

You Drop Stardust
An epistolary sci-fi romance

By V. A. Jeffrey

An Epistle Publishing book
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A note to readers:

This is my first foray into romance, with a bit of a mystical and science fiction twist. *You Drop Stardust* is a short romantic science fiction serial. If you've ever read the epistolary novel series *Griffin and Sabine* series by Nick Bantock and enjoyed their correspondence then you might like this book. It started off as a serial on my [blueshift fiction blog](#). This is the entire serial in book form. It unfolds by way of letters - or in this futuristic case, electronic ship log mail posts.

My Dearest Magdalene

Stardate: May 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

My dearest Magdalene,

It is with both great excitement and trepidation that I am writing to you. The hunt for the Starry Lathe has fallen apart. At the first, we were all intrepid adventures voyaging across the inner arm of the Milky Way on our wild, hot-blooded chase. Now, well, I fear to reveal all that has happened as it would be a great humiliation for me and my men. It has made me rethink my life. Certainly not with you. If anything, I am even more eager to be with you than ever before. Perhaps my love for you is the key in all of this chasing spiritual illumination. So, I am coming to you. Look for me in the stars each night before you go to sleep. One day I will be with you.

As for my trepidation, the ship I have bought a ticket on to journey back is in bad working order and I am so very far away. He offered to tow my ship behind his train but I wonder if it can be done. The engines are weak and are going out and when they shall be fixed, the captain cannot say, for he is of poor means and little influence. He is not a captain in any official capacity but a civilian with a few ships and a means to make a little money, transporting people here and there. Or did have the means. Anyway, we are stranded, I hate to say it, on a lonely starport in the middle of nowhere. Most of the last of my men have gone on home. Though the heavens are beautiful as always, none so beautiful as the warmth of your embrace, the soft shape of your face and the stars in your dark eyes. Until I see you again, my dearest Magdalene. I long to be with you. The beauty of space is cold.

Love,

R. Vaughn

In Your Starry Wake

Stardate: June 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**

Ralph,

It has been too long since we've seen each other. Sometimes I think we have come round full circle again into the blush of new lives. My impatience talks through me. I dreaded to read about your ship, stranded in the maw of space at a dull outpost. Please, you must tell me more of your wondrous hunting expeditions, darling. You have such a way with words. It would come alive for me as I wait for you to come back.

What happened, love? Why did it end? What tribulations and trials did you and your band of brothers suffer before the thing failed? I wonder why the quest was not blessed from the very beginning? The send off we'd given for you and your men was fit for a king on progress. And please, do not stint on detail as you know I want to know the whole bloody truth since you are not here with me. I sit in the cafe at times with my bitter espresso and watch shooting stars through the viewports, through the steam rising in my cup. Lately, I have not been able to come and sit and lounge as freely as I was once able to. I stay in my rooms more these days. It gets so stuffy in the station. The air-conditioning is not working properly. Anyway, I have a better view in our quarters here, in our tower bedroom. I wait for you, husband, when you arrive, with your band of brothers in your starry wake, looking toward a celebration of warmth, ecstasy and love.

Dearest,

Magdalene

A Deception

Stardate: July 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

My dearest Magdalene,

Your letter came late today. It is only tomorrow that I will be able to leave this place. But the stargate nearest the outpost is under major repairs and I must reach home through a more circuitous route and by another ship. The poor captain's garbage scow just won't make it past this outpost.

The expedition - When we had all arrived at our first rest point, Kristoff (that old bastard) was there! I knew we'd have trouble as soon as I laid eyes upon the rascal. Sure enough the first day of the hunt we found that our hunting party had been redirected fraudulently to the Parri system instead of where we'd find the actual first clue, a planetoid on the edge of the Rhovanion system. Through trickery and bribery, he managed to get a huge lead on us. Thankfully, I caught the mistake halfway to the other star system. That was the least of our problems.

