



# Skylinnium

*The unknown is only hidden*



**UPMA SINGH**

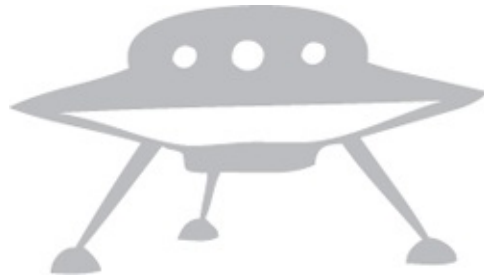
Copyright © 2019, Upma Singh  
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system now known or to be invented, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine, newspaper or broadcast.

Published in India by Prowess Publishing, YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy  
Koil St, Alandur, Chennai, Tamil Nadu 600016

ePUB ISBN: 978-1-5457-4806-0  
Mobi ISBN: 978-1-5457-4807-7

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication



# **CONTENTS**

*Acknowledgment*

Interstellar Dreams

The meeting with a Billionaire

A Whole New World

The Introduction

The Arrival

The Ceremony

The Aliens next door

The Visions

The Sun's Anomaly

The Chaos

The Extraterrestrial's message

The Psychic connection

The Goodbye

The Abduction

A World of lies

This cannot be possible!

The Shadow side

Realizations

Moving with the speed of Thoughts

The First Touch

The Benevolent extraterrestrials

The closeness

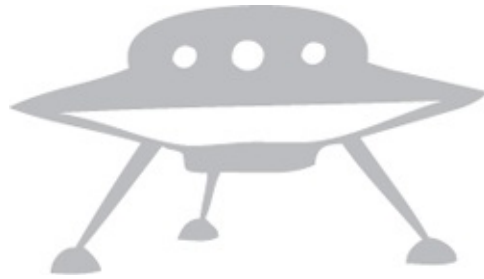
The Space Journey

The Shattered Planet

Confessions

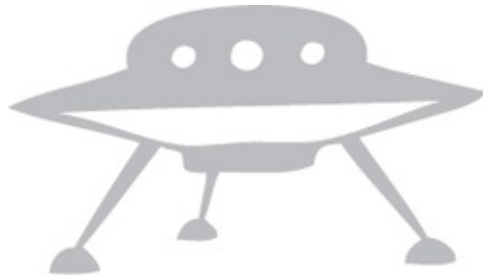
The Black Hole

The Quantum Leap



## **ACKNOWLEDGMENT**

A special thanks to my dear friend and Editor,  
Mr. Gregory Bolter for his precious time to edit this book.



## INTERSTELLAR DREAMS

Finally, I opened my eyes again at the place I had been yearning for—it was as if I craved this place every moment of my life.

The greenish sky was dazzling under the light of three suns which shone over my head. I was standing on an alien landscape and the proof was all around me. There were flowers, but not the tiny ones which you could wrap around your palm, they were big, even bigger than me. I think I could sleep on them forever and that would be the most satisfying thing for me. I surely would be doing that if I had been in my waking state.

But here, there were a lot many things I would love to do rather than sleeping, and one of them would be to walk upon this bridge of fern leaves. I wasn't sure how this bridge was hanging in the mid air, and when I began walking upon it.

Well, this is what dreams are like, right? Where nothing else makes sense but yet is so fulfilling.

The bridge was narrower than it should be, but I didn't have a difficult time on it. I was grateful for my lean athletic body.

The way ahead of me now was misted with clouds. I have always loved the rain and mist, but now it was a hindrance because I couldn't see my way. It lowered my curiosity now, as I was sure about crossing the bridge—which was the only way I could see in this vast magical world.

But there was something strange in this place—it was very lively and uplifting. No low frequency feelings can really exist here, for it had a strong magical aura which kept everything running in a high vibration. My mood was better again.

Rabbit faced birds were flying as I looked above. I didn't know what to call

them, and since they were flying, I assumed them birds. Animals here were like this—a sparrow faced cat, a lion with wings, an elephant with duck feet and many more which were hard to explain because they were a mix of many animals.

Suddenly I could see something in front of me. The mist was gradually fading away. It was spectacular.

There at a distance which couldn't be measured, was a range of huge lofty mountains. But they were not normal mountains. Drenched in rainbow colors, from far to near, the ranges were extended upwards into the sky.

