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# Save our Burning World



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## Chapter 1

### Paradise ~ Goa

This is a story about a paradise. A paradise generally has golden beaches, deep blue seas, beautiful forests, clean air and fresh water. This paradise is no exception. However, sometimes a paradise will have a role to play which far outstrips its small size and importance. This place is one of them. Here is where a small story will start, and it will end in either the world being saved – or not.

It is December in this small part of a great sub-continent, India, and this place is called Goa. In a little spot a few miles inland from the beaches, is the small village of ... maybe it is best not to be named yet, for security purposes you understand. In that village is a large, white-walled house – strong and safe – built by the Portuguese, who, many hundreds of years ago, captured Goa and turned it into one of a necklace of sea forts to guard their spice routes.

The object of our story lives in this white house. She is lying on her stomach at the top of the stairs in the middle of the night in her pyjamas, a teddy bear in her arms, listening to something downstairs. Our heroine to-be, Lila, is a fourteen-year-old girl with dark-blue, mischievous eyes, long jet-black hair and is someone who knows her own mind. She is, in a father's eyes, perfectly formed with just a small dark scar on the inside of her left calf. Her anxious father first noticed this little irregularity at the birth of his child, who came kicking and screaming into this new world. This little