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The Adventure



I can't live in two different worlds. I either leave the one whose soul is joined with mine forever, the one I live to love, or I destroy my family and never see them again. How can I make such an impossible choice?

###

"Gracie, are you about ready?" My mom's voice drifted into my bedroom from downstairs.

"I'll be right there, Mom," I called back with a sigh. I was sorry I'd agreed to go with her, yet I couldn't help but look forward to exploring the mountains. I'd wanted to see them since we moved to Nanaimo, but this trip was cutting it too close. Tonight was my first date with Garrett Jenkins and I wanted to have plenty of time to get ready. My

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room was a mess since I'd already pulled out every piece of clothing I owned, trying to decide what to wear.

Garrett... what can I say? My heart was his the first day I saw him sitting two desks over in English. He was the masculine equivalent of gorgeous and there was something in his voice that made me feel like I already knew him. Why I felt this, I have no clue, but it was undeniable. I couldn't help but memorize every detail as I watched him. He was wearing a blue shirt with jeans and his tall, slender build was perfect, at least in my opinion. The sky blue color of the shirt matched his eyes, which contrasted with his dark brown hair. He's popular in school, unlike me, since he's a star athlete. In spite of his popularity, he seems nice and maybe a little shy, a trait I can totally relate to. In the conversations we've had, I've learned he loves the outdoors and being in nature. I think I like that about him. It's cool, but I would've liked him regardless of his wilderness skills and looks that would make Cupid blush.

I've never felt this way about anyone before... *not ever*... and just being around Garrett makes me so nervous that I can't think, much less eat. This might be a problem since he's taking me for pizza and a movie and I don't want him to think I'm a loser if I can't eat. He's perfect and I already told myself that someday I'll marry him. That thought had absolutely *never* crossed my mind before and it probably shouldn't now since I'm just sixteen. This could be a problem if things work out. My parents want me to finish college before getting serious with anyone. As far as I'm concerned, that ship sailed the moment I laid eyes on him. I just hope he feels the same about me.

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My phone buzzed and the Taylor Swift ringtone roared to life.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Grace, I was calling to make sure we're still on for tonight."

A shiver raced up my spine at the sound of Garrett's voice. I shut my eyes and took a deep breath, savoring every syllable before answering.

"Yes, absolutely, but I need to warn you. I might be a little late because I promised to go with my mom for a photo shoot in the mountains. I don't know how long it'll take her to finish up since she never seems to hurry, regardless of the circumstances."

"That's fine. Call me if you get delayed, OK?"

"I will. I promise."

"I'll see you at six, then?"

"I wouldn't miss it." I grinned and held the phone to my heart as the call ended before hurriedly pulling on a pair of jeans and my favorite long sleeved NYU tee shirt. As I stood in front of my full-length mirror, brushing my long, red hair— the bane of my existence, I thought about how this was going to be an epic day, maybe the best one ever.

"Gracie, you better hurry!" Mom's voice echoed a little louder.

"I'll be down in a minute."

I pulled my hair up into a messy ponytail, adding some lip gloss and a little mascara as a finishing touch before running out the door and down the creaky wooden

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stairs into the kitchen. By now, I'd shrugged off thoughts of Garrett with some effort, thinking instead about exploring my new surroundings. I grabbed a glass and poured some orange juice, sipping it as I leaned on brown granite countertop and stared blankly into the living area as I tried to imagine the mountains. It was early April and the morning was warm and sunny, making it a perfect day for such an outing. My mom, Lilly, who's an artist, had planned this trip to photograph some scenic areas as inspiration for some new paintings. Since we'd only recently moved to Canada, today was to be our first trip into the wilderness.

Mom and my brother, Patrick, were sitting at the small, antique wooden table that's in our breakfast nook. I love this spot because it's surrounded by a bay window. Here, any opportunity to sit and enjoy the sunshine is a treat since the weather's dreary a lot of the time.

Mom glanced up at me and grinned. She looks just like an older version of me with pale skin, freckles, and long, wavy red hair.

"Honey, are you excited about our trip to the mountains?"

"For sure! I can't wait to explore some of the island. It's so gorgeous from here. I can't wait to see the mountains close up."

"You two'll probably get lost. Then what'll you do? You should've waited till Dad and I could come with," Patrick added.

"Well, you could cancel your tee time," Mom said.

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“Are you crazy? This is the first sunny day in ages and we’re not about to miss it.” Daddy and Patrick had a round of golf planned later, after his rounds.

