

**THE ADVENTURES OF ISABELLE  
BOOK I: THE EMBRYO GODDESS AND  
THE MORPHO**

**By**

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## PREFACE

In case you are wondering why I've written this fairytale or what you might get from it read on! I wrote this story because it is the sort of story I would have loved to have read as a little girl. I was not caught up in the princess craze: never aspired to be Snow White or Sleeping Beauty. The stories of fairy tale princesses of my childhood contained fairly one dimensional characters. They were often damsels in distress waiting to be saved by Prince Charming--never true heroines, or at least not what I thought of as heroines. These women were beautiful, to be sure, but not brave or adventurous; and none of them looked or acted anything like me. In short I did not see myself reflected in these stories and did not aspire to emulate these models that abounded in literature and cinema. Today I'm happy to see popular culture presenting more complex characters who reflect real heroism; and there is room for so much more diversity. I want women and young girls to see true reflections of themselves. I want them to know that they can be their own heroines and knights in shining armor and that they do not need to be asleep or in distress to find love or happiness. We find true happiness and love when fully awake and owning our power.

This book is also a reflection of my belief that all of us have an important mission and are on our own adventure; or, as Joseph Campbell would say, on a *hero's quest*. The Adventures of Isabelle tells the tale of the heroine's quest. Book I is just the beginning of her journey; her *call to adventure*. My hope is that, no matter where you are on your journey, this book will help you reflect on your heroine's quest and perhaps help you become clearer about your mission. We are all writing our own stories. This is mine and I hope you enjoy it and learn more about yourself while reading it. What's your story? Drop me a line at [www.VisionQuestRetreats.com](http://www.VisionQuestRetreats.com).

When one is on a heroine's quest she finds helpers and mentors along the way. To that end I'd like to thank a few people who have been integral in bringing this book to light. As always I have to thank the Universal Spirit whom I choose to call G\*ddess for showing me my mission and providing me with all I need to complete this mission while here on earth. I also want to thank my family and friends for their continued love and support. Thanks to my editors Tamara E. Holmes and Dr. Sanaa Sharnoubi, to my graphic designer Sherron Washington of The P3 Solution, and last but not least to my cousin, artist Wayne Rodney, for helping bring my vision to life through his wonderful illustrations.

# The Adventures of Isabelle Book I: The Embryo Goddess and the Morpho

## CHAPTER I

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a little goddess in embryo. Her immortal soul had been floating around in the cosmos when, at the moment of her conception, it had been snatched out of the universal atmosphere and brought to earth. She was to be born to mortal but royal parents in the kingdom of Xamayca. Her father, Vata Helios, The Sun King, was a magnanimous man who shone his warmth on all those he touched. Her mother, Cythona, The Ice Queen was a beautiful and imperious woman who ruled the palace with her steely will. They both loved each other very much; but their coupling was a strange one for at the moment when they came together the planets had been out of their usual alignment. Thus elements of both her mortal parents were in her; but there had also been trapped some other material, the origins of which no one knew.

When on the other side, she had asked to come to earth under these exact circumstances to further her soul's education; but as soon as she was born and felt the air around her it seemed to her that she had been duped. Before coming to this side she knew that she was a goddess, but soon after the moment of birth the forgetting began. Thus she felt as if she had been trapped.

“This,” the baby goddess, whom they named Isabelle, thought, “is NOT what I had in mind.”

She shouted to be let out, to go back to whence she came. She screamed through her first night on this strange cold planet, but no one could understand her. (That is why human babies cannot speak. They have just come from the other side and possess all the intelligence of the cosmos. The others, having been here for some time, have forgotten most, if not all of it, and do not want to be reminded that they now live in a universe of limited possibility. It is just too much for most former immortals to stand really.)

Nor was anyone able to comfort her. Her father and the nurses tried to no avail and her mother did not come. Because of complications in childbirth the palace doctor had informed her that she would not bear any other children. Her piercing cries rang throughout the palace warning all its inhabitants of things to come.



The princess looked like a normal enough beautiful baby human save for a few oddities here and there. She was a sort of reddish brown and had curly brown hair dusted with gold. Like her father, the Sun King, she had eyes the color of the late summer trees.

As she grew she became accustomed to this world and started to delight in the odd things she found here; rocks, water, trees, flowers, animals, insects; especially those pretty flying flowers called butterflies. A special few of the other human beings were also very dear to her. She was drawn to anything that sparkled, especially the glint in

her father's eyes. She recognized him from the other side and read in his smile a knowing of her too. She was sure it was him because of the one fleck of orange in his right eye.

