



Excerpts From Fresh Off The Starship

Matt hands her a large drink with a little mountain of fluffy white stuff on top, with stripes of brown dripping down the mountainsides.

“Here, got you extra whipped cream and lots of car’mul on top, just the way you like it.”

Missy takes a lick of the whipped cream and her eyes go wide. “Oh!”

“Well, yer not supposed to lick it like an ice-cream cone. Sip it.”

She does and then slaps her hand on the table.

“Missy! You okay?”

“Oh, my! How can you beings ever complain about anything?”

“How’s that now?”

“Nothing.” She takes another sip and moans again. Several customers seated nearby look over at her.

“Missy, sweetheart, can you calm yourself a bit?”

She takes a bite of the round treat on a stick he’d set down by her. The moans escalate.

“Geez,” Matt says, trying to sink farther into his seat, “I feel like I’m straight out of *When Harry Met Sally*.”

“Who’s Harry? Who’s Sally?”

“The main characters in one of yer favorite movies. You made me watch it at least half a dozen times.”

She takes another sip and bite. The moans escalate even more. By this time everyone in the café is looking at her.

“Missy! Perhaps we should eat these in the car.”

“Wherever you want!”

The customers in the café receive one more rendition of “Ohhhhhhhh!” as Matt leads her out the door and she takes another sip of her drink. She climbs into the truck as he walks around to the driver’s side.

Okay, maybe it’s not thaaaat bad here.

She awakens the next morning, fully clothed, on top of the covers, laptop still running beside her. As she climbs out of bed, she catches a whiff of herself.

“Oh! That’s not pleasant!”

She pulls off her clothes from the day before and puts them in a basket on the closet floor. She catches a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror and lets out a gasp of surprise. She looks down at her body and then back at her reflection. She turns to the right, then to the left, then even more to the right, and then even more to the left.

She gazes at her long limbs and then at the gentle curves and soft swells with interesting shapes, patterns and varying colors. She’d seen the human form during her training, but it’s quite different seeing it in person, literally, as a person. She’s nowhere near as big as most of the women she saw at the hospital or restaurant—or Linda—but not as thin as some others she’s seen either.

This vehicle is amazingly beautiful!

The morning starlight—by now she knows it’s called the sun here, but she prefers star, since that’s what the sun is—lighting up the bedroom casts her in a golden glow. She turns and looks over her shoulder to see the back of her in the mirror. Her long, light-brown-colored hair—she could match the living-room furniture, too—falls down her back like a veil.

It’s one thing to study human beings. It’s a whole other thing altogether to be encased in this gorgeous piece of Creation.

She pulls on a robe that’s hanging on the closet door—and then becomes lost for several moments in the sensual sensation of the soft, plush pile against her skin. “Ohhhhhhhhhh!” She slips into a pair of slippers and giggles as the softness caresses her feet.

She wanders down the hall to the bathroom, which is also very yellow with wallpaper, towels, fuzzy rug, and prints featuring that color. She examines the tub and the faucets, remembering coming across such objects in her Googling and Youtubing. She starts filling the tub, adjusting the temperature to something that feels good, and climbs in.

Holy Heaven!

Not only is the water pressing against her, head to toe, a sensory pleasure in itself, she also runs her hands over this luscious body thing of hers. Nothing in her eternal life had ever felt like this. “Ahhhhhhhhhhh!”

She explores the various parts of her body. Like the flowers by her hospital bed, she also has gentle folds and crevices and interesting hiding places. So soft and delicate, too—just like the flower petals.

A knock on the door breaks her sudden reverence for being a human be-thing. “Missy, you okay in there?” Linda calls.

“Ohhhhhhhh, yes!”

“You going to be out any time soon? You’ve been in there fer more’n an hour!”

“Yes!”

But then she disappears into the euphoria of toweling herself off. She rubs the towel over her eyes and gasps at the multitudes of shapes and colors that appear. *Oh my galaxy, it looks like my galaxy. It looks like home.* Then one single blue dot appears. *Oh, that looks like Earth when I first was coming here.*

She finishes toweling herself off, but then starts doing it all over again. *Who knew?*

Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network 5 Star Review

For those of us who read Ann Crawford’s books, *Fresh off the Starship* is yet another one of her visionaries, metaphysical, fantastical, unique stories.

Ann uses imagination along with humor to introduce us to a star being traveling light years in order to help humanity.

The landing location was supposed to be Washington DC, but even in light-year travel, mistakes can happen. The star being lands in a small, country town in Kansas. Unlike the Wizard of Oz, this star being accidentally lands in the body of Missy.

With a mission to help humanity, our visitor is given the gift of discovery of life and love on Earth.

This unexpected journey will introduce you to characters who in their own way remind the reader of the goodness in humanity.

Quote from Book: "Braving the snowstorm, Missy heads out to the stable. The horses poke their heads over the stall walls, obviously hoping for some food. She takes down the food sack hanging by the door. After giving them all a treat, she stands by Diamond Girl. She nuzzles her muzzle, pressing her cheek against the horse's face. "Bashiran, you around?" she calls out. "Are you there? I am completely messing up this project! So much for being incognito." No answer, although the barn cats rustling in the rafters raise her hopes for a few seconds. She turns back to her friend and throws her arms around her neck, letting Diamond Girl's glorious mane absorb her tears."

We all take things in life for granted. Author Ann Crawford is a gifted writer, who has a talent for finding the good in situations and in humanity.

I hope you will enjoy this Romantic Comedy as much as I did. Review by Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network.

About The Author

Ann Crawford believes in love at first sight, that good always prevails, and that we're here for those wild, wonderful, way out there, visions of ours to come alive.

Ann has lived "oh, all over," and right now there's a view of Colorado's Rocky Mountains out the window. When she's not circumnavigating the globe (65 countries and counting, plus all 50 states), communing with sea critters on the ocean floor (in her scuba gear), or climbing every mountain (on the back of her husband's motorcycle), or flying planes (at least as a student pilot for now), you can find her writing.

Ann is the author of the newly released romcoms/chick lit FRESH OFF THE STARSHIP and LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOOD LANE, mystical SPELLWEAVER about a woman during the witch hunts in Scotland in 1597, the hilarious ANGELS ON OVERTIME, the deep MARY'S MESSAGE (about Mary Magdalene), and reach-for-the-stars VISIONING. Ann's life-affirming books weave tales of love and intrigue that take readers on mystical journeys. Her characters live radiant lives touched by magic, an ability Ann believes we all have.

Ann is also an award-winning documentary filmmaker. Her first movie was about a group of vets returning to Viet Nam to perform humanitarian work, give something back to the people, return to their Areas of Operation, and heal their wounds of war. Her second movie involved traveling around the world and interviewing people from all walks of life--heads of state, street kids, academics, artists.... the folks of this world--on how they envisioned creating world peace. The website for this movie won numerous awards. Ann is also an award-winning humanitarian.

Ann would be delighted to speak or do a book reading for your group or book club. Please contact her through her website, anncrawford.net.

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