

*We warned you the world would end and guess what? We were right. The fifth world is coming. Gaia and her people must prepare.*

## **Hope For a New World**

By Renee W. Peek

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com**

**<https://booklocker.com/books/12419.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**



# Hope For A New World

**Optimistic Planetary Adventure**

Renee W Peek

Copyright © 2025 Renee W. Peek

Print ISBN: 979-8-88531-225-7

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-226-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2025

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data  
Peek, Renee W.

Hope For a New World by Renee W. Peek

Library of Congress Control Number: 2022909817

# Chapter 1

January 2, 2138

The bar was well lit and sparsely populated, the last quarter of a football game playing on the big screen. Maddison Bear's Heart, a fit slender Lakota woman, appeared engaged in the game but in truth her mind was millions of miles away.

"I thought I'd find you here," Came the sharp voice of a woman approaching the table.

Maddison jumped, "Jimmi, you scared me."

"Sorry, I thought you saw me." Ke'ala Kekoa, a short round Hawaiian woman of 63, pulled out a chair and sat down. She was, as usual, wearing a shirt emblazoned with her musical hero Jimi H, explaining why everyone called her Jimmi.

Maddy leaned back and adjusted her chair. "Haven't been sleeping much, so my nerves are a bit frayed. Is Tam with you?"

"Nope, she's back in the room sound asleep. That woman has always been able to sleep anytime, anywhere. She says it keeps her young. That's why we're such a great team. She has the youthful energy and I have the aged wisdom."

Maddison couldn't hold in a laugh at that statement. "Really, aged wisdom?"

“Okay, okay boastful arrogance,” Jimmi confessed, showing her mischievous smile, the kind of smile that brings joy and terror to middle school teachers everywhere.

The years of friendship were obvious in their exchange. Maddy had come to rely on Jimmi’s direct forthright countenance. She knew it was one of her shortcomings, and without Jimmi they would never be where they were today. But then, was that a good thing?

As Maddy slid the beer bottle round the table, Jimmi could see the trepidation growing in her young friend. “How are you feeling about things?”

Maddy’s eyes never left the bottle. “I don’t know---I’m directly responsible for the lives of 230 people and indirectly responsible for the future of the planet and every life here. How do you think I’m feeling?”

It was Jimmi’s turn to laugh. “You’re looking at things like a lawyer, worried about all the fine print, the whys and the wherefores. Look at it from the perspective of an astronomer. I have the luxury of seeing a much much bigger picture, and it *rocks*.”

Maddy looked directly at her friend, “So you have no worries that in exactly 36 hours and 12 minutes we’ll be on a ship headed into space because the planet told us to?”

“Well, when you put it like that, it sounds kind of crazy.”

Maddy took the last swallow of her beer. “When did you know you were on this path?”

Jimmi settled herself in her seat, and ordered another round and some appetizers, “To answer that question we are going to need some sustenance. To be totally honest, I knew the day I was born. My family name means warrior and my first name means path. I never had a chance.”

“Don’t play with me, you wouldn’t have it any other way and you know it.”

“Indeed. I regret nothing of my life choices. We’re working in concert with the most powerful forces in the universe to bring about a new age, a new beginning, and open the door to possibilities beyond our comprehension. I think my bucket list is pretty much done.” I will, however, always remember the first day we met, when it started for both of us.”

Maddy shuddered a bit, “That is emblazoned in my mind as well.”

o o o o

### **Seven years earlier**

February 16, 2133

Major Owen Miller strode to the podium, displaying the perfect posture of a career military man. “Welcome, you are all considered honored and valued stakeholders of the environmental community. I am here to present to you the findings from the report generated by the greatest scientific

minds from around the world. They were brought together to investigate and explain the unique environmental events of the last few years.”

Tucker Bog jumped from his seat near the back of the auditorium. “Events? Are you serious? You’re calling them events? These are disasters!”

The crowd cheered and applauded.

Miller’s forceful voice is heard over the din, “Sir, please let me continue.”

Bog persists, “Why? We’ve heard it all before---we should just relax, you have it all in hand, and we should fall in line and behave. We’ve not come here to listen. We have something to say, and we *will* be heard.”

Applause and cheers fill the room. This time Miller’s voice is drowned out. He attempts to wait out the raucous crowd, but they have better staying power. In the end he gives up. Then the chanting begins...

