They started flying rapidly forward, their arms outstretched in front. Then they heard the sound of helicopters approaching.

One of the helicopters came within a few yards of them, reaching an unusually high speed for a helicopter. The wind from the movement of the propeller began to disturb the girls’ flight, so they performed an escape maneuver, both of them flying downward.

The helicopter followed them still, with a side door open. Inside was the warlock of darkness that had chased them in the mental hospital, now trying to hit them with bolts of fire from his satanic magic wand.

“Leave him to me!” cried Yania as they flew, weaving to avoid the rays. Concentrating, she extended her hand toward the wizard, wishing to form a ball of light. Then Yania threw it with great force, desiring that it would become a huge fireball.

The sorcerer stared for a moment in shock as he saw the huge fireball coming toward him. He tried to respond with his wand, but there was no time. It was a direct hit in the teeth. Immediately, the helicopter exploded in the air.

“You are really good at that!” said Kami, laughing to break the tension.

“Carbonize, monsters!” said Yania, laughing to release tension as well.

Further out of town, they came down on a small mountain to rest.

Meanwhile, back at the village, the watch birds all began chirping loudly, signaling the approach of monsters while flying around the perimeter of the village.

The villagers immediately gathered to organize a defense. Shortly after they had gathered together, their necklaces stopped shining. The monsters were very close. Terrible noises began coming from the trees, although there was nothing to see yet.

The villagers quickly decided to form a large circle, their hands facing outward. The children who’d not yet mastered their powers were seated inside the circle, benefiting from the protection of others.

The villagers noticed that evil aircraft were approaching. Their shapes were quite different from the ships of the Love Spirits. Now the monsters in the forest began to appear. Most were in human form and wore military uniforms, with conventional weapons such as machine guns and grenades. Others kept their original monster forms, displaying a variety of characteristics, usually a mixture of several animals with cleft paws, reptilian skin, cat eyes, and various horns. In this group, some leaders stood out, sporting an air of great importance as they shouted orders aggressively, showing their sharp, crooked teeth. These had magical abilities, and they carried huge serpent-shaped rods, which were sparkling.

It was a huge attack. The Love Spirits of the village realized that their lives were in danger, so they telepathically called to their brothers, pilots of the ships of Love.

With a loud roar, a monster leader ordered the offensive. The battle was underway. Attacking soldiers began firing their weapons and launching grenades, but the Love Spirits had already created a shield around themselves, blocking the fusillade.

The monsters, realizing the ineffectiveness of conventional weapons, roared loudly and, with their satanic wands, launched a shower of burning coals onto the shield, which quickly consumed it.

Immediately, the villagers, who until then had avoided killing the monsters, had no choice but to start firing huge balls of fire at them, which led the evil sorcerers, now afraid, to leap to the back of the line, leaving the infantry to fight.

With this, the Evil airships began their raid. As the ships of Love had not yet arrived, it was terrible. Thick and continuous laser beams burned the houses of the village, but residents did not move from the circle they had formed. They desired that a gigantic, impenetrable reflective plate be formed over them.

With that in place, several laser beams hit the plate and were instantly reflected back, destroying many enemy ships.

The hostile fleet was large and continued the attack, having already burned all the houses in the village. The monsters on land also continued their attack, but fortunately, neither their weapons nor their spells could reach the villagers, who desired that they explode in the air before they could hit. It looked like a giant fireworks show. Bullets, grenades, and even spells all exploded in the air. At this, many of the monsters went crazy with frustration, realizing their inability to kill the residents, so they began to pour out their thirst for violence by indiscriminately firing upon each other. It was a bloodbath.

Suddenly, a fleet of 30 ships of Love arrived from the skies. Even before positioning themselves over the village, the Love Spirits piloting the ships had desired that all weapons systems of the Evil ships stop working.

This prevented the monsters from additional attacks on Love, and the monsters that manned the ships were forced to retreat. The defeat of the demons was complete, and finally, a monster general, the commander of the attack, had no choice but to order a retreat, with instructions to set the forest on fire along the way.

The villagers rejoiced, as did the crews of the ships of Love, and the latter descended from their flying machines, joining the others in celebrating the victory. They all kissed and embraced, joyful that they were all alive. Though the life of each was the most important thing, and for this they were all grateful, there was something to lament: the village had been destroyed. All the houses were burned, all of the horses dead, and the whole forest ablaze.

A huge rain began to fall on the forest, as wished for by the Love Spirits, but the fire was so extensive, and the flames so large, that it took several hours to completely extinguish the fire, leaving the whole nearby forest scorched. With the smoke still rising and trees snapped from the excessive heat, all the inhabitants felt very bitter. They had lost one of the last remaining paradises on Earth.

Meanwhile, Kami and Yania were flying back toward the village, as they had no more money. They had been advised to avoid flying where they could be observed, so as not to draw the attention of the monsters, but now they had no choice. As they flew, a large vulture approached them.

“Watch out, Kami!” shouted Yania, alarmed. “You have a vulture behind you!”

Kami made a fast flip in the air, leaving the vulture behind her. The vulture began to scream, and soon, hundreds of vultures appeared in the sky, flying just above Kami.

“What do they want?” Yania asked, startled.

“They want us to die so they can eat us!” shouted Kami while several vultures began grabbing her shirt with their claws, trying to peck her.

Yania looked back and saw her friend in deep trouble. She focused on sending a telepathic message.

Kami, dive now!

Kami seemed to hesitate as she looked back at Yania. Had she really received a message from her friend?

Dive now! Trust me!

Kami threw her head down and sped toward the ground. With that burst of speed, the vultures were separated from her shirt, left with only threads in their jaws. Although the vultures followed the two girls, Yania had just enough time to desire a huge net to wrap around the nasty birds, which stopped them and brought them crashing down, since they could no longer flap their wings.

It was just in time, as Kami had almost hit the ground. Now just one vulture remained in the sky. Yania began to create a ball of light. Before throwing it, she looked the vulture in the eye.

“Okay, you jerk. What now? Are you up for some barbecue?” she asked.

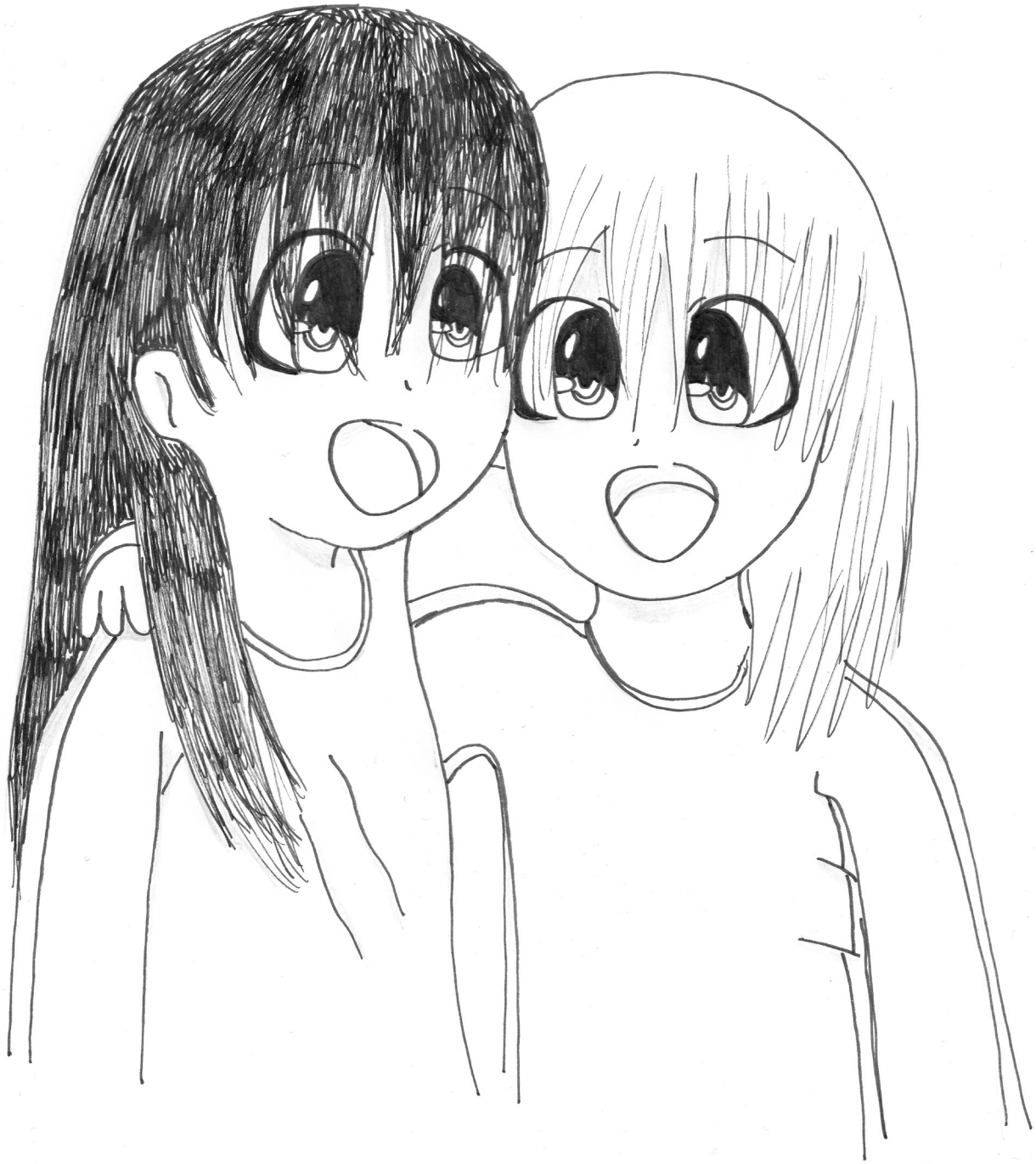
It seemed that the vulture understood that he was about to be roasted. Suddenly, he turned back, disappearing into the heavens.

Kami flew toward Yania, giving her a hug.

“Thank you, my dear little friend! Thank you!”

Yania had saved her life.





Chapter 08

The president of the country in charge of the other countries had just received the news of the defeat. They had not killed a single Love Spirit, and the girls had escaped. He consoled himself with the destruction they had caused, but it was not enough. He telephoned back to the Church of Satan, asking for advice. The Highest Priest ordered to transmit, via satellite, a message to Hell describing what had happened and asking for orders. This was a top-secret satellite that could transmit data at speeds far higher than radio waves, using electromagnetic pulses that reached the galaxy of Hell within minutes. One of the minions informed the head of the Church of Satan that the Great Beast would go personally to the Earth and that they should prepare everything and form a reception committee for his flying palace.

And so it went. All of the most important priests and bishops of the Church of Satan; priests with leadership positions in satanic protestant churches; famous demons, commanding devils of the legions of Hell on Earth; witches and wizards of the first order of Evil; vampire leaders; leaders of werewolves of the most important packs; immoral rulers of all countries on Earth; corrupt businessmen with the greatest fortunes; ringleaders of the largest networks of trafficking in children, women, and drugs; generals of great armies; renowned leaders of the mafia; scientists skilled in the perversion of truth; psychopaths and famous murderers; manipulators of public opinion; and many other monsters of fame embarked on a great ship accompanied by a large escort and waited in the airspace of a secret military zone for the arrival of the flying palace of the Great Beast.

Nineteen hours after the scheduled time, the flying palace of the most treacherous of all beasts descended into the Earth's atmosphere. The tardiness was intentional and customary and was the first symbol of the supremacy of one beast over another. The overwhelmingly disproportionate size of the flying palace of the Great Beast was second only to its elaborate design. There were thousands of huge metal horns all over the cylindrical ship, which also served as communication antennas and remote-control instruments. All around the ship, laser cannons were decorated in the form of gothic elves. There were designs of reptiles, werewolves, and vampires, and each window had the shape of a huge and terrible tiger's eye. More than a thousand small warships escorted the mother ship, ensuring its safety.

Once inside the flying palace, the leading monsters of the Earth were led by demon guards up to a huge reception room where there was a gigantic pulpit, in front of which was a colossal golden throne shaped like a viper.

They were all talking (grunting) when one of the terrible minions with a face and wings of a bat appeared, announcing the entrance of the Great Beast.

“Monster subjects of the Earth, on your knees with the customary greeting of horns!” he told the crowd. “The greatest of all monsters is here. The God of Evil and of all beasts; the Supreme Chief of Hell; Major-General Commander of all the legions of demons; Emperor of all emperors, kings, and presidents; venerable and honorable Judge of all judges; Professor, PhD, and Dean of Satanic Sciences; the Greatest Devil of the Universe, ladies and gentlemen, open the doorway for His Excellency, the Great Beast!”

Everyone went to their knees and bowed, raising their left hands while making the sign of the horns and saying in unison, “Hail Satan.” With this, loud footsteps were heard throughout the hall. From behind a red curtain near the throne, a hideous monster came out. It was about forty feet high, having a gray body with the huge bulging muscles of a lion, the feet and legs of a goat, the trunk and arms of a lizard with scales, hands with eagle claws, and the head of a goat with a huge beard about twenty feet long—and of course, a thick pair of rolled horns, each more than sixty feet long. His expression was serious, and, with a deeply hoarse and hollow voice, he called to come before him his ambassador to Earth, the Highest Priest of the Church of Satan.

“I am not pleased at your defeats,” he roared at the vassal.

“Your Excellency, it was a temporary setback. We are currently training millions of army psychopaths in the use of satanic magic,” he replied with the fervent voice of a minion.

“These imbeciles only know how to kill with knives and guns.”

At this approached a famous assassin who had killed more than 300 people in his current life and tens of millions in previous lives. He had been recently sentenced to life imprisonment in a show trial, but soon thereafter, the authorities had plastic surgery performed on him, and a homeless man was jailed instead of him. Through satanic magic, they had made this vagabond go mad and then used the same evil magic to change his face to look just like the murderer’s.

“Greatest of all Majesties, your permission,” he said, kissing the feet of the Great Beast. “I am the reincarnation of Adolf Hitler, and I have a long résumé in the art of murder. I’ve been a head of government, and now I am head of the largest network of mafia on Earth. I was just given the responsibility for providing the best bandits for the ranks of the armies of this world. I can assure you that these are quickly learning the hidden powers of Darkness, and learning very well. As a guarantee, if Your Majesty is not satisfied, you may send me personally to a gas chamber.”

“So be it,” the Great Beast rumbled. “Evil ambassador, how are the lies and hypocrisy on Earth doing?”

“Your Excellence, they are still our best weapons. We control almost the entire population of this miserable planet. They no longer believe in the truth and so follow us blindly.”

“Very good. But you must destroy those nasty Spirits of the name we dare not pronounce, that still live on Earth. I will accept no excuses.” With that, he went away with big thundering steps,

while all others bowed down and began to sing a dreary song of war titled “Satan is the Lord our God.”

Meanwhile, in the village, or what remained of it, the Love Spirits were very worried about Kami and Yania, who had not yet returned, when they suddenly saw the two girls in the sky descending into their midst. Everyone ran to them, giving the girls big hugs.

“What happened?” asked Kami, stunned at all the devastation.

Yania brought her hand to her mouth in shock.

“Everything has been destroyed…”

Dyma and Noiu told them everything that had happened.

Kami and Yania realized that, since the monsters were so vindictive, there had to be a relationship between their attempt to rescue Daisy and this terrible attack, so they told everyone all that had happened to them while outside the village.

No one from the village reprimanded them; in fact, quite the opposite. Everyone comforted the girls because they knew that they always acted according to Love.

The fact that most of the forest was burned led the inhabitants to decide to find another place on Earth to build a new village. It had to be a place in the middle of a large forest away from society, and it must have a river so they would have access to water; however, they knew these places were increasingly rare, since the monsters hate nature and for centuries had engaged in burning the forests, cutting down trees without regard; polluting the water, soil, and air; bursting mountains; digging huge holes; and, more recently, contaminating extensive areas of both land and sea with radioactive materials.

They waited for more ships of Love to arrive so that there would be room for everyone, and then they departed, flying over the Earth for several days, trying to choose the best place for a new village. It was during these days that there was the largest wave of successive UFO sightings in modern society.

After several days, they finally found a very good place to resettle. It was well preserved and well insulated, with a great river of crystalline waters running through the area. They all descended from the ships together and, making use of the precious help of mind power, they built new houses for all the families. They made their homes of wood, but for every tree they cut down for construction, they planted two small trees in the same area.

Nine days later, all was finished. It was a new village as beautiful as before, with lots of flowers and fruit trees. New horses were brought in from the dense forest and tamed. Everyone’s necklaces shone brightly.

Yania, Kami, Ilky, Kimi, Dyma, and Noiu all took a walk together in the surrounding woods.

“I still think a lot about Daisy,” Yania said, looking at the sky.

“Sweetheart, don’t worry. She now lives in a much better place than Earth, in our Paradise galaxy. She will soon be a beautiful, healthy child, so do not worry. All is well with her,” said Dyma very quietly.

“But it’s not fair that it was not she who chose when she would go!” Yania said with frustration.

Kami called a little bird to her hands and stroked him gently. “Yania is right. What they did to her was horribly unfair. Why do these monsters hate all the wonderful things of life? Why?” She lifted the bird gently back to the sky.

“It is because they’re monsters!” Ilky said.

“Yes, if they were capable of love, they would not be monsters!” Kimi added.

Noiu stopped and embraced the four children.

“There is one thing that Dyma and I want to tell you.” He looked toward the ground for a few seconds. “We fear that there may be another attack against us. Some of our ships have detected enemy ships, and it looks like they are searching for our new whereabouts.”

“We cannot let them destroy us again!” Yania exclaimed, with the other children murmuring in support.

“We just want to let you know the same thing that the other parents in the village have been telling their sons and daughters. Follow us!” Noiu and Dyma led them to a shortcut to a large area of grass hidden among the trees.

“Here are our ships!” Kami exclaimed.

“Yes,” continued Noiu. “In case of a new attack, we’ll have all the children of the village escape to these ships and immediately take flight toward our base on the dark side of the Moon. We don’t want to put your lives at risk again.”

“The children with the more developed mental powers should take control of ships and quickly take them to the moon,” Dyma added.

“What? You are saying that we should just leave you behind in a situation like this?” Yania questioned in a tone of indignation.

The four children all opposed the idea vehemently and immediately embraced Dyma and Noiu.

“No, you have to understand,” explained Noiu. “The last time, many of the younger boys and girls were scared because they were so little and had never seen so much violence. What’s worse is that they had every right to be scared, as a laser beam barely missed the group of children who were within our circle. You are all a little bit bigger, so you can care for and protect the most vulnerable ones.”

“See it as a mission,” suggested Dyma. “Look at it like you have to leave the village to help little ones who are in danger due to the attacks of the monsters. The only difference is that these little ones are the boys and girls of our own village.”

The children realized the importance of their mission and understood that it was not only their own lives that would be safeguarded but also the lives of their younger brothers and sisters in the village. They again embraced Dyma and Noiu, and the four, including Yania, began to cry as they said, “Mom! Dad! We love you so much!”

