

Zoe Evans is a young girl on a mission to understand the secrets of her family's history. From an early age she has heard stories about her grandfather, Jasper Evans, who had a crystal that shined like the sun. In a chance meeting with the Voice, Zoe acquires a crystal not of this world and begins a life-long journey of learning about herself and the possible worlds that exist around her.

Zoe Evans' Possible Worlds the Crystal

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A detailed illustration of a young woman with dark hair in pigtails, wearing a light blue button-down shirt. She is holding a glowing, multi-faceted crystal in her hands, with bright light radiating from it. The background is a dark, atmospheric scene with a lantern on the left and a window in the distance.

*Valentine
St Aubyn*

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Chapter One

Dear Diary,

My life changed dramatically all those years ago. I finally found the answers to what I had been searching for. Life certainly became an adventure as the years passed by and I still enjoy thinking back to those early days...Zoe

My name is Zoe Evans and I would like to share with you my journey that started many years ago when I was only a young girl. It is now 2056 and the world I live in is very different from the one I was born into. I'm an old woman now and I have seen many changes over the decades. There have been great innovations in the scientific world that have proven the many things I always knew were true when I was younger. Yes, the Aquarius Age has truly arrived, although with a few bumps along the way. Many of us made it through the years of the Great Shift, as it is now remembered, which brought in its wake discontent. But many others didn't. World economies and governments crumbled one by one. Not because of war, although there were a few, but just because it was time.

Parts of our planet are no longer habitable due to the extreme earthquakes and volcanoes that wiped out large

populated areas, alongside unstable weather patterns that caused displacement. But within all of this a new consciousness has finally reached the planet and now we are beginning to plant the seeds for a new way of living. Time no longer exists the way it used to and what was once thought impossible can now be proven and created through science. Including time travel machines.

You see there are many possible worlds that exist around us we just have to be open to see them and be willing to learn more about them. I am not going to share with you a story about witches, wizards and magic. These stories are great to read and I always enjoyed reading them when I was younger, but my story is a bit different, it is about understanding time and reality and all of the worlds and dimensions that exist around us.

So, let me take you back to a time when I was much younger and when life was simpler. My memories after all of the many years I have lived are still sharp and clear and I remember so much detail from those early days.

Back then I used to spend a lot of my time at my grandmother's house. Cynthia Roberta Evans was her name, a very distinguished name for a very distinguished lady. I loved my grandmother she was a kind and generous woman. Her strength was a light to follow and she instilled in all of her

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nine children the wisdom and will to live. She was a mid-wife, a mother of nine, and a grandmother. My mother worked very hard and she didn't like to leave me alone. So, I spent most of my days after school accompanying my grandmother on her rounds.

My mother's family grew up in an old Victorian detached house located in Forest Hill, South London. It had its own character just as all of the other houses on Vancouver Road did. The children of the 60s became the teenagers of the 70s and by the 80s, what was once a vibrant and youthful place to live became a sleepy street with only a few children left to pass on the legacy.

The house was enclosed within a brick wall that separated it from the neighbouring houses on either side. The wall was worn and crumbly with a small black gate that creaked whenever anyone entered into the front garden. There was a large bay window on the ground floor and two larger windows on the floor above. The top level of the house had a small window that arched out like an awning. That window belonged to the small attic room.

The house always looked as if it had a story to tell. The windows were old and draughty and the entire place was in need of a good paint. In front, there were a few bushes that were never taken care of. Unlike our neighbours next door,

my grandmother didn't have any roses or warm plants adorning the front. Raising nine children took its toll and she didn't have the time to spend gardening and fixing up the house.

To walk down the tree-lined street adorned with its weeping willows and bright coloured roses made you believe that it was just another ordinary neighbourhood. But the events that used to happen at my grandmother's house proved to all of us in the family that this was no ordinary house.

