



AMARA'S
SACRIFICE

By Angela K. French

ANGELA K. FRENCH

Amara's Sacrifice

Copyright © 2023 by Angela K. French

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.

Angela K. French asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

Angela K. French has no responsibility for the persistence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party Internet Websites referred to in this publication and does not guarantee that any content on such Websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate.

First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.

Find out more at reedsy.com

Contents

Part I	1
Part II	4
Part III	7
Part IV	12
Part V	16
<i>About the Author</i>	22

Part I

Amara

May 26, 1994, 3:30 a.m.

The contraction was finally easing off. *Breathe, breathe; you can get through this. You do not have a choice. You have to make it. Though if I do not die from all this pain, it will be a miracle. The contractions are getting so close now.* Tears streamed down her face. “I must not grieve now,” she spoke quietly to herself as someone rang her door.

The tall, dark-haired, uniformed man stood in the doorway. “Madam Amara, we have landed. The area is clear for your exit.”

This is it, she thought. I must do this for my children’s future. No choice. She looked down and stuffed the large brown leather book into her blue handmade satchel. The satchel was filled with items from her home that she held dear. She thought of her home, a home and family she would never see again. The man’s dark eyes bore into her. “You have time to change your mind.”

She wished that were true. “I must get to my coordinates.” She looked down at the small device and typed in the numbers. “I do not have much time. My contractions are only around seven minutes apart. The prediction could be off.”

“I wish you would at least allow us to give you pain control.” The man’s deep voice rang out as Amara pushed up from her bed to try and stand.

She felt a large warm hand take hold of her arm, balancing her as she wobbled unsteadily on her feet. They entered the empty hallway leading to

the large exit ramp.

“Antelmo is waiting for you. He has followed everything as planned,” he said.

She looked down the ramp at the huge, seven-foot, strikingly handsome man. Antelmo, better known as Mo, was one of her husband’s most cherished bodyguards, strong and gifted with extensive medical knowledge. He’d arrived over seven months ago to secure a home for her, or should she say a hideout. Her husband simulated Mo’s death and erased all records of his existence, making him untraceable. She was still shocked that he’d agreed to this; this wasn’t the most desirable place to live. He looked up at her with sadness. Though his good friend’s fate was not yet confirmed, the awareness in his eyes told her that he’d heard the predictions. Mo had seen enough to know her husband was never wrong. Just once she wanted him to be wrong, but he wasn’t, and her tears streamed.

There was no time to grieve. Not now. Amara stopped, gasping as the agony ripped through her. Her belly squeezed into the contraction and the unbearable pain blurred her vision. Mo shot up the ramp and lifted her into his large arms.

“Breathe through it,” his deep, raspy, accented voice whispered while she squeezed his arm so hard her fingernails brought blood to the surface. He stood still and cradled her until her contraction eased, then preceded down the ramp into the cold dark night.

“Will you carry me as close to the location as possible?” she breathlessly spoke, looking at the device in her hand.

Mo nodded as he turned to look up at the uniformed man watching from higher up the ramp.

“We will be leaving shortly. You are sure this is your final decision?” the uniformed man asked, looking at both of them.

“Yes,” Amara answered. “It is the only way.”

“As you wish. I have no knowledge of this event taking place.” The man shook his head as he walked back up the ramp. The ramp retracted and her body shivered.

Mo turned and continued to carry Amara into the dense pine trees as

PART I

branches cracked under his feet. The chill in the air was nothing compared to the one in her heart.

“You must be happy that I am here. Now you can leave and get on with your new life,” she said, wanting to think of anything but her own future.

Mo looked at her, narrowing his steel-blue eyes in confusion. “I am here for you, for as long as you need me. I will not leave you alone. I am to stay to see you heal and secure your safety.”

“But you should go back to your home and see your family.”

“I have no one. All my family is gone,” he answered grimly as he continued to carry her effortlessly across the uneven ground of the dense woods.

She tucked herself next to his warm body, which eased her slightly. Her labor pain was still raw but numbed by the horrific events her family had just endured. She was unaware that he’d lost his family. Resting her head on his chest with her hands resting on her belly, she thought of the child she would never know. “After tonight, I will have no one either,” she murmured.