Her mother, the queen, however beautiful and clever, was foreign and frightening to her. The goddess, now fully thinking of herself as one of them, tried to placate the queen with gifts of flowers and rocks and such, things she herself valued. She loved to play in the forest and during her adventures there would pick the prettiest little flowers to bundle up and tie with blades of grass. She was especially fond of the deep amethyst of the Dog-Tooth violets in the spring. These little offerings she would take and lay at the feet of the queen hoping to win her favor. Momentarily the queen would smile down on her but this never lasted for long. The queen was given to fits of rage and anger; and during her episodes she would sweep away anything that lay before her, whether it be a bouquet of flowers or her child.

The goddess, now a little girl, eventually had to give up placating the queen. She could never get it right anyway, could not be what the queen demanded. The girl, never having really let go her true origins, was somehow untamed. Like Artemis, she was most content when running wild in the forests and creeks of the kingdom; her pack of dogs, led by her favorite hound, Xerxes, following at her heels. She was often discovered on the hunt dressed in men's clothing, dirty hands and face, hair unkempt. She loved to ride her horses, especially her fastest, Philippides, a jet black Godolphin Arabian that stood sixteen hands, given to her by her father. She sometimes shamelessly rode bareback into the lake.

The queen tried everything she knew to tame her daughter; to turn her into a lady, someone who would be acceptable, who could attract her own wealthy prince one day. If the girl wanted to ride her horses or hunt with bow and arrow, the queen would suggest that she take up some other pursuits. Perhaps cooking, needlepoint or tapestry? When the girl played, rough-and-tumble, laughing (too loudly) with the other children in the palace, the queen would admonish her. The girl would look at her puzzled, not really hearing much but the phrases "not lady-like" and "unbecoming a princess," which were constant refrains. Even her father, who was amused by his spirited daughter, would attempt to domesticate her, discouraging her wild temper often reminding her to be "a nice girl."



At night, safely alone in her chambers the princess tried on the trappings of “a lady.” She would bath herself in scented water, oil her skin, and fix her usually unruly hair in some neat style, put on a beautiful gown and sit quietly reading, writing or painting. She secretly delighted in this time. It was often during these sacred times that she would visit the gift her parents had received for her at her birth. The princess would steal down the long stone hallways to her father’s private chamber where it was kept.

It was on her fifth birthday that her father had showed her the box and told her the story of the gift. After all the guests who had come for her party had left, her father had asked her to come to his study so he could give her one last present. She sat on his lap in his big comfy chair by the fireplace as he unraveled the tale.

*On the day that the queen had learned that she was pregnant with the princess, a strange woman dressed in white had appeared at the palace gates. She had come at dawn out of the fog on an unusually cold, late summer morning. This woman had clearly come a long way from the look of her shoes and clothing but she did not look tired. (The palace guard had noted this with some curiosity). Neither had his dogs barked, as they usually did, when strangers approached. He asked her to state her business. She told him that she had come on a mission from a far off kingdom and must see the king and queen. The guard sent a messenger to the palace and was surprised when word came back that the royal couple would see her. The queen was not prone to receiving uninvited visitors let alone those of the common variety, but the king had overridden her objections. The woman was ushered into the room reserved for audiences with the royal couple.*

*The king and his queen sat regally in their respective thrones and waited for her to state her business. Refusing food and water she simply bowed before them and began. "I have come to bring you something that belongs to the daughter you are to bear in the spring." The queen was shocked. How did this strange woman know that she was pregnant? No one had been told, save for the king. She held her tongue and let the woman continue. It was at this time that the woman drew back her cape to reveal a most resplendent box. This box was the most unusual thing the queen had ever seen and yet it was somehow familiar. Oddly, the king seemed undisturbed by any of this as he sat quietly smiling at the woman. She stepped forward and placed the box in the queen's hands. The box, which was heavy and encrusted with all manner of gemstones, seemed to give off its own light. On the lid there was embossed an iridescent blue butterfly. The queen, an expert zoologist, who dabbled in entomology, recognized it as the Blue Morpho (*M. menelaus*). She had been fascinated by this creature in her studies and instantly recalled what she had read.\**

\*The almost metallic blue color of the Morpho is not a result of pigmentation, the wings actually being clear, but is in fact a prime example of iridescence. The microscopic scales covering the Morpho's wings repeatedly reflect incident light at successive layers, leading to interference effects which depend on angle of observance as well as light wavelength. This is why the colors of their wings vary with the viewing angle. Although typically forest dwellers, Morphos do make forays into sunny clearings to warm their wings. With the exclusion of mating season, these butterflies typically live alone. The territorial male of the species will chase away any rivals.