Whenever I was there, every once in a while, something odd would happen around me. Something that was just simply unexplainable. I would always dismiss these happenings as just another weird occurrence. Over the years, I became immune from the usual fear of seeing ghosts, but I would be lying if I said I was never scared when something would happen. Sometimes things would move by themselves or a strange voice could be heard out of nowhere. But I knew I wasn't alone in my trials and tribulations everyone had a story to tell. Usually, everybody would just laugh it off. But there was a deeper story behind the one that I heard my family talking about, and from a young age I became obsessed with learning more.

My grandfather died the same year my father passed away; 1974 was a hard year for the whole family. When my

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grandfather was alive, he had a few friends who lived on our road. One in particular was Mr. Plank who lived across the street from us. My mother and his daughter Kate Plank were good friends while growing up. Just as Imogene, her daughter, and I were good friends. Mr. Plank and my grandfather were inseparable in childhood as well as in adulthood. I remember him slightly. I was about five when he died. He had piercing blue eyes and pale white blond hair. His skin was extremely fair, almost ghost-like. He was tall and bony and had an awful cough from all of the cigarettes he used to smoke. His smile scared me. Most of his teeth had rotted and fallen out and he always smelled like he needed a good wash. I used to hate it when he would make me give him a hug. But nevertheless he was an old friend of the family.

My grandfather and Mr. Plank belonged to a secret society that nobody in the family was able to talk about. Their friendship went back many years and they both had a burning desire to understand the deeper mysteries of life. I was always told that Mr. Plank was an intelligent man, although in his later years this was hard to believe just by looking at his appearance. My grandfather first met Mr. Plank in Jamaica when he was a young boy. Jeremy Plank grew up in Jamaica rich and privileged. He was a third generation white Jamaican, but didn't agree with the old colonial views held by

his family. He moved to England in the early 50s and bought his house on Vancouver Road. My grandfather and Mr. Plank stayed in touch during this period. Until eventually my grandparents decided to move to England as well.

It was Jeremy Plank who got my grandfather involved in the society. He introduced him to one of the key members. My grandfather found him so intriguing that he decided that this man's house was the one he wanted. Not much is known about the identity of this person whom the house was bought from. But he was a man of importance within the society and a very powerful person. According to my grandfather, he found the house to have an incredible energy. Most people would have sensed that there was something not right, but my grandfather saw the complete opposite. When viewing the house he saw a ghost sitting in the living room smoking a pipe and decided this was where he wanted to live. But of course, nobody was ever allowed to discuss this story. My grandmother made talk like this forbidden.

The members of the society held their meetings in the little church that was located at the end of Vancouver Road. The church stood quietly alone with its yellow daffodils that came to life each spring. The old exterior was a constant reminder of its previous Victorian days. I hated to be alone in the courtyard. There were a display of graves and each

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headstone was marked faintly with the names and years showing the variety of families that once inhabited this unassuming road. Some of the graves were arranged into small families. Others stood blankly only able to show the deterioration of their once glorious years. There was an obvious melancholy feel to the church that resembled the feeling on Vancouver Road. The neighbourhood had survived World War I and II and there was an oppressive feel that hovered over this once lively place.

No one quite knew what the members of the society were doing at their meetings in the church. My mother once told me that it was probably the only place where they were safe. Only my grandmother, Mrs. Evans, knew what they were really getting up to, but she would never discuss anything with the children. 'You don't need to know, worry about something else,' she would often say when my Aunt Laila or Jermaine would ask questions. She was a Christian woman and didn't approve of all the things that my grandfather did. And she was determined not to have any of her children get caught up in the society. My grandparents had an unspoken understanding. My grandfather wasn't allowed to talk about what he did, and nobody was allowed to ask questions.

Growing up and hearing all of the stories that everybody spoke about did not stop me from wanting to

discover all of the hidden secrets that my family held and my grandmother's house was the best place for me to begin my lifelong investigation.

I used to spend hours alone in the small attic room that used to belong to my Aunt Serena when she was younger. There was a peculiarity about the room. It had a musty odour. The wooden beams that hung from the ceiling were always covered with white spirally webs. The old wallpaper that was once in vogue hung from the walls begging to be replaced. The thin veneer of carpet was old and full of dirt, and only kept to cover up the dusty floorboards that lay beneath.