Part II

Amara woke to the sound of clicking and felt her body bouncing up slightly. She realized she was on a rolling bed and being lifted into one of those large boxy bright vehicles they use here to take people to get medical treatment. She had seen these vehicles, and she believed they called them an ambulance. She had learned this while watching Earth television shows and when she was younger and visiting Earth for missions.

Amara's mind was hazy. The last thing she remembered was giving birth, and making sure her baby was breathing and okay. *I did it, I gave birth alone in the forest with no help... alone*, she thought. This was something she had been terrified of thinking about for months leading up to this event. However, everything progressed as planned, with Mo keeping watch in the background beneath the heavy trees. Just after her baby she had named Tatlena was born, Amara was fading from consciousness as the two men approached from the woods, exactly as her husband had seen in his visions. After that, she lost full consciousness. Possibly not just from the birth or blood loss but from the stressful events that had taken place and the events that lay ahead for her from this point. She started feeling nauseous at the thought.

"There you are." The man who was pushing her bed spoke. "We are going to get you hooked up to some fluids, miss. You passed out for a brief time, there," he said as he was untangling some clear tubing. "Those two men called the ambulance for you." He pointed to the two men who had come to her aid in the forest when she intentionally screamed out in order to attract their attention while giving birth. Yet, she screamed from the pain with no thought

of making it intentionally loud as she had originally planned. She glanced at the two men standing outside the doors of the ambulance speaking to a police officer. They looked exactly as visioned even the same clothes, and they were fishing nearby, just as her husband had envisioned.

However, Amara had not seen anything in his prediction about the police officer, which suddenly made her spark with alarm.... *Baby!*

“My baby!” she yelled out.

“Don’t worry, she is just fine,” the man next to her said. “My co-worker Emily checked her over and she is all cozy right now.” He pointed to the bench next to him. Amara’s very small newborn, Tatlena, was wrapped in a gray blanket and sleeping soundly. “I am Bill, by the way, and what is your name?”

“My name is... Laura,” she lied. Tears sparked in her eyes; suddenly not sure she could do this. How was she going to be strong enough to let her baby go? Just leave her, so helpless, here on Earth. A gasp left her lips, and she sucked in a breath. *I cannot do this*, she thought. Xannon quickly entered her mind. A man who was once her best friend...she hated him with all her power. He caused all of this!

“Sorry, Laura, you doing okay? Is the IV hurting you or something?” Bill said as he eyed her arm with the IV line attached with layers of tape.

Amara had initially slipped enough out of consciousness that she had not even felt that an IV had been placed into her arm. She was completely drained, and her mind was so foggy, that she was having difficulty concentrating on the steps she needed to take. She had to focus; there was a lot of work ahead of her. Her mind finally caught up when she noticed Bill staring down at her waiting for a response. “It is fine. I mean, I am fine, yes,” she spoke.

“Okay, good. Well, we are almost at the hospital. Can I ask, what were you doing all alone out in the woods anyway?”

“I was...” Her mind seized. What had she figured out to tell them about the forest? She knew there was a story and she even rehearsed it... but... she took a deep breath to try and calm herself...

Think.

“Hey, it’s okay, Laura, you don’t have to answer. Really. Just relax,” Bill said

AMARA'S SACRIFICE

as she noticed him eyeing her high heart rate on the monitor.

“My bag. I had a blue bag!” Amara suddenly remembered in a second wave of panic. If she lost that satchel, it would be a full-on disaster.

“It’s right here, don’t worry. We didn’t leave it,” Bill said as he pointed to the other end of the bench.

Their vehicle stopped, and her baby Tatlena suddenly let out a loud bolting cry as the doors flew open to the back of the ambulance.

Part III

The Maternity floor

Her hospital room felt sterile and smelled of antiseptic, Amara thought as she stared up at the archaic boxy-looking earth television secured down from the ceiling in front of her bed. The screen was showing a man standing next to a map giving out the current weather forecast. After she and Tatlena were checked over by two doctors on a floor down below, she was brought to this room and the nurse took Tatlena to the nurse's station.

An older woman carrying a clipboard entered her room, wearing a bright pink sweater, and her hair was mostly grey and pulled up into a bun-like fashion. "Hi, my name is Betsy. I am here to get all your information," Betsy spoke as she pulled over a chair and sat next to the bed.

