

A young girl suddenly appears to Abby Daniels, amateur detective, and pleads for help and vanishes. Who is she? What help does she need?

The Haunting of Muriel Trevenard

By Dawn Meier

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Meet Abigail Daniels,
amateur detective, for a wild adventure.

THE
HAUNTING
of
MURIEL
TREVENARD
DAWN MEIER

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Chapter One

Weather permitting Abigail began each morning quietly sitting on an outcropping of rocks perched above the beach where months ago she said a tearful good-bye to her beloved Captain Jack Sparrow. Each morning, she scanned the sand and water looking for any hint that the beautiful Captain would reappear to her one more time.

The house she shared with her fiancé, Andy, was more than 100 feet above the sand and commanded one of the most beautiful views on the Oregon Coast near the town of Taft. Today, in mid-October, the warmth of the rising sun would not reach the rock until it was preparing to dive into the ocean, plunging the West Coast into darkness.

Cuddled in a fleece jacket, Abby knew the day was near when the winter weather would not allow her to search the morning beach in hopes of glimpsing one more time at her secret love. Her hand touched her lips as she remembered Captain Jack's soft kiss.

It had been six months since her encounter with Jack in the storage room below her mom's ceramic shop and her great adventure through the dank corridors leading to the sands of the great Pacific Ocean. Her hand flattened upon his gift to her, a simple black pearl ring she now kept secretly next to her heart on a gold chain—her only souvenir of their short romantic encounter. She knew in her heart Jack was lost to her forever as he returned to the sea. The final kiss, the final embrace, and the

beautiful ring were the only memories she had to cling to. But she never gave up hope of seeing him again.

Even though her strange encounter seemed real in her mind, she had never been able to get rid of nagging thoughts that told her she had dreamt the whole affair up. But how could a dream be so real? How could she have been trapped in a strange room, rescued by a Johnny Depp look-a-like, given a beautiful black pearl ring to remember him by only to wake up and realize the whole thing was some preposterous dream?

Andy Andrews was a wonderful man, and she was truly in love with him, but there would always be a place in her heart for her very own pirate. Andy was also the man who had saved her from certain death after a grotesque ceramic lion came to life and tried to kill her just as the hideous creature had murdered her mother.

In her shop, Andy had taken a baseball bat and smashed the lion into a trillion pieces in order to get the fangs out of her neck. Her fingers fell over the two scars left there from that horrible monster. Abby shook with remembered fear as the scene played over and over in her head. She never spoke of that night with anyone, not even Andy. The hospital that tended to her wounds was told she fell on a serving fork.

Abby shivered as a breeze suddenly came up from below. "Feels like someone just walked over my grave," she thought. Then without warning, a hand fell softly on her shoulder. Abby jumped. She gasped and turned to see a young girl, no more than 14 years old, her eyes sad and lonely, her clothing old, tattered, stained with mud and blood.

Abby clutched her chest, “Oh my, honey. You scared me to death.”

The young girl stepped back straining to get words out of her mouth, her lips moving but no sound coming from them. Her mouth slowly opened and shut, but Abby could not make out what she was trying to say.

“Sweetie, my goodness,” Abby said softly. “What’s wrong? What happened to you?” She reached out to touch the young waif.

The girl backed away, seeming to be afraid of touch. Her mouth slowly opened and closed – her eyes never moving.

Abby stood up and faced the girl, not willing to approach her as she didn’t want to scare her away. The girl was obviously distraught, and Abby wanted to help her.

“Sweetie, can you talk? Can you tell me what happened to you? Did someone hurt you?” Abby could see the young girl had definitely been abused.

Abby held out her hand. The young girl held out her hand in return, her mouth continuing to open and shut, unable to speak.

Abby kneeled on one knee in the damp grass. She held out her welcoming arms wanting to comfort the distraught girl. The girl moved trustingly toward Abby, her mouth still moving silently. Abby took the girl’s hand, shocked at the coldness she felt.

The young girl stumbled forward toward Abby, falling into her arms. Abby carefully held the girl afraid that if she squeezed too tightly, she would break.

The poor young thing looked up at Abby and softly said, "Help me." Then as suddenly as she had arrived, she vanished.

Chapter Two

Shaken, Abby searched her yard and house trying to find the little girl who needed her help. Where did she go? Where did the little girl come from? What horrible things happened to her that gave her the strength to seek help? Why did she show up at Abby's to seek that help?

Andy roared up the driveway in his Porsche, jumped out, and ran into the house. Abby had made a tearful plea for him to come home. Without question, he made it to her in record time from his real estate office down on the highway.