When Aunt Serena lived in the room, she always claimed that she was never alone. A young girl would often appear in her dreams telling her that she was once a prisoner in this room. My aunt continually had horrific nightmares until one day it culminated in desperate tears. After that day, she never wanted to sleep in the room again. From that moment on the room lay dormant only to be used as a refuse for all of the family's junk.

The room was self-contained with a small hallway that led into a secluded bathroom. Sometimes when I was alone, I had moments when I would hear and feel things. But I always used to remember what my grandmother used to say, 'As long as I'm around I'll have no bad spirits in my house.' I took

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comfort in her words and enjoyed the room as a treasure and not as a nuisance. I enjoyed rummaging through all of the junk that had built up over the years. This room and the cellar were the two places that I could go to gather information. However, I should stress that I didn't like going into the cellar very often. It was too dark and damp, and I always felt as if somebody was watching me when I was down there. But I didn't mind being in the attic by myself. There was a small window that would allow the rays of the sun to filter through, and sometimes when I would sit there alone the rays of the sun would touch my face and I'd feel warm and safe.

I would pretend that I was an investigator trying to piece all of the clues of my family together. The room was filled with all sorts of vintage junk from old furniture to old handbags. There were also a few old photo albums lying around showing off the family when they were still living in Jamaica. My Aunts Laila and Jermaine, and my Uncle Richard weren't even born then. And I was only a twinkle in my mother's young eyes. I used to enjoy looking at the photos and seeing how everything was all those years ago.

I used to play dress up in my grandmother's old clothes pretending I was travelling across the sea to come to England for the first time. The room was a wonderland for me, and my mother and grandmother both knew it as well. I

never encountered the young girl that my aunt spoke of, but when I would play in the room there was always a hint that I was never quite alone.

The living room was my least favourite room of the house. It was large with a glass partition that divided it into two parts. Nobody was allowed to go into the formal side except on important occasions. My grandmother took great pride in decorating that room. It was filled with a mahogany coloured leather suite. There were expensive marble tables with Greek goddesses etched into the frame. And a few plants sat around the room looking vacant, adding a luxurious tone.

The other side of the living room was more basic opposed to the formal side. It was a normal room filled with old furniture that nobody wanted to throw out. There was a worn-out piano that sat next to the fireplace and a grey settee that showed its age. An old oak table sat in the far corner taking up a large amount of space and the carpet was a plush forest green that hadn't been changed for many years. This part of the living room was quite dark. There was a small window and side door to the garden that allowed a shallow amount of sun to shine through. But the character of the room often looked lonely and foreboding and it felt troubled. There seemed to be a constant unfriendly presence in that room.

Although my grandmother did not like to discuss what

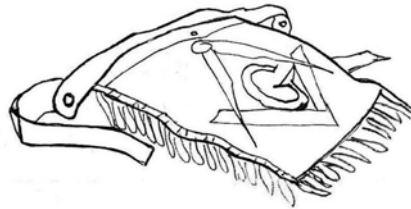
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my grandfather used to get up to, we all knew that some kind of witchcraft must have been practised in the house by the previous owner. The evidence for this was found throughout the house. There was a strange painting with people dressed in black robes standing around a coffin which hung above the fireplace in the living room when the family first moved in. There were also other morbid paintings found on the walls around the house that were never destroyed. My grandmother promptly removed them and put them into the cellar where they sat only to age in time, as she could not bear to look at them. For some odd reason, my grandfather refused to have them sent away and burned. He believed that if this were done it would have brought bad luck onto the family.

The doorknobs had strange creatures encrypted on them. They were never removed even though my grandmother insisted that they should be replaced. These frightful creatures on the doorknobs used to scare me and I would often have bad dreams about them. They were strange looking gremlins with large ears and huge round eyes. Sometimes I would stare deeply at the images and would feel as if they were staring back at me. Their eyes would stab deep into my soul and I always felt that they were just biding their time until they were given the gift of life. All of these signs only strengthened the fact that there was something

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mysterious and odd about the home where my mother's family grew up, and that there was something very strange about Mr. Evans, my grandfather.