But I sense something is amiss, love. Tell me, why is it that you do not go out? Why can you not enjoy your lounging in the cafes or elsewhere on the deck of the station as you once did? Are you ill? Is someone menacing you? I will be traveling through asteroid belts and then through the planetary system of Bandersnatch, with its planets jeweled with vast rings. Transmission will be near impossible and I may not be able to send a letter in a while my love. I hope you get this one. Until then, I am coming.

Love,

R. Vaughn

Knowledge and Mysteries

Stardate: August 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**

Ralph,

So you say that the northern stargate is under repairs. which means I must wait even longer. I suppose I have no choice. Something interesting did happen today at the station. The techno-mages came through today. For me, they are the sole source of mystery and intrigue these days. At least, the kind that I enjoy.

I am always fascinated by these mysterious ones. I managed to work up the nerve to speak to one of them who happened to be strolling alone on the promenade. I asked him if he would mind some company. He was gracious and said that he would not mind at all. He told me that most either fear them or shun them, seeing them as purveyors of nonsense or dangerous ideas. from what I've seen most people seem to be in so much awe of them that they are intimidated. He was glad for the company, I think. He was a tall, thin elegant man and I could not place his accent. He said that the arcane knowledge of the Old Ones of long ago who spawned the knowledge we have in the universe is going away. That so many do not care about the arcane knowledge and the mysteries of Life is disturbing. He spoke of many things; of things mundane and divine, of the dark things and the Light, and of the Way in between. I asked him how his order had acquired the great knowledge and he explained how the human being is the physical center of the universe. We walk between the smallest known particle that makes up matter and the largest known heavenly bodies, the galaxies, and how because we sit in between these two ends we are in the perfect position to explore and learn. We can manipulate energy, time, and matter in far more skillful ways than we do now if we are willing to listen and explore the secrets of the heavens. Finally, he mentioned briefly the Starry Lathe of Heaven. Most wise people, I've noticed, do not speak of it often, nor lightly. Most people believe it to be only a legend. He said it was both legend and truth. Of course, he did not have to convert me to this idea. All legends have truth. I told him that you were on the hunt for it. He smiled and seemed surprised, but I told him that you and your friends are of the Old Order of the Knights of the Northern Star. He said that

they, though not privy to the deepest secrets of the universe like the techno-mages, are keepers of the old legends and myths and that they are the elementary guardians of the arcane knowledge of the universe. He seemed pleased to hear of your mission and he said that your journey to find it, even if you do not find it, is just as important as finding it. I remember you had said something similar before you left. I was sad for his leaving. I wanted to know more. I think that I might have been an acolyte at the feet of a techno-mage if I hadn't met you.

As for the other matter. I haven't seen him in over three weeks and I have not heard from him at all. The presence of the techno-mages upon the ship seems to have kept him away. Except when I was with the old mage on the promenade garden and he was watching us, hidden in the shadows of thick grape vines. The mage seemed to sense his presence and warned him to be gone, giving him a baleful look. He scattered like a pest in sudden, harsh light. I have not seen him since. But the techno-mages have passed on far away to a place in the universe that I know not what. They are guardians of all wisdom and sagacity among humankind. Without them - I fear to think of what things will eventually fall to. But perhaps I bore you with my thoughts. I was hurt to read that Kristoff fouled your great mission from the beginning. When I'd told the mage of your trial, I remember he said this: "Even failure to find the Lathe, the Great Work is done, for even to search for it with a true heart a spiritual transformation takes place within." He also said that the Knights are their worthy successors. It made me happy to hear this. I long to hear more of your struggles of the mission, if it would not bother you too much my love.. Perhaps I can piece together wisdom from it while I wait here. Until I receive your next transmission, I await your coming.

*Dearest,
Magdalene.*

Sadness

Stardate: September 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

My dearest Magdalene,

My heart is heavy whenever I hear of the passing of the techno-mages from our part of the known universe. Perhaps one day there will be a way to commune with them but, ahh! It is a great loss only the Knights of the Northern Star will understand. Most, as you say, do not care to grasp the significance of this loss. Or any spiritual loss, whatever. They are too busy with their material lives. What a great sadness.