"Hello," Amara spoke. *This was it*, she thought. She has to remember everything from the visions. Her husband had clearly seen and described this woman, even down to the pink sweater she was wearing. Now Amara just needed to play the part and remember the information correctly. She took another deep breath which was no help.

"First of all, congratulations on your new baby girl! I know in all this excitement getting your payment information was delayed, so I will need to get your insurance card first and a driver's license or something that shows who you are," she said and smiled.

"Yes, of course," Amara said as she reached down into her blue satchel. She pulled out the small bag that held her fake driver's license and what was supposed to be a valid health insurance card. Her bag also contained all the

other items she would require to carry out this plan. Mo had arrived months ago to prepare for her arrival. He had devised the alternate identification and documentation Amara would need and placed these items into her satchel for her, before hiding in the trees close by. She dug out the cards and handed them over. *Earth is still quite archaic which made this easy for Mo to create the correct documents and information required. I hope I can do this*, she thought.

Betsy took the cards and eyed them carefully, then started completing the forms. "Huh, interesting."

"Is something wrong?" Amara asked.

"Oh." She giggled. "We have a nurse here with the same last name as yours."

"Do you?" Amara said with fake surprise. When devising the plan, they attempted to think of ways to inadvertently bring this woman to Amara.

"Yes, we have a nurse named Karen Bowers. No relation though, I am guessing."

"No, I don't think so, but would graciously love to meet her," Amara said and smiled.

"Yes, of course, you can. I believe she will likely have you as a patient on the next shift here in a few hours," she said as she glanced down at her watch. "She works the night shift," Betsy said as she continued to fill out the forms.

"Knock, knock," a nurse said as she knocked on the door while pushing it open. At the same time, she rolled in the clear plastic bassinet that held her baby Tatlena swaddled in a white blanket with blue and pink stripes. "I just need to compare bands." The nurse spoke as she walked over and stood at the side of Amara's bed.

Amara held up her left arm to show the hospital bracelet she was given downstairs. She had also changed into what they called a hospital gown which was quite strange and exposing. That is when it dawned on her that she had forgotten to put the change of clothes she had readied in her bag.

"Yep. That little princess is yours, and she is doing great by the way!" she said. "I am Diane. Please press this button to call the nursery," she said as she pointed to the device with multiple-colored buttons attached to a long winding cord, "if you need anything at all." She started to turn to walk out, but quickly spun back around, "Oh, and no name yet, huh?" she said as she

pointed to Amara's sleeping baby and eyed her.

Amara's baby did have a name before everything went awry, yet her baby would never be called Tatlena. She felt another wave of sadness wash over her. She even needed to stop thinking of this name in her head, which she had already done with her husband. She didn't say or recite his name in her mind at all anymore... And she wouldn't ever again. This would be too dangerous if a mind reader happened to be around searching for Amara and could pick up her thoughts. She was aware there are seedlings and transplants here on earth, and usually not the good kind of humans. She needed to keep her mind straight. If the predictions worked, though, someday her baby would know what her real name is. At least she hoped she would. If not, it would be disastrous for many. *"I can't do this! What if the manual is not followed by Karen... Oh, stop!"* Amara shouted inside her head.

"Laura?" Amara looked up and realized the nurse Diane was waiting for the answer. She really needed to stop thinking of all the wrong directions this plan could take, and focus! *Keep a clear mind and carry this plan out, or else everything will go astray.* "Yes, I apologize."

"No apologies. So, you do have a name, then?" Diane asked.

"Sorry, I do not. I am still thinking about this."

"Okay, well, let me or Betsy know when you do."

"Yes, I will," Amara said as Diane turned and exited the room.

"Husband's full name?" Betsy asked as she stared down at the form. At that moment Tatlena let out a cry. Betsy looked over. "Oh, I believe it is dinner time, so Laura I have most of the information I need to get started. I am just going to leave the remaining forms here for you to complete. Does that sound okay?"

"Yes, very well. This will be fine," Amara said as she slowly stood to attend to her baby.

"I will be back in the morning to pick up the completed forms. I will leave you to feed her," Betsy said as she stood and pushed the chair back to its prior position. "Again, congratulations, she is beautiful," she said as she walked towards and out the door.