“Bog, Bog, Bog, Bog...”

Tucker reluctantly makes his way to the stage. His appearance is unassuming --- 40ish, dark curly hair, well-dressed but casual, slightly overweight, with an engaging smile and sparkling eyes. When he arrives at the podium, the chanting reaches a crescendo. He flashes his smile and holds his fist in the air as the applause and cheering begin again. Finally, he tries to quiet the group and get them back in their

seats. Grabbing the mic, he paces the stage, abandoning the podium.

“We know they don’t value or honor us. We know they brought us here to placate us so we stop telling the rest of the world we’re in grave danger. But we will not be stopped!”

The cheering explodes.

Tucker’s eyes light up and his smile endears him to the crowd more. He spends the next hour rallying, empowering, encouraging, endorsing, and authorizing the crowd to unite in their demands for action. After one final explosion of applause, he calls Maddison Bear’s Heart up to the podium.

“This woman is the one that brought me into this fight. She is the one that I look to for guidance and support. She has all the facts and figures. I leave you in her capable hands.”

Maddy’s shocked expression was fortunately well hidden by her long black hair. She fumbled as she tried to gather her notes together, moving awkwardly to the stage. As Tucker offered her the mic, she begged him to present the information himself.

Bog turned to the audience, “Maddy is a bit shy, she’s going to need some encouragement.” A soft ripple of applause flowed through the auditorium again, as he placed the mic back on the podium.

Maddy arranged her notes, leaned into the microphone and began. “Everyone here has read the report the major was



going to present today. We all know it's not only a waste of paper but of precious time, and if things go unchecked, we have little time left. The culmination of well over a century of denial and corporate greed has devastated all life here. In recent years, this planet has experienced desert floods, rainforest droughts, everglades fires, Midwest quakes, and even a new volcano. The peoples of the world must act now, today. With the intelligence, energy and power in this room we can do anything --- we must engage with each other, we are stronger together.

"I have broken down this report into sections specific to each country, identifying the issues you will face politically, militarily, legally and, most challenging of all the corporations that will do everything to block you. It is important to think of this as a rescue rather than a battle. Any protest that even appears aggressive will hurt our cause and as we have seen in the past, will draw blood.

"Please engage with your country men and women, create strategies, share what has worked in the past and be prepared for more resistance than we have ever faced."

Another bit of applause and the group started murmuring and milling about. Maddy spread out her documents, trying to avoid engaging with anyone so she could make a quiet escape, but that was not to be.

As she made her way to the exit, two women moved to block her path. "Where is Gaia in all this? You never mention her once. She's everything, she knows how to stop all this, and you just ignore her. You know her and you ignore her." The

older of the two women, short and round with beautiful bronze skin and salt and pepper hair, was nearly baring her teeth as she questioned Maddy.

Maddison dropped back and actually cringed at the accusations, causing the younger of the two to step between the 'mad dog' and her prey, trying to ease the conflict, "Relax, we don't bite, we just want to talk. Jimmi, back off, this approach will get us nowhere. Let's start again. My name is Tamara Akana, and she is Ke'ala Kekoa. We're from Oahu and want to buy you a cup of coffee and have a chat."

Ke'ala turned away and exhaled exasperatedly. Tamara just smiled at Maddy. "Don't worry I'll protect you and, if necessary, will give her a kick under the table to keep her in line."

o o o o

The mood was more than a little tense in the coffee shop. Maddy sat at the table and fiddled with her mocha as the two older women waited in line for their order. There was a hushed argument between the two. Those watching would have to give the victory over to Tamara. When they finally made their way to the table Ke'ala seemed a bit more subdued, or maybe she was just on a short leash.

Tamara was a slight woman, 49, short, cropped hair, toned, and with well-tanned dark taut skin. She wore a calming smile and sported a soothing voice. "We came here to see you."

"You mean to the coffee shop?"

Ke'ala broke free of her leash, "No, no, no, we came all the way from our beautiful island to Minnesota where there is snow on the ground to meet you."

Maddy was shocked, "What are you saying?"

"You're the key to all this, you silly child. And you've thrown in with the devil himself."

