

AQUARIUS ASCENDING  
VOL I

APOCRYPHAL  
OF JULIE

GW MILLER II

*Table of Contents*..... 2

*A Look Back*..... 3

*Lucidity*..... 4

*Making New Friends* ..... 12

*The OWL Catches the Mouse* ..... 17

*So, Close Yet So Far*..... 20

*A New Age Dawns* ..... 24

*Final Destination*..... 28

*Thank you*..... 30

Julie clinched her abdomen in pain trying to hold on just a little longer. The pressure is too much, water streaming down her legs. She is finally here, the City of the Gods, Teotihuacan, where men go to become immortal. Her hands covered in blood up to her elbows and no doctor around for miles. All she can think is, “I made it, and everything will be fine now.” She stumbles against a wall and slumps to the ground; her blood trail stains the timeless pyramid behind her.

Her short life flashes before her eyes, blurry glimpses of a harsh childhood. A drunk mother who brought home a lot of troubles. She remembered her step-father, an OWL preacher who saved her mother’s soul and forgave her dark past. He took them in and made them into a cheesy family like you would see on television, the Whitman’s. She remembers new school clothes, and her first school dance. She saw everything, even her teacher calling her July instead of Julie on the first day of class.

Julie remembered when the dreams started long ago. At first, they seemed to be a fantastic getaway for an imaginative young girl. These dreams are always so vivid and real. She almost cannot tell the difference between these lucid dreams and reality. They were just short clips and pictures of things she could not understand. It was not long before she realized her dreams were like windows into the future, but she cannot see everything only what they show her.

One night after Julie had been up late reading, she fell asleep and had a dream she was back in school. She was walking down the hall on her way to her first class. Julie was running a little late, but she had to use the restroom. Walking down a long hall she saw a familiar shadowy figure floating in front of her. She could recognize the shifting countenance, but could not recall his name. The familiar spirit slowly extended his left arm and pointed to the wall.

She looked to her right and there was the girl's room. Julie walked right into the restroom. As she opened the door to the girl's room she could see something frightening in the reflection on the mirror. There knelt a girl just a little younger than herself, and two tormentors were beating her. One of them had a fist full of hair and was about to punch her again.

The other bully saw her opening the door and quickly kicked the door shut in Julie's face. Julie fell to the ground hitting her head on the cement floor as blood gushed from her nose and choked her. She choked on her own blood until she felt like she was going to die. Just as the picture was fading away and she felt herself dying, Julie woke up.

The next morning, she had forgotten that dreadful dream by the time she finished breakfast. By the time, she made it to school Julie found herself running late to class and had to pee. This time nothing was there to point to the door, but she could still remember the shadowy figure standing there. As she looked over at

the girl's room door, cold chills and goose bumps spread over her whole body. She stood there with her hand on the door and thought for a moment, I should not go in. Then she brushed the dream off as just a dream and slowly opened the door.

She opened it far enough to see the same two bullies beating the same girl from her dream. Julie at once let go of the door and stepped back. Just as she did the door came slamming shut, barely missing her nose. At that moment, Julie came right back with a kick of her own, and she heard a girl cry out from the other side, "Fuck! My knee! Fuck! You bitch"!

Julie stepped in and found one tormentor on the ground squirming in pain from her knee and the other bully looking worried. Julie looked at her with fiery eyes, and said, "You better get lost before I break you to." The tormentor quickly let go of the girl's hair and ran out in a hurry. Julie helped the little girl up to her feet. "What is your name," Julie asked. "Sam," the girl said shyly.

That was the day she finally told her parents about the dreams, and about Dantelion. The shadowy figure she sees in her dreams has warned her about telling people about him or what he shows her. He is her teacher and always appears as a shadowy figure with constantly shifting faces. Julie does not know why it shows her these things, but it makes her feel special.

Julie had to tell her parents that day. She had been holding it in for so long, and now she had to confess how she did what she did to the bullies. She waited

until they got home from the school. Which had suspended Julie, and her parents were not proud of what she had done. So, she told them the truth, and after that everything got very serious.

