

A mother's secret, gruesome murders, young love, shape shifting Indians and a covert eugenics program, the complete recipe for non-stop adventure.

The Sachem Tales: Initiation Dream

By Marc S. Hughes

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The Sachem Tales

INITIATION DREAM



Marc S. Hughes

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Chapter 3: Victor's Revenge

At thirteen Victor Dawes had been lucky enough to have the Initiation Dream that was once a common event for the youth of his native tribe. But unlike other born Wolf Shifters, his particular dream conveyed the news that he would be different from the others. Victor learned that he had been given a unique gift that had not been seen for decades, and when it took less than a year for him to become comfortable with his new self, it was only reasonable that this powerful fourteen-year-old would use the gift to avenge his mother's unnecessary death.

Just over a year ago Raven Dawes was to have an operation for enlarged kidney stones that, according to what was told to Victor, was a simple procedure. But the doctor, a Dr. Fylus, had somehow caused an unnecessary infection during the surgery, a mistake that cost the life of Victor's mother; the mother who did her best to protect him from his father's incessant rampages. Then, suddenly, she was gone and all Victor understood was that the judge excused the doctor of any criminal wrongdoing. Victor's father screamed and cried that it was because the man was white and the judge was white *and* the jury was white that the doctor was never charged. Victor quickly learned that *abuse* did not only come from his father's attacks.

So, twelve months later, on a stormy August night, Victor bounded into the nearby forest. There, along a narrow, paved driveway, winding towards an exquisite six-bedroom Colonial, Dr. Fylus was suddenly apprehended, indicted, proven guilty and executed inside his black BMW Gran Coupe. The authorities never found the person, *or animal*, that had done the killing.

The first of May had Colin very glad that his freshmen year was coming to an end. He had joined the baseball team hoping for a sports reprieve from his basketball follies, however, it ended quickly when Colin broke his right wrist tripping over second base during the first game of the season. Colin decided at that point it was time to stop entertaining his callous fans with incessant clumsiness and avoided all high school events from then on. He avoided Julia as well; believing a goofball like him could never have such a beauty. Instead, he would finish his spring semester focusing on his grades and his two, *true* friends.

"Have you started this paper yet?" Skyler asked Colin as they reached the library.

"Ah, no, I haven't," he answered as Jasmine took a seat at a table, opening up her laptop.

"And you're just starting, too, I'm guessing," Skyler directed to Jasmine. "What's *your* theme?"

"Witch Hunts," she answered.

They were referring to a final project in social studies that involved the writing of a fictitious story using historical events. It was the only class all three of them had together.

"I've decided to write about a young, bright woman living in sixteenth century England," Jasmine continued, "so I need to find information from around that time period."

Colin looked over her shoulder as she Googled *witch hunts*.

Skyler, as quick as lightning on his cell phone, pointed to the Google searches he just looked up. "Write, *Inquisition time in Europe* along with *witch hunt*."

"And you know this why?" Jasmine asked as she pulled up the website's page.

"Saw it in a movie," answered Skyler. "The Inquisitions and witch hunts went pretty much hand-in-hand. Try that one, *Heretics of the Inquisition*."

Jasmine pulled up a page filled with a variety of choices such as nature worship, Wicca, herbalism, Satanism, religion and heretic punishments. "Yeah, this should work," Jasmine said, following her finger down the screen. "*Witch burnings*, witch burnings-here...Now, get this, I had read a little on this earlier. These, so-called, *witches* were typical women who knew how to heal people or who dared to speak their mind...Right here- '*between 1400 to 1792 about fifty million women were burned at the stake for being labeled a witch*'. Isn't that sick?"

Unfortunately, right then, Quentin O'Reilly picked up the last few words.

"*Huh-what?*" Quentin said aloud, "Who's been labeled a witch? Could it be you, Princess Tofu? ...Or is it our favorite Chubby-bear?" excessively displaying Skyler to his entourage of compliant apes, "The *Hog of Hogswarts?*"

Colin stood silent, not wanting to face the equally tall freshman who had had a ceaseless vendetta out for him since the fateful basketball game.

"Oh, then we must be talking about this *witch*. Or is this just a broomstick standing here?" Quentin announced, causing his buddies to guffaw to the point of tears. "Oops, can't be. If he *were* a true witch, he'd surely trip over his own feet, turn himself into a chicken and then poor Chicken-Colin would be devoured by all of us vicious *meat-eaters!*"

Quentin nudged Colin just enough to send him sprawling to the floor. Colin was luckily able to avoid falling onto his hurt wrist. Quentin's followers continued to cackle as Jasmine sprang up and hissed, "Get the hell *out* of here you little piece of *fecal* matter!"

"Mr. O'Reilly? If you would please," the librarian, Mrs. YuLong, finally intervened. She pointed to the door and the troupe pranced out of the room. Quentin gave a smooching gesture to Jasmine and then a defiant smile to Mrs. YuLong on the way out.

"You alright?" Jasmine asked while Skyler pulled Colin up.

"Yeah," Colin barely answered, blushing through his walnut skin.

