

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 the Lanihuli 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 Hendrix could do that too.”

“Before you start going on and on about Hendrix 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 Hawaiian Marine Animal Response organization. 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.”

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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.

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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.