

# THE COMING OF TWILIGHT



CAN A YOUNG GIRL SAVE THE  
WORLD AGAINST ALL ODDS?

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## **Chapter 1**

As the seashore kept fading in and out with the tide, Zoë was grabbing at the shells as they washed up on the sand.

The shoreline of Turkey was beautiful. The white sand and blue water made a great place to hunt for shells.

Zoë was thirteen years old with long dark hair that she often put together in one big braid down her back.

She had green eyes and very tanned skin from the warm days on the beach. Zoë was a very pretty girl even though she thought she was too tall for fourteen. This made her look older than she really was.

She did not have any brothers or sisters and she was often helping her mother and father with their work.

Her parents were archeologists and traveled all over the world.

Zoë's mother was French and her father was Australian.

Sydney was Zoë's place of birth but she was a citizen of the world.

Egypt was one of Zoë's most favorite places in the completely wide world and her fascination with this ancient culture never became boring to her.

Some people might think she had a wonderful life traveling everywhere and learning about the world. Zoë was sometimes lonely, being an only child. Having a friend or two would be nice for a change.

Her parents had often spoken about settling down in one place for a while so Zoë could get to know some kids her own age.

Zoë had often wished she had a sister to hang out with sometimes.

Her mother was considering taking a position with the museum in Paris so that Zoë could have some kind of normal life.

Dad would continue his work in the dig sites, as he was hot on the trail of some ancient tablets that contained very important messages to humanity thousands of years ago.

Being in Turkey was lovely. The ancient ruins were incredible and Zoë's dad was sure there was a message to follow in the 8000-year-old city of Çatal Hüyük.

For now though finding shells on the beach and taking a break made Zoë happy.

Being the daughter of Dr Marie-Bridget Prudon PHD and Dr Russell Simmons PHD was not as great as it sounded.

## Chapter 2

The new day came over the horizon and Zoë was already helping her Father in the ruins.

“Zoë you have become such a great helper to me, I cannot imagine not having you by my side, if your mother decides to take this job in Paris,” Dr Simmons said. “You know more than most of my students and your knowledge of reading ancient languages are pretty incredible.”

“Did I tell you lately that you are a smart beautiful young lady and I am very proud of you?” asked her father. Zoë ran to her father for a big hug and replied, “Daddy I love being with you but I need friends my own age too.” “I’m growing up and I just want to hang out in a bedroom with some other girls, play music and paint my toenails for once in my life,” she said giggling.

“Yes don’t remind me that my baby is growing up and I understand you need friends, I never meant for you to be an only child, it just worked out that way,” Dr Simmons said as he kissed Zoë’s cheek.

Later that afternoon Dr Simmons was taking a break from all the dust, rocks, artifacts and brushes and was watching his daughter digging away about 100 feet from him.

Zoë was uncovering something that looked solid. She thought it was just another big stone block at first. “Daddy Come over here, I think I found something,” Zoë yelled.

Zoë’s father came running over to see what she has found.

“Let me look at this, wow, this stone may have been used like a doorway to something like a crypt thousands of years ago.”

“This very well could be an ancient burial site of a King or Queen,” Dr Simmons said excitedly.

Dr Simmons called for all excavation to cease in the place where the students were in and now come over to where Zoë was standing.

There were eight students with shovels and brushes, which came over eagerly to see what was going on.

Dr Simmons had previously hired men to help carry off the dirt and debris that were now standing near Zoë.

“Dig around this stone, be very careful and do not damage any of the writings on top of this stone.”

“I want to be able to read every inscription,” Dr Simmons directed.

“Look at you my brilliant young archeologist, your face is covered in dirt and trust you to find what your father could not,” Dr Simmons said as he hugged Zoë.

“Is it really important daddy?”

“I hope it is the best discovery of your life,” Zoë said smiling.

“Zoë it is your discovery, I didn’t find it, you did.”

“I will tell the world that my beautiful daughter is smarter than her old dad,” Dr Simmons said as he hugged Zoë.

Zoë’s mother had been gone all day to a trip into the local village to buy supplies. As she arrived into the dig site, she could see all the excitement going on about the new stone covering.

“Oh Russell you found what you were looking for?” Dr Marie said excitedly.

“Not me, our daughter did as a matter of fact.”

“She is smart and beautiful just like her mother,” Dr Russell said.

Dr Marie gave her husband Russell a kiss on the cheek.

“Zoë how did you find this doorway?” Dr Marie asked Zoë.

“The voice I hear sometimes told me.”

“He told me to go over there and dig.”

“You will find what you seek,” Zoë said as she wiped dirt away from her face.

“You heard a voice? Zoë have you been in the sun all day?”

“Let me see if you have a fever or sun stroke,” Dr Marie went over to touch Zoë’s forehead.

Zoë became annoyed at her mother.

“Mother didn’t you and father teach me to accept all things.”

“Listen and learn from all sources.”

“Well mom I listened and look what I found. I do not have heat stroke or sun burn, I am perfectly fine,” Zoë told her mother.

“I’m sorry Zoë it was a mother’s reaction and you are correct.”

“If indeed, a voice told you to start digging over there, then you were right to do so,” Dr Marie gave Zoë a hug.

As Dr Marie hugged her daughter, she looked over at her husband with a bewildering stare. Zoë was becoming a concern to her.

Zoë’s mother and father walked back up to the camp discussing whether Zoë was hearing a voice or not. Was it just child’s play or maybe Zoë really did need a friend.

The decision that Dr Marie should take that position in Paris after all was now a matter of need for Zoë.

It looked as if Zoë was now Paris bound and to a whole new world.....