*The woman spoke again. "You are being entrusted with this gift for your child. You must keep it in your possession at all times but you may never open it. Only she may do this at the time and place that she determines. It will be up to you to decide when to give it to her but be clear that it belongs to her."*



*The queen became indignant. Who was this common woman to tell her what to do with a gift for her child? She spoke up. "I trust you realize to whom you are speaking? Why should we take this gift from you and not look inside the box? How do we know you have not been sent to harm us? We do not even know from what foreign land you have come. How dare you speak to us like this? We do not want your gift and will not accept it! Get out!"*

*At this the woman rose gently to her full height. She seemed to grow a few inches before she spoke. In a low and even tone, she simply said, "This gift is not for you. It is neither for you to accept or reject. It belongs to the princess and she will have it whether you give it to her or not."*

*The queen fairly glared at the woman and was about to speak when the king laid his hand firmly on hers where it gripped her throne. He rose and spoke in a clear strong voice. "Thank you for coming all this way to bring this gift for our child. Her mother and I accept it graciously and will do as you have asked."*

*Looking into his eyes that glinted like sunlight off a forest pool, the woman smiled. She brought her hands together as if in prayer and bowed, first to him and then the queen before turning and taking her leave. The king took the box and left the chamber. The queen was furious at having been crossed and did not speak to the king for a full month after that.*

*Vata Helios had carried the box down the hallway to his private chamber. He had a special hidden alcove there in the wall. He drew back a heavy velvet curtain the color of amethyst, opened the doors of this sort of tabernacle and placed the box inside. For just a moment he was overwhelmed by emotion and a powerful urge to open the box but he did not dare. His mind flashed forward to the future when he would bestow it upon his daughter, but for now he was content to keep it safely here for her. He closed the door and pulled the heavy curtain back over the space in the wall and returned to his duties.*

After telling her this tale he said "I am only showing this to you now but it is not time for you to have it yet. I will keep it here safe in this wall until the time is right. In the meantime you may see it and touch it but you are not to remove it from this room and you must not open it."



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



### **Nicole Cutts, Ph.D.**

Dr. Nicole Cutts licensed Clinical Psychologist, Success Coach, Speaker, Artist and Organizational Consultant inspires and empowers people to achieve a more balanced and successful lifestyle. Nicole enjoys taking clients to the “Aha” moment, helping them identify blocks, spark a change in attitude and behavior and ramp up personal performance. She has consulted with and trained executives, managers, and teams at Fortune 500 Companies, Federal Government Agencies, and Non-Profit Organizations. As a Master Facilitator, Speaker and Success Coach, she helps people create an exceptional life by honoring

their mind, body, and spirit so they can experience joy, passion, meaning, and ultimate success in their work. She was named 2011 Entrepreneur of the Year by The National Black MBA Association’s DC Chapter and one of Tagg Magazine’s Most Enterprising Women in 2015.

Nicole has made several media appearances on radio and television to include BET’s *The Center*, the BBC, Roland S. Martin’s *Urban Business Roundtable*, *The Steve Harvey Morning Show* and *The Daily Drum*. Nicole is the co-host of the *Inside Out* radio show on Washington, DC’s WPFW 89.3 fm ([www.wpfw.org](http://www.wpfw.org)).

She is also a frequently quoted expert on success in national publications. She has co-authored and published several articles and stories in scientific and literary journals. She has been a featured writer on Corporate Wellness, Success Coaching, and Diversity on several business websites and was the Senior Features Editor at The Diversity Channel. She is a former faculty member of The University of MD-Baltimore County where she taught in the Women’s Studies Dept.

An avid yoga practitioner, she ignites change, using somatic coaching principles helping people create an exceptional life. It is her dedication to well-being and belief that we should find joy and passion in our work that motivated her to start Cutts Consulting, LLC in 2002. She created Vision Quest Retreats in 2009 to help women discover their passion and purpose and bring this to life through their work.

Dr. Cutts, received her Ph.D. from the California School of Professional Psychology-LA, where her emphasis of study was Multicultural Community Clinical Psychology. She received her Executive Coach certification from The Center for Executive Coaching. She also holds a B.S. in Psychology from Howard University.

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