The honored gentleman who kept you company was right to say that we knights are only the elementary protectors, the first guardians outside the gates of knowledge, barely understanding the kernels of truth in the legends and myths of the world we try to keep alive. It is a flickering flame in danger of going out. What can one do but strive mightily to keep it alive? That is one reason why my men and I have gone on the hunt for the Lathe.

Once we got going, we rode behind the tail of the Bright Star comet toward the first destination where we were to find a clue to our next port of call, the Blue Station. From there we thought perhaps we'd arrived at the wrong place but one of the men, keen of eye and ear saw in an electrical storm created by the corona loops of the star in that system an image in blue and white light. A fleeting image of the Lathe it painted in grand auroras of green and blue and within we saw a light map of the Trion star system, where our next station lay. We encountered Kristoff's minions, a small company of them, and a huge battle ensued as they tried to prevent us from leaving, but my knights and I gained the upper hand on them. I do think now that they were sent as a diversion, to slow us down. I captured one of the scoundrels and demanded of him where Kristoff was headed next and how he planned to try and foil us again. He wouldn't talk, but we found a detailed written plan on him of Kristoff's next move. It occurred to me as we left that station that the leaving of the techno-mages and the coming of those who would seize all knowledge from the universe is no

accident. I believe they are behind the complex and brilliantly created entertainment complexes rising up. Get people into these places and distracted and they don't realize that their birthright to the Knowledge is slowly being stolen away. Then attack and destroy the guardians. Those like Kristoff want to steal the Starry Lathe of Heaven eventually, the very instrument that produces all that we see and know in the known universe. It is a blasphemy. I fear that they wish to extinguish it. May that never happen!

I am glad he has been banished and I thank the techno-mage for keeping you under his protection for however short a time his visit was. Keep to your quarters Magdalene and do not go out at night hours or alone. It is too dangerous. These dark hands of the Void are increasing in numbers. They sing seductive siren songs to lure people into their entertainment complexes while their tongues speak of cold, dark and twisted things. I am now on the luminous Crystal Station, that lighthouse, that wondrous place like a great light unto itself in the darkness of space, the last lonely outpost before one gets to the local system. Still a long way out, but I am making my way back. I have had time to rest and repair my ship. It is a beautiful station but in a lonely and dark part of the last ream of the spiral galactic arm. It makes me feel awed, contemplative and sad. Only a little, but even still. It seems I stare from these viewports out into a thin band of stars and then into the dark. In the far distance, I can see the faint, vast web of other galaxies but they are so far away that they appear to be images out of dream. Like you, my love. I am coming. Steadily.

*Love,
R. Vaughn*

Light In The Darkness

Stardate: October 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**

Ralph,

I went only to the station library this week love, and only there. Mostly, I stayed home as you advised. It was in the morning. I have lots of news, some marvelous and some, not so marvelous. There was quite a hullabaloo at the station for a few days, I must say. Several large, luxury space cruisers docked here at the beginning of the week. Everyone was wondering what the occasion was. While Valeria Station is not insignificant, it's no pleasure station either. I'd hardly noticed until I ventured out to the library. It was the ridiculous Star Crest corp, the super precious, ignorant cyborg community from the Naspar system. They always seem so aloof and haughty, those ones. The "new" men or the "new" race, as they say. Humanity is in even more trouble if this is so.

There were more than a few fights that broke out on the station while they were here. Brawling follows these brutes where ever they go and I'm none too impressed by the abilities they crow about. They seem to think they are superior to ordinary humans because of their enhancements. Why, just the other morning as I was on my way to the library I saw one of them in a row with one of the regular denizens of the station over something silly. The poor fellow probably didn't move out of his way fast enough. Shameful! How I detest them! The commander really should do something about these beastly people!