Dyma and Noiu also expressed their love for the four children and cried at the thought that one day they might have to part from them. Meanwhile, they noticed that other families nearby were doing the same with their children, and everyone was hugging and crying in the same endearing way, for the Love in the village was very intense, and everyone, truly everyone, loved one another as they loved themselves.

Five days went by.

Late one fun afternoon, Kami, Yania, Kimi, and Ilky were all together, horseback riding, playing, and galloping through the trees of the forest village. Then they went to bathe in the river, preparing for dinner. Suddenly, in the heavens, the watch birds began to swarm and loudly signal the presence of monsters at a distance of 30,000 feet.

The four quickly dressed and went to the village center, as was the plan for emergencies.

All the residents ran and gathered there, the parents bringing the youngest children in their arms. They all joined in the center, preparing for the worst. Their necklaces no longer shone. A disturbing silence fell over the village. Monsters were nearby, though there was no sign of them yet.

Everyone kept watching for something. The minutes seemed like hours. Nothing. Not one sound.

Night was falling quickly, so some brought torches to illuminate the area. Some of them began to sit on the grass, since the wait was so long.

Yania, Kami, and Kimi then went to help the younger children, bringing them blankets and food, while at the same time inventing fun games for them to play.

Nobody wanted to return to their homes while their necklaces weren’t shining. They had to be together to be able to defend with maximal force, with the power of each increasing the power of the others.

Some offered to form a group to go into the forest on horseback to find out what was going on, but the night was already dark, and they were persuaded to stay because it would be too dangerous for them to leave the protection of the village.

It was cold. Many children slept, but none of the adults stopped their watch.

Meanwhile, Kimi went to help Ilky calm several horses that began to feel restless, and Yania and Kami, after helping a father with his five children, were now resting under a nearby tree, sitting with their backs supported by its trunk. A nearby torch illuminated the area, and its soothing light helped ease the tension the girls felt.

“Yania, if something happens to me, promise you’ll never forget me.”

“Kami, how can you even say something like that? Nothing is going to happen to you! What nonsense are you talking about?!”

“But if something happens…”

“No! Nothing is going to happen! You know what I promise you, you silly girl? I promise you that I will never let anything bad happen to you. I promise!”

She grabbed Kami’s hands, squeezing them to remove the negative thoughts from Kami’s head.

“Thank you, Yania! I also promise that I’ll always be by your side protecting you, whatever happens.”

“Promised!” And they embraced tightly. The night wore on, still disturbingly quiet. The two were very tired, and they ended up sleeping on each other’s shoulders. Bammmmm! A loud explosion was heard. Kami and Yania awoke immediately at the sound and ran toward the other villagers. A house had been destroyed but not burned, looking like it had been bombed from a distance. Looking up, they could see several ships of Love above, much like twinkling stars moving back and forth. Since the alarm from the birds, the ships had begun patrolling the skies above the village, protecting it from an enemy air attack.

After the bombing of the house, they remained in surveillance overhead, since it appeared that the attack had come from land. Another loud bang crashed, and another house exploded for no visible cause. Pieces of wood and glass were sent flying a considerable distance in all directions, almost reaching some villagers.

Then another, and another, house exploded as well. The Love Spirits concentrated very strongly, wishing that no more houses would explode, and they actually prevented the destruction of several houses; however, they started to hear terrible noises from the surrounding forest, and hundreds of large, sharp knives came swiftly flying out from the trees from one end of the village to the other. The villagers barely had enough time to flatten themselves on the ground. They were almost in a panic, but they were able to make the knives lose their speed and fall. Suddenly, millions of snakes began to move out of the woods and toward the village. There were so many that panic now set in. The villagers started running back and forth, clutching small children and screaming for the older children to take the younger children immediately to the ships and lift off.

Additional ships of Love descended as reinforcements, but a huge fleet of monster ships had already hidden cunningly in the forest. As the Love ships arrived, the monster ships lifted off

and attacked the ships of Love. There were gigantic explosions in the sky. Children were running everywhere. Yania was carrying a four-year-old boy and a five-year-old girl. Kami was carrying a three-year-old boy in her arms. All of the children finally arrived at the ships with the support of a group of adults who accompanied them and repelled the incoming monster attacks.

The children embarked on three of the four ships set aside for the purpose. Kami placed the boy she had been carrying inside the craft on some blankets on the floor and went back out to help other children climb inside. Huge flashes continued in the sky from all the explosions. The boy whom Kami had carried saw her get off the ship, and he followed her. In the confusion, the others didn't notice him following her. Kami turned and saw the boy as he came running toward her. There was a snake following him, opening its huge mouth to bite him. Seeing this, Kami quickly ran toward the boy to lift him off the ground, but the serpent attacked. Kami immediately jumped to cover the boy with her body, protecting him, but she took a vicious strike on her leg.

Meanwhile, Yania was preparing the ship for liftoff. She was going to pilot it, but she sensed something wrong and rushed out to see what was going on, giving command to an eleven-year-old boy. He directed the ship to lift off.

Yania saw Kami lying on the ground with three adults around her. It seemed the world had ended. She ran toward Kami.

"Kami! Kami!!" she cried in distress.

"She was bitten by a deadly snake. She's not breathing," said one of the adults in a tone of regret.

"Kami, no! No!" she screamed in vain while embracing her friend and trying to heal her with her mind.

"It's useless. This poison kills instantly," said the same adult, shaking his head.

"Kami! You must live!" Yania shouted, weeping. Then, with a force beyond her strength, she carried Kami into the empty ship.

Yania tore Kami's pants away from the wound. She concentrated again and tried to heal Kami in the way that Kami herself had taught her. Nothing. She concentrated again and strongly wished for Kami to be cured, but her friend didn't react. She tried to feel Kami's breath, but – nothing. She placed her ear over Kami's heart. It was silent.

With this, Yania couldn't even lift her head. She just stayed there with her head above Kami's heart, her expression like she herself had died. The only visible difference was the stream of great crystal tears flowing from Yania's eyes, falling rhythmically on Kami's chest. As the tears hit Kami's chest, it seemed each was trying to recreate the lifeless heartbeat. The world had truly ended.

Yania's head was filled with echoes of the sounds of the last conversation she had had with Kami. It was almost as if Kami had actually sensed something bad was going to happen. The promise…

“Yania, if something happens to me, promise you’ll never forget me.”

“Kami, how can you even say something like that? Nothing is going to happen to you! What nonsense are you talking about?!”

“But if something happens…”

“No! Nothing is going to happen. You know what I promise you, you silly girl? I promise you that I will never let anything bad happen to you. I promise!”

“Thank you, Yania! I also promise that I’ll always be by your side protecting you, whatever happens.”

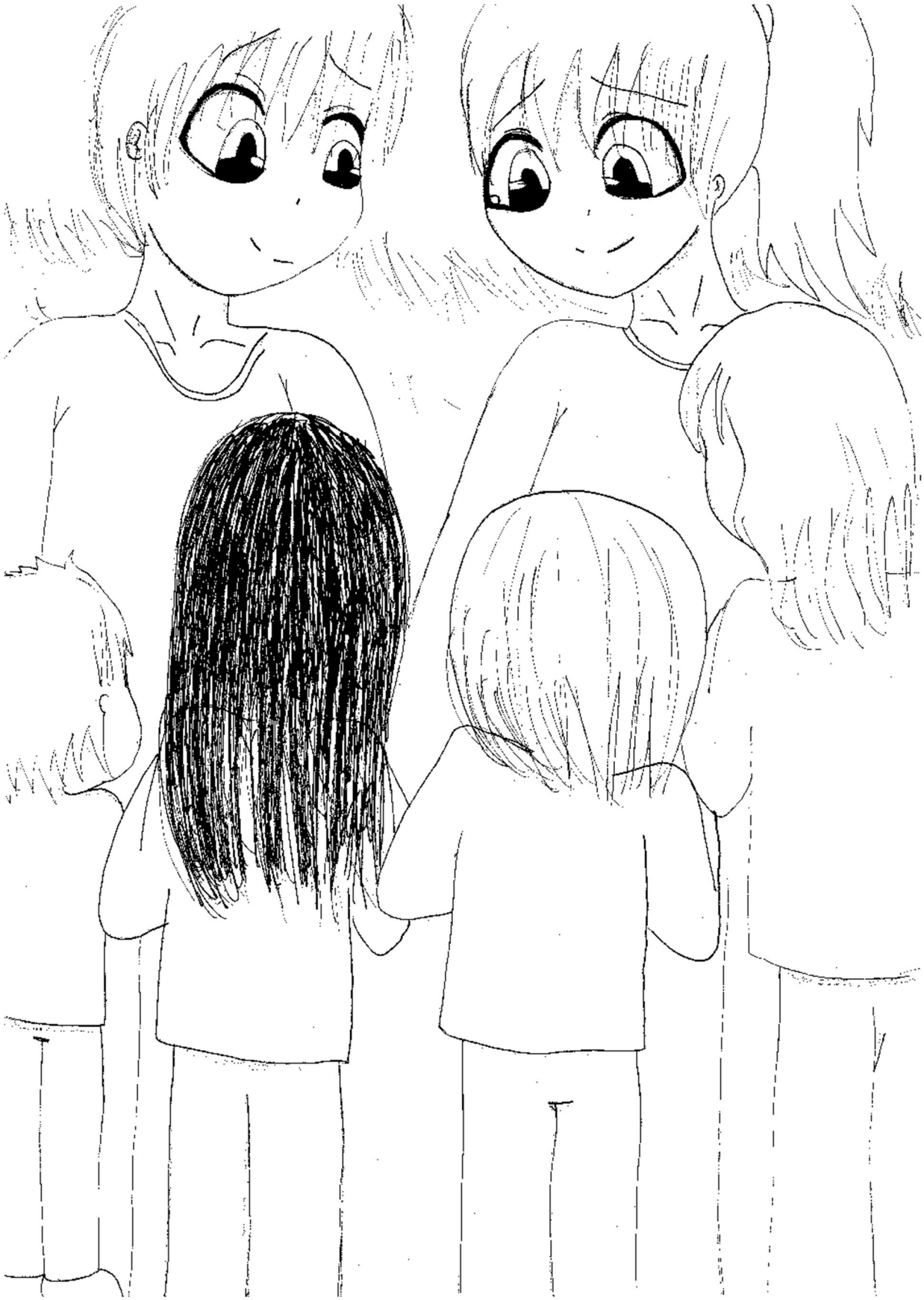
“Promised!”

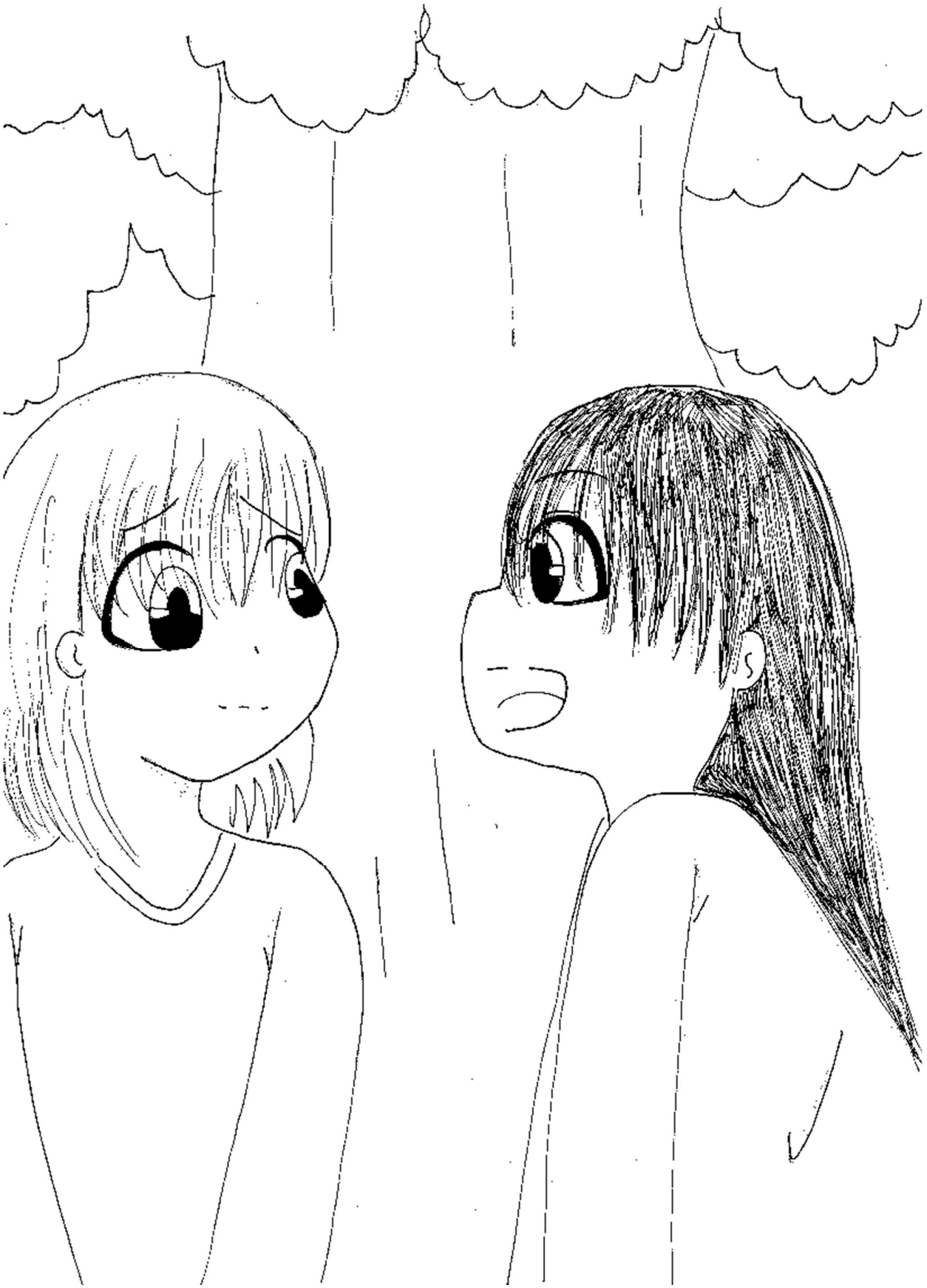
Yania looked up. An immense hatred for the monsters came over her. She would avenge the death of Kami, no matter what.

She placed the lifeless body on several pillows in the corner of the ship. She then took from a garment compartment a pilot uniform of her size. She put on the boots. With this, she was ready. She was dressed all in white, with wide sky-blue stripes running along the length of her uniform. It was a symbol of the light (white) that patrols the sky (blue). She then tied her hair into a ponytail, sat in the chair in the middle of the front row, and glanced at the button panel. She wouldn’t be needing it.

With a voice of determination, she commanded, “Ship, maximum speed, in the direction of the Great Beast.”

Wherever this monster was, she would face it. After all, it was he who was the number one responsible for the murder of Kami.





Chapter 09

In the flying palace of the Great Beast, which had not yet departed back to Hell, an earnest-faced minion with the features of a ram approached his monstrous leader.

“Your Majesty, a thousand pardons,” he said, bowing. “An enemy ship just entered our security zone and is now waiting in front of one of our major ports.”

“Has it sent any communication?” growled the Great Beast.

“No, Your Majesty, but it seems to want to enter! We already have several cannons aimed, ready to eliminate the ship.”

The chief of all monsters focused mentally on the ship, trying to uncover its intentions.

“I feel a great hatred… This pleases me! Open the door and let it land. Escort its crew straight to me.”

“Your Majesty, excuse me for saying, but I must stress the danger it poses to the safety of our ship.”

Immediately, in a single motion, the Great Beast cut off the head of the minion with one of his claws.

“I will not accept those who question my authority.” He turned toward another monster guarding the room. “Go and inform the commander of my orders.”

Yania saw the door of the flying palace opening, and she commanded her ship to enter. She descended from the ship with courage, taking the body of Kami in her arms. Once again, she used her psychic powers to increase her muscle strength.

Eighty-nine guards escorted her through the long, cold, and dark corridors of the flying palace. Yania had the distinct feeling that she was approaching the most nefarious force of the Universe. It was an overwhelming impression, like falling into a bottomless pit.

They arrived at a huge iron door, almost baroque in style and richly decorated with gold snakes. One of the guards entered a code into a small panel on the adjoining wall. The door opened. At the end of the room, there was a huge throne facing away. Though the beast’s back was turned, Yania could see gigantic horns, goat’s legs, and lizard arms resting on the throne. It was the Great Beast. She was certain, as she could feel a horrendous flood of feelings of wickedness, such as she had never before experienced, even when she and Kami had been psychically attacked.

“Leave us alone,” growled the Great Beast, and all the guards immediately obeyed. The abominable chief monster already knew who was standing behind him.

Yania approached the throne and very gently placed the body of Kami on the floor in front of him.

“You filthy monster!” Yania said loudly. “You killed two of my best friends.”

The Great Beast did not react.

“Why so much violence? Why? Why do you feed on suffering, death, pain, hatred, misery, and bloodshed?” She raised her voice even higher. “Why all the wars, disease, old age, hunger, selfishness, evil, exploitation of man by man, and the rot and vermin that are satiated with this? Why so many children who cry desperately? Why, while some feast, are others consumed by hunger and suffer the cruelty of begging and stealing just to stay alive? Why the thieves, including the big thieves who hide behind big business and governments? Why the killers, both those who kill for pleasure and those who kill in the name of corrupt laws? Why so many concentration camps, so many jails, asylums, and mental institutions? Why so many physically and mentally handicapped? Why so many animals that cruelly devour each other? Why so many weapons? What is the reason for so many so-called natural disasters that kill innocent people and destroy their homes, crops, and animals? Why did you create money, the nasty metal by which so many human beings have been bought and sold? Why have you brought forth and encouraged so many and such horrible aberrations? Answer me!” she shouted.

But Satan was silent.

“Answer me, you hideous beast! I have the right to know! Why do you want human beings to drag themselves around on the ground like worms? Why have you cut off their understanding? Why thousands of philosophies, religions, and sects that all contradict each other and that so often give rise to devastating wars? Why does science, the modern mistress of truth, lie and cheat so much? Why are those who are most nefarious the ones who almost always sit on golden thrones and recline on beds of satin? Who gave them the right to judge and condemn? And why do so many fools kneel at their feet and kiss their hands? Why so many lies, so many falsehoods, so many evils, so much theft and corruption? The man you want, and whom you say is a casual evolution from apes, is there for all to see! Yes, he is your perfect image: malevolent, wicked, disloyal, violent, murderous, selfish, greedy, lying, hypocritical, cowardly, treacherous, vicious, thieving, and capable of the worst evils! But this man who exists and destroys the world is not the true man! This is the false man, a monster whom you feed and who feeds you; you are his god. Yes, you are the false god of a false man! Damned beast! Hideous beast!” she shouted with anger.

The greatest of all the devils remained undaunted.