People have been very superstitious and afraid since the world ended. Disaster overwhelmed the world. Plagued by revolutions, zombies, radiation, and all the other fallout from World War III the world fell apart. Society collapsed and people became lost and afraid. The world ended and everyone turned back to the church they had rejected when technology brought down the luxurious world of the early 20th century. From the ashes, the OWL seized power.

Julie's parents did what any adults at the time would have, they took her in to see an elder of the OWL. He interrogated her in an empty classroom at the school for hours. Afterward he told the other OWL elders at church. He told them that a demon possesses the witch Julie. She recalled thinking, "How can I be a witch, I'm 13, and I don't have any warts, brooms, or pointy hats".

Unbeknownst to Julie, Dantelion's name was familiar to this old church elder. The name written millennia ago in an old sacred book coveted by the church. In the book was a list of fallen angels and Dantelion's name was 71 of 72. The ancient book titled, Clavem Salomonis (Solomon's Key), and Dantelion is one of his slaves. The church elder had once read the ancient text in a lost tongue and

knew to fear Dantelion. He knew to fear all fallen angels and those who follow them. His ignorance caused a lot of problems for the young girl.

As the church elder explained it, the trouble with her dreams was that she saw a spirit-being in them. This figure stood between 6 and 14 feet tall depending on the dream. It appeared like a grim reaper with a long flowing black hooded robe. The robe was not fabric; it was pure darkness. This figure did not carry a scythe, but a book in one hand and a candle in the other. When the hood was down, she could see its face, however it did not have one face. Instead Dantelion's face appeared to be constantly shifting and was never the same twice. This other worldly figure's name was Dantelion.

What Julie did not tell this elder, what she did not know herself, at the time was that Dantelion came to Julie for years before she could even remember her dreams. And years before she told her parents of their encounters. He was a guide to her, a teacher, and her dreams were an incubator for her mind. He gave her the gift of a lifetime, a gift of destiny, the power to change the world. This was no demon.

Dantelion told her of history, and times forgotten. He taught her how to live freely on the Earth by eating what is within reach, filtering water, and living according to natural law. She learned a lot from Dantelion. Especially how to

spread light along her path and help every being she can. Dantelion told Julie she can one day save humanity and mend the world if she will do the work.

Dantelion has helped many people stand against evil over the countless years. Many of the greatest leaders; Osiris, Thoth, Ramses, Moses, Solomon, Yeshua, and Alexander just to name a few of the most notable from current remembered western history. Like them Julie will stand against and bring about the end of an evil that has strangled the world for millennia with its power. While always staying out of sight for fear of revolt. It is Julie's destiny to bring about the salvation of the world.

After the OWL, elder, had spoken to her parents about the dreams they tried everything prescribed to make them stop. Her parents took her to a hypnotherapist and put her on special medication. They changed her diet to bland prepackaged foods and made her go to church 4 days a week. The hypnotherapist would strap her down to a table and put electrodes on her body to expel the demon.

Julie's parents and other church elders would dance around her speaking in tongues and convulsing while she also convulsed from the high electrical current cascading through her body like a river of fire. They would leave the electrical current on for long periods of time. It was when they tried these different rituals to exercise the demon that Julie started lying.



She realized all she had to do was lie and tell her psychiatrist the dreams were all gone. After that, they watched her neural sleep patterns for a little while, but everything in her life slowly went back to normal. Before she knew it her parents no longer forced her to see a hypno-shrink. They even stopped making her attend church every day it was open.

Unfortunately, all that medication and electro-shock brought an end to her dreams all together. Julie did not remember a single dream for three years. On the eve of the summer solstice, 1978, she fell asleep while up late watching television with her family. She awoke to find herself floating on the surface of the sea under a black star filled sky. Julie felt as if she would fall up into the air and never stop falling.

A wave lapped over her face and she swallowed salt water which made her panic. At this moment, a hand extended out to her and pulled her onto her feet. Julie stood on the surface of the water in front of a being of blinding light. She was squinting and trying to shield her eyes with her hand, but the figure moved her hands and covered her eyes with its hand. The figure's hands radiated warmth and when it touched her, she felt waves of serenity flow through her.