As for the old librarian, he'd said that trouble began as soon as their ship docked. One young, crass tough had demanded as soon as he'd slithered down the walkway to speak to the commander of the station because the station was old, decrepit and poorly designed, as he put it, and that it wasn't up to his standards when he travels. The nerve! Of course, the commander himself never showed up, having better things to do and sent a lieutenant instead but he started a fight right there in the main corridor with the lieutenant and had to be held down by several armed soldiers and dragged back to the cruiser. This is not to mention the lewd nonsense from some of them in the cantina from

what the librarian told me. Thankfully, that particular brute was banned from Valeria Station, indefinitely.

Anyway, I told him that I wanted a book on the Starry Lathe of Heaven and any legends surrounding it. He had one old battered copy of the actual sacred book! He was surprised when I'd asked for it, I think, it nearly made the dear old man weep. He'd said that no one had checked it out in at least thirty years and that the digital copies they keep had become corrupted. Mysteriously he cannot get more copies in any form. He'd taken the book, hid it and kept it well protected from others looking to steal it with dark motives. He told me that he'd also began making a hand written copy of the book. I was happy to hear this. People had thought it lost and he could have it to himself in peace, but he said that he knew of you and your knighthood and gladly lent it to me, for which I was greatly appreciative.

It is so good to find familiar souls of light and love in this vast darkness of space we sail through. We were two bright candles in the dark together in that dusty library. I bid him be blessed and he did me the same as I left and felt my soul fed a little bit.

Again, I read the beginning of the Book where it says: "If you read this, then you exist. . ." Words that began the wide world and the universe that hold it.

I dreamed last night and saw you. You were leaving the lighthouse station on the edge of the Milky Way. Beyond as a tiny spark, I could see the first web wall of the universe, the first Great Work of the Lathe from His Hand. I feel like a light, when I am of a mood of dream, hope, and contentment, in tune with the Light of the universe. But there is the other, dark side of that woman's mood when the edge of that vast night you stand on is really the edge of oblivion. The only string that holds us together is my love for you and yours for me and the hope that you will return home safely.

Please return, my love. My mood grows desolate, suddenly. I shall read while you are away for. . . comfort? But what comfort is there but love? And what is love if it is nothing of the flesh? I know that is short-sighted and foolish. I grow weary and talk wild. Forgive me.

Dearest,
Magdalene

Between Aurora and Anteus

Stardate: November 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

My Dearest Magdalene,

Your wild and voluminous words are a delight to me. Never stop. And now, it is my turn.

I've had the luxury and good fortune to be able to dock my ship with a star cruiser and travel through the dangerous Istical path, one of the great wormholes attached to the Delta stargate, so my journey has been cut in half! I am now staying at the Golden Horn Station. There isn't much to see here as far as views, but it is teeming with an inner world of Turkish culture and Turkish delights to the senses. The dominant population here is, of course, Turkish. I have had the best tea with each delicious meal here as well as many other delicacies. One of my favorites is the rice pudding. And the stuffed mussels. The Golden Horn is the Istanbul of the stars.

But that is merely a minor distraction to other things. As for the cyborgs that came to the station. It is probably well that I wasn't there. I detest them too! I am glad they did not trouble you. If they had, I would have had to vow and get my revenge and that would destroy my precarious link with the Divine that I've been trying to strengthen and forge on this journey. But enough of them!

Even in my gloominess, it delights me that you have found the sacred book right there on the station library! Who would have known a copy would be there? One of my men had learned and memorized the entire text and he often put many sacred texts to song on the lute during our times of rest or camping out at night on various planets and stations. He would recite prayers and other texts to strengthen us when it was needed on the hunt. All in all, we'd made it to the sixth clue. Just one short of that sacred number of Seven, where we would have found what we all sought, the Way to the Starry Lathe.

