Zachariah's Dream

After scavenging your birth father's cabin, you quietly slip away to make your way back to the village. No one pays you much notice as you calmly turn back to the small log abode and consider how flammable it would be. But you look to the ground as it squelches beneath your feet. Rain from last night. Wouldn't take too easily.

You mount your horse and begin your journey home. You came early in the morning before dawn broke to ensure less of these settlers caught drift that the man who they suspected killed *dear Mr. Smith* had returned to the scene of the crime. The sun now was creeping over the hills lighting your way. You take paths through the forest and cross fields to avoid anyone you might have to put on a show for. It feels as though you've been traveling for hours, but the sun still hasn't found purchase in the sky.

You jump off your horse to give him a break and lead him through a field of tall grass. You listen as birds flit between the grass and find a path through the sky to provide for their families. You consider what their homes are like. Does every bird have a nest to go back to? They travel together in their own communities. Would that be something you ever could call your own? The only community you might be able to find would be in nature. But even then, you would not belong. Yes, you may have the power to become part of them, one of them. But would you get again only be inserting yourself into a place you had not always had? One they did not know since birth? Borrowing their culture?

You glance over at some small white flowers just opening up to the sun for the morning. You hear a rustling coming through the grass. You peer over, ready to find the "owner" of this land charging at you to push you out of the only land you call home.

But you do not see the angry face of a settler. You see a child. Smiling. She is not aware of your presence yet as she bounds straight towards your horse. She's carrying a basket of apples which had to be about half her size and she struggles to continue her dash through the field.

Then you hear calling out behind her, more children. It seemed to be a game they were playing, capture the apples maybe? She seemed to not even see you as she passed right behind your horse. A few apples escaped her basket as one rolled near your foot.

You.. laugh. And pick up the apple. Beginning to turn back to your trek, you nearly miss it as a child calls out to the young girl, "Pocahontas!"

“This is just unfair!” Another cries out.

You whirl around, expecting to see the group clamoring after her, but there isn’t a soul in sight. Just a whisper on the wind.

“We were cut from the same cloth,” A woman’s voice swirls around your head. “She and I were lost in a world in a time it needed us the most.” You turn, thrashing about in the grass trying to find the source. You feel your hand holding the apple grow cold and damp. The sky grows dark as storm clouds you didn’t seem to notice roll in. Lightning strikes.

Another voice chimes in, the whispers more muffled, like you’re putting your ear to a bottle, “Find the circle of stones. Your mother-“ Thunder crashes above.

Lifting the apple, you watch as it decays and turns into a solid blackened figure of what it once was. “Find me.”

You see red. Your face is hot. You open your eyes. The sun beams down on you as you lay in the field. How is it so high in the sky now?

Your vision blurs and you look for your horse, but are met with the sight of those white flowers.

Poking at one, now that they have opened, it shakes like a little white bell. The Devil’s Trumpet. You chuckle, considering the hallucination as you pick up your hand to rub your face of the vision. But you stop.

And you stare back at the black shape of an apple.

You recall as you look at this brittle fruit that Tomakomo would so often question the white man’s religion. He sounded confused as he once debated, “Their physical world and their spiritual world remains a separate force. Not because it does not exist in their lives, but they do not open their minds to the possibilities. For us, we have no need for a division between our spiritual and real world. We do not seek to control it or tame it, so it lives freely alongside us.”

You look down to the apple then towards the thicket of trees to see if there was somewhere it could have fallen from to explain it.

You hear his voice once more, “My child. They preach to have faith, and yet they ask for proof.”

You had to have been out for hours here in the sun. This.. was the sign. Yes, a vision induced by hallucinogenic plants, much like the ones Tomakomo would give to you to encourage your awakening… but this physical manifestation of what you would call a normal dream..

You feel only a little shame, tucking the apple into your satchel, that you couldn't have the firm foundation of faith that Tomakomo has, but this? This was real.

But what does this princess need that will bring a new age?

You pause. She didn't say any of that. But you innately could feel the intent.

There was a message that you couldn't quite make out from the other voice. You hop up, wavering for a moment and spot your horse. You whistle and are about to drag yourself to him when you pause, and pick a few flowers and tuck them away next to the forbidden fruit.

Just a few weeks later, you're on a ship to England. You're sitting on the deck watching as the captain observes the horizon. Kohana flies about and and jumps on your shoulder, it nods to a small island that you're passing.

You furrow your brow and approach the edge of the boat. There seems to be a man laying on the shoreline. "Do you see that?" You say to the captain.

The body convulses a bit.

"Looks like he's in distress.. How-" Before he can finish his thought, you dive in and begin swimming to shore.

You hear him call out, "Man overboard!"

You reach the shore and turn him over, it seems he inhaled a ton of water. You press repeatedly on his chest to get the water out and think he's done for. But the old sun-beaten man wearing extremely tattered clothes bolts upright. The captain and a few crew mates row over from the ship.

"I need to.. I need to go back- Mad Dog.." He slurs.

You look at the tide, his clothes are barely wet from the waist down, "How did he drown in 5 centimeters of water?" The French captain wonders aloud.

The old man ignores him. He looks out to the sea and up to the sky and begins cackling.

"Do you have room for one more on your ship? It seems he was marooned here." You say looking up to the captain.

"He will die here otherwise." And you lead the wild man into the row boat as he reaches for the water, nearly tipping the boat over.