When the feeling left, she opened her eyes and found herself on top of a mountain looking down on the whole world. It was shaking and rumbling, the volcanoes were erupting, typhoons were ravaging the coasts, and earthquakes

broke apart the land. The land itself collapsed into large empty pockets below the surface.

Sea water rushed into these holes under the ocean and lava exploded out with bursts of steam. These collapses swallowed cities whole, sinking deep into the Earth's crust. Julie could feel the pain and loss of everyone on Earth as it gave way and shattered into pieces. Even the protective atmosphere popped like a bubble as our planet crumbled.

She was on her knees now, weeping, trying not to look directly at the being of light. "Are you an angel," Julie cried, "If you are show me how to stop this, please." Julie felt its hand on her stomach and she looked down at the light radiating from her body. It astounded her to see her belly full with child.

This vision made her sob harder because she can never get pregnant. The doctor told her parents it was common for babies born after the fall. She ran down the mountain shouting, "This isn't real"! As she ran her shoe caught a rock, and she fell through the snow and kept falling. She fell back into her body, waking up in a cold sweat.

That night, Julie, had the same dream, and the next morning, and the next. After a week, she could not take it anymore and refused to sleep. Because Julie was not sleeping it was worrying her mother, and being the loving mother she was,

slipped a sleeping pill in Julie's supper. That night Julie saw the same being of light, but this time it was not painfully bright.

She could see its bright blue skin, radiant white hair that stood on end, a smooth bald head, and brilliant white wings. It was nude and appeared to be a man, but was genderless with strange ink-less tattoos of mysterious symbols that look more like scars. The scars were all over its body and head. Julie wondered if they hurt, if it cut itself, or someone did that to it.

Julie asked, "You have wings, are you an angel?" As the dry blue mouth moved empty of any sound, the angel's voice came from somewhere distant, "I am the Metatron." "We are both entrusted by the One with a task of greatness, now quiet your mind so I may fulfill mine before it is too late."

Metatron continued, "You will bare two sons, but they will both be lost to you. Both will walk deeply destined paths, but each will have choices to make. The first will advance the world, or the world will consume him. Your second son will mend the world, or he will be the world's end. Both have big decisions to make, but the fate of all rests on the shoulders of your second son."

"If your second son is born in the City of the Gods, where men go to become immortal, he will be." Metatron's cryptic words echoed in her mind as the dream faded away until she was back in her room. It was morning, she could hear the song of dawn for the first time, as the sun just breaks over the horizon through her

window. For the first time, she understood her destiny, but was still not sure where to begin.

Now, she had a million questions, “How would she ever reach the city of the gods,” “Where would she meet the father of her children,” “Who is he”? Even with these questions Julie knew one thing, she would reach that city. Julie understood now, just as always, that her dreams would guide her. She grabbed a few things shoved them into a bag and left home before her parents awoke that morning. Leaving only a note, “God loves me the way I am.”

Julie walked through most of the day and finally stopped for something to eat near the border of Ohio in a little town called Union City. She stopped at B’s diner and ordered a basket of fries. The server taking her order warned Julie about reports of the dead springing up in the next county over.

The chatty server continued, “I don’t trust this new state that’s supposed to be cleaning up the zombie problem. You know the OWL is behind all of this. I do not trust it for a second. Got me some zombie killers behind the counter.” “Some zombie killers?” Julie curiously asked. “Yep, but you don’t get to see those until the dead get in here. Unless you die. Let me go get you those fries, honey. Now, don’t go dying on me.” The waitress laughed as she walked away.

While engorging herself on what seemed like her first meal in a week, an older gentleman came to sit across from her. She tried to keep eating but he would

not stop staring. Finally, she turned to shout at him, but when she made eye contact with him her words vanished. His eyes were so sad and hungry as if he knew she could feel his pain.

“Excuse me young miss, may I have a few fries,” he asked. The server came immediately and said, “No, you need to leave. This is not the place for your kind.” She looked at Julie and said, “I’m sorry...” Julie disgusted by the waitress’ reaction cut her off, “No need to apologize to me, apologize to this nice old man.” The waitress let out a deep sigh and stormed into the kitchen.