I wish I had football sized eyes to distinctly see the soft blending of hundreds of colors in that divine piece of land.

Then and there I made up my mind as to what I was going to do next. I wanted to see those mountains at eye level—equal to my own.

But how? I was struck in the middle of this bridge. I looked around for something that could help me get down it, when I realized that the mist was not there anymore.

I wish I could be happy to see that because what lay in front of me was even more bizarre than the mist. It was not from the farthest corner of my brain that this bridge was leading to a forest of inverted trees.

I sat there gloomily, thinking maybe next time I would make it to the mountains.

But wait! I was thinking in the dream. How was this possible?

I was not supposed to be thinking in my dream. Was it really a dream or something else?

I looked around once again to check. There was no point to think again because I haven't seen this place even on Discovery Channel, and I was not the richest girl to have been landed here by a spaceship.

So that left me with just one option—that I was lucid dreaming. Which meant I was using my conscious mind and could change here anything I wanted. I gave a sigh of relief.

It wasn't even a second's time when I was again standing on the surface. I felt proud to be aware of my powers.

I started walking towards the mountains. I could have landed there straight off but I didn't want to miss the beauty of walking there. I was surprising myself with every step I took. I looked towards my right and stopped . . . there was a gigantic waterfall—larger than life!

But since nothing could be normal in this place, along with water, planets were also cascading down and instead of reaching the base, the stream reversed back up in a loop. Even If I watched it for the rest of my life that would not do

justice to its beauty.

This fall was the mother of all planets. Planets were drenched in colors I could never even imagine, never even seen before.

The water was hypnotizing and unconsciously I was moving towards it.

Then suddenly I heard someone calling my name. I immediately snapped out of the trance and looked back.

There was a woman. She had long blonde hair with sparkling blue eyes. Her body was slender and she was much taller than me, I think she was 6 feet. Her face was unbelievably beautiful; she had an unearthly beauty. Although she looked human, there was something in her that was telling me she wasn't.

She was wearing a gorgeous smile and I was slowly walking towards her as if she was telling me to come to her telepathically.

'How do you feel being here, Skilaxy?' her musical voice was playing in my head, but I could hardly see her mouth moving.

'This place feels like home,' I said, it was a like an automatic reply.

'Do you remember this place?' her enchanting voice flowed through my ears softly. She was now looking straight into my eyes and I was frozen by her stare.

'No, which place is this?'

'Close your eyes then'

I closed them as if it was the right thing to do.

The next time I opened my eyes, I was lying on my bed. I looked through the corners of my eyes feeling someone's presence around me. It was no new thing as most of the time I had this feeling.

It took me a while to realize that wherever that place had been, I wasn't there anymore; I was here, where things were normal. And it was too boring to be normal. The dream ended at the same point as it had been from months and I couldn't make it to the mountains this time as well, and that frustrated me.

As far as I could go back in my memory, I remember having interstellar dreams of strange lands and beings which I visited nightly through no will of my own. But underneath it all, there was the other emotion that I confessed to no one; the one that made me want to go back into the dream and explore further. It was an irresistible desire to know more about the unknown space, so much that it drove me crazy.

It was the fourth time in this month that I dreamed of the Alien land, each one with different surroundings and beings, but always with a sick-hearted longing to be there forever. Though I never saw that woman before but I still felt a kind of connection with her which was beyond all logic and sense.

Was it a real place? Or was it something I had made up. I didn't know the answer yet.

But what I know for now was that my pillow was all wet from the incredible sweating that had occurred during the night, so I got up from my bed quickly. My room was like a normal room with four walls, a bed and a cupboard which was less filled with clothes and more filled with the genetic potions I loved making. It was the cheapest room in the entire city and I was glad that I could afford the rent.

But my room was not so normal for normal people.

I hung an entire collection of glass planets in the pattern of our solar system with the help of strings. The strings helped the planets to rotate as well as revolve around Sun. Although I had been a very creative girl from childhood, I wouldn't take the credit for making them all by myself. I learned this from my uncle who runs a business of making glass balls.

I took the towel from the cupboard and cleaned my sweated face. I looked at the clock; it was 3 in the morning. There was no use going back to bed until and unless I want to change my positions 'till morning.