Amara stared down at her sleeping infant. She had eaten well and had been asleep for nearly two hours now. Amara absorbed every second of the small amount of time she had left with her baby. She tried to memorize everything about Tatlena, seeing bits and pieces of herself and her husband in her baby's tiny, beautiful face. Tatlena's hair was a golden-brown color like her father's. Amara's husband did envision Tatlena as a child and even who she would be as an adult, but he would not reveal all those visions to Amara.

Amara thought back to her very first conversation with her husband. His strong gifts of vision were amazing and very exceptional. He had saved many lives over the years with his predictions. In the simplest way he could, he described how his visions worked to save members of the POGAUS.

You see, Amara, let me give you a scenario. Picture a set of pathways. To make it simple, let's say a man has two pathways to arrive at a destination. Pathway A and pathway B. When I visualize this man's future steps, I see him deciding and taking pathway A because it is the shortest route. However, in my vision around halfway down pathway A, the fencing has failed, and wild animals enter the route attacking the man. Unfortunately, he never makes it to his destination. Yet, when I reverse my vision and transpose the man to take pathway B instead—where the fence is intact—I envision him making it safely to his destination, moving on in life, and never knowing what would have been on that alternate path, all because I instructed him to take pathway B instead. So, part of my job is to watch all the pathways our missions take, and then find the correct and safest directions for each and instruct the change of paths if required.

Amara remembered chuckling inside at this man who was not her husband at the time while he had described the visions and the types of warnings he often sent out to the council. *Go in that direction, not this direction.*

However, much later and once they were secretly married, he started having unintended precognitive dreams as he slept at night, which then became nightmares for them both. Their unborn baby was set to travel on very dangerous Pathway A. Her husband struggled with finding an alternate Pathway B, and all the changes and losses that needed to happen were too

much for her to grasp. Everyone in Amara's inner circle seemed to be sacrificing to get Tatlena here and have a safe future, and for others around her to have a safe future in turn. *Failing this plan now will not happen...cannot happen!* she thought.

Amara's husband recorded this plan step by step by spending hours writing manuals and devising and reworking ways to instruct others on how to keep Tatlena on a safe path and away from the alternate path that would claim her if not. He painstakingly stayed in visions for long periods of time to intricately document the changes that would need to take place day by day as their child grew, the changes in her home, and everyday life, and even the unfortunate demise of some that would ultimately aid in keeping her safe. When Amara's husband finally revealed all that must happen, Amara was utterly heartbroken.

A knock on the door woke Amara from her thoughts. The nurse entered, and she immediately recognized Karen and knew everything about her from the guided visions. Karen and her husband had turned out to be the most perfect choice to be Tatlena's parents. At the same time, the pit of her stomach dropped, knowing that everything was timing out exactly as planned.

"Hello, my name is Karen. I am going to be your nurse for the night." She spoke in a cheery voice. "I see we have the same last name." She smiled and shook her head back and forth. "Maybe we are related somewhere in the universe, huh? How are you doing, Laura?"

"Fine..." Amara answered, feeling more flustered with the foreign name she was going by here. This was it; she had such a small window of time to convince this woman to take and raise her baby.

Part IV

Karen assessed and took Amara's vital signs and proceeded to ask a list of questions. Just as Karen was getting ready to walk toward the door, Amara knew she must approach this conversation as quickly as possible.

"Karen," Amara spoke.

Karen turned back around. "Yes, did you need something?"

Amara just stared for a second, then took a deep breath, not feeling ready for this conversation. "I must speak with you regarding something very important."

Karen looked confused for a second, then said, "Okay, what is it?"

"I...I know you are on a list to adopt a baby," Amara said and watched for Karen's reaction.

Karen looked at Amara suspiciously, "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"You and your husband want to adopt, am I correct?"

"Did someone tell you this?" she spoke with a tinge of anger, or was it surprise in her voice?

Amara inhaled again. She could feel her heart rate fluttering in her chest, as the fear that this woman would reject her offer crept in. "No one told me, I can visualize... I have seen it."

"I don't think I understand," Karen said.

"I have psychic abilities. Yet, that is not why I am here. I know you have tried to adopt in the past, which fell through, and you are currently waiting to adopt. I... I want to offer my baby to you," Amara said as she lightly caressed Tatlena's soft forehead as she slept bundled next to her. She took another deep breath in an attempt to stay calm.