The old man took Julie’s hand and thanked her for being so generous. Julie stayed while he finished the fries, then said goodbye as she headed down the road. A few minutes after leaving B’s she found what seemed like the perfect place to sleep through the night, a bridge. She could not afford a hotel since she spent her last few dollars at the diner. However, when you are in a jam anything that blocks the cold, wind, and rain should be good. The bridge could not keep her warm but it would keep her dry through the night.

Early in the night, the temperature dropped so much that there was a real risk of hypothermia. There was no way she could sleep in this death trap. Her teeth were chattering as she tried desperately to warm up with little success. While sitting in the cold darkness under the bridge staring at the cone of light from a

distant street light Julie felt a warm touch on her shoulder and turned, but no one was there. In the distance, she could see a silhouette near the tree line.

She stood not sure to run or scream, and the silhouette disappeared beyond the trees. Now she could feel this figure calling her, pulling her into the woods. Julie reached the tree line and found the silhouette on the next distant horizon shining through the trees. Still it was calling to her as if it was leading her somewhere.

Deeper into the woods she wondered, not lost, but still not sure if she was going in the right direction. Julie could see a small cabin and the silhouette was there in the window. She had not seen the figure for an hour now, but there it was. The figure in the window called to her. Julie's curiosity and her hunger took over and she waded through the deep snow to the dark cabin.

Julie made it to the cabin, and she could see that no one had been there for months. The snow was fresh all around the house. Her tracks were the first around this area for at least a few days. Not sure where she was being lead to Julie carried on. She was cold, hungry, and her stomach was not letting her forget. She could almost smell food inside. An idea that would make her mouth flood with salivation if she were not so dehydrated. Julie knocked a few times, but the door was open and she was hungry.

The door sat cracked open, but around it was a pile of snow. Julie hollered inside, but there was no response. She peeked through the crack, and just inside the door she found a stack of fire wood, a cold fireplace, and a few cans of food. It almost felt like Christmas. She wasted no time digging the door out just enough to slide her little body through the crack.

Inside there was no wind, no snow, and everything looked like it was waiting for her. Except in the center of the room sat a large wooden chair. In the chair sat the old man she had given her fries to at B's diner a few hours before. However, to her mortified surprise this old man was dead, and had been for at least a week. The cold must have been slowing the decay because there was no smell.

Julie went to work to get the fire going and passed out shortly after. When she awoke in the morning Julie started the fire up again and started breakfast. She could see the old man's can opener on the shelf, broken into two pieces. Without a can opener, the man must have starved while snowed in. If that is true, there is no way he could have been in the diner earlier. She felt her guide with her and this filled her with faith she was on the right path. Even though she was not sure what that path was.

Julie fixed the can opener using some wire from a hunting rig in the corner. She had tuna and beans for breakfast before digging more snow away from the door. She kept digging until she could open the door all the way. Then Julie came

inside, rocked the chair forward and grabbed the old man under his stiff arms. Julie dragged him outside and around to the side of his cabin. She covered the old man's body in a thick layer of snow. Then she said good bye and thank you too him, and the heavenly spirit for helping her survive the night.



For the next few years Julie wandered the Earth learning from everyone and helping where she could. She would only stay long enough to help. Julie would leave as soon as her dreams instructed her to. Julie traveled the world and crossed paths with powerful people. Not all of them were good, especially not the Weavers of Death an extreme sect of the Order of Wisdom and Light, which were all just a bunch of manipulative blue bloods who sought to take power by any means.

The Order of Wisdom and Light also known as the OWL is a supposed benevolent secret society that stepped in when the governments of the world could not deal with the apocalyptic events of the early 20th century a period known as, the fall. Former heads of state, and various church elders: Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, and Islamic are who make up the OWL. Since the fall states have entrusted the OWL to provide food and clean water. Also, to expel evil through guidance and justice over the people.

The WD sect of the OWL infiltrated into all levels of the various governments, media, and military. Operating like G-men to intimidate, steal, and cover up their actions. The WD made plans to get close to Julie while she was traveling with a group of like-minded followers of the One. Their spy got close and traveled with her group posing as a rebellious young member of the OWL. He got Julie's forgiveness quickly and her affections followed close behind.