My dad, Dr. Michael McKay as he’s known to most people, wasn’t home, having left for the hospital earlier in the morning. He’d taken a position in Western Canada, moving our family across the continent from New York City to one of the more rural suburbs outside of Nanaimo, on the East Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. He’d ruined Christmas entirely by making us move during the holiday break since he didn’t want my brother and me to miss school. He said he felt that moving away from the city would give us a slower and safer lifestyle, so he traded our high-rise apartment in Manhattan for the wide-open space of five acres that backed up to forest land, complete with large evergreen trees and a sprawling yellow two-story house.

Except for missing my friends, I was happy he made the move. I often dreamed of living outside the city. Central Park had always been my favorite hangout in New York since it was about the only place where I could sit on the grass and actually see an occasional squirrel, but now, I get to enjoy nature every day. Living here’s like having my own personal park.

“Don’t you want some breakfast?” Mom interrupted my thoughts again.

“No thanks, Mom, this is fine.” Honestly, I was too nervous to eat after thinking about the date with Garrett.

“Well, we’re finished here and I’m ready to go, so make sure you have everything you need, baby.” She paused. “Patrick, you can clear the table and put the dishes in the

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dishwasher and I don't want any attitude." When she turned her back, he looked up with a scowl and shook his head. Yep, that's my brother.

I rolled my eyes as I gulped the rest of the juice before racing back up the stairs in a last minute search for a warm jacket.

"Hey, sis, don't let a bear get you!" Patrick yelled after me.

Sometimes I think I see the devil in those blue eyes, I swear. I love my brother, but Patrick lives to torment me. In spite of his never ending harassment, he's also protective. It's OK for him to tease me pitilessly, but nobody else can. He punched a kid back in New York for yelling "I'd rather be dead than red on the head" at me. Of course, he got by with it, he always does. His looks and personality are so different than the rest of us. He has blonde hair, while my dad has black hair and blue eyes and of course, Mom and I are redheads. He's also more of a social creature. He's everything I'm not, being extroverted, fun loving, and the life of any party. I've always said he must be adopted.

I rushed back down the stairs a few minutes later and grabbed my backpack from our overstuffed, brown leather sofa. I waved at Patrick as I flew by, having heard Mom honk from the Range Rover.

###

"Are you ready for this?" Mom asked as I climbed into the passenger seat.

"I'm more than ready. I've been wanting to see the mountains up close since we moved here."

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“Well, let’s get going! We have to get back in time for your big date.” She shot me a knowing glance and grinned.

I felt the heat rise in my cheeks and I looked away, rolling my eyes. Garrett and my date with him were the last things I wanted to discuss with my mother. Fortunately, we were busy taking in the scenery and talked very little after that as Mom drove northwest from Nanaimo toward the mountains.

I plugged in my earphones and listened to music as I thought about how my life had changed. I really liked living in Nanaimo. Though it’s small, it’s modern and offers plenty of shopping and restaurants. There are also areas that are quaint, with cute little shops that line some of the streets with their hanging baskets of flowers dangling from antique looking streetlamps. It’s nothing like New York... and the scenery... oh my gosh, it’s awesome, with snowcapped mountains to the west and the Strait of Georgia to the east, so we live close to the ocean and the mountains at the same time. It’s so cool.

Even though it’s great, living so close to nature, I hated going to a new school because I had to endure the inescapable pummeling over my red hair and freckles. Of course, ginger is the new red or at least that’s what I tell everyone. But the ‘dead than red’ comment will echo in my psyche forever.

To make matters worse, my new classmates stare and make remarks about my clothes and jewelry. Back in New York, it didn’t matter. My mom and I like similar styles. She has a great eye for fashion and loves clothing that’s unique with most of it

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having a somewhat Bohemian look. I don't want to change the way I dress, so I'll just have to deal with it.

###

We soon turned off the main road, leaving civilization, toward some heavily wooded hiking trails that Mom had talked about. The paved park road was only about a mile long and was lined with huge, towering, old growth evergreens as it snaked along. I gawked in amazement, enthralled by the sheer size of the trees as I felt a tingle of excitement being so close to the majestic giants. A small parking lot at the end of the road was rimmed by various rustic looking wooden park signs that pointed to several nature trails and a picnic area.

"I looked at the map and this trail is supposed to take us to a river. I want to get some shots there before we continue up into the mountains," Mom said as she stepped from the Rover and put on her jacket.

