

Probabilities, prologue

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Introduction

The prologue of an (maybe) upcoming story:

Sky Moon has lived all her life in a space craft survivors built to escape the misery of earth. Even with an almost perfect life, Sky feels empty when she wonders where she comes from. But when she is picked for a mission to explore her society's home planet, her life goes upside down. As love and a new super power tangle with her mission, Sky discovers a secret that could ruin everything the remains of humankind worked for.

(note: the prologue happens thirty five years before the actual story so Sky is not mentioned)

Chapter 1

"You have telekinesis powers.?"

Then he just stared at her.

"What??" asked Peggy

Margaret Johnson, also known as Peggy was eighteen years old and already had a messed up life. Her parents were hating each other and getting a divorce, her mother was engaged to another man and her father had spend all his daughter's college money. Neither of them knew what the other had done and Peggy had that weight on her shoulders. She definitely had considered suicide but her friend had pleaded her not to, told her she still had a life in front of her. On top of that, the young girl was four months pregnant and scared out of her mind. Nobody knew except her friend George in front of her who just informed her she had telekinesis powers. Peggy lived in a world of secrets and lies. She definitely didn't need a nuclear war and a superpower adding up to her mess. She repeated

"What??"

George smiled a little.

"Telekinesis is when you can move objects just with your mind and will.

"I know what it is!?" Peggy interrupted. "The thing is, I'm not a superhero and I've never been able to move anything just by will. How could I have that power??"

There was an explosion but they were so many these days that Peggy didn't really care. Still, it felt close an the baby stirred nervously in her stomach.

"You never used it! You know when people say humans only some parts of their brain? Well, You have telekinesis powers.?"

Peggy nodded curiously

"You never used your power or so rarely you didn't notice anything. But it's in your DNA. Maybe you'll never be able to. But your children might.?"

Peggy considered it for a moment. She thought about the time a flower bud blossomed as she wished there were more plants in spring. She had figured it was just a coincidence . She place her hand on her very small bump and wondered if her new baby would have those abilities. She looked around at an apple on one of the trees around her.They were in George's grandmother's garden which was basically a fruit tree farm. It was fall and lots of apples and pears were decorating the trees like colorful ornaments. Suddenly she tried to carry all her brain power into the fruit to make it fall. The apple rocked a little bit but didn't drop.

"How do you know I have the power??" she demanded

Not that she didn't believe George. When he told, she hadn't even stopped to think about how superpowers were, well...super. She trust him with her life if she needed to. But he was eighteen. How did he know she had any kind of powers?

"Remember when you took those DNA tests for my father's experiment??" he said

Peggy nodded. She remembered. Connor Samson, George's dad, was a genetician who had asked for the young girl's DNA for an experiment.

"I looked at your file when,..." Peggy looked at him and raised an eyebrow "I was bored! Anyway, it your possible power. I didn't quite believe it at first but now,..."

He pointed at the bomb on the ground. Just a couple of minutes ago, two bombs had been dropped out of the sky by an airplane while the two youngsters were working in the garden and waiting for George's grandmother to come back from the grocery store. One fell on the house and immediately exploded. Luckily, no one was in there. The other one had landed in the garden and got stuck in a tree. Like in an action movie, the explosive had a countdown with the seconds. There was no doubt that the idea was that the people ran out in the garden after the first bomb exploded, only to be welcomed by a second device. Peggy knew that with twenty seconds left to run, they'd never have made it so they hid in a ditch. The girl thought about all she had learned in technology. Damaged wires would definitely stop the bomb. But the girl could never cut the wires without getting fried. So she prayed for something to happen to the circuit. When the countdown reached zero, the bomb burst into flames without a noise and George only had to get water from the river to stop the small fire.

"You wished that the cables broke," he continued "and they tangled. You used your power!"

"I thought you said I couldn't."

"Well, you can't really use it the way you'd want. But you can use it on a certain level and you saved our lives. Even the little one's."

Peggy was happy but it only made her think of her baby horror. She was only at the fourth month of her pregnancy but her bump already had a good shape and the baby made her nauseous. If she ever got out of the nuclear war alive, she'd have to explain to her parents how she found herself with child. She was already surprised her mother hadn't noticed her stomach getting round. In a month, she'd realize everything. As the baby kicked, Peggy realized the sound of the bombs were getting closer.

Apparently, George realized it too because he started to sprint. She ran after him into the forest. But after minutes, it felt like her lungs were on fire and her friend was disappearing between the trees.

"George!" she yelled "Can't? keep up!"

George paused as Peggy sat on a rock. She was tired of the war that had started weeks ago. She was tired of bombs exploding. She was devastated by all the deaths in her family. She was saddened by the missing presence of her brother Louie. She started to cry.

"Peggy, it's okay," her friend tried even though he wanted to sit and weep as well "We'll all get of here alive. All of us. I'll get some fruit and water."

Peggy didn't stop crying but George's confidence helped. As he left, she opened her small brown travel bag and got out of it a black book with a golden bird symbol. The Hunger Games was her favorite book; she had spend three days, almost none stop on it when her uncle gave it to her on her fifteenth birthday. She gently opened to the title page and wrote:

"For my son or daughter when he or she turns fifteen."

If she died, Peggy hoped they would be able to save her unborn child and find a way for him to keep growing. And when he turned fifteen (yes, Peggy was almost sure her baby was a son) give him his mother's copy of the Hunger Games. She started sobbing again but an engine roaring interrupted her. A plane flew over her head. It was red with black wings and a painted number was visible on the side. Peggy recognized the number 67.

No she thought. NO!

It was an Angel 67. An ironic name for an airplane who carried bombs that could destroy entire

?Peggy!? George yelled running towards her ?Did you see the??

?I saw the Angel 67!?! she screamed back.

Without further conversation, they both ran. What they were taught at school: if you see an Angel 67, run in the opposite direction of his flight. After minutes, Peggy?s feet started to let her down. She knew she couldn?t stay alive if she stopped now. The plain remained too close.

?NO!?

Peggy?s heart stopped. George had yelled because the plane had stopped and was still visible.

Dropping a bomb. George closed his eyes.

?I regret having such a bad relationship with my sister.? he said. ?And I wished I could become a genetician like my father.?

Peggy understood. George was saying his death wishes. She started hers.

?I regret having kept secrets from my parents. And I wished I could be mother to a child.?

The bomb hit the ground.

Then everything went black.