His name is Luca Fury; he is 6'5 with long dark hair down to his shoulders and dark eyes almost black. Julie could fall into his eyes and stare for hours. She read genuine trust and caring from him, which was nice for a strong empath like Julie. It was on the night he finally seduced her and they slept together, she saw the truth in her dreams.

Once she crossed into the dream world, Dantelion was waiting to show her the truth about Luca Fury and his sect the Weavers of Death. He revealed to her the roles her children would play in the events to come and how the OWL was trying to twist her fate and damn humanity. Dantelion, showed her she was now pregnant with her first child, and must keep the baby away from the OWL at all costs.

The OWL had been seeking to control Julie since before her birth and through that control bend her destiny to their will. The WD sent her father to die on the front lines fighting the undead. They broke her mother and then built her back up.

All her life they have been trying to do the same to Julie. Dantelion telepathically explained Luca's power to reflect what she wanted to see. The genuine trust and caring she read from his eyes, was her own reflection. Luca Fury's eyes are hollow, because he is empty. That part of a human that responds to sadness and pain by reflecting and feeling sadness and pain does not exist in this man.

Once again Julie knew what she had to do and before the dawn, had gathered her things and headed west. Years past as she traveled about helping people, building a reputation like a guardian angel. Along this journey, she gave birth to her first child, a boy pure of heart and strong of will.

Julie named her first-born, Joseph, as a prayer that the one god will always lift him up and increase him. She remembered Metatron's words and always kept him by her side. She protected him and taught him all she knew of their place in this world and the role he would play in the events to come.

It was out of fear, but Julie never told Joseph that Luca was his father. Joseph learned to stay away from the OWL, but never learned that he is a born prince of the WD. Julie hoped that this small twist of the truth would ensure that Joseph chooses the path of light, and would not follow Luca Fury. She worried that may lead him down the wrong path in life.

After years of wondering, and hiding from the OWL they caught up to her in the small border town of, Presidio, Texas. It is a tiny desert town that the two of them made their way to once Joseph learned that Presidio has no OWL presence. Joseph read a story in an old newspaper about the last church in Presidio, the First Baptist Church was shutting down due to the death of their last preacher and a lack of funding.

Julie had been carefully picking out the tiniest towns to hide in on her way to Mexico. Julie and Joseph made their way to Teotihuacan. She had never taken Joseph out of the country before, but he was not a baby anymore. Joseph is the one who discovered their destined destination. He made this discovery reading a book on ancient history. Joe learned that another name for the ancient, once forgotten city of Teotihuacan, Mexico is, the City of the Gods.

Joseph knew about that part of Julie's dream because his mother shared everything with him. It was easy because he had a curious nature and knew how to ask all the right questions in the right way. Joe had the wisdom of an intelligent adult, and Julie at times forgot he was still an innocent child. He showed no fear in helping his mom to evade capture by these villains. They had been in Presidio five months while Julie awaited another dream, but she had not dreamt in a year.

One evening, Julie and her son arrived back at their motel room from breakfast and found their door knocked off the hinges. Their room a mess, drawers and their contents tossed around the room. The beds flipped, pillows cut open, and they even ravaged their trash. Someone had taken all their belongings, and on the table sat a small porcelain owl. This was the first time they had found them and Julie could not think of what to do, so they went to the police.

Julie hoped that this tiny town would be too far off the radar to get OWL infiltrators. The OWL had no members in all of Presidio. Mainly because there are

only the three police officers, Sheriff Jack Solomon and his two deputies. The last OWL elder died years ago, Jack's father the former governor and bishop of the church was the last of them in this small town.

This bishop was a giving and generous person, but he was also a proud and stubborn man. Last time the WD came through looking for unquestionable compliance Jack's father was not cooperative. Jack, still a junior deputy was the last person to speak with his dad that day.

Worried about some young pushy punks from the Wankers of Dick as he colorfully referred to their sect, the bishop asked Jack if he wanted to come over. When Jack arrived, his dad's cabin was up in flames. He tried to put it out, but it was too late. There was one body inside, the bishop. Jack found evidence that someone had locked his father inside before setting the house a blaze. The bishop had no way out. Jack, never resolved what happened that night.