“Laura, that is quite a generous offer. However, this is not the way to go about adoption. There is a lot of legal paperwork and stuff. I am quite concerned as to how you found this information about me, though. Have you been in contact with or work at an adoption agency?”

“I do not. I am able to read people and see their future and the past at times. I have found you purposely.” Amara did have the gifts of a seer, but nowhere to the extent of her husband’s abilities. “Am I correct? You desperately would like to adopt a baby, do you not?”

Karen had a look of shock mixed with confusion on her face, “You are correct. I do want to adopt because I don’t believe I will have any of my own. But...”

Amara cut her off. “It is settled then. My baby will be the best fit for your family. I do promise. However, there are some instructions to follow...”

Karen cut Amara off, “Wait, I can’t just take your baby. You have to understand. Why are you doing this, anyway? Why would you want to give her to me? And how do you expect to get around all the paperwork required?”

“My baby will need a home. I have nowhere to go. If I keep her, she will be in danger. I cannot go into the specific reasons why. As for the paperwork, I have it.” Amara reached into her satchel and pulled out the folder which contained everything Karen would legally require to show adoption. Yet, also included was a second set of paperwork to show that Karen was the actual biological mother, with a true birth certificate and even fake medical records. She handed the folder to Karen. “Please review this information, it will all check out legally. You have the choice of what to tell your daughter, whether to say you gave birth to her or adopted her. You have the paperwork to prove whichever decision you choose.”

Karen took the folder and opened it, eyeing the documents. “You have all of my personal information and my husband’s in here. Are you some type of con artist or something?”

“I do not understand what that means. However, the documents are real. In approximately 45 seconds a nurse named Shelly will enter and summon you to the nursing station to take a call. This call will be from an adoption

agency stating that a newborn baby has been found for you. This will give a clear explanation for the arrival of a new baby and for the work leave you will require. Your family and friends will believe she arrived from this agency. However, it will be my baby that you are given. I will transfer her over to you and your husband in the parking area when I am discharged. Oh, and I will need a change of clothes if you would be so kind. Also have a manual of instructions you must follow, which I will go over with you after you make your rounds tonight.”

“Ok, wait... I never said I would do this. Are you in some sort of trouble? Is something going on with the baby’s father? Is he not in the picture or threatening you in some way? Do you need help? I could call social services or someone to help you.”

“No, please... Do not tell anyone. Doing that would create more danger for her. And you could lose this opportunity to have this baby daughter added to your well-deserved family.” Amara knew not to divulge too much information to Karen. But felt she needed to grasp the urgency. Amara expanded on her explanation, “No one in my family is aware of this baby, and I need to keep it that way,” she lied. “If certain people find out about her existence, she would be in grave danger. Please understand this anonymous adoption is her best option, and you will save her from... the bad directions this will take her. Also, it is imperative that you follow these instructions.” Amara pulled out the manual. “But I must stress to you to never go any further than one day at a time. The manual was written to be used day by day, to be read each morning until just before her eighteenth birthday.”

A knock at the door drew their attention to the woman that was peeking in. She was the nurse named Shelly that Amara had viewed. “Karen?” She called out, “Sorry to bother you, but you have an urgent call at the desk.”

Karen looked at Amara with shock on her face. Amara just gave a slight smile and shrugged. Amara had seen in her mind someone named Shelly answering this important call from Mo, regarding the news of a baby for adoption. For this reason, Mo even opened a small adoption agency under an alias when he arrived months ago. The plan is to give the business over to the caring people who help currently run the business, as soon as Amara’s

baby is safe.

“I will be right there,” Karen said to Shelly, then turned to look at Amara. “If this is true, I will speak with my husband and return for instructions later. I hope this is not a terrible mistake.” She walked quickly towards the door.

“I promise, I know if you take her, you will be happy. I have seen it!” Amara said as Karen exited.

Please say yes, Amara thought. Mo will also help convince her; I know he will. Mo had devised a story of getting to know Amara’s urgent issues and to keep her situation private, due to the safety of the infant involved. He will confess the papers were drawn up by him and are fully legitimate, and not to worry. This is all going to work, it must.