I am tired. I am always tired, lately. Speaking of dreams, I went to sleep last night and when I dreamed, I dreamed of a painting. It was so clear in my mind that it seemed real, in the painterly colors and surroundings. It was the Murillo Madonna. Except it was you and you held a little baby in your arms. Does this mean something, love? I don't know. It seems the dream you spoke of last was perceptive of my precarious emotional and mental state. A place on the edge of great Light and great Darkness. I feel so despondent because of my failure that I grasp at anything, no matter how tenuous. I re-think my life over and over and as I do, I feel that perhaps the chase and the journey really is the start of wisdom and understanding of the Sacred Things and not the end. I know it is said this is true but in the face of failure, it is hard to accept. Keep the great book for as long as you can. Upon my return, we can read it and pray together. I feel it is a precious prize of consolation for me after the failed hunt. We'd reached the sixth clue in the second ring of planet Oterra, the symbol for healing which is also the symbol for strength, the symbol of Antaeus. We reached all that way without incident, defeating one of his schemes and felt buoyed by this, having not too long passed the fifth clue and sigil, Aurora of the dawn, all in light. We had thought that our triumph had dawned. Then Kristoff had cut off our path to the last place completely. I think he even destroyed the seventh clue, from reports we heard from others in the area, but we cannot pin it on him directly. What a diabolical blasphemy! He left a false clue that would have had us entering the black world of Nyx, really the most dangerous place in the universe, the Great Darkness from which no light escapes but from which evil seeps into the universe. This is always the case with him. It was then that we all wondered if he was merely a human agent of wickedness or if he is really something more.

It is hard to pin anything on him, yet he looms over disasters and wickedness like a shadow. I wonder.

But to the dream, with your beautiful face as the Lady with the Child, ensconced in warm red against the gray and dark of the air of dream; I must say that I first had a fragment of this dream, like a holy vision between Aurora and Antaeus, and never said a word of it, not understanding what it meant. It could not be madness, it has the proof of earthliness and tenderness about it. But I don't know for sure. After my small travails of the Golden Horn I will stay in my ship until another path is plotted through the next gate I must jump through. I nearly forgot to mention, but a kind gentleman

allowed me passage with his train of ships which is why I made it here so quickly. It was a very long and arduous jump to this system, but any danger is worth braving to get closer to home, love. Until I see you, I raise a glass of exquisite tea.

Love,

R. Vaughn

Peril

Stardate: December 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**

Ralph,

He came.

And now I find myself forced to walk the unsettling bridge between love and peril. I'd gone to a lecture on the Esoterica and High Mysteries and Sacred Secret of Heaven. It was a small, intimate affair. The kindly librarian had been kind enough to invite me - a wondrous thing to make such friends who can expose you to such riches - and he had some of his own associates who had come into the station for a visit to hear the lecture. We all had a fine dinner afterward. But behind me at the lecture I felt a dark presence. He was there, sitting behind me, his gaze so penetrating I'd thought I'd been undressed. Then I looked back again and he wasn't there.

It made my heart soar to hear you think of me as The Lady with Child. I feel as if you have glimpsed into a possible future for us. Such things can sometimes be uncertain, but you had a vision my love, a precious vision of our family, or what it could be, were we to have a little one.

I'd told the librarian of my fears of him following me, haunting my steps and he offered to put me up in his place for a few days. his friends even escorted me to my apartments to gather a few things and then I was ensconced in safety there for a few days until I could feel his dark presence lessening. Once I felt that opaque oppressive presence when he could not get to me I went back to our place. But it was as if I could feel his oily presence had polluted our sacred and loving space.

There are times that I wonder if he is connected with the wicked Kristoff. I have noticed a pattern from long ago. these Dark Hands show up to create chaos and trouble whenever one is upon a major spiritual journey to the Light. their darkness is spreading like a blanket and they want to no one to find the way out of it. I continue to read the Book now as much for spiritual protection and comfort as well as in reverence for

learning. As I read the passage: "Thy prayers are like sharp arrows in the dark hearts of thine enemies." I felt myself strengthened. But there is something else. And a need for more.