So, Jack felt no loyalty when agents of the OWL showed up trying to intimidate him to solicit his help in finding where Julie and Joe were hiding in town. "We can be more forceful, but we know your father served us well for many years.," said a shady looking man in an expensive shiny suit. At that moment, Jack knew they were with the WD, which is not something they would ever tell him.

Jack still had so much anger and frustration about what had happened to his father. All he wanted to do at that moment was lock his door and knuckle up on

these two wankers of dick until they answered his questions. However, his father the bishop a peaceful man of service would not have liked that. "I don't do bribes." That is all he said as he walked out of his office leaving two OWLs expressionless and a fat envelope of money on his desk.

Julie came into his station that afternoon in a panic, and as she tried to explain her situation in the least crazy way possible. Jack had an extreme sense of Déjà vu as she told her story to him. He was not one for remembering dreams, but something about Julie, her face, her voice, the story she told. Jack had seen Julie, Joseph, all of this somewhere before. It was as if he remembered this moment from a forgotten dream.

Jack listened for a moment and cut Julie off to say, "Mam, no need to explain. I'll do what I can to help keep you and your little boy safe." All he knew was those men were crooked, and he wanted to kill them, but Julie was innocent and gave him an amazing feeling he could not explain. That was all he needed to know before jumping right on board. Jack had an old-fashioned sense of right and wrong. He fought for the innocent and punished the cruel and wicked.

Immediately he gathered up his guns, some ammo, loaded up the truck, and locked his headquarters. They stopped at a small gas station to fill up and buy snacks. Julie could hear Jack on the phone calling up his two volunteer deputies and warning them he would be out of town. Other than that, the whole trip was

silent. Jack was a man of few words but there was a strength about him that made Julie feel safe when he was around.

Julie woke up in the middle of a pitch-black night. The truck was sitting at a trailer in the middle of the desert and out the window she could see a fire with Jack showing Joe how to roast marshmallows. She went out to join them and Jack asked, “Why has this boy never made a s’more”? “We never had stuff like that,” Julie responded. “Like what?” “Sweets or time to make them,” Julie snapped a little. “No time like the present,” Jack laughed.

Julie watched the boys sitting by the fire laughing together. She watched Jack taking the time to teach her son how to make a s’more. Joseph smiled and laughed while he ate that gooey chocolaty goodness. It made Julie smile also, but she was still unsure if she can trust this Sheriff. Jack seems nice and genuine, but Julie does not trust easily anymore.

After a week, Jack returned to Presidio to take care of some things and check on his deputies. He found that the OWL had not left and now one of his deputies was working with them to catch the fugitives. No one had heard from his other deputy for a few days, and Jack feared the worst. He could barely recognize the office he left just a week earlier.

Jack quickly returned to the trailer that morning, to be sure Julie and her son were unharmed. After that he loaded up the truck again and took them across the border into Mexico where he was sure they would be safe. Julie did not know where they were going until she saw signs for Mexico. Astoundingly she had said nothing about her dreams, Mexico, or Teotihuacan to Jack before. Julie took Jack's natural sense to flee to Mexico as a sign he was a good person.

On the way, Julie opened-up to Jack and told him all about her life. She even felt comfortable enough to tell him about her father. Not Mr. Whitman her step-father, but her birth father. "I think his name was Ray something. My mom said she could barely remember him by the time I was old enough to ask questions. All she could recall was that they had known each other long enough to get pregnant. In the early 1960s the militia drafted him to fight in the zombie uprising. Poor man never even knew she was pregnant."

Jack asked, "Did he make it out of New York"? "No, my mom said she found out when they brought a flag to her door." "I'm sorry Julie," he sympathized. "You know I also fought in the zombie war?" "What? No, I didn't know that." Julie listened shocked that he could be normal after, let alone come home from any of those brutal battles. Jack carried on, "He was there in the beginning? Wow. Nowadays we have better ways of fighting the undead. I flew



drone strikes on them for the state militia. Never had to get in close and use a knife like your old man probably had to back in the day.”

As the sun was setting they both noticed a dirty little abandoned shack coming up after a long road of nothing. This was the first thing they had seen in hours of empty desert roads. The shack was small, but around it there were flowers. In the yard was an old crab apple tree. Neither of them were sure how this little weed filled garden existed out here, so they stopped to look around. Julie had to pee, and Jack was hungry for some fresh-looking apples. They made camp inside for the night.

