

*An Ancient Native American legend awakens to the modern world. Its human soul is trapped between dimensions, it must be freed for mankind to ascend. Two teenage girls thwart a child trafficker, who now seeks revenge in sleepy Tionesta.*

## **Smokey Hill**

By Robert Allen Pringle

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12638.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**



# Smokey Hill

Robert Allen Pringle

Copyright © 2022 Robert Allen Pringle

Print ISBN: 978-1-958878-00-2

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-363-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2022

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data

Pringle, Robert Allen

Smokey Hill by Robert Allen Pringle

Library of Congress Control Number: 2022919004

# 1

The sunlight dappled through the trees. A light breeze caused shadows to dance through the forest. Uminay was making his way up the hill from the camp. The survivors of his small band of hunters and gatherers had been forced to flee north from the river they had been following by a tribe of red-haired giants called the Allegwe, who inhabited the area where two great rivers meet to form one. Uminay's original tribe of three hundred had been slowly moving east along what would become known in several thousand years as the Ohio River. The one they had been following all his life. The hill was steep, and cluttered with large rocks. The going was somewhat difficult, but Uminay was lithe and agile enough for the challenge.

Their escape north along the river had been arduous, many of the band had perished in the initial contact with the Allegwe. Uminay's people, the Monsey, had never seen giants before. Giants sixteen feet tall, clad in leather, and wielding swords and spears with three-foot copper tips. The giants pursued them. The Monsey warriors fought and retreated in a vain effort to give the elders and children time to escape. They were no match for their adversaries. The warriors were flanked and overran, a few managed to flee into the forest. The Allegwe fell upon the main body of the tribe, slashing and stabbing. Again, a few managed to escape and hide in terror. It had been a long night, those hiding nearby could smell the flesh of the friends and family being roasted for the evening feast, and hear the despairing cries of the captives.

When dawn broke, and as the giants slept, the survivors found each other and fled. Keeping together, they would hide during the day

and move silently at night. Finally, they had come to a place where game and edible plants were abundant. There was a large creek flowing into what would become known as the Allegheny River. A large sand and gravel bar had accumulated there which caused a shallow, fordable rapid. They crossed to the eastern side.

Uminay was a healer, a Shaman that understood the signs of the Mother Goddess, and advised their leader on what he saw. He also knew the medicinal value of plants, which is what he was doing on such a fine summers day, looking for herbs and roots. He was searching for one plant in particular, the Ghost Plant. *Monotropa Uniflora*, known in modern times as the Indian Pipe. It had medicinal properties, it was used to sedate, and cause a hypnotic effect on the patient. It also had a secret use.

It was a delicate flower. Unique in nature, for there was not a speck of chlorophyll in it, the stuff that makes grass and leaves green. It grows only in specific conditions. It thrives in the moist, shaded soil of a combination of Beech and Hemlock. From father to son. From shaman to apprentice. The learned properties of all known plants were passed down verbally for thousands of generations. Uminay had been an attentive student, he knew the secrets of the healer and the trickster as well.

The plant was but one ingredient needed to create the manifestation of the spirit called Lupinal. A giant man-wolf, a fierce and unstoppable beast. It was also a pure albino. White fur, pink nose, pink eyes that flared red at night. Its fangs and claws were transparent, and shone like crystals in the moonlight. It could not make any sound, not a howl, a bark, or a whimper.

After two days of rest, the surviving women had decided to seek revenge on the Allegwe. They told their now new leader, who in turn

consulted Uminay. They looked at their situation. There were nine men left who could hunt and fight, two young adolescents and one man who was still healing. All the elders were gone, their wisdom and patience lost with them. There were sixteen women, four children that had survived, and one with child. They were no match for a tribe of fierce giants. That night they built a low fire. They gathered around it, as a full Moon peeked through the branches and clouds above them.

The woman Floya stood up. "I mourn. I mourn my mother, I mourn my husband, I mourn my daughter." She looked around, from one man to another, finally to stare at Uminay. "We all mourn someone. The giants must be slain. You, Shaman, you must use your magic. Bring forth the Spirit of Vengeance. It is all we can do." There were murmurs and sounds of agreement, then silence.

Rinal the new leader, the son of their fallen chief stood. "We are weak, we are weary. Yet we must be aware that they could be tracking us even now. Looking for sport, and a fresh meal." He looked down at Uminay. "We must do something. They will always be a threat."

Uminay arose, glared at them all. "Do you know what you ask? None of us has seen the magic used in our lifetime." He paused, allowing them to ponder that fact. "Do you know that I have to find herbs and plants in a strange land? I cannot just ask the spirit to appear. I must become the spirit." He paused, looked down and to the right, finally he looked up. "I must become the Lupinal. I was told that once I do this, I cannot return to myself, I cannot return to you. You ask me to give my human life for this task." An owl flew over the group, hooting its displeasure at them, there was a collective gasp. It was a sign. He bowed his head. Uminay's fate was sealed.