Feeling suffocated inside the room, I opened the window to let in some fresh air. It was the only time of the day when there were no traffic noises from outside since my room was in the center of a very busy market.

Also, this was probably the best time for my deep breathing exercises because the air was choked with pollution during much of the day time.

Strangely, the air was a bit hotter than it should be. It was already December in New Delhi and by this time it was the arrival of winter.

Trees were swinging with the wind and I was missing the place I had been a few minutes ago. How strange it is to feel connected to a place you didn't even know existed and to feel disconnected from the place you have always known. Well, this is the bottom line of my life story.

Whenever I missed that place I watch the moon, for it gives me a comforting feeling that somewhere, somehow, I had an otherworldly company with me.

Stars were not visible here most of the time in the greenish sky due to the daily smog. But I was lucky enough to catch the glimpse of Moon once in a while.

Every time I see it, I was lost in the beauty of its existence. Wasn't it a miracle to see this big silver ball hanging in the air just by itself? Well I knew there was a science behind it but I didn't want to look into it. I saw that as magic.

I couldn't stop the chain of questions which followed whenever I saw this celestial body up there in the sky. Would there be someone on the Moon? If yes, how would they look and what kind of life would they live? Glaring at the bright craters, a thought came in my mind—what if someone was watching me from the moon and wondering the same about Earth?

I don't think I could ever stop chasing these questions in my mind. They were the only source of curiosity in my life mainly because everything else here was too boring and normal for me.

While all these thoughts were going on in my mind I noticed that the sky was lightening up, so I hurried inside to the washroom to get ready. I looked at myself in the mirror, which I had hardly done in a month.

My face had become even thinner and my black disheveled hair had grown to my waist. I didn't realize it had grown so much, but I was happy about it. I always dreamed of myself in long hair. I had become even skinnier because what little money I had was not spent on food. I saved it instead to buy second hand books about planets and spirituality.

I worked from home for a small botanical shop in the main market. I sell my genetic creations and they pay me enough so that I could survive in this big city. The job was good for me; I didn't need to go anywhere or spend time with people. I have hardly been out of the house for a month. I just didn't like being around people. They made me feel exhausted.

As I opened the back door, I noticed that the bunch of flowers growing there had begun to whisk. They somehow were able to sense my presence and they never forgot to greet me each morning.

'Morning to all,' I said to the bunch of wild roses. 'I see your petals have grown wider and you look much healthier.' Transparent in color, the succulent petals of the rose were filled with water. I carefully plucked one and squished it inside my mouth. I'll bet no one has ever tasted such a delicious liquid in their entire life.

They were one of my prized genetic modifications.

My garden was my most organized and clean space. I left the garden door open so that by the time I got back, the room would be filled with fresh air and maybe some tiny birds.

I stuffed some boxes of nuts in my bag and left the room.

The best thing about this place, no one seems to notice you. In fact, they didn't notice much of anything—especially an eccentric person like me. And this was the main reason I felt better here; otherwise, I would have hated to live here. Another reason that made it intolerable was the little trees and greenery which met my eyes and the handful of birds there for me to watch.

The outside world was normal. There were no bridges of ferns hanging in the mid-air, nor could I see the Rainbow Mountains anywhere. There were no sparkles nor did anything else come out of blue to surprise me. The reason the colors of this world remained dull was because they missed the very essence of magic.

There were more people than there should be and so because of over population, there was no proper system and order here. Streets had become a dumping place of garbage since the dump house hadn't been cleaned since a year.

On the narrow roads people were walking with tedious faces. I thought most of them weren't even aware of what they were doing in their lives. They seemed to be lifeless with no curiosity or excitement. Sometimes I felt someone might be controlling them somehow with a remote control and they were, in essence, slaves. They drudgingly followed the same routine day after day, not even questioning whether they wanted to or not. I wouldn't even call them human beings any longer; they were lifeless beings.

But honestly, I didn't even question the existence of this world.

I just wondered what I was doing here.

Why did I have to be born in a world where I never quite fit in? The world I dreamed of living in was so different from here. I felt like an other-worldly alien who didn't know the language, didn't know the beliefs, and didn't even know the lifestyles of the people who lived here.