"Oh, man, Jazz, I liked the way you said, *fecal matter*," Skyler applauded. "That was brilliant."

"I should have punched him," she growled.

"Or kissed him...again," joked Skyler.

Jasmine gave him a look.

"Let's just get out of here," Colin insisted, noticing others in the library were still looking at him. "Besides, I better get going with digging up information for *my* paper, especially since I'll be typing with one hand."

"What did you finally decide for yours?"

"I'm considering writing a story based on the Native Americans of our area," Colin answered.

"I didn't know you were interested in that," Jasmine replied.

"I'm not, but I know Mr. Benson is."

Jasmine scowled, "You're sucking-up to the teacher?"

"Hey, it's his hobby," Colin argued. "He collects different artifacts and researches tribal lineage. *And* with that theme, along with some cool drawings, I just might get myself a decent grade for a change." He guiltily smiled towards Jasmine, and then quickly turned to Skyler, "So, how 'bout you, big guy? What did you decide on?"

"Like, *dog*, get this," he began with enthusiasm, flipping through his phone to get the Internet page he wanted. "I'm doing a major, twisted historical-fiction that takes the early nineteen-hundred eugenic laws and has them enforced in modern times."

"What's eugenics?" Colin asked.

"Simply put...It's the science of hereditary *improvement* of humans by controlling breeding, like, having babies, dude."

"I know what breeding is...*dude*."

"This *so-called* improvement," Skyler continued, "is all done in a way that selects who and *who can't* have kids, so society will birth and raise *better* humans...Something like that."

"Really?" Jasmine reacted, staring at his phone. "Tell me this isn't real history."

"Afraid so. The main idea of eugenics was to stop mental and health defects from continuing to occur in a family's bloodline by sterilizing the people that they called 'degenerates, feeble-minded or defective'."

"So, these were all *sick* people they did this to?" asked Jasmine.

"Well, no. That's the creepy part," Skyler continued. "They also ended up including regular people onto their list of *degenerates*, like blacks, Italians, local Indians, even *French Canadians*..." Skyler looked at Colin. "But, *hey*, this severe level of sterilizing got really unpopular quickly, so laws totally changed. So, in reality it's just fricken crazy shit."

"Horrible," Jasmine reacted.

"With that said, what, possibly, is *your* story going to be about?" Colin asked.

"Like, you see, this elite group of people, maybe white-supremacy-types, start up their own eugenics thing, without anyone knowing, for the sole purpose of getting rid of certain groups of people, and they literally make whole cultures disappear."

"And *whom*, may I ask, will be your *certain groups of people*?" Jasmine dared to ask.

"Haven't got that far, yet," Skyler bashfully smiled. "But these elite dudes are bad, so any other people; maybe hippy-types or democrats or-or...*free-thinking vegetarians*."

Colin punched him in the arm.

Colin had just entered the living room as Colin's father was reaching for the newspaper on a far tabletop with his *Accordion-Grabbing Tool*. It was cleverly assembled out of odds and ends he found at the dump one day. "Hey, slugger. How's the wrist?" he asked as the grabbing tool's spring-loaded clampers dropped the paper onto his lap.

Dr. Philip Trask was the sole dentist in the small town of Cochran, but he also had a passion for inventing unique gadgets made out of useable and unusable junk.

"It's fine," Colin answered. "Seems to be healing pretty fast."

"Ah, to be young again."

Colin's thirteen-year-old sister, April, bounded into the room with her long, dark brown hair swimming across her face. She came to an abrupt stop in front of her dad. "Look, Daddy, I got a *ninety-five* on my Nigeria project," she cheered, flashing several sheets of paper, creatively bound, in front of him.

April always loved announcing her school accomplishments, especially when she wanted something, but mostly to spite Colin. "Yeah, and my *full* presentation is going to be the main exhibit inside our lobby's display case at school."

"That's wonderful, dear," her dad smiled, giving her a high-five.

She turned and presented Colin with an exaggerated smirk then quickly asked her dad, "So, can I *finally* get a cell phone?"

"No," her mother simply said as she entered from the kitchen holding a cutting board full of cut garlic. She had been putting the final touches to two spaghetti sauces simmering on the stove (a spicy garlic sauce for Colin and one total meat sauce for everyone else). "You're still too young." Colin's mother said, then turned to him, "I saw you

were focused on one of your anti-meat protest drawings. Don't you have a big research paper you're supposed to be working on?"

Anne Trask was the quintessential stay-at-home mom who (besides being extremely aware of all school work needing to get done) had the energy of ten stay-at-home moms. She was always helping with school events, fundraisers, several charities and full-time volunteering at the Cochran Retirement Home. In fact, she had been labeled *Supermom* long before the newspapers documented it as evident fact.

