

## LEMURIA, I REMEMBER YOU by Elizabeth Beckett

### *Chapter Sample*

... The queen rose early the next morning. She loved the approach to the river market and the children who began running along the northern shores adjacent the boat, eager to be the first to meet the barge at the dock. It was peaceful on the deck, and Sadeigo was silently easing the barge eastward. They should be at the town within an hour. A gentle wake broke at the front of the boat, and a newly hatched sun lit the water at an angle from the east. Still, a coolness hung over the surface of the water, so the queen reached for a light shawl. They had eaten water lilies again the night before. They could have tried to catch a fish, but she knew that there would be a plentiful supply at the market, and they'd be far better than she and Gillion could catch. Perhaps in a day or so they could try their own luck.

The queen turned as she heard Gillion ascending the ladder behind her. He was up early. "Good morning." She was looking forward to the market and was in a good mood. "Good morning." The prince's voice was still deep with sleep. His hair was tousled, and he wasn't wearing a shirt. In a minute, he had folded his arms across his chest as the morning air found him. The queen was not blind to how attractive he was. Although she had noticed it on the beach the first day she'd seen him, her irritation had clouded her appraisal until recently. Over the past few days Jennifer had acquired a clearer insight into his character. She liked what she saw. He was an unobtrusive, calm, interested young man. He was considerate and polite. He was very handsome, and the queen could not stop herself admiring him as he approached to sit beside her on the deck. Still, she still felt slightly maternal to him, as if she were older and wiser and had more experience with the vicissitudes of life. The prince, in fact, was older than she. The queen also sometimes mistook her continual need to control reality as a sign of wisdom in herself. It was not. She might have been spiritually conscious and mentally disciplined, but her authentic wisdom was only just beginning to develop—had only started to develop the day Gillion set foot on Lemuár. In time, he would be her greatest teacher.

As they sat together in silence, she did not dream of revealing her observations. She was ensconced in her role as Queen of Lemuria. Gillion was a guest, a foreign traveler. He would be out her life as quickly as he had arrived in it. She would show him some of her land, and perhaps his eyes would be opened at the Blue Palace. He would leave Mu wiser than he had arrived and hopefully share what he'd learned with some of Aldebaran. That was her quest.

Jennifer tucked her shawl about her and settled into a huddle, sure that everything would turn out exactly as she intended it to. The prince stretched his legs a bit and then his upper body as the day began to warm his skin. He looked happily forward to the river in anticipation of another lovely day on Mu. Gillion was unaware of the queen's thoughts and attitude. He was a guest on the island, there to experience as much of a foreign world as possible before returning more accomplished to his home planet. He stretched further, confident that this would be a glorious ride free of responsibility. How wrong they both were...