

The Star Curse

Book One of "The Star Battle" Series

By Madelyn White

# Copyright

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# Author's Note

Hello Reader,

This series is my first, so I haven't written many books as of 2021. However, I have ideas for at *least* six more books I want to write and publish.

To keep you entertained between book releases, I have created a website that has announcements, short stories, and more. I'd love it if you could visit...

[thewriterreader.com](http://thewriterreader.com)

Thank you so much for reading; I hope you enjoy my work!

- Madelyn White

P.S. If you would like to join my mailing list, please do! Instructions on how to join it are on my website, in the "Contact" tab.

## DEDICATION

*I dedicate this book to my Mother, who helped me jump-start my career as an author by assisting with editing and giving me support.*

## Synopsis

In the past few weeks, my life has dramatically changed. I found out I have a brother, switched schools, fought a cheetah, then almost died about a thousand times. So many more crazy things happened; I can't even think of telling you about them all. I even lost my house. All of this family business was a huge plot twist to my life; this was only the beginning, I am not; will not; ever be the same, in a good and bad way.

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# The Boy



## Chapter 1

I live with my mother, and have one friend in the seventh grade; her name is Kasey. Whether I want to hear it or not, she always tells me about the books she reads. The part when she talks about the heroes is my favorite. I love the heroes, and I don't need to read about them; I just have a little chat with Kasey to be entertained. The hero's life sounds like fun; I wish I had a life as exciting as theirs.

My life is boring. I wake up, go for a morning stroll in the forest, go to school, repeat. I have no hobbies, only one goal in life. To find out who my birth mother is. You see, I'm adopted. Even worse, it was a closed adoption. No one knows anything about my birth mother, not even me. My life would be so much better if I just found my real family.

Sure, I do love my adopted Mom, but something is missing. There's no action, just school, school, repeat.

Kasey, however, has a ton of hobbies. She likes reading, a little writing, karate, stick fighting, even plays a few video games.

I just have one goal, one friend, one parent, nothing exciting at all. Well, there is another goal I want. I want to explore. Explore the world and see what's out there besides school and the small town that I live in, Linport. Instead, I'm stuck at home, supporting my mother in her cooking skills while envying everyone who can escape and explore. It's just in my blood. It's not really that I won't do it; it's just that I'm too scared to put my dreams into action. If only I had more courage.

When I do my morning stroll, these thoughts always run through my mind, which is probably my favorite pastime. I get to walk in a peaceful forest while dwelling on my life and dreams.



While walking, I tripped on some roots.

I stood up and brushed off some dirt, but I saw something in the trees before I started walking again. Looking closer proved it was a squirrel. You'll probably think this is something normal; I thought so too. I looked into its eyes; shock rose inside of me. Its eyes were purple. I *never* saw anything like that, a purple-eyed squirrel. I continued walking, thinking it was a hallucination.

As I walked, I stopped thinking about the depressing thoughts on my life and what it could be if I just did something about it. The quietness inside my brain reminded me of the forest. There was a light breeze, making the trees sway. Chipmunks ran away from me, birds sang, coyotes from faraway howled, I even heard some branches violently snapping as if someone was running toward the path to my left.

Wait a minute; someone was coming. The sound of twigs snapping came closer and closer until the peace stopped, and the world started screaming at me, waking me from my peaceful-like trance.

I stopped walking as someone started yelling while they got out of the bushes.

"Get outta here! She's coming!" the boy shouted.

He wore ripped pants, the rip at his knees showed a scrape on his knees, sweat and grime covered his face, he looked worried, scared even.

"Who are you? Are you okay?" I demanded, alarmed.

"Oh, I'm fine," he said; a second later, I noticed the scrapes on his knees were gone. He saw my gaze. "I'm Jake, you are?" he asked, snapping my attention away from his now healed knees.

Even the holes in his pants had patched up. What had happened there?

"How should I know to trust you? You look homeless," I asked.

Saying that triggered a memory of me pouting in my room, wanting to run away to add a little pizzazz to my life. I almost did, but realizing I won't be able to eat Mom's delicious homemade pasta again stopped me.

“Because I’m looking for someone, if you’re not her, then I’ll forget you and leave before you can ask anything,” he said.

The way he said that made me remember Mom’s warning, “Be careful, a lot of people have been going missing lately,” she said that just as I began to leave.

“Fine,” I said. “I’m Lonietta,”

His interest in me picked up; he stopped staring off into space and looked me into the eye, relief filling his face.

“Oh, thank god I finally found you. I’ve been searching for years now,” he said.

“Um... why?” I demanded.

That’s when I heard a faint sound of cracking twigs from where Jake came hither.

“Look, I can’t explain right now; someone is following me, that someone is who you have to help me defeat,” he said.

That picked up my interest. Jake’s offering me to help him with someone, making *me* a hero. Wouldn’t that be nice? That might make my life more enjoyable. But remembering the warning Mom gave me, looking at the boy’s attire stopped that train of thoughts.

I can’t just walk away with him. He’s a stranger! I should just leave now, while I have the chance.

“We should get somewhere safe, your house maybe? An area with tons of people?” he asked.

“I think I’ll leave *your* problems with you. I don’t need anything crazy right now,” I lied.

“Oh, come on! We have to save *our siblings* from them!” he shouted as I turned to leave.

The word “*our*” in front of the word “*siblings*” made me stop. Does he mean to say I have siblings? If so, where? He must know that I’m adopted then, but how?

“How do you know I’m adopted?” I demanded, turning back toward him.

“It’s a long story, can we *please* go somewhere safe?” he begged.

Suddenly, this argument triggered another memory.

I argued before; it was with Kasey. She invited me over to her house one day to talk about something, of course, I went with her. Before I get into the details, you need to know something about Kasey's and I's relationship as friends. I feel like we're more like frenemies. Kasey's always trying to be a good friend to me, while I always have this unusual anger toward her for no reason. That's what she wanted to talk about. Instead of talking about it like I should have, I just left her house. I ran home that day, all red from anger.

Of course, Mom found out what happened and told me to talk to her and apologize, but I refused. I don't think we've been very good friends since we were nine.

"No, you're going to tell me right here, right now," I said.

"We can't; she's coming!" Jake shouted.

"Who's this *she*?" I demanded.

"That would be me," someone to the left of us said, crashing out of the bushes.