Part V

On the second hospital night for Amara, Karen had returned as her nurse. This was the last night Amara would spend with her infant. Amara had been up most of the night attempting to keep focused even though she struggled to hold back the tears and overwhelming sadness. Karen had returned to her room during every break she could to receive instructions on following the manual. Amara even explained that she was under an alias name to protect all involved. Amara could feel Karen's ambivalence wavering at times. She hoped Karen was grasping all the instructions. Amara felt better when she could detect that Karen was becoming very joyful and excited to finally have a baby, and now willing to risk any possible consequences. Karen had even sat in the hospital bed as Amara took some photos in case Karen wanted to later show Tatlena hospital pictures and create a baby book.

* * *

It was 4:00 a.m. on the second morning and still dark outside as Karen pushed Amara in a wheelchair through the sliding doors of the parking garage. Karen had arranged a very early discharge. This was the perfect time for no one to be around to witness this exchange. Amara knew she must focus on the reason she was here, this was the plan, and Tatlena would be safe and happy. However, her heart was still shattered.

Amara noticed Karen's hands were shaking as she pushed the elevator button. "Oh, goodness, this is happening. I am really doing this..." Karen

repeated under her breath several times, during their trip down the elevator.

Karen was going to name her Abigail, which Amara already knew from the visions, but still saw her name as Tatlena. She peered down into the carrier that was on her lap as they traveled into the garage. Tears were sparking in her eyes, the strength Amara needed to keep seemed to be wavering as well. This was it, the final few moments she would have with her tiny baby. She did not know if she would ever see her again, and...she needed to focus. Remember this moment and know this is for the best.

Once they exited the elevator into the sparsely populated parking garage Amara looked up to Karen. "Push me over there." She spoke as she pointed over to a more private area at the side of the elevators.

Karen pushed her into a small area to the side of the elevator and stopped. Amara could sense Karen suddenly go into a stronger mode of wavering shock and a feeling of not really believing that this was happening. Yet, Karen had been moving back and forth in her feelings, which was expected. This is the final handoff, after this Karen will not be able to change her mind or find Amara, and she was clear on that.

"This isn't right, I shouldn't..." Karen suddenly spoke as she looked down at Amara speaking with urgency.

Amara needed to quickly reassure Karen's constant wavering and indecision. "Please, you must trust me; you will never be exposed if you follow my instructions," Amara said, attempting to add calmness to her voice as she turned and took hold of Karen's hand, hoping she could ease Karen's nervousness, along with soothing her own sadness. Karen squatted down beside her.

"I don't even know your real name," Karen whispered as she leaned closer.

"That would not be wise; seeing my face even poses a risk. She is yours. There will be no indications otherwise. That is what you must have in your heart. Your family will accept your explanation."

"This is crazy. I can't believe I'm going along with this," Karen said as she stared down at the tiny infant and touched her small hand.

"This is your destiny. I took great care to find you," Amara said as she brushed Karen's cheek. Again, she hoped to give out and feel reassurance

about all of this herself.

"You don't even know me."

"Oh, but I do. I know much more about you, and your future, than you know yourself." Amara tried to convince Karen that with her psychic abilities, she could foresee the happiness this baby would bring. Yet, Karen kept insisting there was no way Amara could see a future.

"I told you I don't believe in this psychic stuff."

"You will in time; the proof is set before you," Amara said while clutching Karen's hand in hers. Karen will realize this after reading the manual each day, and seeing how it all plays out as stated.

"But..."

"Please, we do not have much time left." Amara reached into her blue satchel and pulled out the small black bag that held the thick leather-bound manual. She pulled a book halfway out. "You must take great care that this manual is never exposed, even to your friends and family. This will need to be followed as I informed you. Know the dates. Your husband is the only one who should be aware of this manual's existence. Keep it safe, very safe. Lock it up in a hidden place." Amara reiterated the instructions she had already given Karen once earlier.

"What if, for some reason, I can't follow this manual?"

"You will; you must. Her future depends on this, and not just her future but many more. Read it, you will understand soon enough that it is real. There is enough money here to help with what is needed." Amara opened the bag to show Karen the bundle of cash, along with the deed to a house she knew Karen and her husband wanted but could not quite afford the cost to fix it up. Also included were stocks, bonds, and several cashier checks. Mo had put enough funds to know they would never live uncomfortably. Tatlena would have a nice home and all the things she required. Karen would find the remaining items once she emptied the bag.