Two men were sent to kill a male wolf. The flesh, skin, heart, and blood were used in the conjuring. Uminay had the dried mushrooms only found growing on Bison scat. He had managed to keep the beaver skin pouch with his herb collection through the massacre and flight. He needed ghost plant flowers, morning glory seed, and sassafras bark. He had easily found two ingredients, now to find the last. The combination of psychogenic narcotics, amphetamines, and nerve stimulants would raise his vibration level and activate his Pinal gland. This in turn awakened a portion of the brain that lies dormant in modern humans. The uncooked food and raw blood he would ingest activated the appendix, which in turn secreted a type of bile necessary for the transformation.

Part of his inherited knowledge was that humans can only perceive a narrow range of sound and sight, that many things influence life that are not apparent. The human eye can only see between 430 - 770 terahertz. The human ear can only detect sound between 20 hertz and 20 kilohertz. The use of psychedelics can expand that range by a small amount, but even then, it is a tiny window. Modern man created machines to see infrared, and x-rays. Ancient man used what was naturally available.

The time-worn mountain he climbed was abundant in beech and hemlock. In the future it would be known as "Smokey Hill", noted for the clouds of mist that clung to the trees, long into the morning. Near the top, the ground leveled out and he found a seeping spring. He smiled as he gazed down on a grouping of the precious plants. There was a huge moss-covered rock there that caused the shadow the plants required, there was a cave as well, used by short faced cinnamon bears for their long winter sleep. Uminay gathered his harvest, praising the Goddess as he carefully pinched off the stems at

ground level. Indian Pipe is a perennial, and will grow back if the roots are undisturbed.

At the place they were camped, a huge dried, and hollow stump was shaped and used to stretch an otter skin. The women had made the drum. Uminay prepared his herbs, waiting for the hunters to return. A meal of muskellunge was prepared, Uminay fasted. He thought about his wife and daughter, both victims of the giant's attack. He saw in horror as his wife was speared through the back. He only caught a glimpse of his daughter dashing away. His sadness was festering into a smoldering rage.

Near dusk the hunters returned. They had taken a huge timber wolf, it's heart and brain wrapped in the pelt. The blood was carried in an elk bladder. The meat was sliced and raw, only Uminay would eat it. The blood was poured in a carved wooden bowl, Uminay mixed in the prepared herbs and hallucinogens. A large fire was lit and the drum was beaten in a slow measured beat. Uminay removed his breechcloth and leggings and stood naked as he drank the contents of the bowl. The wolf skin was placed on his back, and he ate the heart and the brain. A full moon rose over the mountain. Uminay stood to speak.

"Oh, Goddess of Light. Oh, Goddess of Dark. We are the Monsey People, The Children of the Moon. A great tragedy has befallen us, many of us have returned to the sky. Our women beg for vengeance. I, Uminay shall be the instrument, I willingly give my mortal life for this end."

The drum beat changed, becoming more urgent. More wood was placed on the fire. Uminay began a slow dance around it. He could feel the vibrations in his body, he could see the waves of sound radiating out from the drum. The fire danced inside his head. He felt his soul



vibrating with increasing intensity. The drum beat increased in tempo, the women began to chant and trill. A ring of blue/white orbs encircled the group. Hovering at the edge.

He danced faster and faster. He could feel the power building inside him. The people watched in fearful awe as the dancing man became the great spirit Lupinal. A huge and terrible beast, but strangely beautiful also. A creature with the mind of a man, a man consumed with vengeance and rage. The drum stopped. They watched as the ghostly figure loped into the black forest and headed south. The orbs following him through the dark forest.

The next morning, near where in a few millennia men would build a stone pyramid furnace for the purpose of melting iron for cannon balls, the Lupinal found six of the Allegwe that were lazily tracking the surviving Monseys. It attacked the unsuspecting group from the rear, tearing apart the first two with its diamond hard claws. The Allegee were not prepared, they had always been the dominant species in their world, now they experienced fear.

The creature darted in, slashing at the giant's legs, crippling two of them. The remaining pair turned and fled but were no match for the Lupinal's speed. It caught the first one from behind, sinking razor sharp fangs into his neck and ripping it open, blood spraying into the trees. It allowed the other to flee, confident he could hunt the warrior down. He returned to the ones that lay helpless on the ground, toying with them as a cat would a mouse, eating their arms and legs as they screamed.

When he was finished, he loped off after the escapee. The Lupinal was enjoying himself, catching up to his prey and allowing him to run on. Finally, just north of what would become the town of West Hickory the giant was exhausted. He still held his spear and held it tight. He

even tried to attack, sticking the copper spear point into Uminay's belly. The giant watched, as unbelievably the wound healed before his eyes. The Lupinal lunged, and the Allegwe fell into a pit that had been dug by his own people to collect oil. He would lay there undisturbed for centuries.

Three days later, the Lupinal arrived at the point of land later known as Pittsburgh. It took its time, catching a few of the Allegwe alone in the forest or along the banks of the rivers. At night it would stalk around the log wall perimeter of the village leaving the heads of its' victims at random spots.

