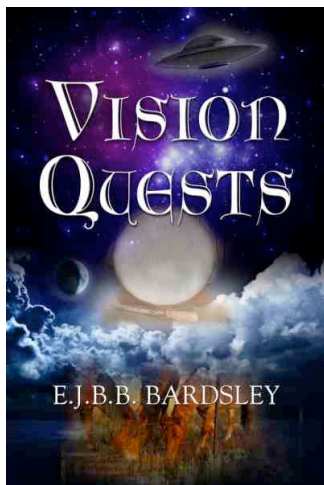




# VISION QUESTS

E.J.B.B. BARDSLEY



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*The mother on Planet Earth is struggling to recover from the death of her teenage son.*

*She never got to say “Goodbye”.*

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by E.J.B.B. Bardsley

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# **VISION QUESTS**

**E. J. B. B. Bardsley**

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## **IN MEMORY OF**

My Son, Scott Alan Bindrim  
My daughters, Tacy Ann Bindrim and Kimberly Read Bindrim  
My Granddaughter, Jamie Read Dilley

## **SPECIAL THANKS TO**

My husband, Jim, for his encouragement, patience, critiquing and being my computer Guru.

Grateful recognition to Hettie Harvey Bardsley, who introduce me to the Spirit World.

And sincere appreciation to my Spirit Guides. Mahalo especially to Sapaho for his spiritual assistance.



## **CHAPTER TWO - Remembering Yesterday**

E.J. SAT MOTIONLESS in the rocking chair while she adjusted the mental picture to slow forward in order to view in sequence what had happened. A rerun of her riding Paddy began to play behind her eyes. Three years previously, on March seventeenth, the horse, whose registered name was Saint Patrick, had been purchased for Scott. As Kim had been given an Appaloosa the year before for her fifteenth birthday, Paddy was a gift for Scott's fifteenth birthday. Now, since Scott's death, EJ claimed the quarter horse as hers. She distinctly remembered they had been traveling through a large area of flat meadow, a safe distance from the border between the woods and the field. Paddy had been trotting and she was reminding herself she had to return an overdue book to the Library. Without any warning, Paddy came to an abrupt stop and reared up on his hind legs. Grabbing the saddle horn and standing in the stirrups saved her from a fall. After his front legs pounded back to the ground, Paddy began to snort and prance. Pulling on the reins and holding the horn she began to twist and turn to peer around her. She was looking for whatever had frightened her horse.

E.J. couldn't see an animal or a person, in any direction. She told her trembling gelding, "Whoa! Calm down!" She patted his neck. "Paddy! Calm down!" Neither her words nor her touch reassured him. Paddy was aware of something which she could not see. He began to veer to the left, heading in the direction of the dense undergrowth bordering the woods. Both of them could be injured.

E.J. stood in the stirrups, pulled on the right rein and headed Paddy in the direction of the meadow. During the procedure, she looked ahead of them and momentarily noticed something so unusual and unexpected, that after her eyes sent the picture to her brain, she thought, What in the hell is that? But her brain did not have time to compute because she was concentrating on controlling her horse.

Paddy had gained speed before they had the collision! With an obstacle neither of them could see. It was E.J.'s left leg and Paddy's left rump that made the contact. The force of the impact, the surprise, the slippery saddle, her right boot sliding out of the stirrup and whatever else, made her lose her seat. Knowing what was going to happen, she yelled, "Oh shit," before she landed on the ground.

The next thing she remembered was hearing a voice...Yo. Wake up. Come on. ...Uh-huh. Come on, E.J. Now! Slowly her senses kicked in and E.J. realized she was thinking to herself. Ohhh, damn it! What happened? Where am I?

She decided to keep her eyes closed and her chin almost touching her T-shirt as she tuned into her physical body. I really feel as though I'm propped against something. Like a tree? I think my shoulders are leaning against something hard and rough and my palms are touching... I'll just squint, yep, it is grass. I'm sitting on grass and my legs and feet are sticking out in front of me. Hmmm, grass stains on the right leg of the jeans. And there's some dirt on the back of my



right hand. Maybe I'll move, just a little and find out how I feel. No! Do not move. Hear that noise. Somebody's watching me.

E.J. shut her eyes and became aware of her heartbeats pounding in her chest as she waited for someone to speak. Even though she remained motionless, in the shade of the tree, she began to perspire. Anxiety kicked in as she imagined how big or how threatening he or she or they might be. She waited and worried...until she finally convinced herself that what she was hearing was water. It had to be the brook in her woods.

The initial fright began to subside after she recalled what had happened. Shit! She remembered saying that when she knew she couldn't stop the fall. How embarrassing. She realized she was not wearing her hard hat. If it had fallen off during the fall, maybe her head hit the ground hard enough for her to be...stunned? Shouldn't her head hurt? Even though she wanted to deny she had fallen out of the saddle, she *was* sitting on the ground, against a tree, listening to water and birds. So how had she gotten to where she was? You have to open your eyes and lift your head and ...thank god! She was looking at Paddy, standing a short distance to her right.

She felt immediate relief that her faithful horse had remained close to her. He must have made the noise which made her think somebody was nearby. Then she realized the reins were tied to a low branch of the same tree. Who had tied the knot? And yes, that was her hard hat on the saddle horn. If someone had seen her fall and propped her against the tree, why didn't they hang around to make sure she was okay? If horses can stare, Paddy was staring at her. She began to watch his ears as he kept changing their direction. She had to believe he was not tuning into the birds. What might he be hearing she could not hear?

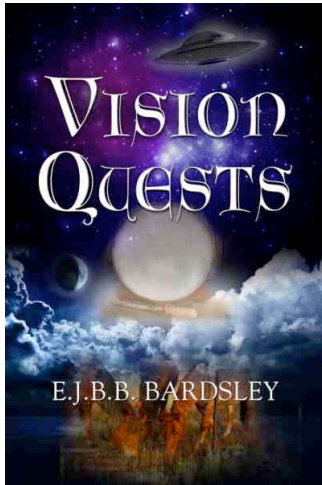
E.J. considered calling out, "Hello? Is anybody here?" but decided the smart move would be to leave the scene. She managed to stand. She heard a few clicks in her neck as she slowly moved her head into a slow circle. She swung her arms around her body. Good. She did not hurt anywhere. But she did feel anxiety.

E.J. hurried to Paddy and patted his neck. He appeared to be uninjured but she still examined each leg. She frowned at her hard hat and fingered the knot in the reins. Who had touched them before? She began to tremble as alarm kicked in. She untied the knot in the reins and led Paddy in a circle before she emphatically declared, "You're okay. And I'm okay. So let's get the heck out of here." After she put on her hard hat, she tightened the girth and grunted herself into the saddle. She did not have to urge the horse to take her away from the location. He was so ready to head to the barn, she had to hold him to a canter.

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As soon as she disappeared from his viewing screen he pushed the transmit button to use a frequency which was not used by anyone on planet Earth. He used the language of his planet Erra to make the report to the officer, who had been waiting, on stand-by. "Doctor Haney. Ship Number Eight, re-reporting again. The Earthling has departed this location. After she re-gained awareness, I was able to observe a display of several e-motions. Fear, curiosity, concern about her ani-mal, frustration, apparently from inability to comprehend what happened, all followed by

an intense desire to seek safety.” He listened and responded, “Yes sir. I am certain she will not re-member why she fell from her ani-mal and what I did to her. There-fore, she will not re-turn.”



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