It was in that shack they stayed and became a little family. Jack took Julie as his wife and he loved Joseph like a son. She had almost forgotten about Teotihuacan and the City of the Gods until she was late for her cycle. Once her stomach grew her dreams returned. She was happy for the first time in her life. Here she had a real family, and she felt like she belonged. Still she knew she must give birth to this baby in the City of the Gods.

One stormy night she awoke from a nightmare in a cold sweat. The memory of the dream vanished quickly but one word rang out in her mind. Run. Julie tried to wake Jack but the sound of trucks coming down the road to their shack did that for her. He sprang out of bed and grabbed the bags he had already packed. Grabbed

Julie by the hand and lead her and Joseph out through a trapped door that lead out the back.

They made their way to a hidden truck on their land, Jack uncovered it and was signaling his family when he heard footsteps from behind. He turned just in time to dodge a knife to the back. The men struggled in the dirt behind the car, exchanging blows. Jack was not only fighting for his life, but for his new family and justice. Finally, Julie saw Jack come around and wave them over. He quickly started the truck, and they pulled away into the darkness of night.

As the sun arose Julie, could see the blood flowing under Jack's arm. The blood pours down the dirt caked skin showing under his torn shirt. His face grimaces as the truck putters to a stop. "Out of gas... and we are being followed. They are about a mile back. Looks like you have to go on without me." "I can't," cries Julie. "They will catch us!" Jack gave a calm smile and said, "I had a dream too, I saw our son sitting in the grass. He was old and happy. He can't get there if you don't go on without me Julie,".

Jack got out and used his last bit of strength to unload a dirt bike from the back of the truck and to hug his family and say their goodbyes. He hugged the boy and whispered something in his ear. Julie asked, "What did you tell him?" "He'll tell you later," Jack said. Julie squeezed him tightly saying, "Come with us we can fix this." Jack whispered in Julie's ear, "There is only enough room for you three

on that bike. Somebody must stay behind to slow those wankers down, but don't worry. I'll see you soon my love." Then they kissed one last time. He stayed on his feet long enough to see them go off over the horizon.

He sat back in the truck, watching headlights of the WD coming down the long road. Jack opened the back window to set a timer on his last surprise for those bastards, two 50 gallon drums of fertilizer and various chemicals strapped in the back of his truck. Then he sat back in the seat and took his last breath. As he exhaled Jack could see the angels all around him and Metatron holding his hand. "We have come to bring you home. Come and take your place back amongst the angels." The voice of the legion was loud and comforting. Then Jack was gone.

“Mom!” Julie opened her eyes and saw her son Joseph, pulling an old native woman by the hand through the rain. She was wearing all white and a strange necklace with a familiar pendant. The old native woman helped make Julie comfortable and sent a young woman for some things in a language they had never heard before.

This old woman put Julie’s head in her lap and chanted. The young woman returned with two bowls and towels. Taking something that smelled like honey from a bowl she rubbed it on her forehead and drew a line with it down the center of her body. The old woman got into position between her legs and let the rain wash away the blood until she could see a head. Julie was bearing down hard pushing with every bit of the strength she had.

As she pushed, she could see the angel above the old woman, its wings wrapped around them and the light grew brighter and brighter until it was all she could see and feel. The old woman received the baby boy into this world as the mother ascended. She spanked him and his cries broke the sad silence. Thunder roared and lightning flashed in the skies all around as the rain poured down on them. Joseph sat beside his mommy squeezing her in his arms crying and trying with all his heart to wish her life back.

A little girl ran out of the trees to the woman and whispered in her ear. The old woman stood and grabbed Joseph by the arm to drag him away, but he held

firm. She left him to flee into the woods with the new born. At this moment, a group of men arrive in trucks. They took the boy and got him a blanket and food.

After cleaning up the scene and uneventfully searching for the baby, they returned home. On the way, Joseph, could hear one man say over the phone, “The girl is dead.... No, we could not stop the birth.... but we have your child. He is safe.....the woman did not come back. We do not know why.... we will not fail you again, Hierophant.”

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