The Allegee were astonished, this had never happened to them before. They built huge fires at night. They would only venture out in search of food in large groups. They discovered that all the game had vacated the area, save a few porcupines. While the groups hunted in vain, the Lupinal would attack the village. It would kill a few giants, women, children, elderly, it made no exceptions, and retreat. On its third attack it discovered a pit where a few of the Monsey survivors were kept, used for entertainment and sport. One of the captives was Uminay's daughter. The albino creature freed them, and led them to a safe place. Then returned to the business at hand.

Did the manifestation that had once been the Shaman Uminay recognize his offspring? We will never know. After a month of successful hit and run tactics the surviving Allegee opted to flee down what would be known as the Ohio River. They lashed several logs together, constructing a crude raft. They forgot that a wolf can swim.

After dispatching the final giant into the dark currents, the Lupinal returned to the safe place it had secreted the survivors. It then led them to where the rest of the original tribe waited, and stayed hidden in the brush to watch them rejoice at the reunion. That night, it placed

three of the giant's heads by the center fire ring as trophies. It then left, climbing the hill where Uminay had found the Ghost Plant and secreted itself in the cave where it would fall deep into a form of hibernation. Awakening after decades of sleep only to eat and drink unless summoned. A Lupinal never dies.

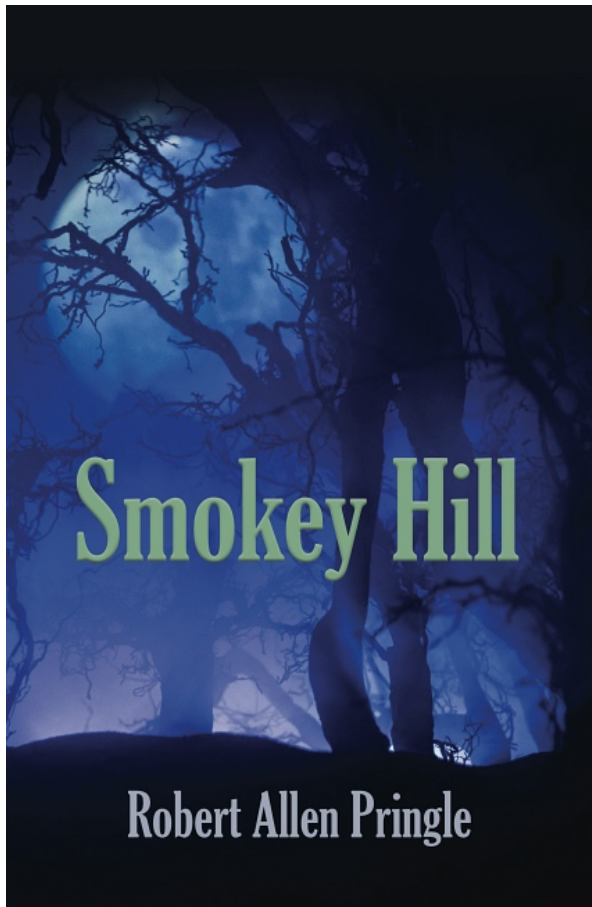
The tribe, now enjoying safety and a bountiful food supply, stayed where they were. The three enormous skulls set on poles were the focal point of their village. In time, other bands of wanderers passed through and became the great nations of the Native American Indians. Uminay's daughter had become the medicine woman, but never acquired all of her father's knowledge. That art was lost in the ocean of time. Eventually they buried the skulls in the large deposit of sand and gravel that marked the south end of Tionesta. In three generations they were forgotten. Soon, only the name of their paradise remained. "Tionesta, the home of the Wolf". The legend of the Lupinal was not forgotten, but became a story to frighten children when they became unruly. At random times through the years Uminay would naturally awaken, and exit the cave. Drink deep from the river, and gorge on whatever game he could find. If he found his people at ease, he would then return to his dreams.

The Monsey People thrived in their new home, any pretext of moving on was disregarded. They discovered a cave system near the modern-day town of President. There, they would shelter during the long, cold winters. In the centuries that followed, the tribe expanded. Giving rise to the Mon and Moniteau and lending their name to the Monongahela River. For thousands of years, they dominated the area. Then a new type of human appeared, the white man. Their fate was sealed.

Smokey Hill is the modern name of where Uminay's cave is hidden amongst the Mountain Laurel and Hemlock. During Indian times, it

## *Smokey Hill*

was regarded as a place to be avoided, to be left alone. No one really knew why. It had simply been thought of that way down through the generations. White men of course, laughed at the silly superstition and moved right in.



*An Ancient Native American legend awakens to the modern world. Its human soul is trapped between dimensions, it must be freed for mankind to ascend. Two teenage girls thwart a child trafficker, who now seeks revenge in sleepy Tionesta.*

## **Smokey Hill**

By Robert Allen Pringle

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12638.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**