“You have nothing to say? Why do you hide and not even look at me? At my feet, I have the body of a true Human Being, an authentic Human Being, whom I loved so much. But that is exactly what you want, right? To destroy Love and kill all His Spirits… You are disgusting! Wicked! Dirty!”

Suddenly, the Great Beast roared happily.

“Yes! Hate me! Hatred feeds me! Hate me because I also hate you all!”

Yania controlled herself. She had learned in the village that hate was a feeling that had to be avoided, as it was not healthy for a Love Spirit.

“No, I won’t satisfy your wish! I do not hate you! I only loathe you!”

The Great Beast then turned around on his throne, facing Yania. He had remained facing away because he could not bear the direct view of a Love Spirit.

“You are going to die!” he shouted and opened one of his claws, releasing an enormous fiery serpent that he had created psychically.

Yania instantly created an energy shield to protect herself. The Great Beast responded by launching a shower of other horrifying fire serpents that burned through the shield. Yania fled to a corner of the room, looking for shelter. The Great Beast rose and followed with his thunderous steps and Yania wished that the monster would fall to the floor. But nothing happened. The Great Beast laughed as he perceived Yania’s maneuver, feeling the energy of her desire, which he managed to repel. He kept moving toward Yania as she fled to another part of the huge room. Then suddenly, she began to feel an enormous sense of suffocation, much, much stronger than she had experienced before. She invoked Love and His aid, and she was free. Then she created several large balls of fire and threw them at the Great Beast, but it was to no avail. The balls hit against his scales and fell ineffectively to the floor. The monster rushed toward her like a mad goat and trapped her in a corner. He opened up a huge claw to cut off her head.

Suddenly Kami appeared in spirit form, placing herself between the monster and Yania. When the monster swiped his claw to cut off Kami’s head, his claw was cut off as it passed through Kami’s spirit, falling to the floor. The monster gave a tremendous roar. Kami was no longer visible, but Yania thanked her in thought as she fled, taking advantage of the monster’s distraction.

“Yania, you have the power to defeat this monster. The power of the Love of a child is the greatest power that exists in the world. Desire it, and you will succeed!” It was the Spirit of Kami, communicating telepathically.

The monster again chased Yania through the great room. Yania thought about Kami’s words. She concentrated deeply. Think about Love and how beautiful He is. Yania stretched out her arms and opened the palms of her hands toward the approaching monster. She believed that she was capable of anything. Yania strongly desired that the monster fall and be tied by a chain of Love energy that would immobilize him and prevent his evil psychic energy from being released. She desired, desired, desired… and done. The monster fell to the floor with a huge thud, which was so great that it caused the flying palace to shake. A stream of very powerful white light was now tied around the Great Beast, from his legs to his horns.

Yania hurried to the foot of the monster and, extending her hands again, emitted a dense beam of light directly into his eyes, trying to annihilate him.

“Wait!” cried the afflicted beast.

“Your Evil empire is finished! You will never be cruel to anyone again!” She increased the density of the beam.

“Wait! Your friend can come back to life!” he rumbled desperately.

Yania lowered her hands.

“What are you talking about? Is this another of your lies?”

“No!” he roared. “There is an antidote to the poison of our demonic snakes. We can make a deal. I’ll free your friend from the bonds of death in exchange for my freedom.”

Yania hesitated. How could she rely on the word of the worst of all beasts? He was, after all, the leader of all evils, the progenitor of all the lies and falsehoods in the whole world. She thought for a moment. What if it were true, though? What if he actually had an antidote to the snake poison? It might bring Kami back to life. Here was a life-and-death dilemma. On one hand, if true, it would save the life of her friend, even if it meant that the Great Beast could continue to reign. On the other hand, if it were a lie, it would surely be some kind of trap in which she herself would die needlessly. She hesitated for a few more seconds… and done. She decided. She had the chance to try to bring Kami back to her bodily life, and so she could not miss the chance, even if it was her last good act in this incarnation. Life for life, Kami! she thought.

“You promise that you will let us depart freely?”

“Yes, I promise,” he grunted.

“Okay, and I promise that if the antidote works and my friend comes back to life, I will free you.”

“Very good… They say that one can always rely on the word of the Love Spirits!”

“It’s true! And though I know you’re an evil liar, I hope that at least this time you keep your promise.”

“Under the left arm of my seat, there is a carved gold snake biting a human. Press his head firmly, and the antidote will come out through its teeth. Then put this in the mouth of the girl.”

Without any further questions, Yania went to the throne and, with great caution, sought the said serpent. It must be this one here below, biting someone’s leg. She held out her palm and, with her hands beneath the golden snake, pressed firmly on its head with her other hand. Nothing. Could it be a trap? She tried again, pressing harder. Then a rich, reddish liquid gushed out.

She carefully took the liquid within her cupped hands to Kami’s body. She had nothing to lose because Kami was already dead. She opened Kami’s mouth tenderly and poured in the liquid.

“Yania?” Kami asked, somewhat confused as she opened her eyes.

“Kami!” Yania embraced her friend strongly.

“Now you have to deliver what you promised! Set me free!” said the Great Beast, appealing to the values of Love Spirits. Yania helped Kami to her feet.

“I will set you free, yes, but only after you let us return to our ship and leave.”

The Great Beast roared loudly.

“Damn you forever! You were supposed to free me now!” “I’m not a fool! I will fulfill my promise, but only after you let us go.”

The beast roared again. Yania knew that she could not yet release the big monster because he was sure to attack them again, so, acting very cleverly, she had concealed her moral values, just in case this situation arose. After all, if she freed the Great Beast now, she would needlessly put hers and Kami’s lives in danger, which would, in fact, run against their values as Love Spirits. The beast would be released only after both were safely out of that horrible ship.

“You deceived me!”

“No, your impatience is proof that you are the deceptive one and that I’m right in what I’m doing,” Yania said. “What is the problem if we first depart and we free you from the outside? Is it because it would be too late to try again to kill us? You are always so mischievous!”

“Guards!” called the beast with a fierce cry. Hundreds of monsters who until now had not dared enter the room without permission from the Great Beast swarmed inside. They didn’t want the same thing to happen to them that had happened to the fervent minion, the Captain of the Bridge, who had lost his head only moments before.

“Open the door of the bay, and let them leave, along with their ship,” he ordered with disgust.

Yania grabbed Kami’s hand.

“Quickly, through here,” she said, leading her friend back to the ship.

Arriving, they quickly entered the ship. The monsters in the bay snarled with anger at seeing Love Spirits escape beneath their own beards.

Yania ordered the ship of Love to depart and to stop in the sky at a safe distance in front of the palace. Kami, meanwhile, put on her white-and-blue uniform.

Concentrating on the Great Beast, Yania wished that the stream of light that now imprisoned the monster would instantly disappear.

The beast quickly rose and gave orders that all available ships of the Evil fleet pursue and destroy Yania and Kami’s ship.

The attack ships took off at full speed while hundreds of others left the flying palace of the Great Beast.

The speed of the ship of Love was tremendous, so all the enemy ships were left far behind; however, a nefarious ship that was patrolling ahead detected the ship of Love and, having also received the chief's orders, fired on Yania and Kami's ship, hitting it with a laser beam.

"Kami, we're hit, and we're losing altitude!"

Kami was still a little shaky, but she managed to reach the control panel.

"Yania, don't worry, this is one of the rare occasions when we need these buttons." So saying, she pressed a big red button that was flashing intermittently.

Immediately, ten large parachutes opened at the top of the ship, and a distress signal was issued to all the ships of Love.

Almost immediately, they were surrounded by more than twenty of their ships, which immediately blasted the enemy ship into pieces small enough not to hurt anyone as they fell.

Yania and Kami's ship touched down gently on the ground, and the children were promptly rescued by another ship of Love while one of its crew put a robot on repair duty.

Meanwhile, another ship descended. It was Ilya and Ceijo, the couple of Love Spirits that had first brought Yania to the village!

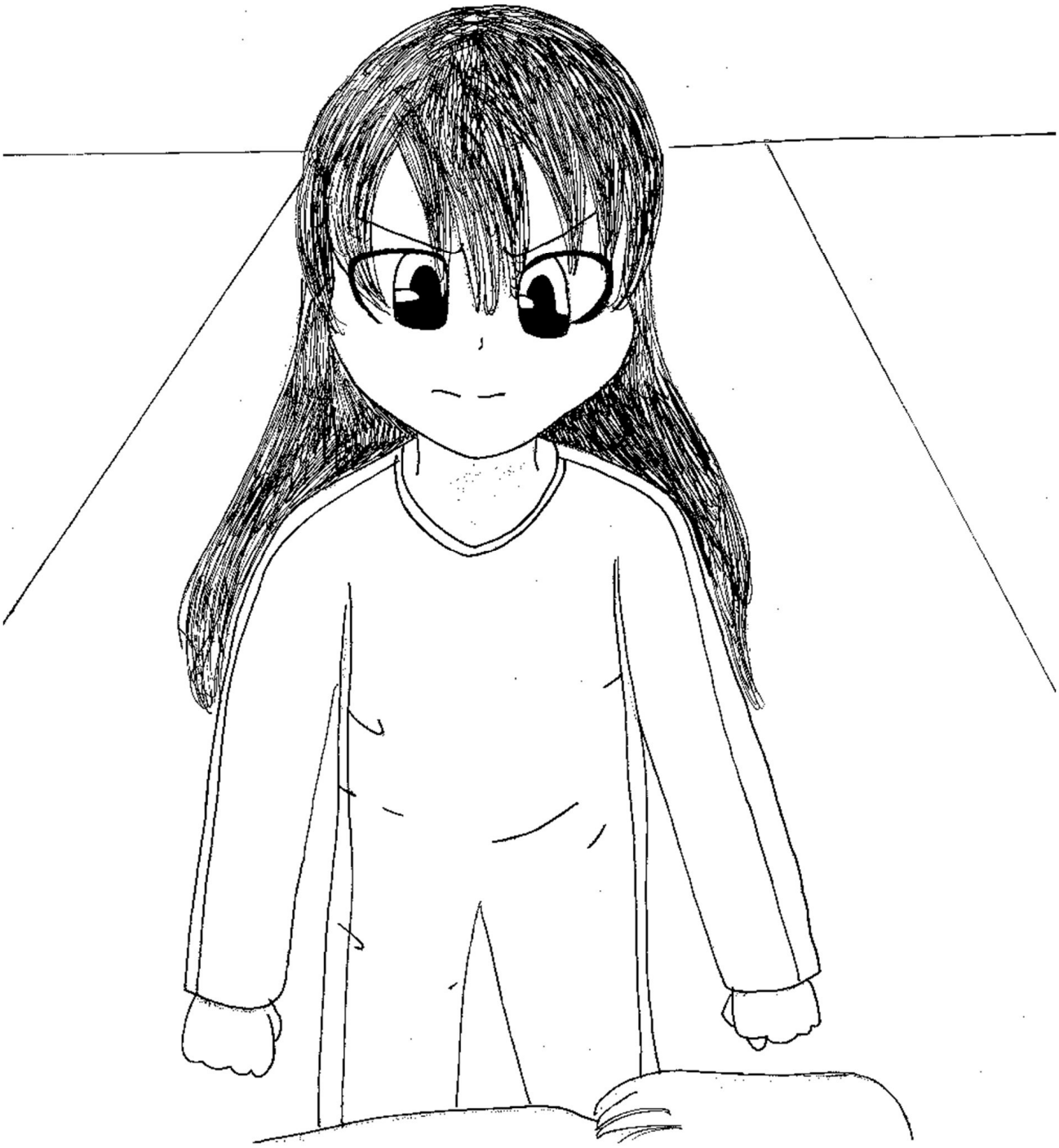
They embraced Yania and Kami and told them what had happened at the new village. The fact that Yania had entered the flying palace of the Great Beast had caused a huge disruption in the command of the attackers because a Love Spirit had been authorized by the beast to enter his palace. This was unthinkable to them, so they believed that the Great Beast must have gone crazy. Believing that their supreme chief was no longer able to rule Hell, the various generals in the forest near the village had begun to form factions of monsters, competing against each other to become the new leader. They had ordered their snakes to attack rival groups of monsters, and of the eight generals who headed the eight groups in contention, only one had survived. The monsters had decimated each other in their internal war, and only a few dozen of them had escaped alive. Seeing that he no longer had enough monsters for an attack, the remaining general had communicated to the bridge that the snakes had gone mad and killed all the monsters, and he had asked to be released from duty, claiming post-traumatic stress syndrome.

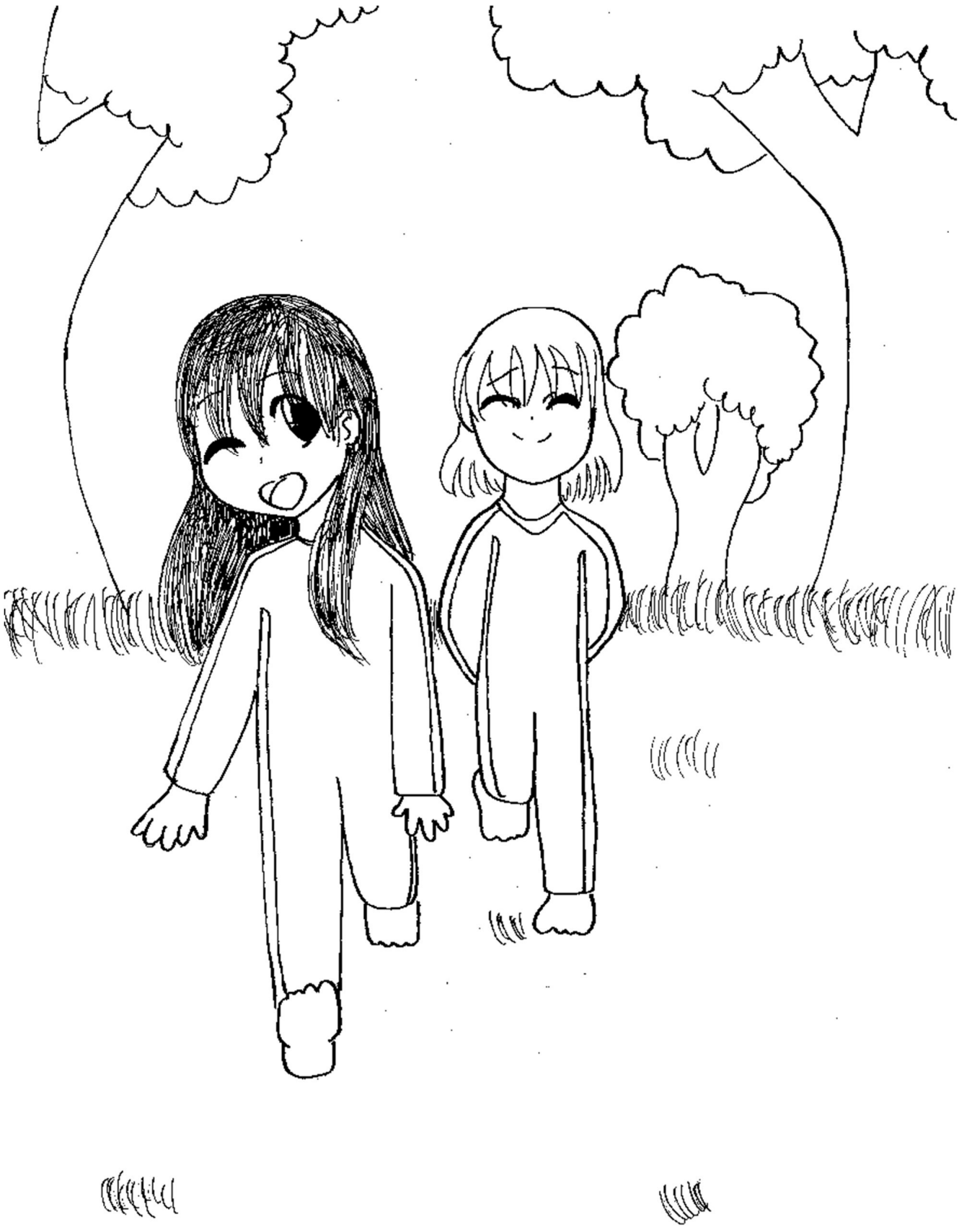
Fortunately, most of the forest did not burn, and the Love Spirits who lived in the new village did not need to change locations. Using their psychic powers, they were able to reconstruct almost everything within a few hours. The regular patrol of the skies over the village by the ships of Love was greatly increased.

Kami and Yania were both very pleased that everyone in the village was okay. Ilya and Ceijo said goodbye and descended toward a field near the village. Everyone's necklaces shone again with

a very bright pink light, joining the beautiful rays of the sun that were just now coming up. They were all happy to see that the forest had already recovered due to their intense outpourings of Love. Also, all the houses that had been destroyed were now rebuilt, and coming from several chimneys was smoke with the pleasant smell of wood-fired bread. In the vast plains of grass, the horses jumped and whinnied with pleasure. Many children were now playing happily on the banks of the river, playing games that used psychokinesis and telepathy. The beauty of the restored village helped the little ones retain only good memories.

Yania and Kami took off their boots, and, their feet feeling the soft, soothing grass, they walked quietly along the path that led to the village center. They wanted to enjoy every beautiful moment of life. They did not understand how anyone could reject Love, the most precious Good in the world, and devote themselves to spreading evil or to the accumulation of metals and papers. The real diamonds, the real gold, was everything that they were surrounded by: trees, plants, flowers, flowing rivers, singing birds, galloping horses, and, above all, the absolutely wonderful feelings of Love that united all the Spirits who lived there. They were rich, very rich, and did not need or want anything else.





Chapter 10

The sun softly illuminated the glowing green of the forest of the village, along with the clear waters of the river that bathed it. Both seemed to softly sing of the happiness of everyone in the small town of Love.

The 52 village children, aged between four and 12, tended to gather almost every morning for one to two hours in a field of flowers where four adults were responsible for their general education. In society, this meeting would be called a school, but everything is different for the better in the village, and the villagers prefer to call it “the children’s meeting” because here children are treated by adults as full human beings, just like them, and therefore have exactly the same rights. Nobody is forced to attend the meeting, but each and every one of the children enjoys it so much that they miss it only when there is a reason why they cannot go. They sit on the floor in a large circle, with the adults dispersed equally among them. The adults encourage the participation of each child in an informal and fun atmosphere. The younger children have the opportunity to learn from older ones, in a loving exchange of knowledge and experience. The more individualized and comprehensive education of each child is left to the parents, who never fail in their responsibilities because they truly regard teaching children as a wonderful opportunity to be of special help to a kindred Spirit.

Yania, Kami, Kimi, and Ilky were four of the children participating in the meeting that day.

Eniky, a grown man who was 378 years old but had a body that appeared to be only thirty-five, was talking about space and time, explaining these concepts to the children. Several sets of 3D images (nonradioactive) floated over the group in order to complement his lesson with pictures and video.

“My dear little siblings, where are you now?” he asked the children affectionately.