Chapter Two

Dear Diary,

I remember every moment of those years. Oh how I thought my life was going to change. It didn't. At least not right away. But what a moment in time that was...Zoe

Considering the peculiarity of my family, even from a very young age, I always knew that I was different yet it seemed so commonplace and natural. I began to understand just how strange and unusual my life was compared to others soon after I turned seven. That year an event that altered my life changed the way I thought about myself, and the way I viewed the world around me forever. My grandmother's house was of course the catalyst for this great change.

I had often overheard my mother and her sisters sitting around talking about my grandfather and this strange crystal he had that illuminated like the sun. He found it when he was just a young boy, but soon after he moved the family to England, he mysteriously lost this magical gift. The whispers of my family suggested that he was able to tap into other worlds while using this object. What kinds of worlds and

where he could go were unknown as his story was shrouded in secrecy. At the time I didn't quite understand what everyone was talking about, but an experience of my own soon brought me closer to deciphering his long hidden secrets.

It was in December 1979 that my reality and perception of the world began to really change and take form. I was yearning to learn more about the family and sensed that something new was in the air. At the time I was a lanky child, with light-brown skin and inquisitive dainty features. I was an average sized seven year old, but with a quick and alert mind.

The events first began to unfold during a typical British winter's day. After a succession of dreary afternoons, that day in mid-December shone more brightly than any other winter day I could remember that year. The sky was an ominous grey with a hint of light rain and the wind was ferocious circling around the tops of the trees on Vancouver Road. My grandmother and I returned after seeing one of her patients who was expecting a baby in January. I sat in the living room close to the fireplace watching television as I usually did, while my grandmother arranged something light for me to eat.

'Whew, it's cold out there today,' she said kissing me softly on my forehead while placing a soft slice of cake and a warm drink into my delicate small hands. She left the room

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and her angelic voice hummed throughout the house as she walked up the creaky staircase to change out of her midwife's uniform.

I sat in the living room lost in my own world unaware of the events that were about to unfold. I sat comfortably in front of the television entertaining myself while eating my cake when, strangely, I heard an eerie noise. It startled me and I jumped out of fright. The noise was an obtrusive scratching sound and it came from the fireplace. I looked over my shoulder and stared. Nothing happened and the noise quickly subsided.

I continued to eat, watching television and singing along to the songs but the sound echoed throughout the room once again. The howling of the wind only added to the intrigue and tension and it shuddered through me as it traversed through the fireplace dying down after a few minutes. I tried to relax and continued to eat but deep down inside I felt uneasy. As the minutes passed, my attention once again became drawn to the television. Then suddenly I heard my name being called from the direction of the fireplace.

'Zo..e..ee.,' the voice cried out in a low whisper.

It was faint and indefinable. I wasn't sure if the wind was making the sound or if I was just hearing things. I moved closer to the fireplace and my eyes danced around the room

looking to see if anything or anyone was there. But the room was empty and it seemed as if I were alone. I leaned my head closer to the fireplace waiting for my name to be called out once again. My heart beat furiously as I sat bent over with my head close to the flames of the fire. I was indecisive as to what to do. Strange things had been happening around the house during those months. One of my grandmother's pearl earrings had disappeared for a few weeks and then strangely reappeared. A few weeks before that, one evening when my Aunt Jermaine and I were sitting in the living room, a little old man with a cane dressed in a gentlemen's suit walked in and then vanished right in front of our eyes.

I felt afraid as I sat looking around the room waiting. My heart was beating so fast that I couldn't think clearly.

I moved away from the fireplace and turned the television off and sat on the settee in silence. Everything around me was quiet except for my breathing. I watched intently as the flames of the fire danced around. If something was going to happen, I would be ready. So I sat there, resigned to my fate waiting for the next moment to arrive.

Finally, that moment did come and I heard the faint voice again as it echoed around the room, 'In time you will learn your destiny.'

I looked around frantically but I couldn't see anyone.