He really had been here. It wasn't my imagination. He left a letter here on a table. It stopped me cold. It said, in hard, violent words: In the end, you shall be mine." I would have rather destroyed it and never mention it. It was vile! But there it was. I feel tainted by his desires and dark plans, whatever they may be. I feel a pull towards him that I never asked for and am fighting mightily. I love you Ralph, with all my heart. I would die before I gave ground to him. His influence is imperceptible to others. They do not see it, yet. But his darkness is spreading. I fear that his pull is strong. So strong that I may have to destroy myself in order to escape his shadow, and therefore destroying the passion and love between us and any shared visions of our future. Please hurry.

*Dearest,
Magdalene*

Vengeance Is Mine

Stardate: January 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

My Dearest Magdalene,

My soul is on fire! To hear this, what you have said to me in your last letter, if there were a way I could slip through space and time instantly to get to you I would tear that entire station apart to get to him.

And then tear his black, beating heart out, if he even possesses one!

The librarian is a clue to me when it comes to protection for you. If you can, stay with him for as long as you can. Keep the book and read it in an undertone day and night, doing more than just reading it for pleasure or for knowledge. This calls for the battle mindset. When you approach the book here on out, approach it with a view to salvation from this dark fiend. Or any darkness.

When I get there I will search him out for I can tell when the dark hands are about. I have picked up at least that gift from my expedition. I will find him and rend him limb by limb! His flesh will be burnt beyond recognition, his blood drained from him when I am through! Oh! I shake with fury that he has attempted to lay his hands on you!

Now I know the source and reason for my dark dreams - these dreams with teeth and shadows. It is he, the evil one on our home station who is trying to destroy what we have built, and Kristoff trying to destroy all the light in the universe. They are two of a kind, minion of wickedness and master of Darkness. But I wonder who is the minion and who the master? I am so angry that I'd forgotten to tell you that I journeyed to the Star Cathedral on the planet Nenyeth yesterday and passed the time in contemplative prayer and spoke with one of the mendicants that live nearby the cathedral. It was a fulfilling and satisfying exchange with the mendicant, a beautiful one, in fact. He helped me to understand my dreams and directed me to see a hermit deep in the forests of Cathendau called The Mysterious One. Shall I even go now? I

fear what will happen to you if I depart from my journey anymore than I already have, though I am coming, ever closer.

Fear not, Magdalene. Vengeance is mine. I will repay his bold insolence.

*Fury and Fire,
R. Vaughn*

Pearls

Stardate: February 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**

Ralph,

I didn't realize that you had such evil dreams! And your sojourn to the Star Cathedral and your discussions with the holy men there are great gifts to you, love. I hate that this situation has pulled a shadow over what could be like the finding of a Pearl of Great Value.

Go, please! Get thee to the heart of the Cathendau Forest and see what wisdom or message can be found there from the hermit. Do not let my troubles on the station poison your heart and darken your soul. I have sought safety and shelter with the kindly librarian for a few weeks; he has obliged graciously. I believe it was directed by the One from Above that I've come to this safe harbor. My spirit is calmed. In fact, the elderly gentleman had fairly burst with outrage at my mistreatment, much like you have. I am safe for now, and now I approach my readings of the Book with renewed purpose just as you have advised.

I fear I have stirred the fighting lion in you. I was wrong for that. There is a thin line between revenge and righteous wrath, one comes from purity of heart, the other can pull one into deep darkness. Let not vengeance be your portion, but let love and wisdom guide you on the last leg of your journey. I urge you, go to the Mysterious One and receive such priceless pearls from him as you can.

Dearest,

Magdalene

Let The Light Shine

Stardate: March 1, 3999

Ship's Log Entry: Ship's Outmail: **Sent**

Dearest Magdalene,

It is the middle of the night as I write this last letter to you, 02:00 AM. All I see is The Great Night of space about me, day and night. However, I did as you bid. I went to Cathendau Forest and felt my soul enlightened and fed with such nourishment that only angels are privileged to have. The Mysterious One had many things to tell me, things I can tell you and things, Most Holy, that because of my knighthood I must keep silent on. But there is so much more to tell you from what I have seen and experienced on this great journey. Secrets abound in me, Magdalene! It will be three more days and I will be back at the station with you in my arms. I always benefit when I listen to you.

