**Starry Messenger**

**Preview**

Quentin reluctantly turned his thoughts from Regina to his true mission.

He had been on Earth for two weeks and already discovered other members from the Collective on the planet. They had been doing what he had just done with Regina. Assimilate with mankind. Some had taken on human life mates and even produced offspring. It was common among the Nehalem, who had been doing this since the planet’s formative years.

This is not what troubled him. It was the planet’s lack of true upward mobility. Certainly, there had been advancements. Many, in fact, since Aron arrived many centuries before. In those days, humanity had not discovered flight and used their animals as transportation.

*Why had they not developed space travel? Humans attempted it several times years ago but now it is no longer a priority. What stopped them? Could the Degans have affected this planet to such a degree?*

It certainly would not be the first time. Whenever a civilization failed to reach their full potential, it was always the Degans.

Questions needing answers.

*I will meet with Aron tomorrow. Now this body needs rest.*

Quentin fell asleep and immediately began to dream. He saw himself on a devastated planet with smoking ruins and dead bodies piled up by hundreds. An empty burned out spacecraft represented a promise unfulfilled.

One word resonated in his mind.

Quentin woke up in the dark and screamed, “Blight!”

*Again? I have had the same dream since my arrival on Earth. What does it have to do with me or my mission?*

More questions. Quentin began to feel a sharp pain in his head. He got out of the bed. Sleep was no longer an option.