As local reporter, Jeannine Granda, put it:

Mrs. Anne Trask is widely known around town for carrying the load between running a family and helping the community. Today, however, she had gone far and beyond her daily contributions. The thirty-nine-year-old homemaker had come upon a group of elderly men and women from the Cochran Retirement Home, trapped in their excursion van. Trask had been on her way to volunteer at the facility when she found the van turned on its side slowly sinking into the Texas Hill swamp. The driver was completely unconscious. In what seemed to be the well-known phenomenon of "sudden strength", Mrs. Trask was able to slightly lift and drag the van to dryer ground, allowing access to the petrified senior citizens inside. When police and fire crews showed up minutes later, Trask had already escorted the seven members out of the van to safety, as well as the unconscious driver. Mrs. Anne Trask simply said, when interviewed, "Our Senior friends, here, sure love to exaggerate", but she was very glad to have been there to help.

"Oh, for goodness sake," Colin's mom would say (anytime the subject came up). "I *believe* Ms. Granda also stretched the truth a little. Don't you? A kid could have slid that old van out of there in all that greasy mud with proper leverage."

No one, of course, ever asked what the "proper leverage" was *or* tested that theory.

"A research paper?" Colin responded to her question. "Like, no, it's really just a writing project," he explained.

"A writing project that will be graded, right?" Anne continued to press as she headed back into the kitchen.

"Um, yes...I'm going to write about local Indians. You know, maybe the Abenakis or something."

Suddenly Anne had stopped dead in her tracks, spilling garlic across the floor. When she realized how reactive she was she swiftly produced a big smile, saying, "Um, huh, *Indians*? What gave you that idea?"

Colin got up to help her as he admitted, "Actually...it's Mr. Benson's, um, hobby. He's insane about anything to do with native cultures. He supposedly has books, maps, pottery, even a hatchet and an old army rifle that was given to a Mohican chief in exchange for..."

"An antique rifle?" Colin's dad interrupted. "Harvey Benson has an old rifle like that? *Well*, I'll just have to ask him about this gun of his."

Needless to say, Colin's dad liked junk that could shoot and go bang, too.

"So," Anne continued to inquire, "you're picking that subject because of Mr. Benson's interest in it?"

"Ah, yeah," answered Colin, realizing this decision to tell the truth wasn't going to earn him any claps on the back. He read his mother's look of disappointment as being due to his quest for an easy grade. He had been wrong.

Anne instead produced her famously fake smile again and said softly, "Well, just don't start it late this time and get yourself in trouble."

"*Geezum crow*, speaking of trouble," Philip exclaimed, looking into his newspaper. "There's been another mass murder down in

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southern Vermont. That's got to be the third or fourth one in that area within months."

"Put that negative newspaper away," Anne exclaimed. "It's time for dinner and to focus on something positive, like giving thanks to what nature has kindly given to us."

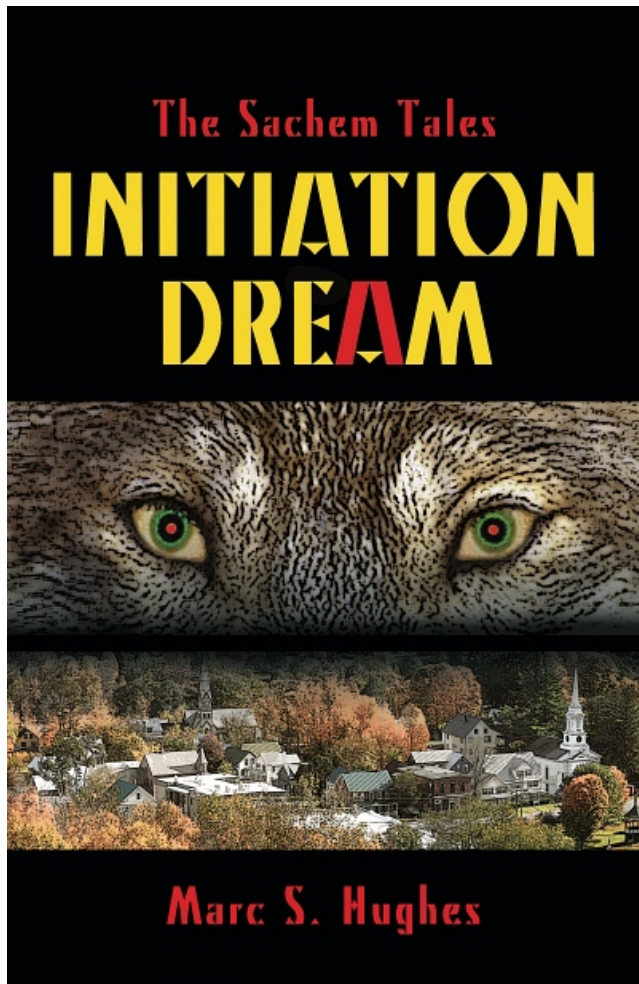
"Gladly," Colin's father responded, throwing the paper to the side.



About the Author

Marc Hughes is an author and cartoon illustrator who has written and designed children's books and activity books. He helped explain the political stories of a World Citizen in picture form, and worked on this *World Citizen's* full-length documentary film. He just finished drawing a book about a monk who hands out positive statement stickers and is currently illustrating a graphic novel about the importance of plankton.

Marc's love of wolves and American Indian culture goes back to the movies and documentaries that finally began to depict both in a positive light.



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