"Oh, God, I can't believe I'm doing this!" Karen gasped again.

Amara had nearly forgotten the necklace as she quickly reached in and pulled out the small silver box carrying the rantifium diamond set into a long flowing chain of silver. Tatlena's father made it for her. "Please, give this gift

to her for high school graduation.” She then placed it back carefully.

“A gift for graduation? But...why? Can I see what it is?” Karen asked. Amara stared at her for a second then pulled the box out and placed it into Karen’s hand. Karen flipped it open. Amara was hoping she did not ask about the true meaning behind the diamond.

“There is at least a carat, maybe two in this. Is this real?” Karen inquired as she lightly touched the stone.

“Yes, it is real. Please, I need to thank you for all that you have done. Thank you for my clothes and your generosity. We have approximately five minutes and twenty-eight seconds left before discovery. Your husband has arrived.” Amara pointed across the garage.

Karen’s husband had arrived to pick up Tatlena, or she should say Abigail.

“Don’t you want to meet him?” Karen said as she closed the box and stuck it back into the bag.

“That would be unwise. Karen, I must tell you something. I was not sure I should tell you this, but I have decided it is best.” She took Karen’s hands in hers. “The manual will end and a drastic turn of events will happen when her eighteenth birthday arrives. If the manual was followed correctly... Just, please follow the manual as I stated.” Amara had debated telling Karen this turn of events, but just could not find the heart to tell her. The plan was hopefully, Abigail would make it home someday if Karen followed the manual correctly. This meant Abigail would disappear from this home and family she had on Earth at the correct sequence in time.

She needed to know she would be safe.

“I’m not sure I understand. What kind of events?”

“It’s nothing. Do not dwell on this. Time is running out. I must go.” Amara placed the black bag on Karen’s arm, then stood and handed her the baby carrier. Amara bent down and kissed Tatlena on the forehead. “Tatlena, zee ol an ve, I love you.” She said in her native language and felt her heart shattering into pieces.

“Where are you going to go?” Karen asked.

“Please do not be concerned for me, I will be fine. Keep focused on her. Go home, take pictures, and celebrate. Now, you must go, time is narrowing.

Please...go now." Amara was losing everything and felt herself wavering. She needed to go immediately, or she would lose the will to walk away.

Karen swiftly picked up the baby carrier and items and traveled over to the vehicle where her husband was waiting.

Amara walked slowly out of the exit and onto the sidewalk of the garage, not looking back. It was still dark out with a cool mist hitting her face. She inhaled deeply to catch her breath and tried to remain calm as she wiped her tears away.

A large black vehicle with dark-tinted windows pulled up next to her. She stopped in her tracks looking over for confirmation of who the driver was. The passenger window lowered, and she heard Mo's voice. "Madam, let me help you into the vehicle," he said as he placed the vehicle in park mode.

Amara took a deep breath to try and gain her composure. "No," she said as she stepped over to the car and opened the large heavy door. She carefully climbed in and sat in the soft seat and felt cold air vents hitting her directly in the face. Just as she sat, she could see that Mo had exited the car and was now gently closing her door. Then he promptly ran back around the car and swiftly sat and hit the pedals and they were quickly moving away. *Further and further away from my baby*, she thought.

"I have set up a residence for you to heal. We are going now," Mo said as he drove.

Amara felt numb, and unable to think. She just continued to stare out the window, watching the trees pass by. This land was pretty, she thought.

Tatlena is safe. There was no choice.

The Starbinds Series: A Young Adult Fantasy Novel by Angela K. French is now available on Amazon.

PART V



About the Author

*Angela K. French was born and raised in Oklahoma; however, she has spent time living in Hawaii, Northern California, and Maine. While living in Maine she felt inspired to start writing and the ideas for her first book *Starbinds* and the world of science fiction and romance continued to flow. She now lives back in Oklahoma where she is close to family. During the day she is a full-time registered nurse reviewing healthcare claims. She loves writing, traveling, and hanging out with friends and family, or just catching up on the latest and greatest books or television series with her two dogs close by her side.*

You can connect with me on:

f <https://www.facebook.com/angelakfrenchauthor>

🔗 <https://a.co/d/3IWn06U>

🔗 <https://a.co/d/3wZ8888>