Tamara let her frustration loose, "Damn it all Jimmi, either you calm down or you can wait in the car. This girl has done nothing but care about saving Gaia, and you know it. Now take a long draw off that hot chocolate and settle back in your chair while I do the talking."

Ke'ala looked like a scolded child, but she did as she was told and seemed to deflate a bit as she settled back in her chair.

Tamara sipped her tea and leaned in as she spoke to Maddy. "We have been following your work for the last few years. You've been a driving force behind so many of the groups working to stop the destruction and save, us all really. Your work in the courts is well documented, and you've broken barriers between so many factions that were getting in each other's way. But none of that is why we came to see you. We were sent here to save you, so you could save us."

"That's a little disconcerting. I'm just doing my job, I'm an environmental lawyer."

Ke'ala leaned forward, and before Tam could scold her again, she picked up her hot chocolate and took a long pull off the

mug, swallowed slowly and gave her partner a look to ease her worry. "You, dear girl, are part of Gaia's plan and it's about much more than your job. She sent us here to help you, to take care of you and get you away from that evil, son of a..."

Tam jumped in, "Jimmi!"

Ke'ala moved to the edge of her chair and addressed her partner, "We don't have the luxury of nice and sweet. She said it herself, we're out of time. We stayed away too long. We need to get down to business and find out how little she understands."

Maddy pushed back from the table with such force both women grabbed for their beverages. "I've had enough of this attacking, cajoling and then belittling. It's not something I need to endure right now. Thanks for coming to the conference, and I hope you can find some worthwhile information to take home with you, but we're done here."

o o o o

When Tucker Bog finished shaking hands and schmoozing the conference attendees, he made his way outside for a cigarette. As he lit up, an elite transport rolled to a stop in front of him. The window lowered, and he approached the vehicle, knowing exactly who the passenger was. "Major Miller, I have to compliment you, it couldn't have played out better. I can almost guarantee you and your sponsors that I can put an end to these protests and get these pesky lawsuits out of your way. Of course, I will be expecting you to come through with all of the contracts I requested."

Miller never showed himself in the open window, "You deliver, and we will too."

As the car pulled away Bog saw Maddy stomping her way back to the convention center. He met her at the door, "What has you so hot under the collar?"

Maddy looked at him, her fists tightened, "Exactly what I knew would happen, Gaia. I can't keep denying her --- it's like taking your greatest asset and burying it in the sand. She's how we're going to win this fight."

Tucker shot her that wonderfully weaponized smile of his trying to disarm her. "We've been through this. If we want the military and corporate world to take us seriously, you don't go around saying the earth talks to you. You'll be blown off as a loon, a crazy fringe nutter. We have to play this on their terms. What happened to get you so off track?"

Maddy's jaws clenched, "That's just it, I'm thinking more and more it got me on track. I know you live in the corporate world. You have been so generous with the cause and we've worked so well together these last months, but I have to be true to who I am. I need some time to think this through."

Bog didn't skip a beat, "Of course, I would never want you to be less than who you are. I'll support whatever you decide --- and you know this fight is my fight too. Take some time, whatever you need."

Maddy felt relieved at his response, "There are some people here I need to meet with so I can get my bearings again. I'll be

in touch with you or your office when I have a better idea how I need to proceed.”

Wrapping his arm around her shoulder, Tucker led Maddy back to the auditorium. “We can make sure things are set up for tomorrow and I can walk you over to the hotel. If you want, we can stop for a drink.”

Maddy declined, “It’s been a long day, I just want to get some sleep.”

But she knew she had a stop to make first.

o o o o

Maddy’s heart quickened as she knocked on the hotel room door, silently hoping it would be Tamara that answered. Fortune was not on her side.

“Come to apologize?” Ke’ala’s words dripped with antipathy.

Maddy steeled herself for the encounter, “Not exactly, I’m willing to sit down and hear you out, but I expect you to be respectful. I don’t want to hear any ‘little girl’ ‘child’ or any other derogatory monikers. Is that doable?”

Ke’ala’s facial expression never wavered, “Tomorrow, breakfast downstairs, 6:00,” and the door closed. Not disrespectful, but not exactly respectful either. Maddy was satisfied that at least an attempt was made to meet her criteria. Now to try to find sleep.