And my recurrent Alien dreams puzzled me even more, because I didn't see sparkles, magical beings, or flying machines. In fact, this world was devoid of all things interesting. Then how did I know about such things?

I jogged through the narrow roads to reach the far end of the lane and there I stopped in front of a half broken wooden door.

It was the only park within the entire 25 kilometers area.

As soon I entered, the leaves started to rustle. It was as if some mysterious energy bound the soul of the forest to me. I created a connection to the forest, one which I never felt with any human being. Crowding before me, a flock of crows gathered on the oak tree as if they already knew my next move. After greeting the tree, I sat beneath it and took out the box from my bag.

I stretched, feeling my back press satisfyingly into the trunk of the tree and I then looked up at the swinging branches, whose shadows made leafy patterns over my face.

The warmth and homey feeling I found there in between the trees and animals, was something I couldn't explain to anyone. For they were the best company of friends I had. I didn't have to talk all the time or make a remark on their every statement. I could sit quietly and silently and just whisper something every now and then and they would hear it clearly.

I think I was the only one who wanted to listen to them. No other person thought that way. Gradually I came to realize that many of my reactions to these things were considered by average people, to be quite odd. It had taken a while

as a child, but eventually I understood why people pulled faces when I said or did certain things.

I was considered somehow different. I treated animals as friends. Whenever and wherever I got the chance, I was more than happy to start a conversation with my favorite flower or tree, something which oftentimes would freak out the people around me. Even my premonitions about weather were considered to be the result of secret magic practices I did while on my own, in my room, behind closed doors, for most of the day.

But after a period of time it stopped mattering to me because I realized that what I shared with this silent world was not on the same level as their understanding.

‘Here you go little squirrels’ I said, putting some nuts on the leaf.

One after one, squirrels of all shapes and sizes were coming out from behind the bushes. Some were hastily climbing down the trees and in a rush to grab the nuts, several of them fell on my head.

Every day the herd seems to get bigger. I wonder in what way I could earn more money to feed them. They weren’t animals to me, they were in fact my family and I felt it was my duty to take care of them.

I sat there and watched the tiny activities of the ants, squirrels, and even the more subtle wind-blown movements of the leaves.

Looking up at Sun’s position, I calculated the time. I packed my bag—it was time for me to go and gather up the plants for the shop.

As the squirrels were busy eating the nuts I had brought, I bid them my farewells—instantly they looked up. Their eyes looked as though they were pleading with me not to go. If I could survive without money in this world, I would never leave this park and instead, become one with them.

I had to get out of the park. I couldn’t stand their sad faces any longer.

By the time I reached the house, Jay was already standing in front of my gate.

‘Hey Skilaxy, good morning,’ he said, putting on his best genuine smile.

‘I’m so sorry, I think I’m late,’ I said quickly, while at the same time unlocking the gate. ‘I didn’t realize it was already time for the plants’ delivery.’

‘Actually I came early. I am doing some extra hours at the shop to save money for college,’ he said proudly.

I stopped, trying to digest the thought that he was actually saving money to go to college! Weren’t the previous 14 years of schooling more than enough to ruin his mind?

I had never been satisfied by the knowledge they provided me at school. I didn’t find any purpose of it, for it didn’t help me find the answers I had been longing for. There was no mention of Aliens, magic, or the psychic abilities in

any of the books. And the worst part of it all was that they denied the slightest possibility of their existence.

‘Where are you taking admission?’ he asked, when I didn’t respond.

‘I am not interested in going to college. I’m good with my own self study,’ I said trying to be polite. I was actually furious when he asked me this question but it wasn’t his mistake. Just because everyone was going, he wanted to, also.

He looked at me with a confused expression.

‘What are you going to do then? Just sit in your room all your life?’ he snarked.

I ignored that.

Truth be told, I thought it was better to sit at home, instead of going to a place where you learn how to destroy your imagination and curiosity.

‘Why do you want to go to college?’ I asked, although I knew the reason but still I wanted to listen . . .

He looked blank for a few minutes. It was as though I asked something he had never seriously thought about.

‘Well . . . it’s the obvious thing to do. Everyone goes to college, that’s how it goes. School, college, job, marriage . . .’ he stammered, looking at me as if I was such a fool to ask this question.

‘And what do you want to learn there?’ I asked, folding my arms and standing comfortably against the wall.