Andy crashed through the door looking frantically for her. "What's wrong," he shouted. "Where are you?"

Abby went running into the house. Breathlessly, she told Andy the story of the young girl and her whispered plea for help. Andy took Abby by her shoulders and sat her on the sofa, held her there lest she fly off if he were to let go of her.

"Take ten deep breaths right now," Andy told her. "Close your eyes, breathe normally, and tell me exactly what happened."

After taking the requested breaths, Abby slowly told Andy about this strange little girl appearing to her, struggling to talk, and asking for help.

"Then she just disappeared—poof—just disappeared. I looked everywhere for her. I need to find her. She needs my help." The more she talked, the more agitated she became about being held down.

"Let me up," she struggled against Andy's strong hold. "I need to find her."

Andy held his grip firmly. “Abby, just look at yourself—you are going off half-cocked. Please settle down so we can figure this out, but alone.

“Do you know her name?”

“No.”

“Do you know where she came from?”

“No.”

“Wow, Abby. You’re not giving me much to go on.”

“Sorry, but she was only here for a few minutes, but I know she’s in a lot of peril. Something terrible has happened to her and I need to find out what.”

“First, we need to find out who she is. Let’s retrace your steps.”

Abby rose and walked out to her rock overhang. She ran her hands over the flat rock and sat down. “I was right here,” she told Andy. “Looking out over the water.”

“Okay,” Andy said. “With the pounding surf it probably was impossible to hear her walk up to you, right?”

“Absolutely. I just felt a small weight on my shoulder. It took me by surprise, and I jumped a bit, but when I turned around, I was completely taken back by this small, frail girl. She was dressed in a filthy, torn dress. She was caked with what looked like dried blood, with mud, and her hair was matted down.

“Her mouth opened and shut, but no sounds came out.” Abby held her face in her hands and cried. “I got up and turned to her. She stumbled back some and I kneeled. She then reached out to me. I touched her. God, she was so cold.”

“Then she fell into my arms and whispered, ‘help me.’ Then she was gone – simply vanished.”

Andy was on his knees looking through the grass. Abby looked down and asked, “What are you doing?”

“Looking around for clues,” he answered.

“Good idea,” she agreed and joined him on the ground.

They worked their way back to the house with no success. Grass and mud were all they found.

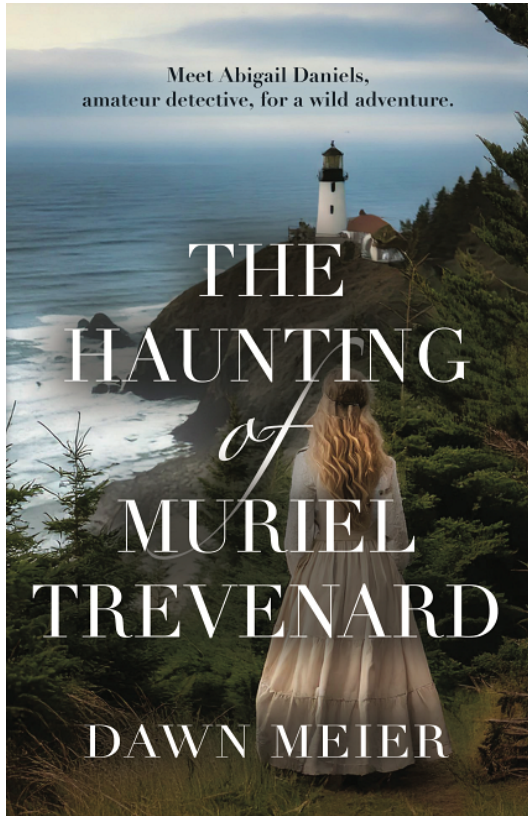
Discouraged, Abby put her arms around Andy and said, “Thank you anyway, honey. At least you believe me.”

Andy whispered into her ear, “After all we have been through with your mother’s murder last spring and almost losing you too, I believe anything is possible.”

As they broke their embrace, Abby turned to the house. The sun broke through the tree limbs as an object, lying on the ground, appeared. The sun illuminated, before unseen, something white in the grass. Abby walked slowly over to the object followed closely by Andy. She bent over to pick up the object that first looked like a slip of paper and found what turned out to be part of a scarf or handkerchief.

Abby turned the material over in her hand. Blood stains obscured the embroidered writing. “Do you suppose this belonged to her? The blood stains were like what was on her dress.”

Andy took the material from Abby and studied it carefully. “Well, Detective Abby, it looks like you have part of your mysterious guest’s identity.” He held out the stained object in the sun. “According to this, her initials are M.T.”



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