They all responded that they were in the Garden of Lilies, as they called the area where the village was located.

“Very good. And when?” he continued.

“May 6, 2007,” they replied, though the smaller ones hesitated for a moment, as they still did not know their dates very well.

“Very good! Many of you may be asking yourselves what is so difficult about this, and to help you understand better, I’ll ask Sijy to tell what she has learned about time and space. Sijy, would you be so kind as to explain what you know?”

Sijy was a twelve-year-old girl who had already participated in many missions of Love.

“Thank you, Eniky! You know, my brothers and sisters, that the monsters will lie about even the most obvious things, trying to disrupt the free will of the people through the confusion of ideas as simple as… space and time,” she said, a bit appalled at the thought. “Many monsters try in various ways to spread the idea that time travel is possible—that is, that a person can use a machine to travel to the past or the future. Can you understand the absurdity and the seriousness of this lie? That would mean that if someone were, say, fifty years old and could travel forty years into the past, he could meet himself as a child. Then, if he were a murderer, he could even kill this child who was actually himself. Let the absurdity of that sink in. First, who was he, after all? The adult or the child? If they were both there at the same time, how could they be the same person? Second, how could he kill a child who was himself, forty years before? If the child was killed, then he never could have grown to be an adult in the same incarnation and, as such, could never have killed the child! Third, how could he kill himself? Would it be murder or suicide? It couldn’t be both, because murder is killing someone else!”

At that point, Kylie, a girl of four, quietly asked Jiniu, a nine-year-old boy sitting beside her, what suicide was.

“It’s when someone kills himself,” he said into her ear. “Yikes!” she said in surprise. “Thanks, Jiniu!”

Deiriu, one of the other adults in charge of the general education of the children, added, “Did everyone understand well what Sijy has explained to you? If time travel were possible, it would represent total chaos in the universal order. Chaos means a destructive confusion in our lives. So, Love could never agree with that. If time travel were possible, and it is not, certainly, the Love Spirits never would do it.

“Yes, recognize well the absurdity of this lie,” stressed Imya, one of the other adults. “The monsters purposely confuse the concepts of time and space! Understand that when you travel, you travel in space. Time is just an abstract concept—that is, a concept that refers to something that does not exist in and of itself. Time does not exist. It is simply the continuation of everything and nothing.”

This one idea, which seemed so simple, turned out to require more complex explanations in order to undo the lies the children had heard and to prepare them to defend themselves and others from such attacks of falsehoods.

Ealy, another adult, finished the explanation of the topic.

“See how devious the monsters are? They deny the existence of something as clear as the existence of spirits, and they defend that which is impossible, as is the case with time travel. Always remember, our little brothers and sisters, the infallible principle that we have already taught you: always question everything, and ask yourselves if it is in accordance with Love or not. If it is not in accordance with Love, reject the idea immediately because it is a lie, or else

is something that exists outside Love and, as such, is against us all. Now, I ask you to tell me whether or not you feel that those teachings are of Love?"

Immediately, all the children, with an extreme conviction, gave a resounding, "Yes!"

Then the adults proposed that the children make drawings of Love and, more specifically, that each child draw the Love he or she felt for the child seated immediately to the right. They all began the task with great enthusiasm, for the Love among them was immense, as always with all the villagers. After each child showed his or her design to the child for whom it was drawn, that day's meeting of children ended with all the kids running out into the fields, jumping, laughing, and playing with each other.

"What beautiful hearts full of stars! Thank you, Yania, for your beautiful drawing!" exclaimed Kami with emotion, holding the drawing to her chest.

"Thank you! It is exactly what I feel for you! Look at the picture that Ilky made for me."

"Wow! It is also very nice. There is so much light coming out of his hands for you. He is such a sensitive kid!" said Kami as Yania showed her Ilky's design.

"You know, I haven't said anything because I didn't want to worry you, but he had a terrible nightmare last night," said Kami a bit restlessly, as if she was getting something off her chest. "Kimi came to our room to call us, but you were fast asleep, and we didn't want to wake you. Dyma and Noiu are now trying to figure out whether there is reason to worry, after hearing all the details of Ilky's nightmare."

"What? And you didn't wake me?" asked Yania indignantly. "I would also have liked to help him!"

"Yania, I know. I'm sorry. I know you're such a fantastic girl! But you weren't going to be able to help much more, so we let you sleep. Kimi told us that she woke up hearing Ilky panting as he slept, something he never does. So she lay down on his bed, rubbing his back, trying to gently wake him. Ilky then gave a great shout, like 'Noooooooooo!' and awoke with a start, sweating and saying that we had to help her."

"Her? Help who?"

"He didn't know how to explain, but it seemed that something very bad may have happened to a Love Spirit. He told us that it was one of our children, a girl, who had been… brutally raped and murdered."

Yania became extremely worried.

"We must find out who this girl is!"

"Dyma and Noiu are already calling all the villagers to come together tonight, to gather more information and develop a strategy for action with our Guardian Angels."

“And you think that our Guardian Angels will be able to help us with this?”

“I think so. At least, this is one of their missions.”

Yania and Kami, like all the other villagers, had learned that the guardian angels are Love Spirits like them but who had chosen to be temporarily disembodied in order to better perform certain missions in which the physical body would be a burden, such as protecting people from the spiritual plane, obtaining and revealing important information, counseling through dreams and visions, and assisting spiritually when people died.

Now the girls waited impatiently for the time for the general meeting of the village.

Night fell, and the other wondrous, beautiful stars in the sky replaced the sun.

In the great clearing of the village, Ilky embraced his mother sadly. He remembered the terrible scenes he had seen the night before and felt that there had been a communication from the girl who was attacked.

Aina was in charge of coordinating the meeting. In her 259th year of life in this incarnation, Aina was especially focused on the link between the embodied villagers and their disembodied brethren who served as Guardian Angels across planet Earth. Under the soft light of a torch, she asked in prayer that they might be able to contact the guardian angel that watched over the girl that Ilky had dreamed of, so that they could know all the details about what had happened.

After a few minutes, two faint luminous figures of human form began to appear in the center of the clearing near Aina, and little by little, they materialized, almost seeming to be incarnate Spirits.

“Brothers and sisters, hello, everyone! Ilky, do you recognize this girl?” the guardian angel asked while embracing the child she was carrying.

“Thanks for coming, Lyndi!” said Aina as she recognized the guardian angel, a bright Spirit in female form who had already devoted hundreds of years to this work.

Ilky approached the Spirit child, the same girl, about four years of age, whom he had seen in his nightmare. He looked deeply into her eyes. The girl smiled at him and gave him a hand. While it was not entirely materialized, he felt a tremendous heat from the tiny hand.

“Ilky,” said the girl with great tenderness.

“Can it be?” he asked, still somewhat skeptical.

“Yes, it’s me,” she replied, having read his thoughts.

A tear began its descent down Ilky’s delicate face. He embraced her with all the strength he had. The light pouring out of the spiritual body of the girl joined the two in a magnificent, sparkling embrace. It was Madeleine! The shape of the child had made him hesitate for a moment, but now

his doubts were dispelled, and their reunion brought to Ilky's mind all the wonderful moments they had shared together for over four hundred years when they lived in the galaxy of Paradise as companions. At that time, they had established an impressive family of Love and during those years together had given life to twenty-five children, thirteen girls, and twelve boys. After the children were all grown, both had volunteered to come to Earth on a mission.

"Madeleine is fine now. But we were not able to protect her during those fatal moments," explained Lyndi, with a huge dose of regret. She began to explain to everyone what had happened. "There just aren't enough guardian angels. We have many brothers and sisters on embodied missions in society, and the attacks by the monsters against them have recently increased disproportionately. I myself have 321 children and 954 adults under my protection, scattered around the planet. The monsters have cooperated in thousands of simultaneous brutal attacks against our brothers living in society. Their objective is to ensure that we do not have the means to help everyone. At the moment when Madeleine was abducted, 159 other children in my care were also attacked. I'm so sorry… for failing to protect her." She closed her eyes to stop the tears.

"We are well aware of your difficulties. Please don't blame yourself, Lyndi!" comforted Aina. "We also have many challenges in fulfilling our missions. The Earth is a planet ruled by monsters, and we are still a minority here. Your problems as guardian angels are also our problems as incarnated angels. It is true that there have been more volunteers in our galaxy for these missions, but the Universe is huge, and there are many planets that we are trying to return to Love." She stood up and kissed Lyndi. "Sister, we rejoice in the fact that all is now well with Madeleine."

The beautiful guardian angel then went on to describe the details related to the kidnapping, beating, rape, and murder of Madeleine. Several video devices in the village flew over the meeting to automatically record everything that happened, so the villagers would have a visual record. Up in the heavens, in the skies above the village, several ships of Love made sure that the village was not attacked, while at the same time ensuring that the monsters were not spying on what went on there, including creating an energy field that formed an effective barrier against their spy satellites, which always polluted the Earth's orbit, attempting to violate the privacy of the Love Spirits.

Once Lyndi finished the description of those terrible events, a boy stood up. His smooth, short brown hair, the same color as his eyes, blew gently in the light breeze. He looked at Lyndi, and she looked at him. The look spoke a thousand words. His physical body appeared to be about thirty-one years old, but he was actually 198, with the pain and experience of one who had spent most of his present life in society. He had studied the monsters from their midst for many long years, and he knew the atrocities they were capable of. Ijyu was an authentic expert in the psychology of Evil.

"I will leave the village to help Madeleine," he said with conviction.

"Easy, Ijyu. You cannot just up and go, besides which you would need someone to help you," replied Aina with concern.

“I have Lyndi! She will help me!”

With this, many of the villagers offered to go with Ijyu, explaining that they could have others help with their tasks while they were absent.

But many looked discreetly toward Yania and Kami.

Kami and Yania discerned that their brothers and sisters aspired to have them help. They wanted to volunteer to go with Ijyu also, but they thought that the inhabitants of the village would not agree, as they were still children and this would be a very dangerous mission; thus, they had not yet said anything.

Then Yania rose impulsively and, pulling Kami’s arm up with hers, addressed everyone.

“We know that we are still children, but we also know that we have much experience in the fight against the monsters! Kami, is this not true?” she asked her friend, who just nodded her head, smiling.

“We have gone against the Great Beast by ourselves, so this mission will be like a game to us.”

Nobody said a word. It seemed that everyone had hoped they would volunteer, but nobody had dared to ask.

Ijyu squatted in front of the two girls.

“I could never ask you to do this, but I have to admit that your experience is unique and would be very valuable. But please stay here, because things could get very complicated.”

Yania and Kami looked toward their parents, as if asking permission. Dyma and Noiu both nodded, giving permission and acknowledging the girls’ courage.

“It’s settled! Yania and I will go with Ijyu!” said Kami immediately, grabbing the hands of Ijyu and Yania, who then closed the circle by grabbing Ijyu’s other hand.

The three looked at each other.

“I have no words to thank you,” said Ijyu, obviously moved. “We are Love Spirits, are we not? So you don’t have to thank us!” Kami replied.

“Let’s go help Madeleine! That’s what matters!” exclaimed Yania. The inhabitants of the village then discussed the means that would need to be made available to help the three on their mission. Ijyu already knew how to drive a car, so he only needed some identification documents. It was also necessary for him to pass as someone of importance to the monsters. This was because the monsters gave more importance to what people had than to who they were. The infernal hierarchy they had created valued evil in every aspect. In society, a person without papers, documents, and money was not considered a person. There, goodness was despised and wickedness praised, so they discussed the idea that Ijyu could pass as a lawyer. The monsters gave a certain social status

to lawyers, and beyond that, it was a profession that might relate to the mission. As for Yania and Kami, they would be his daughters. Together, they would travel to Portugal, a country where none of them were known, and where the three would have to speak the official language.

They asked the Love Spirits, based on the dark side of the Moon, to manufacture the necessary documents, register them in the monsters' databases in Portugal, and print 20,000 Euros, all using the most sophisticated technologies their brothers possessed.

In addition, Denya, the only villager who had lived in Portugal, devoted herself for several days to teaching the three siblings all that was important to know about that country. She also taught them to speak Portuguese with no accent, so as not to raise any suspicions.

One of the things that Denya explained was that Portugal was a country that had almost always been ruled by monsters, a country that had recently seen a revolution, called the Carnation Revolution, for which many good people collaborated but that the monsters had acted quickly and, through their boundless and unscrupulous hypocrisy, had returned to power almost immediately, applying their typical monstrous script that deceives people with the illusion of choice, choice between left and right, international-socialism and national-socialism, but all diabolical dictatorships.

Two weeks later, a ship of Love came to pick up Ijyu, Kami, and Yania to take them to the Algarve region of Portugal, where Madeleine had been abducted. Each carried a small suitcase with clothes and other things necessary for their mission. The three had left their necklaces in the village because they would almost always be surrounded by monsters, so their Pink of Life necklaces would not be very useful.

It was around 10:00 a.m. local time when the magnificent, gleaming spaceship landed in Portugal on Espinhaco de Cao (Dog Ridge), far away from inquisitive eyes.

Kami, Yania, and Ijyu now had to walk about twenty minutes along a dirt road until they reached the nearest town, Pedralva. Arriving there, they found a taxi to take them to the city of Lagos, where they rented a car and an apartment.

About half an hour into the taxi ride, they'd already received a small sample of what they would be dealing with. After they had deflected the impertinent curiosity of the taxi driver about the three of them, who were, for him, unusual characters, the conversation revolved almost entirely around a soccer match between Benfica and Sporting, then the best taverns in the area and finally the Americans and the Indians, who, according to the taxi driver, should be expelled because they want to take over business rightfully belonging to Portuguese traders.

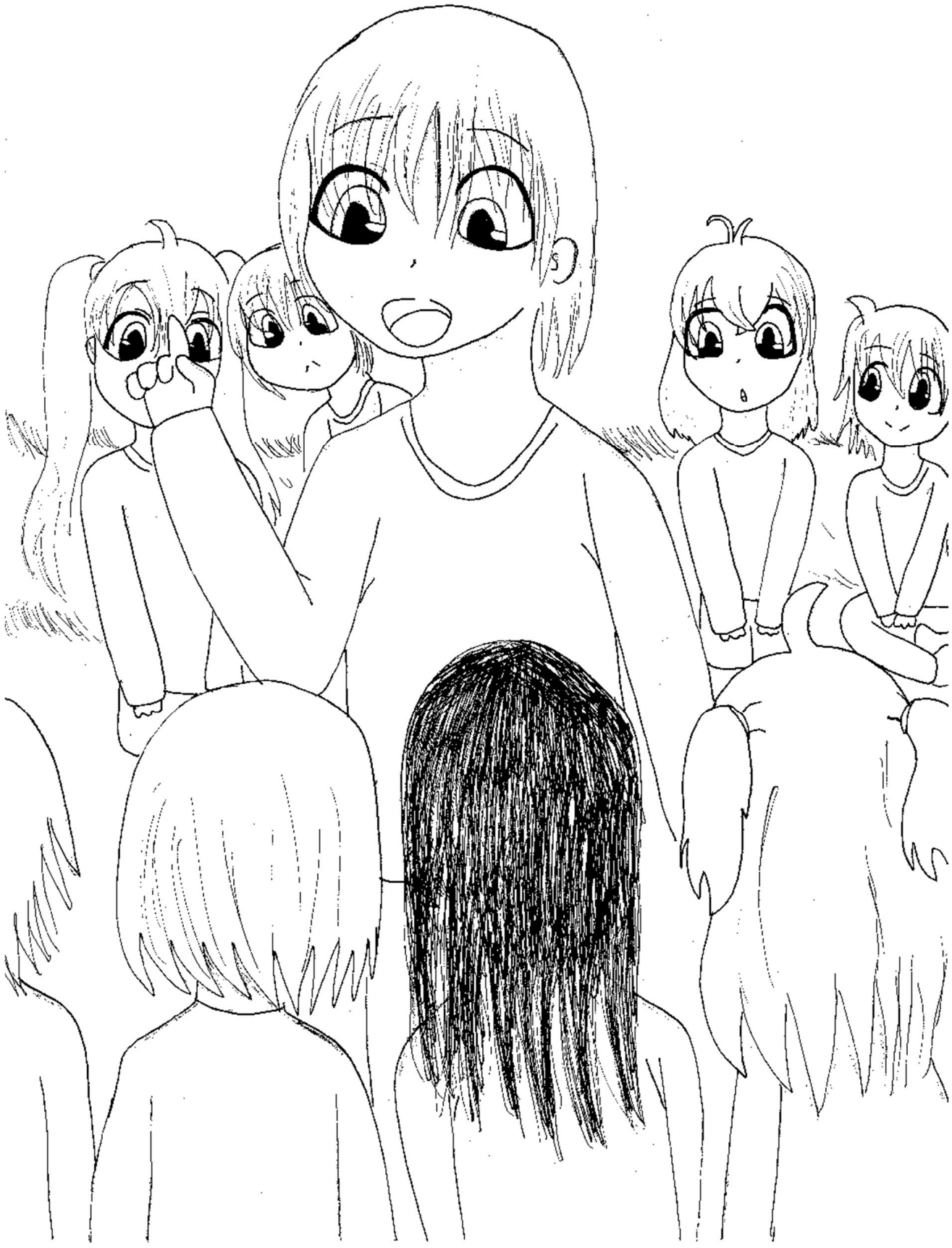
Regarding soccer and taverns, the three passengers knew nothing, nor were they interested in those topics, but regarding the Americans and Indians, Ijyu tried to explain that people are neither better nor worse for having been born in one or another place on Earth; the planet was one, and countries were no more than artificial divisions within the same house.