He began nervously looking here and there, searching for the most appropriate thing to say.

‘I just want a degree, so it doesn’t matter to me in whatever subject I get the admission,’ he said, feeling satisfied enough after fooling himself, and hopefully, me.

I smiled because there was nothing else I could do just standing there.

‘I will get the plants, wait here,’ I said as I hurried off to the kitchen . . .

It took me all of five minutes to wrap them in brown paper and tie them up with jute rope. I carried them carefully to his truck. I touched them for the last time. I hated this time of day when I have to give them away to someone else. I wish I could afford to keep them all with me.

But in this world you have to give something to get something in return.

‘Amir wants to see you in the shop today,’ he said, after he finished arranging the plants in the truck.

Amir was the shop owner and I honestly I never liked seeing him.

I frowned. ‘Why?’ The thought of having to go to the main city also, made me sick.

‘He didn’t tell me anything. If you want I can give you a ride there,’ he said,

looking at me hopefully.

I thought about it. If I go with him I could save the money for transport plus I wouldn't have to walk in these crowded roads.

I bit my lips and thought it over. I wasn't feeling ready to go out but I had to.

'Can you give me 10 minutes?'

'Sure,' he said, smiling.

I ran inside. I took out my blue trouser and black top and got changed. I went inside the kitchen to look for something to eat. There was just an apple. I grabbed it and hurried out quickly.

Jay looked at me and then at his watch. 'Exact 10 minutes.' he quipped.

He opened the gate of the truck generously for me. I hopped inside as quickly as possible. I wanted to reach there and come back as soon as I could.

He started the engine. I looked outside wondering for what reason Amir had called me. The last time he called me was three months ago when I had accidentally put a Venus trap among the water roses. The plant had eaten almost half of the table.

I was remembering the plants I sent this week, when I noticed Jay was staring me. I shifted uneasily towards the far edge of my seat. This was the first time I was going anywhere with him and I was already feeling uncomfortable. I put my hair on my shoulder as a barrier between us.

This place actually looked damaged; I saw buildings and factories all around in every direction. And not only that, in ten minutes I saw as many people as I had in the three months' previous. I hated this scenery. Buildings, people, and markets. I wanted to remain as distant from them as possible.

'How far is it?' I asked. Although I remembered the way, I couldn't be patient in such a chaotic environment.

'You have already been there a couple of times,' he said, smiling broadly but still focusing on the road ahead of us.

I frowned.

'Is this place always so crowded?'

Jay laughed sarcastically. 'You call this a crowd? You haven't seen anything yet. You're just seeing half the people you'd normally see—the main market is closed today.'

I wondered what a mess this place would be during Market days. There were hardly any trees among the shops and buildings and the air wasn't clean. The plants that grew along the lanes looked dry and unhealthy.

'We're there,' Jay said, as he pulled over in front of the shop.

I got down off the truck quickly.

The shop hasn't changed a bit in the last two years. It still looked small—I

don't think more than three people could stand inside at a time. The board was also the same, although it needed a lot of cleaning. But Amir, the owner of the shop, was a miser. He wouldn't spend a single penny in the organization because he thought it had nothing to do with the sales.

Jay was unloading the plants from the truck and I went inside quietly.

'Hello Skilaxy, Haven't seen you in a long time.' (Amir was trying to show his fake concern). I was very well aware of his overly sweet behavior which he developed as a habit with his customers.

But I was a little relieved. There was no one in the shop: no people, no talking, and no staring.

'Hey Amir. I have been busy with some work. You called me—is everything okay?' I wasted no time chit chatting and directly came to the point.

His face suddenly lit up. I had rarely seen him like that. I was sure I had made a mistake sending the plants.

'Was there a Venus trap again? I swear I checked it carefully,' I spoke but he stopped me.

'No it is not about that. I have good news for you,' he said in very delighted voice.

I stood there blankly.

'You know who visited my shop this morning? You won't believe it, in fact nobody would believe it!' he exclaimed.

If it was an angel or an Alien who had been visiting, then I would be truly interested in listening.

'It was Dr. Edward Fernandez,' he said, accentuating each word he was speaking. 'And you know what? He bought ten of your genetic creations.'

'Ohh . . .' my voice was barely audible, I was so surprised.