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But a young girl's voice had clearly spoken. It was different from any voice I had ever heard before. She sounded far away but yet close. I sat confused and scared. What was destiny? And who was this mysterious person speaking to me?

The voice suddenly spoke again, 'In time you will learn your destiny, you will soon find what you've been looking for. It's time for you to wake up Zoe, and remember.'

I jumped up startled and afraid and looked around the room determined to see if anyone else was in the room with me. The large antique clock that hung above the fireplace ticked steadily as I stood looking around. There was a strange feeling in the room, as if it were frozen in time. But the clock continued to tick and my heart pounded harder as I waited to see what would happen next. Everything remained still and quiet. Only the faint sound of my grandmother's humming could be heard from upstairs. I stood in silence full of fear unable to move and even afraid to breathe. I felt like I had been standing for hours. But only a few minutes had passed when I finally heard my grandmother's footsteps walking down the creaky staircase.

'What's the matter child, have you seen something?' she asked looking deeply into my eyes as she walked into the room. I couldn't help but reflect the fear that I was feeling across my face. 'You know what this house is like.'

Her voice was comforting as she stroked my face.

She wrapped her grey cardigan close to her thick, round body. I nodded my head in agreement, but I still wasn't sure what had just happened to me.

'Come, help me prepare some dinner, it's getting on and the others will be home from school soon,' she said as she walked around the room humming.

I could tell that she was uncomfortable. She would often hum around the house if she felt or sensed anything odd. As she hummed I could see a flash of uncertainty in her eyes that made me feel even more scared.

'Grandmum, did you hear anything while you were coming downstairs?'

'No, only the wind, it's very windy today almost an angry kind of wind, like something is going to happen. Try not to worry yourself whatever was down here bothering you will soon disappear.' She looked around the room one last time and switched the television back on, 'I'll have no bad spirits in this house,' she said raising her fists towards the air. 'Come Zoe, come into the kitchen and help me. I'm not as young as I used to be you know.'

I continued to look around the room as she made no delay and made her exit. I was afraid to be left alone so I followed quickly behind still looking around the room one last

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time. I walked through the dark, narrow hallway that led into the kitchen and found a comfortable spot on one of the stools at the counter.

‘The temperature is dropping can you feel it?’ she asked clasping her hands together to find warmth.

‘My teacher at school thinks it's going to snow sometime this week.’

‘I wouldn’t be surprised,’ my grandmother said as the kettle began to boil.

I watched silently as she took the kettle off of the stove. She paced around the room reacting to the cold temperature and then suddenly placed her hands close to her chest.

‘What’s wrong, Grandmum?’

‘Oh it’s nothing, just my chest I’ve been feeling tightness there occasionally. It’s been bothering me on and off for a while, but nothing to worry about,’ she said flashing a warm smile as she spoke in a faint West Indian accent. ‘It must be the change in temperature. My body is getting too old for this British weather.’

The kitchen was extremely spacious and there was always a draught that could be felt during the wintertime. It came from the side door that led into the back garden. The door was old and barely hung onto its hinges. Nobody could

be bothered to fix it. The appliances in the kitchen were outdated. Most of everything in my grandmother's house was old and outdated. The family had been living there since the early 60s and times and trends had moved on. But she didn't care about having the latest up to the minute things. As long as they were functional that was good enough for her.

There was a yellowish tint to the walls in the kitchen. They hadn't been painted in years. The grease and fumes from all of the cooking migrated to the ceiling giving the room a hazy dingy glow. Most of my grandmother's children were all grown up except for the three youngest, Jermaine, Laila and Richard. To get anyone to do anything around the house was always difficult. So, things would always take a long time before getting finished.

'Zoe, can you check the radiator and see if it's working for me love?'

I moved my body from the stool and ran my hands over the radiator. The warmth of the heat covered my cold hands like a blanket and I stood feeling cosy and warm.

'I assume it is working,' my grandmother said smiling towards me as she watched as I jumped up and down reacting to the heat.

'Thank God, Neville fixed it! I've been asking that boy to sort it out for the last year.'