As for our villain, I have not forgotten his trespasses and his wickedness. My honor and yours, which he has blatantly violated, requires a response. In the clear light of reason tonight, I have made a decision to deal with him. not in passion and rage but in righteousness. I have been urged to do what is right. Do not dismiss my anger as mere revenge. He is part of a larger evil that must be confronted boldly and courageously and sometimes that requires a fight to the death. Sometimes evil must be confronted spiritually and sometimes through blood and fire. Do not tell him I am coming. I will be like a thief in the night when I come upon him.

As for the overall journey, I have learned much about myself and my own strengths and weaknesses than I ever imagined and in that is the beginning the knowledge of wisdom and myself. That, I think, begins the Great Work. My journey to know myself completely so that the next time I take on such an epic quest it will be with both a physical sword and shield, as well as a strong spiritual one. My men and I weren't ready, perhaps. To gain the great wisdom of the Old Ones and the techno-mages and the Divine Knowledge one must walk before one can begin to see where and how to search out the Starry Lathe of Heaven. But until then, I am content to learn while I

continue my life with you, my loving wife. And my dreams have been comforting and luminous of late. I see you with our child. I have seen it! The dark dreams have been kept at bay for now. The holy lights in our lives are growing: Light of the Spirit, Light of the Family, the Light of Love. I am coming home, my love.

Let the light shine.

Love,

R. Vaughn

Home

Stardate: April 1, 3999

Station's Log Entry: Outmail: **Sent**
- Magdalene's Journal

Entry #777 -

This craziness on the station has calmed somewhat now that Ralph is back home. Or perhaps it is only my perception now that my rock is here. I was so happy to see him I wept. This universe is a perilous place, but I can face anything when my love is nearby. He is here and there is no greater happiness than being wrapped in his strong arms - except the thought of the child that will be coming. Life is sweet even when traveling the dark roads, the sharp turns and obstacles in the path, when pointed to the right way by the Spirit and walking that road with one you love, there is no greater thing.

Our enemy has been dealt with. He thought to hide himself but I knew where he was hiding and Ralph searched him out before even telling me of his arrival and challenged him to a duel. He fled, trying to use a disguise, but the Light of Truth was strong in Ralph. He could not hide from him as he has hidden in shadow and deceived others. lost, and with that, his life. Who knows what other dark hands Kristoff may send against us again? For we know now that we fight a spiritual battle against him. But we have triumphed, for now.

Ralph has revealed some of his travels with his men on his journey to find the Starry Lathe, some things epic, some things dark, some things heart-rending, some things sublime, and he has told me some of the powerful mysteries from the Mysterious One of the woods of Cathendau, and it makes me think of the quality of gratitude in all of this. He and his courageous Knights of the Northern Star can traverse the pathways of space, indeed all humans can, and we live in these great space stations with all the necessities and amenities - cathedrals in space - because others who came before us slept and lived in primitive ships and dusty and dangerous outposts, studying how to travel the stars.

I have learned that to know the Divine is to know and express love in all its forms. To

start on the path means to prepare your heart and to do that starts with humility. For the fear of Him is the beginning of Wisdom. Thus, we shall together begin our search again for the Starry Lathe of Heaven with humility before the Divine One, and with the enduring love we have in our hearts for each other. My lion, Ralph, has come to an end of his quest. But there will be others. Darkness must be battled and defeated. One day, we shall begin another, for he was chosen by the Divine to search, as the techno-mage touched on and the monk said so plainly. He is one of the last and foremost true knights in the universe.

Amen, blessed.

Thanks for downloading *You Drop Stardust*. I hoped you enjoyed it!
If you would like to see this story expanded, email me and let me know! :o)
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