

Vicki Gaia's Research Page:

In the Shadow of the Goddess Update

I'm nearing completion of my first draft! My goal is to have it finished by the time I leave for my trip to Egypt the first of November. This will give me a month not to work on it, think about it, or read it. It's good to set aside your manuscript and then pick it up with fresh eyes.

Here's the first meeting between Mikela (priestess) and Sama-el (angel):

Unedited excerpt, In the Shadow of the Goddess, copyright 2008, Vicki Gaia:

Chapter One

Across the bay, the Golden Gate's trestles flickered from behind gray mist. A cold picture of orange-red steel illuminated by the full moon and street lamps. Strange were the black mass of ravens clustered around the bridge struts. I pulled at the collar of my thick wool sweater, a deep black mass of fear overwhelming my confidence.

Tendrils of fog rose up the cliffs like clinging ivy. Any moment I'd be shrouded in damp, dreary mist, blotting out the twinkling lights of the city. I prayed this wasn't an omen of things to come. I prayed my courage would be enough. I prayed my secret didn't destroy me.

I prayed but didn't believe.

The overhead branches rustled and the angel stepped out from the shadows. My neck cramped from looking up. Long disheveled hair glittered silver in the moonlight, dusting his shoulders, creating a cobweb of tangles. A face ageless and beautiful, and ravaged by eternity.

"The ravens lining the bridge struts failed to herald your entrance," I said, using my sarcasm to sharpen my wit.

The angel bowed, his arm sweeping in an arch. "Your goddess sends her most trusted servant to meet with me. I'm honored."

"I'm no servant, and you asked for me." I spit out the words through clenched teeth. The angel's terrifying beauty smothered my breath, slowly. "Why did you ask for this meeting?"

"Information, of course."

The angel's insufferable white-toothed smile provoked me. Angels weren't fluffy sweet cherubs strumming their harps in the sky. By nature, they were dangerous and cunning and shrewd.

Yes, my angels don't play the harp! *grin* At least not Sama-el aka Sam Black. He's a Sacred Seven warrior, and right hand man to God. Mikela is destined to become the next high priestess of Inanna's temple. But, as we know, fate is sometimes very fickle, and has other plans.

I've taken myths from around the world to develop my character's personalities and motives. It's fascinating research. My gods, goddesses and angels have human emotions but also lethal powers in which to control others. It's present day but other worlds exist unknown to mankind - fantasy elements such as the Shadow World where the goddesses reign. Goddesses are no longer part of humanity's consciousness and have been relegated to the shadows where they continue their work. Priestesses are sent to the physical world to perform rituals and keep the goddess consciousness from dying out. My story is seen from the eyes of one of these priestesses - Mikela - who, alongside with her four sisters, form the San Francisco coven.

Mikela is special. She hides a secret from her sisters, from her goddess, from herself. When she meets Sama-el, he blows her secret wide open, and this begins her search for the truth. It's a journey of self-discovery which leads to difficult choices.

I want readers to be immersed in the world I've created, and to experience the adventure alongside Mikela, her emotions, sensations, sorrows, joy and love. We all are on our own journey of self-discovery every day of our lives. It's sometimes a hard, rocky path but in the end, it's all about the journey, not the destination.

Happy Reading!

Vicki