## Chapter 2

February 17, 2133

The hotel restaurant seemed to be only seating customers in one section. Nearly half the tables were occupied, with several people sitting at the counter. Maddy was able to locate Tam and Ke'ala easily as they were wearing beautiful, brightly colored blouses that lit up the room. Tam was the first to greet her, getting up, offering a hand and a welcoming smile.

Maddy eagerly reached out her hand and returned the smile, "You ladies are bringing wonderful color to a cold winter morning."

Tam pulled out a chair, to offer Maddy a seat. "Please join us we have a pot of coffee, can I pour you a cup?"

"Thank you, I didn't get much sleep so it would not only be appreciated, but necessary."

Ke'ala reached for the pot, turned over an empty mug and began to pour. "I don't think any of us got much sleep. Me mostly because Tam spent the night scolding and threatening me to behave this morning. She refused to stop nagging me till I capitulated. So I will do my best to obey."

Tam laughed, "You know she doesn't even hear that the explanation of how she's going to be respectful is in fact her being disrespectful. So, I'm hoping you'll meet us halfway here."

Maddy stirred sugar into her coffee more to delay the conversation than to dissolve the sweetener. "I think it's best if I go first here, and you can decide how you want to proceed after that."

Tam and Ke'ala leaned into the table giving Maddy the floor.

"I know Gaia is key, but bringing her into this with the vicious nasty way our opposition is running their fight, puts her and her believers at risk in a way I'm not comfortable with. I have an obligation to her, and by extension to you that I've felt in my heart for as long as I can remember. But the further this goes on and the worse things get, an internal battle is growing in me that's literally making me sick. Then you show up and suddenly feeling sick turns into feeling like my head's going to explode. So there, that's it, now you go."

Several minutes passed before anyone spoke. Ke'ala broke the silence, her voice was subdued, almost caring. "I understand now. She said you knew her. But I thought that was kind of a generalization, you know, like you knew *about* her. But you really do know her."

Maddy exhaled in that painful way you do when you hit the water hard in a belly flop. Her hands clasping the mug were visibly shaking, her eyes focused on nothing, trying to come to terms with what she just heard. "She speaks to you?"

Tam pulled her chair close to Maddy and put her arm around the young woman, whispering softly in her ear. "Take your time, take it in, we're all here for you."



Her muscles relaxed a bit. Ke'ala reached over, refilling her coffee. Maddy sipped slowly letting the warm liquid soothe the tension in her throat before she found her voice. "You actually speak to her. Tell me, what does it sound like, her voice? I always imagined it was melodic like a song, soft, soothing, rhythmic. When did you first hear her? Can you talk to her any time you want? What do you talk about?"

Ke'ala's demeanor changed so completely she appeared a different woman. Her face took on the brightness of her blouse and her eyes sparkled. "Melodic is a perfect description, everyone says something similar, but each of us hear her a little differently."

"Each of us?" Maddy pulled away from Tam, and finally noticed everyone in the restaurant was watching them. As she took in their faces, she felt a sense of recognition, overwhelming intense familiarity, provoking another desperate gasp for air.

As the group tried to make their way to Maddison, Tam leapt up, shielding her from the approach of the well-meaning mob. "I know you've been waiting a long time for this, and you've nothing but good intentions. It may, however, be best to go slowly here and do this a few at a time. Sit back down, order some food and we'll get to each of you in turn.

Now Jimmi, get us some hearty piles of rations --- nourishment first, earth shattering revelations second."

o o o o

Forcing down a forkful of hash browns, Maddy was ready to engage again and started with an easy question. "Tell me, why do you call her Jimmi?"

Tam smiled, "You'll learn quickly that there are very few situations in which this woman cannot find a personal connection, a little-known fact or a song that relates everything back to a singer named Jimi H. There are a lot of things you need to know about us, and we have serious matters to discuss. What say we take care of the introductions quickly and find a more private place we can talk."

Ke'ala didn't hesitate taking the lead. "I think you should meet Panuk and Uki first. They're Inuit from Whitehorse Canada, bush pilots both. It's those two in the booth by the window. Next, just behind them, are Royal and Perri they live in Solvang, California. He's Air Force and she's a large animal vet.

"Sophia and Daniel, over on that side, are from Carmarthen, Wales. She's a doctor, internist, and he's in construction.

