



ANNIE JUMP AND THE LIBRARY OF HEAVEN by Reina Hardy

ALETHEA: *(In response to a question about unified field theory)* I can't tell you that. There's a slight chance you'll understand it. I'm not supposed to reveal any truths or any information not currently known on planet earth. No telling you the answers to the big questions, no giving you alien technologies. It's kind of like my prime directive.

Well, I can give you one big question.

Are we alone in the universe? Hint hint. You're not.

I know everything about everything. But I also know everything about you, Annie. I know what happened to your mom when you were little. I know your gmail password. Stardate 403604. I know your middle school grade in intermediate Spanish. A Minus.

I know your father used to read to you from "A Wrinkle in Time." I know your grandparents sued him for custody when you were three and again when you were five, and again when you were seven. I know you were a Muppet for your eighth Halloween party, yip yip yip yip yip yip yip..... I can list all your father's court-ordered prescription meds. I know the only solo you ever sang in grade school choir: *(she sings. Her voice grows eerily large, as if miked)* SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, BENEATH THE PALE MOONLIGHT...

You can't ignore me, Annie. You're the one. You're the Chosen One.