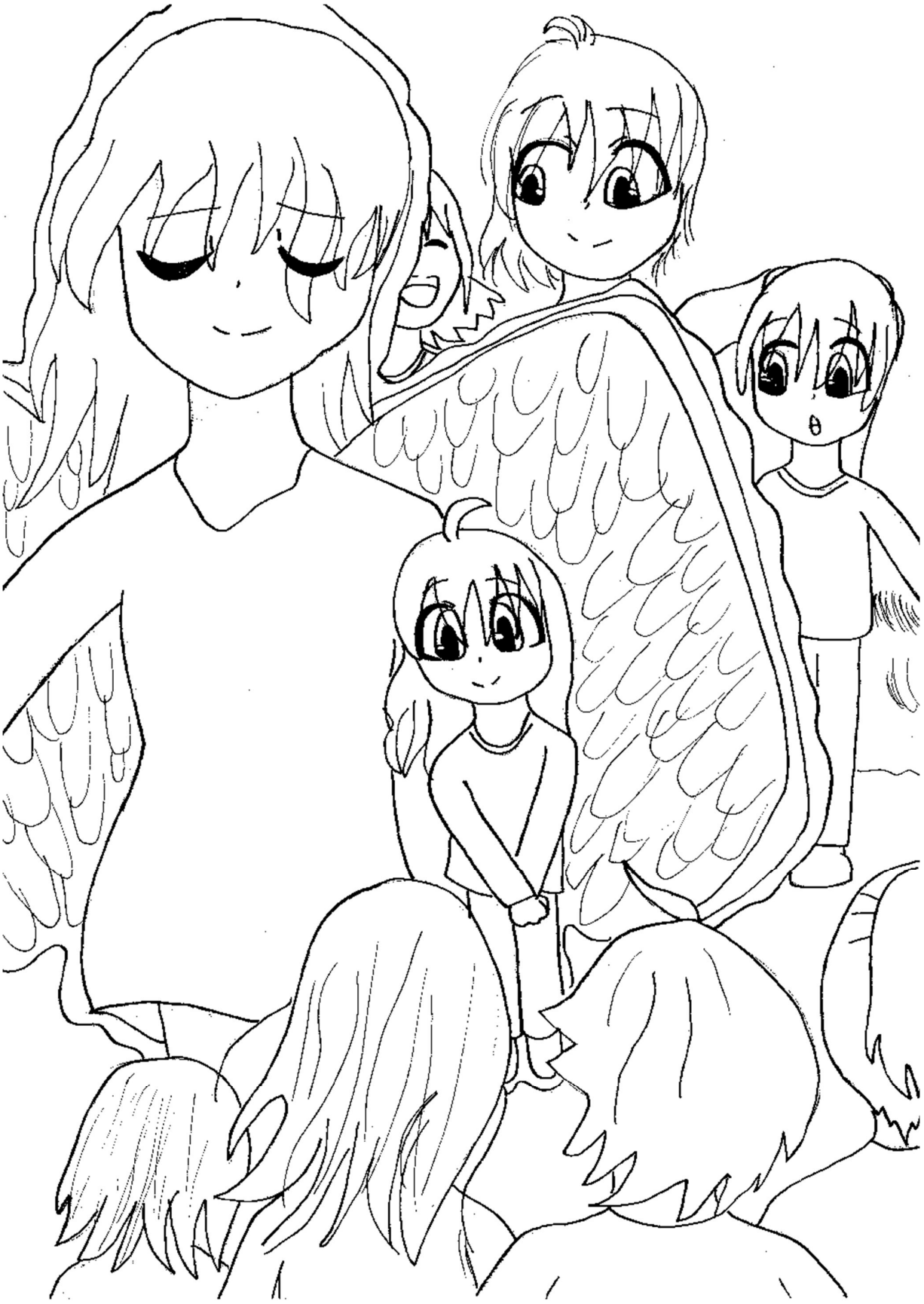
For the taxi driver, this idea was hard to accept because, he argued, across the border with Spain, the police wore different uniforms and gasoline was cheaper. But soon, he was confessing that his wife liked to go to an Indian store to buy many things, because prices were cheaper. And his cousin lived in Australia, where they also liked soccer. The ride went on, regardless.

Yania, Ijyu, and Kami finally arrived in Lagos. They said goodbye to the taxi driver and reminded him that kangaroos had lived in Portugal for a long time, and that, despite their being from Australia, no one complained; quite the contrary, people even paid to see them. Therefore, since the Americans and Indians were human beings, they should have more rights than kangaroos, who were just animals. Ijyu gave a nice tip to the man, but on the condition that he give it to his wife for her to buy more things in the Indian store.

Around 12:30 p.m., Ijyu had already rented a car, and the three were entering their small apartment overlooking the beautiful beach of Praia da Luz.

It was there, in this apparently quiet town, that Madeleine had been kidnapped. The mission had begun.





Chapter 11

Night had fallen. The waves were gently lapping the sand on Praia da Luz. After having gone to visit the lake where Madeleine's body was located and having acquainted themselves with the police investigation surrounding the case, Ijyu, Kami, and Yania, now prepared to sleep, were still reflecting on how they could rescue their sister's body.

Yania and Kami were exhausted and quickly fell asleep. They slept in the same room, right next to Ijyu's, who was still awake, thinking. They could not take the body from the water by themselves because if they did so, for example, using their psychic powers, they would alter the crime scene and disrupt the police investigation. But could it be possible that the police would even be interested in finding the truth about Madeleine? Nothing was certain, so it might be best to first direct the police's attention to the lake to pressure them into conducting a proper search.

While Ijyu's mind was preoccupied with these issues, a faint light began to appear in his room. The light gently increased, slowly taking a human form. Ijyu was not frightened, since he felt from the beginning that it was a good presence, given the intense loving vibrations that accompanied the light.

"My dear," said a sweet voice, while her gentle ethereal form leaned over Ijyu, "thank you for coming."

"Lyndi."

A soft dialogue began, filled with Love.

"Don't worry so much, as everything will be easier than it seems. Truth and Justice will win in the end. Yours and the girls' role on behalf of Madeleine will decisively ensure that Love is fulfilled in this case. In all cases, follow your intuition. I will advise you when you need it most."

"Lyndi, I love you so much."

"Our Love is eternal. You know that. But it saddens me to know that you have not yet formed a family in the village, and only because you don't choose to."

"But I miss you so much. I don't feel capable of forming a new family without you."

"Ijyu, you know that the Love that binds us extends equally toward all other Love Spirits. The Love that unites us all is absolute. As you love other Love Spirits, you are loving me because they also love me, and because they love you, and because I love them. We do not need to be together physically. You know this."

"I know, Lyndi, but the physical pain of our separation still gnaws at my heart."

“Ijyu, don’t say that! There are many girls in the village who still have no companions. You must not hold back. You have so much Love you can give. It would only grieve me if you got involved with someone without Love, because then you would suffer. But that would not be the case in the village because there they are all Love; they are all Love Spirits.”

“And if I wait for you… we know that one day you’ll come back to live among us. I don’t mind waiting as long as it takes.”

“If I ever return, I will come back as your daughter because my mission as a Guardian Angel will not end soon. More and more, the Guardian Angels are needed because more and more Love Spirits are being born on Earth, outside the village. You know that these brothers and sisters who are born outside of your cribs need special protection. They do not have the support that is found among the villagers. They are especially vulnerable, and we, the Guardian Angels, protect them. Even you needed my protection when you didn’t live in the village. So trust in our destiny. Trust, because it’s always a destiny of Love.”

“I know that, thanks to all of us that are Love, the monsters will lose control of the Earth very soon!”

“We are doing everything to make it so! For this, so many more Love Spirits are being born on this planet, who are helping us meet this objective. And because of this, the monsters are desperately trying to make them suffer and eliminate as many of our brothers and sisters as possible, including injecting them with very toxic vaccines from the first day they are born. Unfortunately, there are not enough guardian angels to protect them all at once. That is why so many children are dying at their hands. For this, I cannot leave this, my mission, anytime soon.”

“My beautiful guardian angel! You are absolutely right! But in that life in which we met… I’m not sure… I wonder if I was right to let you go, instead of holding you and begging you to stay by my side.”

“You were such a good king, but my mission was not to be a queen. I wanted to do more for others, and I would have been useless to the kingdom just occupying a seat by your side because you were already doing such great work directing the destiny of that beautiful little country, based on the teachings of Zarathushtra. Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. And how could I have continued to be part of your personal guard, knowing that you loved me so much and wanted me in that way? I loved you so much, too, but wanted to do more. I wanted to serve our God without limit, from beyond Earth, wherever I was most needed.”

“Lyndi, I knew this was important to you, so I gave you all the support I could.”

“I’ll never forget! It was thanks to you that I was so quickly able to improve so much. And I’m so glad you accepted this mission, because we can continue, after so many centuries, to work together.”

Lyndi materialized even more, to the point of almost seeming to have a physical body, although the extremely delicate light emanating from her made it clear that she did not.

She touched Ijyu's hands fondly. He could barely feel them, and he squeezed them gently. Lyndi bent toward Ijyu and gave him a sweet and affectionate kiss on the mouth.

The young man shed a tear that gently rolled down his face, in which all the light from both inside and out was reflected, making a small rainbow born of the heart.

Lyndi withdrew gently and floated through the wall separating the girls' room from Ijyu's. Without waking them, Lyndi tenderly kissed the girls and faded away.

In the morning, Kami and Yania commented to Ijyu that they had dreamed about Lyndi.

"It wasn't a dream," he told them. "She was here."

"So Lyndi gave you some counsel about Madeleine?" asked Kami.

"Yes, what did she say?" added Yania, jumping with curiosity.

"She said to rely on our intuition because it would guide us in times of need."

"And what does your intuition tell you, Ijyu?" Yania asked. "That it is virtually certain that the police will ignore us, but for some reason, that is where we should start. Let's go to the Judicial Police."

After arriving in Portimao, at the Department of Judicial Police, Ijyu identified himself as a lawyer and asked to speak with one of the inspectors on Madeleine's case. The receptionist was sitting there knitting, as if trying to forget the number of years that she had left until her retirement. She directed them to an office on the second floor.

"I'm looking for Inspector John."

"That's me."

"Good day! My name is Eduardo, I'm a lawyer, and these are my two daughters, Anne and Andrea."

"What can I do to help?"

Ijyu, Kami, and Yania sat on the old chairs near the desk.

"I have reliable information that Madeleine was kidnapped, beaten, raped, and murdered, and that her body was thrown into the lake near Arade Dam, where it is now submerged."

"On what basis?"

Ijyu opened a map of the Algarve and put a clipping from a newspaper on the table.

"Several things. First, this is the second dam closest to Praia da Luz, a mere twenty-five minutes by car. The closest dam, Bravura, has already been searched by the Lagos Fire Department, and they

found nothing. In other words, a smart criminal would know that Bravura Dam was more likely a place for the police to search, since it is the closest, and therefore it would be less suitable for the purpose he intended. Second, Arade Dam is the only dam on the Algarve that is completely deserted, with no people or houses around. Additionally, its large breadth and depth, and very cloudy waters, make it an ideal place for someone to get rid of a corpse. Third, a Portuguese trucker claims to have seen, on May 5th, two cars parked, one behind the other. A woman in the second car got out with a child wrapped in blankets and gave the wrapped child to a man driving the other car. The trucker said that within the blanket was the clearly wrapped form of a small child, but that since it was all covered, it would not be able to breathe. Even more, it was a very hot day. Turns out that this happened in Silves, close to Arade Dam. Ijyu showed him a newspaper clipping that talked about the truck driver and reported that the police had ignored his leads. “And, fourth, I also have information obtained as a medium that confirms this location.”

When he heard the last sentence, Inspector John became obviously nervous.

“Doctor, the only reason that I received you here today was because you are an attorney. I must tell you that the police now have their own leads, which do not point to the location you just mentioned. Finally, we do not believe in these spiritual sources, as we have thousands, all pointing to different conclusions. Anything else?”

“I am not asking you to believe in spirituality. Incidentally, this was the fourth of several reasons. We all know that there are thousands or even millions of people who call

themselves psychics. But how many are genuine? And of the genuine, how many receive correct information? Few, very few. So I ask you to reconcile my fourth reason with the other three, and only after you rule them out, then you can rule out the last. This way, you will get a material confirmation for the spiritual claim.”

The inspector stood up angrily.

“Thank you, sir. Have a nice day.”

Ijyu and the girls stood up.

As they left, Yania gave a reproving look to the inspector and said, “Mercenary.”

“Let’s go!” Kami whispered to Yania, pulling her arm.

The inspector had heard Yania and came up behind her, grabbing her tightly by the arm.

“To whom were you speaking, you little brat?”

“To you. Why?”

“Do you think this is the way to talk to a law enforcement officer?” he asked even more angrily.

“And you, do you think that this is the way to talk to those who came to help you find a missing child?”

Seeing that the inspector would not let go of Yania’s arm, Ijyu caused him a severe electrical shock on the hand, generated by psychic energy. Immediately, the inspector released Yania, awestruck by what had happened.

Unfortunately, the visit had confirmed that there was nothing to expect from the police. They returned to Praia da Luz, where the sun was starting to set. They decided to take a long barefoot walk along the beach.

“So, Ijyu, what can we do now?” asked Yania, worried.

“Do you remember what Lyndi said to me? I have to focus again on my intuition,” he replied, staring at the sea for a moment; then he closed his eyes.

Kami also closed her eyes, trying to feel what advice Lyndi would give them.

Meanwhile, Yania noticed that not far away, a group of children seemed to be attacking another in their midst. Without saying anything, she headed toward the group.

As she drew closer, she counted nine children, all boys aged between eight and ten, surrounding and hitting another boy of the same age.

“Why are you doing this?” Yania asked angrily.

“Doing what? We’re only teaching him how to throw a punch!” answered one of the attackers.

“Yeah, do you also want to learn how?” asked another, giving a quick punch to Yania’s left arm. “It’s like this, see? Fists tightly clenched, with the knuckles forward. That way, it hurts more!”

Yania was taken aback.

“You little monsters! So you want to teach others how to punch? So why not demonstrate on yourselves?”

“That’s not as much fun!” replied the one who had punched Yania. He was immediately echoed by the mocking laughter of the others.

Yania went to the boy whom they were hitting.

“Is this what you all want to be when you grow up? Monsters? Hurting the innocent?”

“Sure, why not? It’s fun, isn’t it?” replied another with a mischievous smile as the group unleashed another round of laughter.

“Get out of here!” Yania shouted at them.

Without any warning, the nine started kicking Yania and the boy she was protecting.

Meanwhile, Ijyu and Kami, still meditating, were hearing Yania's name by intuition, so they opened their eyes, looking around for her. Seeing her in trouble, they ran quickly toward her.

Kami pulled many of the boys away by their clothes, and Ijyu pulled Yania and the boy aside and embraced them.

Concentrating intensely, Kami commanded that all the seagulls on the beach start pecking the aggressors.

More than 30 seagulls descended on the small group of little monsters, giving them strong pecks with their beaks. Surprised, the boys retreated, trying to protect themselves from the gulls at all costs, but they were unsuccessful. Seeing that the lesson had been enough, Ijyu mentally ordered the birds to depart.

The group of kids did not understand what had happened. Some were lying on the ground, and others were standing, but all were scared. Ijyu told them in a serious tone,

"Let this serve as a lesson to you! You are free to follow the path of Evil, but always remember that, if you make someone suffer who is Love, then you are making all who are Love suffer, and all those who are Love will protect the ones you mistreat. This is one of the big differences between you and us. Evil will not succeed! Now get out of here!"

Hearing this, the nine ran from the beach as fast as they could, quickly disappearing behind the houses just beyond the beach.

The boy who was protected by Yania thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the help. Yania, Kami, and Ijyu gave him a tender kiss on the cheek and continued their walk along the beach.

While not very large, Praia da Luz beach was beautiful. None of the three were accustomed to the beach, as there was no ocean in their village, and the river had little sand. The Love villagers all loved the sand, the sea, and the games they provided. From time to time, they organized a trip to go to the beach, especially for the children, in conjunction with their brethren who piloted their ships. It was like a field trip. The children boarded a large ship that took them to the beach of a deserted island, where they spent the day. The problem was that they could not do it often because it was too risky, since the monsters were always waiting for the slightest opportunity to attack them.

Night was falling quickly. A cool breeze now rose from the waves of the sea, washing over the beach as if to remind them, Yania, Kami, and

Ijyu that human kindness was irreplaceable. The three sat in the sand, and Ijyu embraced the girls with a sweet tenderness. The girls then rested their heads on his chest.

And now, Lyndi, what shall we do? Please tell me! thought Ijyu, trying to communicate with the beautiful disembodied Spirit.

Yania and Kami heard Ijyu's thoughts and joined with him in requesting advice from Lyndi. The three looked toward the stars. The beautiful, cloudless night sky seemed to invite meditation. They remembered the millions of inhabited planets in the Universe and the wonderful galaxy to which they belonged. At that moment, a shooting star flew across the sky, right in front of them, as if wanting to say that they should not give up. The girls then embraced Ijyu even tighter, and the intense vibrations of Love that they emitted toward each other warmed their hearts with light.

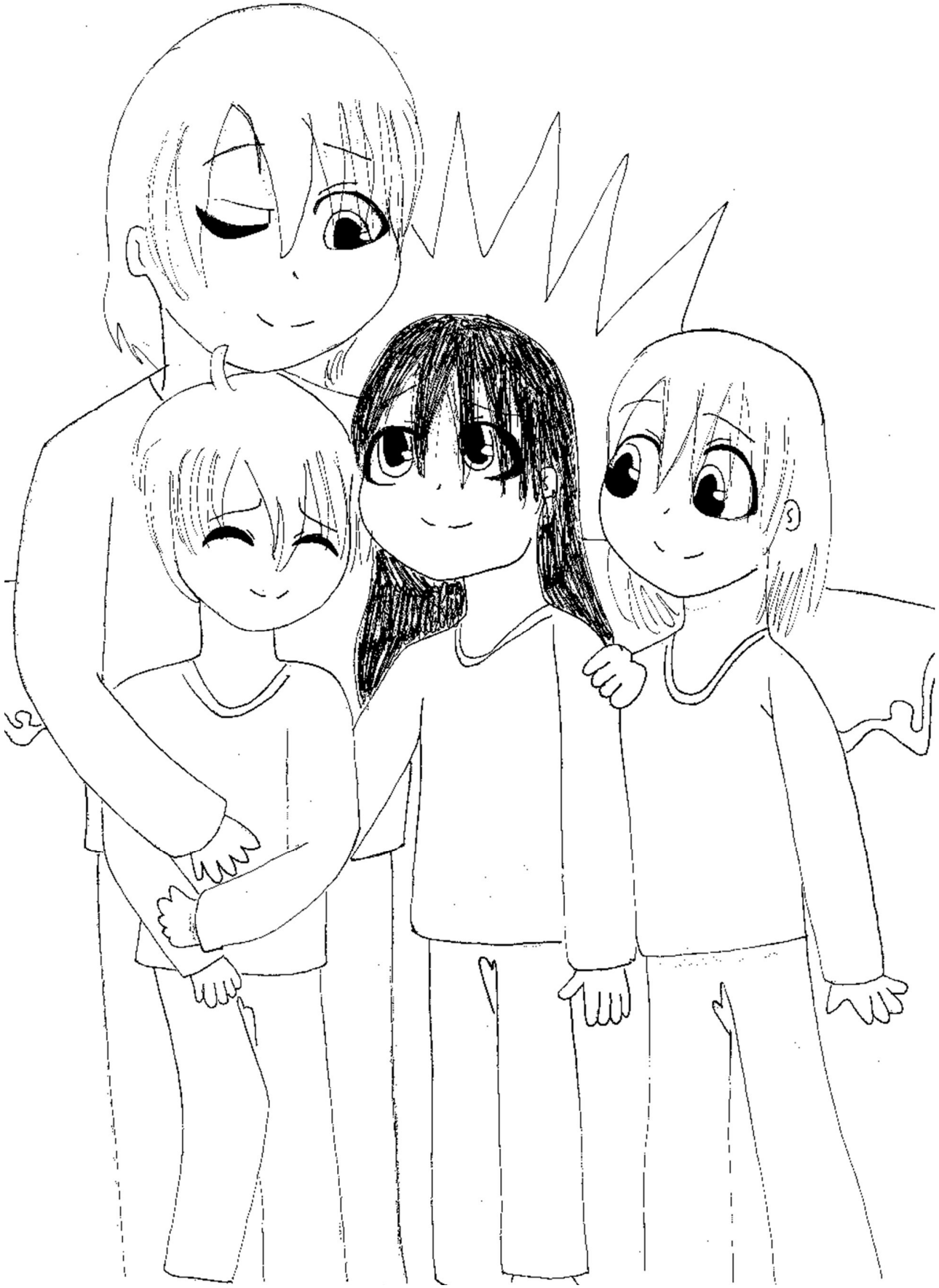
The vibration got stronger. It appeared that another Love Spirit had joined them. Suddenly, there was a radiant light all around them. They heard a voice of inconceivable sweetness. It was Lyndi!