"Nikau and Jedda are the two at the end of the counter. They met here, the youngest in the group. They're kind of a volatile pair. He's from New Zealand, a fisherman and surfer, and she's from Australia, a waitress and survival instructor. In so many ways they're alike and in others polar opposites. Zico and Idal are a hoot. They're from Brazil, Amazon sustainability researchers, bigger than life and happy about it.

"Joha is Saami. He's here from Russia with his wife Isa but she's not feeling well so he's struggling a bit. Zyhna and Emory

are Hopi. She's intense and makes me nervous. She's in communication at a level that is beyond us all."

Maddy literally fell back in her chair. "There are so many of them --- I never imagined."

Tam looked at Jimmi, "I told you."

"What does that mean?"

"Jimmi wanted to introduce you to them all. There are 46 more here at the conference, and many don't speak English. I figured it would be easier to take in a smaller number that you could talk to and ask questions. I just want her to acknowledge I was right again."

"The shocks just keep coming. Well let's get started."

o o o o

As Zyhna and her grandson Emory made their way out of the restaurant, Maddy poured herself another cup of coffee. "That was intense, and she said so little."

Ke'ala reached for the coffee, "That's what makes it so unnerving."

As the trio attempted to debrief the experience, a young man approached the table, standing close enough to engage them, but obviously wanting to keep his distance.

Jimmi assumed a protective stance, "Can I help you?"

The nervous looking man made it apparent he was loath to get too close. "I hope so. My name is Bram Leask. My wife, daughter and I have traveled a long way. I'm still not sure why, all I know is she keeps telling me we have to talk to Maddy. Are you her?"

His accent had a Scottish bent that seemed to fit with his mop of red hair. He was a young man, well suited to the outdoors, with a ruddy complexion, and hands that were used to hard work. Worry and distrust were visible in his face.

Standing up with her hand outstretched Maddison approached him, "I'm Maddy, how can I help you?"

The man pointed to the woman and child standing outside, "My daughter says she has information she can only give to you. We've a small Croft on Shetland Island, we've come a long way, a trip we could ill afford. At first I refused to come, but then my daughter got fever and my cows went dry. I can't explain. All I know is, we were made to come, and you must meet my daughter."

Tam was already escorting the pair inside. The woman, Fia, was fair skinned, with short dark curly hair, and she clearly shared her husband's trepidation. The daughter, on the other hand, was joyfully taking in all the sights, greeting people she passed along the way, she had a gorgeous smile and long strawberry blonde hair.

Bram kept a protective hand on his daughter as she rushed to hug Maddy. "My name is Greer and I'm eight years old. I knew

who you were the second I saw you.” Looking to Tam and Jimmi, “I know you both too --- she said you’d be here.”

The trio shared surprised and knowing looks with each other. Maddy sat in a chair, took Greer’s hands in hers, looked her in the eye and asked, “Who is this she?”

Greer giggled, “Why Adelphi, silly, Gaia’s sister.”

## Chapter 3

February 17th, 2133

“Well I got Greer and her parents settled in their room,” Maddy informed Tam and Jimmi as she plopped down on the couch in her hotel suite. “Am I right in thinking this is a shock to the two of you as well?”

Jimmi kicked off her shoes and made herself comfortable on the bed. “Shock is an understatement, but then this gathering has implications that are well beyond what any individual brings to the table. We thought she brought us here for you, but maybe it was so we could all be together for her, and now her sister.”

Tam piled some pillows against the wall so she could sit up on the bed next to Jimmi, “I think you’re right about this being bigger than the individuals. We’re all connected to Gaia. We need to be connected to each other, unify, so we can move forward. We have to be stronger than the corporate military machine trying to take us down, and that little weasel Bog who’s working for them.”

“Oh, that’s just being mean to weasels. He’s nothing more than a pile of guano,” Maddy stated matter-of-factly.

Stunned, Jimmi tried to jump up from the bed, but her round figure fought back. Frustrated, she let loose with some colorful language. Tam gave her a push, getting her upright. “Are you kidding me? You know he’s using you?”

“Who’s using who? In the last four months I’ve gotten him to contribute nearly 850,000 credits to our cause. This conference is all on his dime. He’s definitely running his own game, but I’m running one too. Not mentioning Gaia was part of his agenda, but trust me, I would never let him near her or anyone that could speak to her. Who knows what he would do with that?”