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She poured the hot water into a teapot while I stood fiddling with a piece of string that dangled from the radiator.

‘You’re very quiet today.’

I remained quiet and shrugged my shoulders glancing out of the side door. My grandmother could see a change in my attitude from earlier in the day. She was a wise woman and knew me well.

‘School go alright today?’ she asked as she pulled out an arrangement of vegetables from the fridge.

‘Yeah, school was fine,’ I said in a short voice walking back to the counter.

‘Well, something isn’t right. When are you ever this quiet?’

I looked into my grandmother’s dark brown eyes. Her reddish, brown skin was radiant and shiny with only a hint of a few lines around her eyes and mouth. Her thick, soft, jet-black hair was pulled back into a small bun. And she looked regal even though she was only peeling a few carrots.

‘Grandmum, do you ever hear things in this house?’

She slightly grinned while handing a carrot to me to peel.

‘What do you mean by hearing things?’

‘I mean hearing things like your name being called out when there’s nobody there.’

'Um... I suppose sometimes, but usually someone is calling my name. That's the way it is when you have nine kids,' she said giggling to herself to ease the feel of the conversation.

'No, I mean do you ever feel like someone is watching you?'

'In this house Zoe, I've had it all.' She shook her head and took a sip from her hot tea.

It was no secret that my grandmother's house was haunted. Whenever I was there, every once in a while, something odd would happen around me. But for some reason, this experience was different from all of the others. I felt scared but I also felt as if someone had been listening to my thoughts. It was true, I had been searching to find out more about my family and myself. Over that past year, I had become obsessed with our history. I wanted to understand why we were so different from everybody else. And I wanted to learn the dark secrets that surrounded the memory of my grandfather.

'Grandmum?'

'Yes, Zoe?'

'What does destiny mean?'

My grandmother continued to peel the potato that was in her hand and raised her eyes towards me. 'That's a big word for a young girl. Where did you hear that?'

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‘A voice said that to me.’

‘Is it the same voice that was bothering you before I came downstairs?’

I nodded my head to answer yes and quickly looked up at my grandmother to see her reaction.

‘You know, your grandfather was quite sensitive to things like that. When we were still in Jamaica, he would often see and feel things that other people couldn’t see.’

‘Yes, but Grandad was special, or at least that’s what everyone says about him,’ I said eagerly hoping that she would talk more about him.

‘Yes he was special, he was able to see things that other people couldn’t see and for some people they think that’s odd, but for him it was natural.’

‘Grandmum, why don’t you like to talk about Grandad?’

She looked up at me sharply but then quickly softened the expression on her face before answering.

‘Zoe, your Grandfather, Jasper, was a complicated man. I believe in moving forward, and I don’t believe in living in the past.’

‘I know, I know, but nobody ever likes to talk about him. And whenever they do they always make me leave the room.’

‘Well, one day you’ll get to know more about him. But enjoy the good that you hear about your Grandfather and don’t worry about the rest.’

She walked over to the stove and dropped the vegetables into a large pot filled with boiling hot water.

‘Okay, okay enough about Grandad. At least for the moment, but, you still haven’t answered my question about destiny.’

She slowly moved her feet across the floor and hesitated for a short moment before wrapping her cardigan around her body.

‘Why don’t you ask your Mother about what destiny means. Destiny means different things to different people. But you’re too young to worry about things like this. Let’s talk about something else.’

She ran her hands through her soft, thick, black hair to make sure her bun was still in place. I sat quietly. I knew I had pushed my grandmother too far. She didn’t like to talk about these types of things. I was never quite sure, but sometimes I felt that talk of ghosts and spirits scared her.

‘Zoe, strange things happen in this house we all know that, and I know you hear us talking about all sorts of things. If something was calling out your name, don’t worry we have lots of good spirits looking after us in this house. And one of

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them is your father, so don't worry yourself.'

My grandmother squeezed my hand and then continued to prepare dinner. I knew that was her way of ending the discussion so I decided not to push the conversation any further.