"Soon you will receive an important visitor! Stay tuned! I love you!"

The dazzling light was then concentrated into a single point that rose up to the heavens with amazing speed as though the star were returning to its origin. Their joy had returned in full force. Lyndi had not forgotten them.

With their small but big loving hearts filled with confidence, Yania and Kami fell asleep in Ijyu's lap.

Hope had returned to their souls.





Chapter 12

Several days had passed. Now the birds of Praia da Luz were signaling sunrise. Kami and Yania were still sound asleep, and the gentle waves of their beautiful dreams were soothing their anxieties.

Ijyu was preparing breakfast for the three, trying to come up with something similar to their meals in the village. The canned food from the supermarket was torture to both the health and palate of those who had long ago become accustomed to the generous, organic, fresh, natural flavors offered by the lush land where they lived. Here in society, there were not many organic products in the supermarkets. Plus, apples and bananas had pesticides, melons and watermelons had chemical fertilizers, and the cabbage, lettuce, and tomatoes had traces of rat poison. Ijyu felt guilty because it seemed that he was poisoning the girls. It had been several weeks since they had been living in this society, one focused on selfishly making money. They knew it was impossible to form an egalitarian world when there were so many inequalities within the hearts of people.

Finally, in an outburst of anger, Ijyu threw everything into the trash and decided to prepare only a few slices of whole-wheat bread with organic milk for Kami and Yania to eat. At least he wouldn't have a heavy conscience. He had hardly closed the lid on the trash when the insistent sound of the doorbell echoed throughout the house.

"Inspector John!?"

"I need to talk with you. It is about Madeleine."

"Then come in!"

The girls rose, still sleepy, when they saw who had arrived. Then they shuffled out barefoot and in pajamas to join Ijyu.

"Good morning, Andrea and Anna, or whatever your real names are," said the inspector, already seated with his hands resting on the newspaper-strewn table.

The girls returned the greeting, but were surprised by the inspector's apparent discernment. At the same time, they saw that his countenance was different, and for the better. Brighter.

"Don't worry. I've come to help you. I know you are special and that you want a better world. You know… I'm tired of being a monster," he said, hanging his head in shame. "Since the day I saw you, I've realized why I am so unhappy. Your eyes shone in a way that I had never seen before. Your happiness caused me to be jealous. Yes… you were truly happy. And you were happy to be able to help a girl who'd been violated. I'd never realized this before. That is what you call Love, isn't it?"

Yania, Kami, and Ijyu were cautious. They knew that all monsters lied and were hypocrites, often pretending to be good people only to gain the confidence of truly good people, and that only after they'd obtained what they wanted did they reveal their true intentions.

The inspector perceived their caution. He got up and approached Yania.

"Young lady, I want to apologize for grabbing your arm so forcefully, and for having called you a brat. I know that you didn't deserve it and that you were right to call me a mercenary." He patted her on the head.

Yania focused on the feelings of the inspector to verify that they truly corresponded to the words that he spoke. There were a few seconds of silence.

"Can I give you a hug?" the inspector asked hesitantly.

Yania looked deeply into his eyes, trying to see inside his Spirit. She concentrated, and the silence continued for a few more seconds.

"*He is shining from within!*" Yania exclaimed at last.

It was then that she realized that he had truly changed. He was truly sorry to be a monster. A tear appeared in the corner of one of Yania's eyes. She stood up and gave the inspector a hug.

"I'm sorry that I called you a mercenary!" she said, moved. The two embraced warmly.

Kami and Ijyu felt the same as Yania. The inspector really did not want to continue to be a monster and was deeply sorry for all the evil he had done.

Inspector John returned to his seat and took several papers from the folder that he had brought.

"I managed to take this from the desk of the coordinator of the police. Look!" He showed them a large map. "Here at Praia da Luz, there are dozens of underground tunnels. When I was investigating the case, along with a colleague, we talked to an architect who knew about these. We were completely unaware that they existed. It was the same architect who gave us this map, which we added to our case files."

Ijyu, Kami, and Yania looked at the map.

"By itself, that's nothing special," he continued. "There are many locations with underground tunnels. The strange thing was that when I suggested to our boss that we investigate these tunnels, since they could have been used in Madeleine's abduction, his answer was an immediate no! He justified himself by saying that we didn't have time to waste on them and prohibited us from entering the tunnels. Later, when I was flipping through our case files, I found that the map had disappeared. Since all the pages of our files are numbered, I found the pages that corresponded to the map were now related to other documents that had not existed before, and that were irrelevant to the case. I questioned the chief about the disappearance of the map, and he told me that the map never existed and that I should just return to my work if I didn't want to have any problems."

“So that’s exactly what you did, right?” Ijyu asked, giving away the answer.

“The police department is controlled by a rigorous hierarchy,” said John, “and the department in Portimao is very small. We only have one supervisor, and he gives absolute trust to the coordinator of the department. The coordinator is the highest-ranking officer. I’ve seen some colleagues who have had problems after questioning the supervisor and the coordinator, including being unjustly convicted in trumped-up disciplinary proceedings.”

“It seems that this supervisor is a good little minion of the coordinator!” laughed Yania.

“You are absolutely right, young lady! Regardless, I went to talk with the coordinator.”

“And then?” Kami asked. “He straightened you out, as it appears.”

“More than that! He threatened me with death. He knows I have no close family, so he had nothing with which to blackmail me. He simply put his gun on the table and asked if I knew that sometimes accidents happen, that sometimes weapons fire on their own.”

“What an evil monster!” Yania said furiously.

“And that’s not all. At first, the theory that the police went with was that there had been an abduction. We had clear instructions that when we spoke to journalists, either officially or by leaking strategic information—”

Kami interrupted the inspector. “Leaking strategic information? What do you mean?”

“Well, the police know that the media outlets have a huge influence on garnering public support in relation to our goals. So we use them to influence people, either to think that someone is guilty or that someone is innocent. We secretly contact journalists and provide information that influences the public, even if it is false. What matters to us is that we can manipulate public opinion according to our interests. We often torture people to more easily achieve our evil objectives, forcing them to sign false confessions after they have been beaten severely, as we did with the mother of Joana Cipriano. The media publishes everything that we say because they think that if it comes from the police, it must be true!”

Ijyu lowered his head. He remembered well Joana, a beautiful young Love Spirit brutally murdered years earlier.

“Another case just like before,” Ijyu exclaimed with anger.

“Yes, and very interesting that in both cases, due to your involvement, the police were required to protect the monsters involved and change the case theory from abduction to murder perpetrated by the parents.”

The inspector showed them a document.

“Right after you came to see me, I wrote up a report describing your leads to the coordinator and even mentioned the strange electric shock when I grabbed the girl,” he said, pointing to Yania. “May I now know your name?”

“Of course! It’s Yania! And this is Kami, and this is Ijyu!” she replied with confidence and trust.

“Your names are very beautiful!”

The inspector pulled another document from his folder. “Check this out. It’s an internal memo from the coordinator, signed the day after I delivered my report, that the team should give priority to the theory of murder by Madeleine’s parents and abandon the search for the girl.”

“But why?” Yania asked, outraged.

“In his memo, the explanation was given that the majority of evidence collected clearly points to the involvement of her parents. But it is completely false! I was around the others on the case and knew the main leads and clues that the other detectives had gathered, and everything points to kidnapping.”

“So, why?” Kami insisted.

Inspector Johns took out one more document and showed it to the three.

“This is an internal memo from the Judicial Police, dated May fourth of this year, just one day after Madeleine had disappeared. It says that our agents should recommend that all parents worried about their children’s safety have microchips implanted in them. These high-tech microchips would allow real-time tracking of the whereabouts of their children, using satellites. They would also have a database of information about the child, and when the government allowed, the chips could also be used for payment in stores. Madeleine’s name is even invoked here, saying that her abduction could have been avoided if she’d had the chip implanted!”

“How disgusting!” Yania exclaimed.

“The monsters want to control everyone!” added Kami.

Ijyu gave an ironic smile.

“Just what I was waiting for! The brave new monstrous world, where everyone is tracked and followed to the last detail!”

“Exactly! But I’m already imagining the worst… that it is a total lie that the microchip can prevent the abduction of a child. Many criminals know of the existence of this technology, and if they were to abduct a child, they would surely use an electromagnetic detector to see whether the child had a chip, and if so, it would be easy enough to take it out because the chips are inserted only superficially, just beneath the skin. The only way to avoid this would be to implant the chip somewhere in the body where any attempt to remove it would cause the child’s death—inside the head, for example—and you can be sure that the government will propose this at some point. But the main question, as I think you’ve already perceived-”

“Of course! Who will protect the children from the criminals in the government?” Ijyu said.

“Exactly! If the government now has direct control over all children, it will later have control over all adults, knowing everything about them in real time. That is to say, they can kidnap, beat, rape, and murder with impunity, and with the greatest of ease, because the microchip tells you all about the potential victim. And since they are the ones making the chips, only they will have the electronic key, like a remote control that enables or disables the chip whenever they wish, so they could prevent the family from locating the child if they wanted. They can always claim that the chip broke down or was disabled by criminals if asked why the chip isn’t working in the case of the missing person. And since it is them, the government, that controls the police, they will always remain unpunished.”

“Since we all know that history teaches us that most of the governments of Earth are generally composed of the worst kind of criminals, this is a terrible idea!” Kami said.

“Of course! We all remember Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Mao Tse-tung, and many others,” added Yania.

“Girls, imagine the chips in the hands of any one of those monsters you mentioned. If they managed to kill millions of innocent people without chips, what if they had access to everyone by means of a chip!” Ijyu noted.

“The danger goes even further. First, they will use propaganda about children who have disappeared. After they have brainwashed everyone, the chip will become mandatory.”

“Just like they already do with dogs! Because for them, people are just like dogs!” Yania said, openly expressing her outrage.

“You are right, Yania! But it’s they who are animals, not us!” Kami added angrily.

“It’s all part of a wider sinister plan of the monsters to prohibit Love on Earth,” said Ijyu, remembering some research he had conducted while living in society.

“Children are always one of the prime targets, since in addition to being more vulnerable, they will also be the future adults of society. One of the greatest perversions of the monsters is to associate the term pedophilia to the rape of children. In fact, ‘pedo’ means child, and ‘philia’ means friend, so pedophilia really means ‘friend of children.’ But a true friend of children would not violate them or do any other sort of evil. When they use the term ‘friends of children’ for those who do evil to them, the monsters are trying to covertly instill in people that to be friends of children is a bad thing. The result is that many adults are afraid to express their Love for children, avoiding giving hugs or kisses, for fear of being dubbed pedophiles and being arrested by the police. And if children grow up without affection, without Love, they will become sick and easily manipulated by the monsters. Then, with the absence of Love becoming the rule in practice and accepted as something normal, the monsters will take the final step of making laws to definitively prohibit Love on Earth. This is their great ambition.”

Hearing this, Kami and Yania threw themselves onto Ijyu and began to give him lots of kisses and hugs.

“If they think they’re going to ban Love, they are mistaken!” said Kami, giving him a big hug.

“Try to send the police,” Yania said, giving him a peck on the cheek, “to arrest,” another peck, “all those who love us.” Another kiss. “They will see what happens to them!” said Yania, giving lots of kisses to Ijyu, who reciprocated, giving her lots of hugs and kisses in return.

John was moved by the display and thought a lot about how much he had missed out on as a monster. Yania and Kami perceived John’s thoughts and went to him, and also gave him lots of hugs and kisses.

“You are no longer a monster, and therefore you also deserve some!” Yania said.

But Inspector John was still inhibited and embarrassed because he was still used to the hideous rules of Evil.

“Relax, relax!” Kami said, trying to tickle him under his arms, which finally made him smile.

“Thanks, girls!” he replied and gave each of them a kiss on the forehead. “Let’s return to our conversation,” he said, trying to get out of a somewhat awkward, embarrassing situation.

The children went back to their seats. They knew they had to sort out some important issues that were still unresolved.

John straightened his shirt. “Yes, it is evident that Evil intends to prohibit all Love. This is what they want in the end. And this means that they will kidnap and murder children.”

“They! Remember ‘they!’ They took her!”

“In fact, that was the phrase used when Kate returned to the restaurant, stating that Madeleine had disappeared!” recalled John.

“It was a very spontaneous phrase, as if ‘they’ was something quite obvious to her,” Ijyu noted.

“But then why did the Judicial Police abandon the abduction theory, if the abduction theory was what ‘they’ wanted?” asked Yania, trying to clarify this point.

“The solution lies in combining all these elements. They wanted to promote the abduction theory. You said it well. Wanted… but from the moment you arrived and spoke of spiritual information regarding Madeleine, everything changed. They must surely have asked for information from the secret services, and they knew who you really were. Because you are not of this world, right?”

Ijyu smiled. “It depends on what you consider this world.”

“That shock to my hand was certainly not something common in this world.”

“But it can be. Can you imagine the possibility that this world was usurped from its original inhabitants?”

The inspector hadn’t thought of that.

“The whole world and all its stars and planets belong to Love, which is the primary source of all existence!” explained Kami.

“And we are Love Spirits on a mission to return Earth to Love!” Yania continued with great pride.

“So you just gave the answer to the question of why the premise of the police suddenly changed! They could not let those whom they hate the most, in other words, you, be responsible for locating the body of Madeleine! Can you imagine? Television, radio, magazines, and newspapers around the world announcing that the Love Spirits had discovered, through the spiritual means of Love, what had happened to Madeleine? They crafted and executed this case with one sole intention: to foster worldwide fear of kidnapping so that all children would be implanted with a microchip. Everyone is watching the details of Madeleine’s case. And then you three come and say, ‘We are Love Spirits, and we have accurate information about what happened to Madeleine via spiritual means!’ So then people go to the lake, as you describe it, and find that the girl’s body is there, and that everything happened exactly as you said! Everything! The description of the killer and everything else, all correct! This would make all the people want to know more about Love, the Love that found Madeleine and her killer! All media from around the world talking about you and even with you! All the media talking about Love and teaching the truth about Love! That would be what they call ‘turning the spell on the sorcerer!’”

“Yes, John, it makes sense. We understand now the ‘why’ of all this.” Ijyu looked at a photograph of the Spirits of Madeleine, Joana, and Francesca in an embrace. “Poor little girls! Innocent victims of such awful monstrosities!” He held the photo to his heart and closed his eyes. “We will not let your memories also be stolen. We are going to stop what they intended when they brought upon you this terrible evil. We are by your side. Unconditionally by your side. We love you.”

Yania and Kami embraced Ijyu.

The inspector folded the map and put it in his pocket. He then threw his wallet with his police badge to the floor. He pulled four flashlights from a sack he had brought and stood up, determined. He prepared his gun.

“Ijyu and my dear girls, it’s time to settle the score with them.”

About an hour later, they found themselves located at one of the four entrances to the underground tunnels of Praia da Luz. There was a small cave hidden under some rocky mountains that graced the small beach. To access the cave, the tide had to be out, which was the situation at the time.

John, Ijyu, Yania, and Kami entered the dark cave. It was wet and dark and had a nauseating smell, mitigated only a little by the pleasant fragrance from the crashing waves. The flashlight

that each of them carried shone brightly through the tiny space that they marched through, determinedly and without hesitation. As they worked their way forward, the tunnel descended deeper and deeper into the earth. They came to a long stairway that plunged into the bowels of the underground. At the end of the stairs was a large tunnel, constructed both wide and high. The only thing heard, other than silence, was their breaths. They continued forward, driven by warm thoughts of Madeleine.

“This tunnel seems to have no end,” Kami whispered.

“According to this map, we have to continue until we reach a crossroads where six tunnels converge,” John replied.

They walked for another half hour.

Finally, they came to the spot. There were now two tunnels on the right, two in front, and two on the left.

“And now?” asked Yania. John looked intently at the map. “The leftmost goes underneath the Church of Praia da Luz. The other goes to a courtyard of the Ocean Club. The rightmost goes toward Lagos. As for the other three, they are not marked, except for a question mark on the map.”

“If this map is correct, we are interested in following the unidentified tunnels,” said Ijyu, looking toward the three unknown alternatives.

“Everything indicates that it is correct. In fact, if we compare the map with the direction that each one follows, you can see it. If we go to our left, we head west, where the church is. A little further up, we will find the Ocean Club. And if we follow this way, we will arrive in Lagos,” John noted.

“Looks like it’s time to focus on our intuition!” said Kami. “I’m not very good at that,” said John.

“Don’t worry, leave it to us!” Kami told him. “Yania, Ijyu, shall we do this?”

The three looked alternately at each of the tunnels, including those identified on the map.

Shortly after, Yania, Kami, and Ijyu glanced around at each other to ensure they had all finished.

“That one,” said Yania, “right next to the Lagos tunnel. I feel a horrible force coming from within.”

“Yes, Yania, that was the only one about which I felt that way,” confirmed Kami. “And you, Ijyu?”

“You said it, girls. I feel the same way. Let’s go!”

They walked a few feet inside and, for the first time, heard strange sounds coming from deep within. It could have been bats, but they were not sure.

Suddenly, the sounds traveled through the tunnel toward them at an enormous speed. Then they began to hear others’ thoughts in their own heads.

“Obsessor spirits!” shouted Ijyu. “Take cover, girls!” He immediately radiated positive psychic energy toward John, trying to protect him from the evil influences.

Ijyu, Yania, and Kami covered their ears, but only as a reflex. Their real defense was to concentrate on the beauty of Love, thus increasing their vibrations of Love, which naturally repelled any spirit that did not like Love.

Both girls had had training in the village on defending against obsessor spirits. These were a class of evil spirits that used telepathy to transmit wicked ideas to their victims while at the same time hiding the fact that these ideas had been emanated by them. However, any attentive person could easily distinguish his own thoughts from a telepathic communication, since the latter clearly comes from outside his or her own Spirit.

Yania and Kami finally managed to free themselves from the attack of the obsessor spirits.

In turn, Ijyu lowered his hands, hoping that John was okay, although they all felt that there were still evil presences around.

“You sons of vipers!” said Ijyu, a bit angrily. “How long will we have to endure these villains?”