Jimmi looked Maddy in the eye, “You are truly not what I expected, I apologize for how we met, not my finest hour.”

Tam was stunned, “Woman I don’t think I have ever heard those words pass your lips in all the years I’ve known you.”

“Oh stop, I’ve said it a thousand times to you. Certainly not as many as I should have, but plenty. Now let’s see if we can have an intro do over and allow this girl to know the real us.

“Aloha, I am Ke’ala Kekoa, but my friends call me Jimmi. I’m native Hawaiian and I live on Oahu. I’m an astronomer out of an observatory in Kaneohe. My grandfather introduced me to Gaia when I was six years old. She spoke to him; he was a healer and a musician. When he played the drum, you could feel it in your bones. He made your body vibrate in harmony; if you were sick it went away like magic, Jimi H. could do that too.”

“Before you start going on and on about your name sake it’s my turn. My name is Tamara Akana. I too am Native Hawaiian, 49 years old and a marine biologist. I work on Oahu with the Marine Animal Rescue Service. Gaia first spoke to me when I was 22. She speaks to me when I’m in the water and only then.

Each one's communication is unique and personal. There, however, has been a unifying theme in recent months --- you. It seems you are the one to handle the destruction, annihilation and carnage headed our way."

Maddy perked up at that, "Sorry, carnage?"

Jimmi spoke in monotone, "There is something coming, we all know it, but have no idea what it is, what form it will take, how serious it will be, when where, nothing. Just that we need you to deal with it."

"Well that sounds easy enough. Come on, are you guys nuts?"

Tam smiled, "Very probably."

o o o o

Tucker Bog was taking his ire out on any and everyone, "Where is she? This paperwork needs to be handled, the caterer has questions, and one of her speakers is nowhere to be found. Half of these people don't speak English and can't find their way to the breakout sessions. These are her people, Maddison needs to handle them. Find her!"

The conference was actually going very smoothly as it was never meant to be what Bog intended. It was a gathering of followers of Gaia. They were taking advantage of the random disruptions to meet and share thoughts and information. They of course were the cause of the random disruptions.



Maddy's absence was merely physical, talk of her ran through the assembly. Information shared by those who met her was communicated almost like an electrical current. This conference was growing the power exactly as intended.

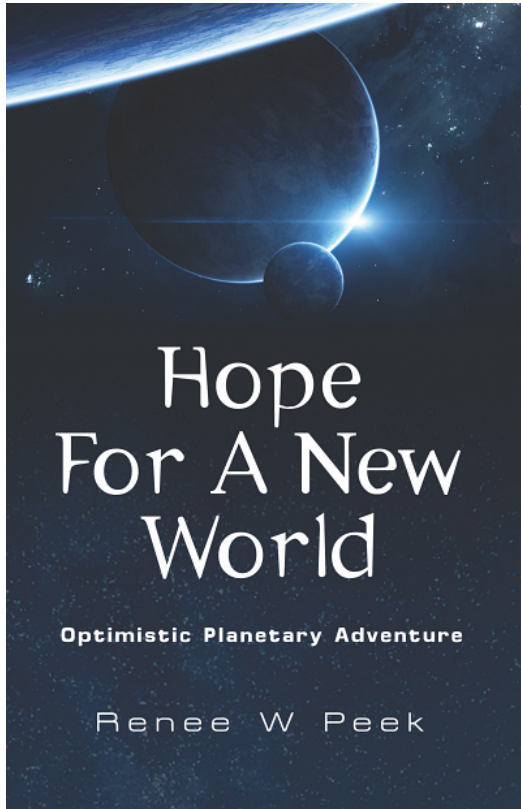
o o o o

Tucker pounded on Maddy's door. "Where were you all day? I know you wanted some space, but you have commitments to see this conference through."

Maddy was trying to wake up, "What time is it? I was in bed."

"2:45 AM I've been trying to fix all this mess by myself. I'm not doing this tomorrow, you need to get back to work."

She uttered one word, "fine," and slammed the door.



*We warned you the world would end and guess what? We were right. The fifth world is coming. Gaia and her people must prepare.*

## **Hope For a New World**

By Renee W. Peek

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com**

**<https://booklocker.com/books/12419.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**