I had read a lot about Dr. Edward's inventions, space missions and discoveries in the books.

Amir's excitement lowered a bit from my "not so flashy" response.

'Would you believe that the world's most famous scientist and also the richest man of the world visited my shop?' He said, carefully focusing on the point that he was the richest man.

'Yes I know,' I tried to sound excited.

'He is all over the media. There are hundreds of books and documentaries made on him. He is the master mind of this century. People say he has superpowers because he invented gadgets that no one could ever imagine.' Amir was telling me as though I never heard of him. Who doesn't know Dr. Edward Fernandez, the only American scientist who conducted most of the outer space missions on almost all planets of our solar system!

When I didn't say anything for a few minutes, Amir came to the main conversation.

He cleared his throat before speaking, 'Yeah, so I wanted to tell you that he visited the shop this morning and admired your creativity. He wants to meet you, tomorrow . . .'

Before I could think further, the thought of my coming back to the city tomorrow pissed me off.

'Tomorrow? I can't. I have some work to do' I said quickly.

Amir watched me with confused expression. 'Are you crazy? You are turning down the chance to meet Dr. Edward Fernandez? People literally die to meet him. You should feel more than lucky that he himself asked to meet you, otherwise he doesn't have time to meet small town people,' he said quite rudely.

I knew his all so good behavior would soon come to its former state. I pretended as if I didn't hear him properly.

'And what about my share?' I asked, mainly because I was concerned about the money (so that I could buy more food for the birds and squirrels).

'Ohh . . . yes. Just wait here.'

He went inside and came out holding an envelope. 'It's completely 30% of each sale.'

I took the envelope and felt a relief. Although I knew the money I received for the work I did was nothing in comparison, but at least I was able to survive.

'Tomorrow at 10 sharp,' He said with a not so pleasant smile.

'Yeah sure'

I left quickly.

The place was more crowded than before; I was feeling suffocated.

I had no other option than to walk by myself.

Instead of preparing myself to meet Dr. Edward, I was thinking of ways of how to avoid coming here tomorrow.

The weather was nice but it was difficult to walk through those narrow lanes where people don't mind pushing you over. I stopped at the organic grocery store to buy some discarded nuts pieces at a cheap price.

While the man was packing my items, my eyes fall upon the newspaper he was reading. I read the scientist's name on the front page.

'Dr. Edward Fernandez had received noble prize for restoring the ozone layer.'

I read further about his achievements.

'At the age of 65, he has received more than 11 noble prizes and 400 other national awards. He is by now the most awarded human being on Earth.'

I continued to read about his life, his creativity, and his multi-billionaire

lifestyle. Amir was indeed telling the truth. I didn't know all these things about Dr. Edward. I was surprised how coldly I replied to him.

By the time I reached home, I was in a dilemma. I couldn't stop thinking about why a multi billionaire wants to meet a mediocre girl like me? What does he wants to talk about? I was not knowledgeable enough in scientific things.

I was afraid I wouldn't know how to talk to him. I had already curtailed most of my meetings with people and I wasn't very good at making conversation, anyway. I was actually pretty bad at it.

Maybe I should call Amir and tell him I was going out of town on urgent business. Yes, that would be believable. All this mess would then be cleared up at once.

I sat down at the kitchen table and picked up the phone. I stared at it for a few seconds. Somehow my conscience wasn't giving me permission to do it. I put the phone down and sighed.

All the headlines and Amir's words about Dr. Fernandez were going round and round in my head.

I lifted up my head suddenly, 'What am I going to wear?'

Now this was an actual a problem.

I opened my closet. I could see all my clothes at once because there weren't many to choose from. Most of them were frocks or loose pajamas—they were very comfortable and helped me work easily from home. The only formal clothes I had was the one outfit I was wearing today.

I shouldn't have worn that today. I changed my clothes and put them nicely on the upper shelf to keep them clean 'till tomorrow.

I looked outside, it was already twilight. The sky had developed multitude of colors around the Sun and the birds were heading back to their home for the night.

I wondered when it will be my time to go back home. But the problem was I didn't know where my home was or whether it existed or not.

**You've Just Finished your Free Sample**

**Enjoyed the preview?**

**Buy: <https://store.prowesspub.com>**