“Calm down, Ijyu! Don’t get upset, because that’s what they also want!” advised Yania.

Kami gave a pat to Ijyu’s back. Meanwhile, they noted that John was breathing heavily.

“Are you all right, John?” asked Ijyu.

“Yes… thank you,” John said, wiping the sweat from his face.

“Okay, let’s keep moving!” suggested Kami.

They let John lead the way. That way, if he needed help, any one of the three could see and help him.

“He’s not well,” Yania whispered into Kami’s ear. “Hopefully, he is strong!” Kami replied quietly.

No sooner had she said this than John took a few hasty steps forward and turned, pulling out his gun and pointing it at Yania.

“Stop!” he cried. Even more sweat was pouring from John, from all over his body. His countenance looked maniacal. “You will all die now!” Ijyu prepared to raise his hands in order to immobilize John through an intense beam of energy, but Yania noticed the movement of his hands and stopped Ijyu. John’s finger was now putting pressure on the trigger of the gun, but it seemed he really did not want to do it. Yania moved closer to him.

“John, you do not want to be a monster! Remember what you told us? I felt that it came from your heart!”

John extended his arm with the hand holding the gun, bringing it even closer to Yania.

“Look me in the eyes, John!” said Yania, looking deeply into his eyes. “I felt your Love when we embraced. Let me hold you again.”

John said nothing, but his hands were trembling more than ever.

“I love you, John!” Saying this, Yania jumped toward him, hugging him tightly. John received the warm and vigorous embrace of Yania, keeping the gun in the exact same position. Now he felt in his soul all the wonder of what it is to be loved by a child. Overcoming the obsession, he put his gun back in the holster. Then he returned Yania’s embrace.

“Little one… please forgive my weakness,” he said, emotional and disappointed in himself.

“John, I know you’re still learning. You don’t have to apologize. I love you!”

“Okay, let’s go get them!” John said, wiping a tear that now stood out clearly among the beads of sweat.

The four continued forward along the chilling journey through the dark tunnel.

Some time later, after several turns, they came to what seemed the end of the tunnel. Rock and more rock. No visible exit.

Ijyu ran his hands along the walls, trying to find a crack.

“This is very strange. This isn’t a mine. Why would they make such a long tunnel with no destination?” John wondered aloud.

They all groped around the walls.

“Here!” Kami shouted. “It looks like two rocks have been placed together!”

John pulled out a pen, trying to clean out the crack.

“This is a door!” he said a few seconds later. “The problem is, how do we open a door made of stone?”

“That’s not a problem for us!” replied Yania, pulling John back.

“Careful, Yania! They know we’re here! We do not know what is waiting for us behind this door!” Kami advised very quickly.

“That is exactly why, Kami, we have nothing to lose! Everyone behind me!” said Yania, not wanting to wait any longer.

Ijyu put himself ahead of John and Kami, right behind Yania, hoping to protect the three.

Putting both hands on the rock, Yania concentrated. She focused on opening the door. She touched only lightly on the huge, cold stone that blocked their passage. She wished, wished, wished. She wished in the name of Love.

"I can do this," she said to herself. *We must help Madeleine.*

The rock began moving abruptly, opening inward. John pulled his gun, and the four entered.

It was a home, a normal house, just like one that could be above the ground. On the wooden floor were items of antique furniture that had been consumed by time and eaten away by white ants.

Squeaking with each step that the loving visitors took, the floor gradually revealed several pieces of torn clothing, some of which were strewn about on the old, worn furniture.

A large grandfather clock ticked back and forth as its pendulum swung from side to side. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock. It seemed indifferent to the presence of newcomers.

The house appeared abandoned, except that some of the lights were on, in place of the sun, which could not reach it. Most importantly, they all knew that if a grandfather clock was not wound regularly, it would stop.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, insisted the clock, as if wanting to set the pace for a funeral march.

Ijyu, Kami, Yania, and John, with his weapon in hand, kept moving through the various rooms of the house, trying to discover something. There were bits of torn clothing everywhere—many of them—and all seemed to be children's clothing.

While John picked up some of the clothes, he came across some rose-colored girls' pajamas. He noticed the design on the shirt.

"Hey! Look! This is exactly like the pajamas that Madeleine was wearing the night she was kidnapped!"

Ijyu touched the pajamas. "It's not just exactly the same… It is her pajamas!"

"This means that we are on track!" said Kami.

Yania looked around.

"We have to investigate the whole house. We have to make sure we don't miss anything."

They went through the rooms of the house with a fine-toothed comb. There were no exit doors except the one they had entered. No windows. And as for people, it was just the four of them.

Then, in the silence broken only by the dismal tick-tock of the clock, they seemed to hear, far off, the desperate cry of a child.

"Did you guys hear that?"

"Shhhhh!" Yania gently placed her finger over Kami's mouth. The four tried to listen more attentively. They heard another cry.

"It's a child! It's coming from here!" John rushed toward the

kitchen, followed by the three others.

They all tried to be quiet; however, their silence was followed by the silence of the child.

“Was it really from here?” asked Ijyu.

“Let’s wait a little longer,” suggested John. They patiently waited through several long minutes in silence.

“Ayyyyyyyyy!”

“It’s coming from the floor!” they all said at almost the same time. They got down on their knees, looking closely for any opening in the floor of the kitchen. Yania discovered a plastic figure in the form of a cockroach behind an old fridge that no longer worked. Carefully, she touched it with her finger.

Psshhhuuuusssssss.

Immediately, a trap door opened under a table. Very steep stairs appeared, descending into the darkness. Now, they heard the cries and wails not just of one but of several children.

John went first, followed by Ijyu, Kami, and Yania. There were enormous cobwebs everywhere. The four came to the end of the stairs and walked forward along a dark hallway. On the wall were paintings depicting various scenes of violence against children. The paintings were of children being beaten, tortured, raped, murdered, dismembered, and eaten by monsters, hideous monsters of all types.

Dim red lights lit the hall, further highlighting the bright red walls. The smell of blood was everywhere. Ijyu touched a finger to the wall and found that the walls themselves were painted with human blood.

Just then, a creepy voice sounding like that of a witch echoed shrilly down the hall.

“*Welcome to my home!*” it said, followed by wicked laughter.

As they reached the end of the hall, the door opened in front of them. The four were alert for any attack. Yania, Kami, and Ijyu were focused, ready to use their magic at any time.

John, with his pistol in hand, was ready to shoot.

They entered the huge room and saw a moving conveyor belt where many children were slipping and falling. The children were extremely scared, with looks of panic on their faces, but they were not able to get away because there were thousands of monsters throughout the corridor, hideous monsters with horns for noses, wolf ears, feathers instead of hair, and scales all over their bodies. Cobwebs hanging around the room held fast their captured prey.

The four looked closely and realized that these were children who’d been killed and hung in the webs. At the end of the moving treadmill was a great throne where sat a hideous spider-faced

witch. Her diabolical laughter echoed throughout the room. Every child who came to the end of the conveyor was bitten in the heart by the witch, her tongue bristling with thorns and a needle at the tip. Her tongue was more than 30 feet long and penetrated the chest of each little one, killing them instantly. Right after they were bitten, the children were encased by the witch in a dense spider web, then were taken by the monsters and hung in an open place from the towering walls of the room. To the side of the witch, many other bodies of children lay broken on the ground, the most recent meal of the monstrous figure.

The few children who managed to escape the moving walkway were caught quickly by monsters, who stabbed their eyes with their sharp claws and placed them back on the treadmill. Without vision, and bleeding profusely, the children could not again try to escape, and they served as an example for the other children. The terrible laughter of the witch was deafening.

The four had seen enough. By telepathy, Ijyu sent a plan of action to John and the girls.

Putting the plan into practice right away, Kami and Yania shot fireballs toward the monsters on the treadmill and, opening a gap, jumped toward it, pushing the kids off. Ijyu, in turn, killed the monsters who tried to pick up the children, sending annihilating light rays with both hands. John tried to reunite the fleeing children into one group, shooting his gun at all of the monsters that approached; however, the monsters had very thick skin, and the bullets were not enough to kill them. Ijyu realized this and ran toward the group of children to give them cover.

There was chaos in the room. The monsters lurched to and fro, disoriented and roaring like donkeys. The witch continued to laugh hysterically.

Yania and Kami approached the end of the moving walkway, the witch just a few feet from them. They had tried to stop the treadmill several times but weren't able to. They tried again, wishing with all their might, but as soon as they got it to stop, it started moving again. Now they tried again, but it barely stopped before continuing once more. They realized that there were evil spirits above them who were restarting the walkway with psychic energy.

The two girls reached the end of the walkway and shot huge balls of fire at the witch, but the evil spirits surrounding the girls extinguished the balls before they hit their target.

The witch's tongue slithered frantically in the air, waiting for her next meal.

The treadmill stopped. Yania and Kami were surrounded by hundreds of monsters, right in front of the throne of the witch, who continued to laugh like a thousand devils. Ijyu and John were in another part of the room, defending the group of children gathered there.

With the terrible voice of a viper, the witch said to the girls, "The famous heroines who faced the Great Beast himself!" She laughed cruelly. "It's not every day that we receive such honored guests!"

The monsters were roaring fiercely around the girls.

“You know, we have learned so much from you!” she continued. “Your daring feat will never be repeated!”

Yania objected, “If you think that we fear a nasty witch such as yourself, you’re wrong!”

“Yes, you’re just another monster to us!” Kami added.

“Ooohhaaahaaa!” the witch laughed demonically. “Then I will reserve a special place at my table for you. You will be eaten alive for my supper!” Saying that, she pointed her grotesque hand at each of the girls, shooting spider webs to entrap them.

Yania and Kami defended themselves by melting the webs, but the monsters and the millions of evil spirits hovering over them fell upon the two, grabbing them from all sides at the same time as a monster with a white lab coat injected them with a strong anesthetic. They still struggled to free themselves, but their strength quickly yielded to the enormous fatigue and drowsiness caused by the anesthesia. Yania fainted, followed by Kami.

The witch then shot spider webs toward the lifeless bodies of the girls, wrapping them thoroughly with the viscous substance.

“Put them here next to my throne,” she ordered like a rattlesnake. “I’ll eat them shortly! For now, let’s deal with those little worms on the other side of the room.”

The millions of evil spirits rushed headlong toward Ijyu while the witch and the other monsters with her walked briskly toward the group. Ijyu was at first able to repel the attacks, but millions of wicked spirits gripped him from all sides, completely immobilizing him. John, who knew nothing of magic, was detained by four monsters. The children were also immediately surrounded by hundreds of monsters. The witch had managed to get the upper hand, and diabolical laughter began echoing loudly again through the immense room.

The witch came closer to the group. She was now accompanied by her friend, the coordinator of the Judicial Police. “It seems that one of your subordinates has betrayed you,” she commented to the coordinator of the police.

“I told this guy not to mess with us!” the coordinator said, going to the group of children and grabbing a four-year-old girl, who was very frightened and crying loudly.

The witch laughed again.

“Look here, you worm!” said the coordinator to John as he lifted the girl into the air by her neck. “You wanted to protect the children? Then try protecting this one, who will now die right in front of you!” Saying this, he pulled a gun, touching it to the child’s head. Ijyu could do nothing. He was completely immobilized by thousands of monsters, both in body and spirit form, the latter constantly sending waves of evil energy toward him to weaken him and prevent him from using his magic.

John tried to shake loose from the monsters that held him, but was unable. “Kill me, and let that poor child alone!” he shouted angrily.

The coordinator laughed. “Very noble! But I think I’ll kill her first, then you. You know, I warned you that accidents can happen with guns. They sometimes fire by themselves!” He laughed maniacally, forcing the gun inside the girl’s mouth.

Bang! A shot was heard.

The coordinator looked at John with anguish. John had managed to draw his weapon, and he’d had a clear shot at the heart of the coordinator. In response, the monsters that held John cut off the hand holding the pistol.

The monster who had led the Department of Judicial Police, where John worked, fell to the floor, dead, and in turn, the girl fell unharmed upon his huge belly and then went immediately to be with the other children.

“Kill him!” the witch ordered to the monsters holding John, who promptly obeyed, cutting off John’s head.

The witch started laughing diabolically again.

“Today I will have to eat more children for dinner to offset all this exercise I’m doing. I need more calories!” The witch laughed again. “As for you, you nasty being, son of a weak and repugnant God whose very name makes me want to vomit—as for you, I must tell you I do not like adult flesh. It is too tough, so I’ll send you away!” She opened her hand, preparing to cast a deadly spell on Ijyu.

“Can I ask one last wish?” Ijyu asked with great effort.

“I don’t grant wishes to anyone, except for death!” Her shrill, evil laughter echoed again throughout the room.

“I just want you to remember all your achievements,” he said, pausing with extreme fatigue. “All the children you’ve killed without regard.”

The witch filled with pride. “It is true that I have lost count!”

Ijyu continued, “I’ve brought a list of some of them, the names of the children who died most recently at the hands… the hands of darkness.”

“The hands of darkness are principally my hands! Read me the names, and I’ll tell you which ones I ate,” she said, and she ordered the embodied monsters to search him for weapons.

Finding that Ijyu had no weapon, the witch gave orders to the evil spirits to send evil energy into Ijyu without ceasing, only allowing him to use one hand to hold the list.

“If you think you’ll use your pretty little hand to kill me, you’re wrong, because my spiritual servants will constantly mute your magical powers!”

“I won’t kill you. I know that I cannot… just as you know I cannot.”

Indeed, the use of only one hand would not help Ijyu because he had no weapons, and the millions of wicked spirits around him continued to radiate evil waves against him, preventing the use of his magical powers.

With great difficulty, Ijyu removed the list from his shirt pocket. With a huge effort and desperately labored breaths, he began to slowly read the names of children killed by monsters.

“Erica, five, kidnapped, raped, and murdered; Sophia, seven, abducted and strangled; Ana, three, raped and murdered by her father; John, four, kidnapped, raped, and beaten to death; Andrew, four, slapped to death by his mother; Joana, eight, kidnapped, beaten, and murdered by an uncle; Madeleine, three, abducted, beaten, raped, and murdered; Francesca, nine, killed by a fungus that invaded her lungs after a brutal chemotherapy; Fernando, ten, kidnapped, raped, and infected with a bacterium that caused his death; Agnes, nine, poisoned by his mother; Peter, two, raped and drowned in the bathtub by his grandfather; Maria, five, killed by a virus that caused stomach cancer; Anthony, eleven, murdered by a doctor in a surgical operation; Sara, six, kidnapped, raped, and murdered by a policeman; Eduardo, four, killed by kicking by his older brother; Andrea, nine, killed by a cancer caused by the extreme unhappiness in which she lived; Joaquim, three, raped and strangled by a cousin; Catherine, seven, raped and murdered by an employee of the orphanage where she was living; Martha, eight, raped and burned to death by her mother; Ricardo, five, intentionally and fatally run over by his stepfather; Frederica, four, kidnapped, raped, and murdered; Teresa, nine, beaten to death by her teacher; Lucy, five, kidnapped, raped, beaten, and murdered by a president.” He sighed. “I could not write any more names. There are hundreds of thousands in all—”

The witch became angry.

“That’s it? You told me you would read the names of the children I’ve killed, yet only a few of those came to my table!” She puffed herself up even more. “Look at these walls, filled with my trophies!” She pointed to the corpses of the children wrapped in cobwebs. “There are more than fifty thousand!”

“How many more?” he asked, almost fainting from exhaustion. Ijyu was hoping that all the names that he had read had been heard from beyond. His plan in reading them was exactly that, to use them as an invocation.

“The power of darkness is immense because Evil has no scruples! While you all are weak, with all your morals, you cannot even defend yourselves!” She wickedly laughed again.

Suddenly, in the middle of the room, an intense white light appeared, and thousands upon thousands of shining spirits took shape. They were the Spirits of tens of thousands of children killed by monsters, accompanied by several hundred Guardian Angels!

Ijyu smiled.

The light of Love was so great and so strong that the embodied monsters were doing everything possible to cover their eyes.

The newly arrived Love Spirits proceeded hand in hand toward the group, singing a song of great sweetness. On the frontline were Madeleine, Joana, and Francesca, accompanied by Lyndi.

They needed to do nothing more.

The wonderful light emanating from them caused the embodied monsters to explode. The millions of gathered evil spirits squealed like crazy because they felt that immense concentration of Love emanating from all directions. They could not bear it, and they fled in disarray. The witch crawled under a table, trying to protect herself. All other monsters either fled or were destroyed. Ijyu was released. He fell to his knees, exhausted. Madeleine came to him. Ijyu, happy now, looked at her. Madeleine extended her small arms of light and enveloped Ijyu in a sweet, wonderful spiritual embrace, which immediately reinvigorated him.

The Love that emanated to Ijyu was so great that he was 100 percent healed and his magical powers ready for use again. Ijyu cried with happiness.

Madeleine gave him a kiss on the cheek and told him with great affection, “Ijyu, thank you for everything you did for us.”

Joana, meanwhile, made a beautiful gesture with her hands, and many bright little stars appeared. She looked sweetly toward Ijyu. She extended her arms to him, as if drawing in the air the path that the little stars should take. Using her breath, she blew upon them with much Love. Ijyu was quickly surrounded by Joana’s immense affection, represented by thousands of beautiful little stars that flitted around him and, like soap bubbles, popped tenderly as they touched his body. He looked at her with eyes that now seemed to be churning rivers of tears.

“Daughter… sorry it took so long…”

Joana ran to him and covered him with kisses of the same color as the water now running from her eyes, which, joining Ijyu’s tears, seemed to form an endless ocean. “I love you, Daddy!”

To the already stunning beauty of this moment, one more wonderful star was added: Francesca, who had just covered with loving kisses all over the parts of Ijyu’s face and neck that had been missed. Ijyu embraced the three children with inseparable Love.

Meanwhile, several children’s spirits and Guardian Angels freed Yania and Kami, fully healed, from the cobwebs.

The two girls joined Ijyu, Francesca, Joana, and Madeleine, and the six Love Spirits hugged each other tightly.

The three girls in spirit also gave Yania and Kami many loving kisses, thanking them for all they’d done for the children.

Lyndi approached and smiled at Ijyu.

“Did you ever think that we were going to abandon you?”

Ijyu rose, tears of happiness flowing down his face.

“Never, Lyndi! Never!”

The two embraced, filled with love for one another, and gave each other a long and wonderful kiss on the mouth.

Yania suggested to the other girls that they all applaud Love, now especially represented so well by Lyndi and Ijyu’s kiss.

The five began to clap, and all the other Love Spirits did the same, along with the group of children that had just been saved.

Suddenly, Yania remembered John. *Where is he?* she wondered.

They all walked around, looking everywhere before finding his decapitated body on the floor, beside him, the girl he had saved, who was also a Love Spirit. She told Yania what he had done for her in exchange for his own life.

Yania knelt next to the corpse, closed her eyes, and focused on John’s spirit.

Thanks for everything, John. I’m sure you’re safe now. You fought for Love, and Love embraced you into its arms. Welcome among us!