That evening as my mother and I were walking home I began to see the world differently. I always used to walk in front of her lost in my own world counting and taking in all of the scenery. I'd count everything from the trees, to the house numbers, to the number of cars on the street while thinking.

It was dark as we walked through the familiar streets. We didn't own a car because my mother was afraid to drive so our nightly walk home was just another thing that we did.

As we walked down the long, dark street that led to our block of flats I ran the events of the day through my mind over and over and wondered who was talking to me. What did the *voice* mean, 'You will find your destiny and you will soon find what you've been searching for.' As much as I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened to me earlier. There was something special about that day, something different.

'Mummy, what kind of strange things used to happen to you while you were growing up in Grandmum's house?'

My mother looked at me with a surprised look on her

face before giving a short smile. She looked tired from the day but she was happy to be going home.

'Zoe, you know strange things have happen to me and everyone in that house.'

'Yes I know. But what was the strangest thing that ever happened to you?'

'...I know you had something happen to you today, Mum told me all about it.'

I remained quiet for a minute waiting to see if she would say anything else.

'Did she tell you I heard someone calling my name?'

'Yes she told me that.'

'Did she tell you that I also heard someone say in time you will know your destiny.'

I moved closer to hold my mother's hand.

'Yes, she told me that something like that happened.'

The cold wind blew across our faces as we continued to walk up the long street.

'What does destiny mean?'

'Well, destiny is something you find in time, it's knowing what you're supposed to be doing.'

I remained quiet and continued to walk holding my mother's hand while listening to what she said. I was very tired from the day too, but I was determined to learn more.

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‘Do you know your destiny?’ I asked while the cold air circled around the tips of my ears.

‘Well, kind of but I’m still learning.’

‘So destiny is kind of like knowing, and you can only know things when you get older then?’

My mother adjusted the scarf that was around her neck and let out a long sigh.

‘You know Zoe, you are only seven, and there’s no need to worry about things like that. When I was your age, I had a few things happen to me when I was in the house, things that no one could explain except for Dad. He never seemed worried that things would move by themselves or that voices would appear when we were alone. For some strange reason, these things just seemed to happen to us.’

As we walked snow began to fall as we passed the small park that was next to our block of flats.

‘Mummy, look it’s snowing!’ I said happily holding out my hand to catch the delicate white flakes.

‘Yes, they’ve been promising snow all week, so we’ve finally got it.’

‘I guess we’re going to have a white Christmas then?’

‘Not in this city we won’t, if it does stick to the ground it will be black before you know it.’

We stood outside of our building as she used her keys

to unlock the door of the main entrance.

'So you did hear voices in the house when you were younger then?' I asked shivering from the cold.

'Yes Zoe, I heard voices in the house, but enough talk about that, you'll give yourself nightmares and then you won't be able to go to sleep tonight.'

I decided to end my barrage of questions. The irritation in my mother's voice signalled to me that she was growing annoyed with my inquisition.

We walked up the flight of stairs that led to our flat. The light in the hallway had blown out weeks ago and nobody else on our floor had bothered to do anything about it.

'I can't believe this light still hasn't been fixed. I'll have to call the association about it tomorrow,' my mother said in an annoyed voice as she opened the front door. The flat was cold and dark but I was glad to be home.

'Zoe, will you turn the heaters on for me?'

I took off my heavy coat and placed it onto the coat rack that lived by the front door. My mother took off her stylish leather coat and readjusted her fashionable hairdo while standing in front of the mirror. She sighed to herself and looked tired from a long day's work.

That night I did have problems getting to sleep. I was so scared that my mother placed a small red prayer book

The Crystal

underneath my pillow that she was given at her first communion. I made sure that prayer book was underneath my pillow every night until I was seventeen.



Zoe Evans is a young girl on a mission to understand the secrets of her family's history. From an early age she has heard stories about her grandfather, Jasper Evans, who had a crystal that shined like the sun. In a chance meeting with the Voice, Zoe acquires a crystal not of this world and begins a life-long journey of learning about herself and the possible worlds that exist around her.

Zoe Evans' Possible Worlds the Crystal

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