Yania felt that John had already been directed by the Guardian Angels to a planet of Love.

Kami, Ijyu, Lyndi, Francesca, Joana, and Madeleine joined Yania in prayer for John. Lyndi told everyone that John had ended his regeneration and that he was now a Love Spirit, just as they were.

Yania rose from her knees.

“It’s time we deal with that evil witch!”

Kami, Ijyu, and Yania followed Lyndi, Madeleine, Joana, and Francesca, who indicated where the witch had been detained by other Guardian Angels. The witch was tied by a string of intense loving light that eliminated all of her satanic magical powers. Now the witch groaned with anger and fear. Five beautiful guardian angels, two male and three female, guarded the witch, preventing any escape attempt.

“She is all yours, girls!” Ijyu said to the five children.

The girls then took each other’s hands. Madeleine, standing in the middle between Joana, Francesca, Kami, and Yania, smiled without malice at the witch.

“What do you want, Spirits of Light? Did you come to torment me?” the witch asked nervously.

“No, we just came to prove that Love is the most beautiful and powerful force in the whole world!” Kami replied.

“And that we could torture you, as you have done to these children, but we are not the same as you!” added Yania.

“Then release me!” the evil witch cried.

Yania smiled.

“We’re not fools! Let’s first make sure that you will never lift a finger against any child!”

The five girls talked softly together for a few seconds.

“We decided that you will be thrown into the galaxy of Hell and that you will never be able to leave it. If you try to leave, your spirit will be annihilated, and you will cease to exist forever,” Yania said.

“Unless you regenerate. If you regenerate, you will be rescued from Hell. But knowing how bad you are, this will certainly not happen for the next million years,” Kami explained.

“But most likely, it will never happen!”

“Yes, Yania, most likely, because a monster as bad as this one would have a hard time repenting for all the harm she’s done!” added Kami.

“You are absolutely right, disgusting creatures!” responded the angry witch. “I’d rather die forever than become like you!”

The five children made a circle, all holding hands. They all wished intently that the punishment that they’d agreed on would be applied to the witch. The Guardian Angels present heard the wishes of children and agreed that they were just. The girls all stepped back.

Yania had just enough time to say to the witch,

“By the way, as they say in society, he who laughs last laughs loudest!”

The witch had no time to reply. The guardian angels disincarnated her evil spirit and took her immediately and with astonishing speed through outer space and straight to the gates of Hell, into which they threw her. The Love Spirits who kept guard on this dark galaxy were told that this particular monster spirit was not permitted to leave.

Meanwhile, Yania and Kami collected the personal information from the group of liberated children so each could be returned to his or her family.

Madeleine, Francesca, Joana, and all the other children in spirit said a tender goodbye to Ijyu, Yania, and Kami. Most of the guardian angels accompanied them back to the spirit world. Just a

few angels stayed behind, just enough to protect the three until they came out from under the ground, although, admittedly, that was no longer required. The monsters had gone away. It was just a precautionary measure, just in case the Devil had any other tricks.

Finally, all of them made it safely and soundly out of the tunnels. By this time, it was already dark outside. A beautiful, large ship of Love was floating over the sea. The group walked down to where the waves met the beach. How good it was to feel the fresh air of the beach again! And how good it was to see the stars again in the sky!

The ship silently approached the group, and they all entered by the small bridge that extended from the door of the flying object.

Ijyu once again embraced Lyndi, kissing her passionately on the mouth. And then Lyndi kissed Yania and Kami, as well.

Then the ship lifted off, blasting a dense, focused ray of energy that caused the collapse of the witch's entire underground world.

The rescued children were returned, one by one, to their homes.

Usually, the ship touched down in a more deserted area, then Ijyu,

Yania and Kami accompanied the child to his or her home. About three hours later, all the children had been returned, and the ship took Yania, Kami, and Ijyu back to their village. Ijyu thanked the girls from the bottom of his heart for everything they had done for the children and then returned to his home.

Kami and Yania stayed a little while longer in the clearing where the ship had left them. The area was lit by a beautiful full moon, and they wanted to take a little rest right there, beneath the dazzling, fantastic, sparkling stars in the sky.

They sat on a rock surrounded by many flowers.

A nice warm breeze flowed by.

"Kami, I love Love so much. I wish that wickedness did not exist on Earth, just like it is here in our village!" she exclaimed with brightly shining eyes.

"If all the children of the Earth chose Love as we do, certainly, Evil would no longer exist on this planet!" Kami responded with a radiant look.

"I wish so much that children would not be deceived…"

"Yania, it is important that the children of the Earth look to the stars of heaven and speak with them, that they ask for help when they need it, and that they never allow themselves to be mistreated, as all have the right to choose Love."

"I know, just as I did! But how can we get them to look more toward Heaven?"

“That I do not know… but books were important for you…”

“Yes, it’s true! I read in one of my books that the brightest star in the sky was a guardian angel. I believed, and I looked for it, I asked for it, and I am here today at your side because it was real!”

“It would be a good idea, then, if a magical book of Love were written, one of the most magical on Earth, and that this magic enveloped the entire planet, teaching children the truth about Love!”

“Great idea, Kami!”

“Shall we wish for that, then?”

“Yes, let’s do it!”

The two sat facing each other and held hands.

As the formula for their wish, Yania suggested, “We wish that a magical book filled with Love be written, and that this magic touch the hearts of all children who want Love, and inspire them to look for the most beautiful and brightest star in the sky!”

“Yes, we wish this!”

And they both desired it very intensely.

The two looked to heaven, and among the thousands of wonderful stars was a very special one, a very splendid glittering star right at the top of the sky. It seemed to beckon them with its dazzling brightness.

“There she is!” exclaimed Yania, pointing up.

“Yes, it is certainly very beautiful and very bright!”

Yania now looked into the eyes of her friend, contemplating her wonderful soul.

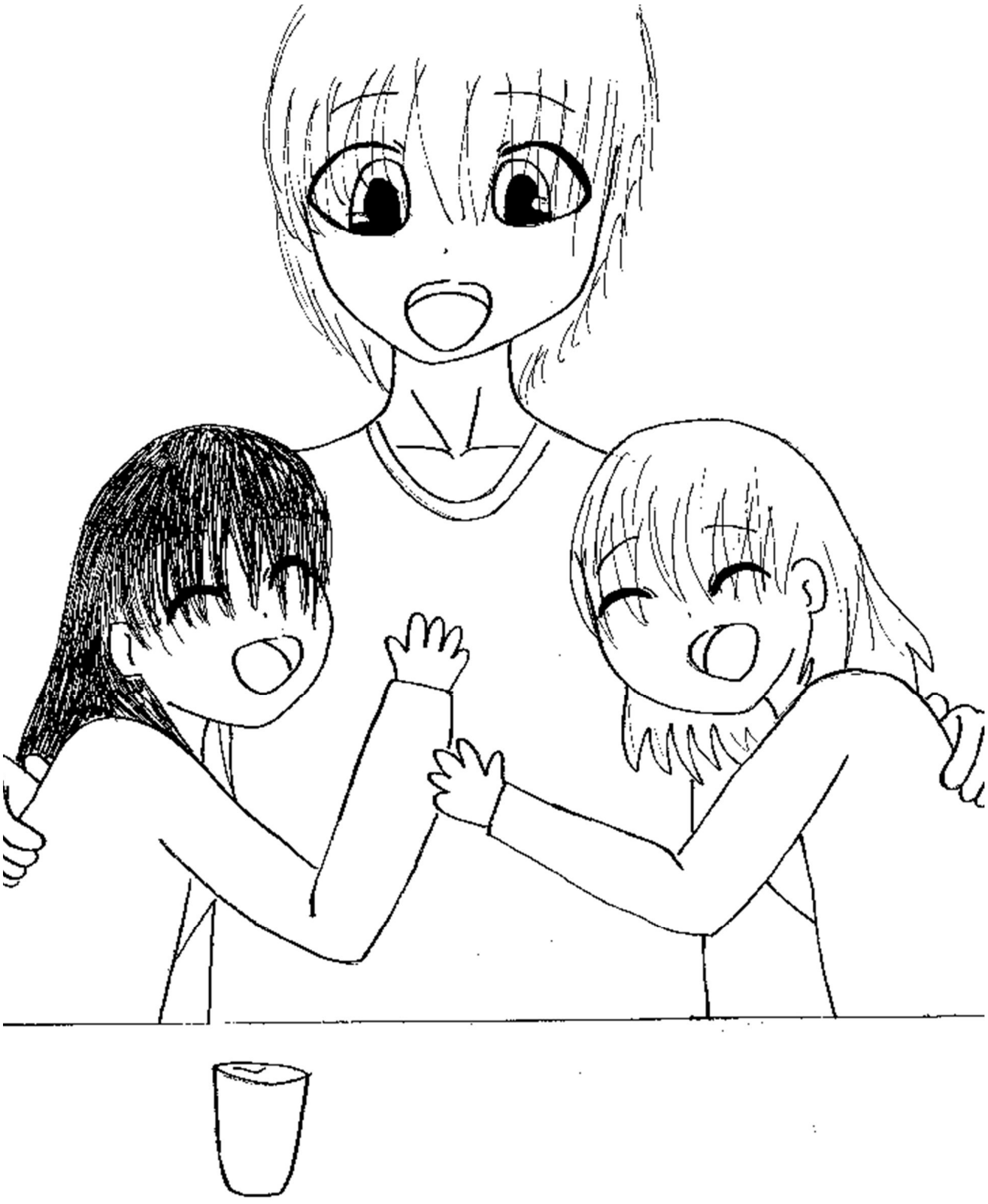
“Kami, how is it possible to hurt someone as beautiful as a Love Spirit?”

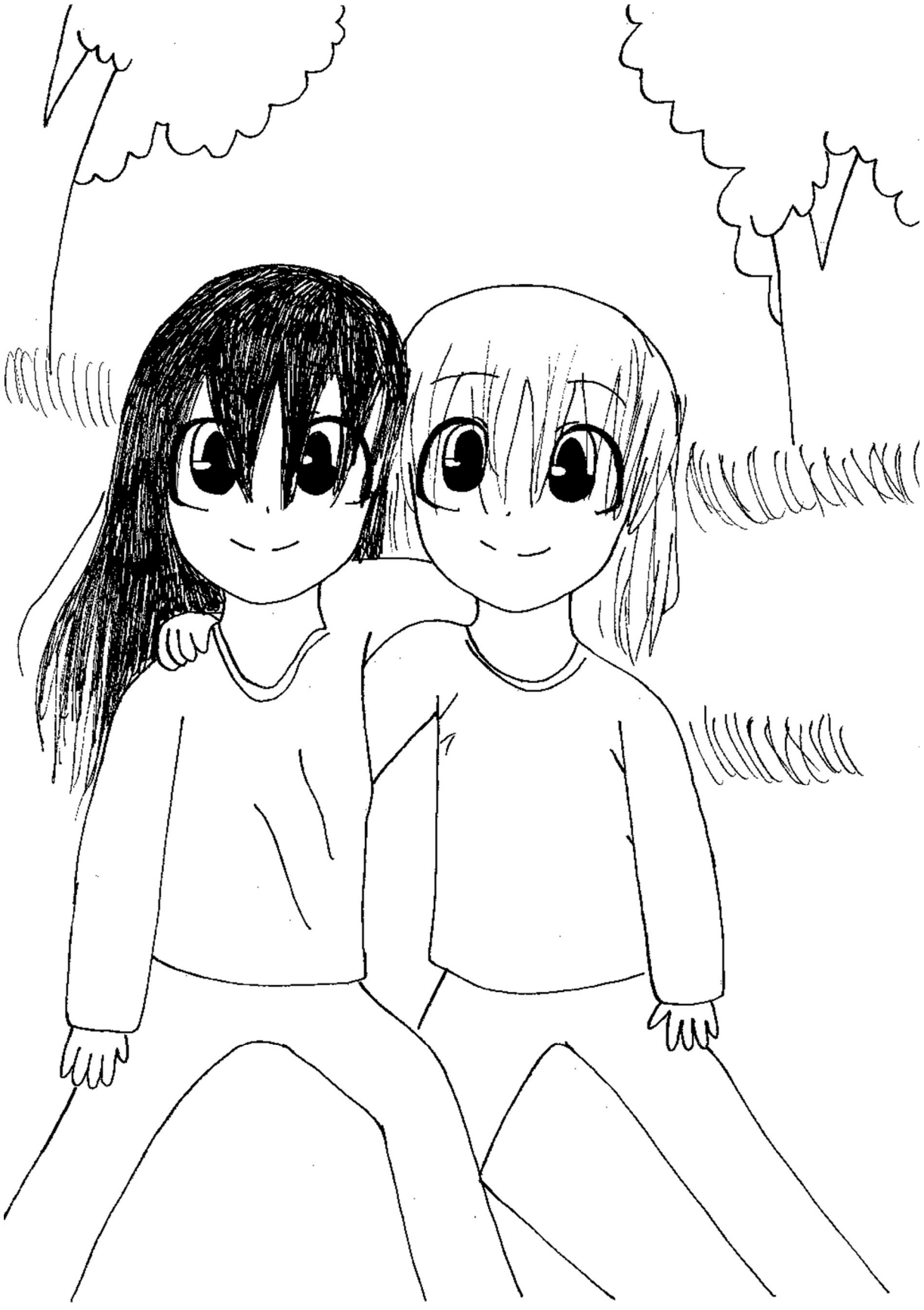
Feeling the Love that emanated from Yania, Kami stared also into Yania’s eyes, meditating on her amazing beauty.

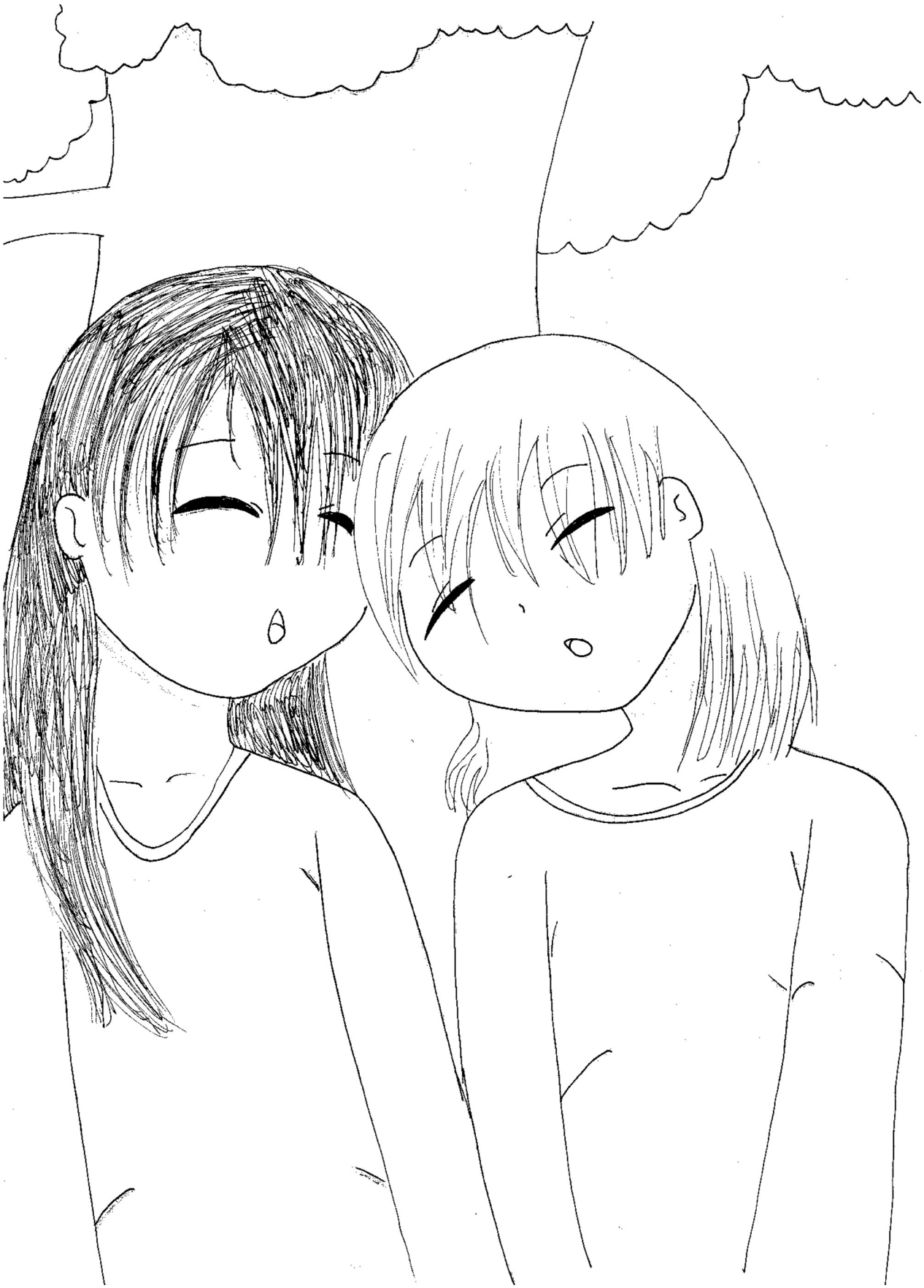
“I look at you, and I also see God,” she said with joy.

They embraced very affectionately, gave lots of kisses to one another, and then ran to the village.

The two friends fully trusted in Love, of which they were part, and its dazzling, magical powers, so they knew that soon, many girls and boys would be gazing at the night sky, looking for the brightest and most beautiful star of all.







About the Book

The Love Spirits – The Children who came from the Stars is a fantastic adventure book which includes non-fictional facts. The author has created a marvelous Love story, making use of his knowledge of decades of study of Parapsychology and Paranormal Sciences, as well as of important information gathered during the investigations he has participated in concerning the kidnappings of Joana Cipriano and Madeleine McCann. The whole book was written using intuitive mediumship received by the author from superior Love Spirits.

About the Author

Marcos Aragao Correia was, during many years, the Lawyer of the mother of the kidnapped and murdered Portuguese little girl Joana Cipriano, abducted in the Algarve just about 12 miles from where Madeleine McCann was kidnapped. He also worked with the Spanish private detective agency Metodo 3, which was the main agency contracted by Madeleine's parents to search for their daughter.

Marcos Aragao Correia, with the institutional support of the Portuguese Lawyers Order and of Amnesty International, was able to prove in courts that his constituent Leonor Cipriano was brutally tortured by several Portuguese police officers, torture perpetrated with the objective of forcing her to emit false confessions concerning the kidnapping of her daughter. The chief of the Portuguese police responsible for the State investigations over the disappearances of both Joana Cipriano and Madeleine McCann was convicted to a 1-year-and-6-month jail sentence for perjury related to the brutal torture that Leonor Cipriano was a victim of. Despite the Portuguese State admitting to the torture committed by its police officers, no government agent has ever served a jail sentence for the crimes they committed during the so-called investigations over the disappearances of children in Portugal.

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