"That'll be cool. Those trees are huge, aren't they? I've never seen trees that big!" I said as I continued to stare. "It's so different here than New York."

"I agree. They're amazing. I've never seen anything like them either. I believe this is the trail. Doesn't look like much, does it?"

"I don't think it's supposed to be a concrete sidewalk. After all, this isn't the city, Mom."

Oh well, it doesn't matter, let's go." She picked up her camera bag from the seat and locked the Rover before heading toward the trail.

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As we walked along the path, Mom kept talking, but I was quiet, taking in this strange, beautiful new world. I was awed by the rich emerald hues of the tall evergreens, spruce and fir, and the lush, bright green vegetation of all sorts that lined the trail. It was hardly a trail, being more of a narrow, winding path through the mossy floor of the forest. I noticed a smattering of colorful, early spring wildflowers in a variety of shades— purple, blue, yellow, and white,— peeking shyly out of spotty sunlit areas. It seemed that everything sparkled in the forest due to tiny droplets of water from an early morning mist. I shut my eyes for a moment, breathing in the sweet fragrance of the forest. It was a heady mix of evergreens and wildflowers, infused with the scent of recent rain. It smelled heavenly to me.

I wonder what it would be like to come here with Garrett? I can see why he loves the forest now... It's gorgeous.

Mom paused ahead of me, taking in the view and snapping a few shots.

"It's so beautiful and the air is so clean and fresh, I just love this place! I wish I could've have grown up here instead of New York." I stooped over and picked a purple flower from the path and sniffed it.

"Well, we're here now. That's all that matters." She lowered her camera and turned to face me.

"It's so peaceful, too," I added. "There aren't any horns honking or smog. I'm so glad we moved. I miss my friends, though. The scenery's just gorgeous, isn't it?" I shut my eyes and took in another deep breath of the sweet, fresh air.

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“Yes, and I can’t wait to paint it! I’m sorry you miss your friends, but look at the bright side, now you’ve got a date with your dream guy. You wouldn’t have him if we were still in New York.”

“Oh, Mom. I don’t *have* him, it’s just a date.” *I hope it turns into more, though,* I thought.

“Well, he’s got good parents. You know his dad’s an architect that’s highly respected in the area and his mom is active in a lot of charitable activities.”

“I know, but that doesn’t have anything to do with him. Hey, look! A deer!” I pointed to the fleeting figure as it crossed the path ahead of us. My heart hammered, seeing a live deer so close and in its natural habitat. I was thankful for the interruption since I was irritated that Mom kept bringing up Garrett.

“Oh, wow. I hope it’s not dangerous.”

“It was running away from us, Mom. I hardly think it’s going to stick around long enough to hurt us.”

“I suppose, but you can’t be too careful around wild animals....”

“I know.”

We continued a sporadic conversation as we moved along the sunlight-checked trail before reaching a small clearing on the edge of a rocky riverbank. I stood out of the way while she took tons of photos. I was busy surveying the lush, green landscape anyway. I was so impressed by how pretty and serene it was. The light gray

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rocks in the small river caused it to splash and glimmer in the sunlight and the sweet, clean smell of the water permeated the air. Everything seemed almost perfect so far.

“Why don’t we walk down river to those rocks sticking out into the water?”

Mom suggested. “I think it looks like a good place to take some shots.”

“Yeah, that sounds great. Look how clear the water is.”

“It’s definitely not New York, is it?”

We weaved our way along the rock and driftwood strewn bank of the river about a hundred yards before scrambling onto the flat, gray rocks.

I sat on the edge of the outcropping and took off my jacket and Nike Lunar Epics. I rolled up my jeans and then stuck my toes into the water. The minute I did, I jerked them out, shivering.

“Wowie! That water’s cold!” I squealed.

“Baby, don’t you think it’s a little early in the year to play in the water?” Mom laughed at me, her red hair glinting with cinnamon highlights in the bright sunlight.

“I guess, I really didn’t think about it. The water’s so clear that I couldn’t help myself. It’s not like the murky ponds in Central Park.”

I put my sneakers back on and lay back on the rocks by the river’s edge, listening to the musical sounds of the water rushing alongside as a gentle breeze brushed my skin. The water was so clear that I spent some time staring into it, fascinated. The rocky streambed was made up of various colored rocks and I watched leaves ridden by the occasional dragonfly drift by while I waited for Mom to finish up.

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Though she was talking between shots, I wasn't really listening to her, giving only half answers. I was far too fascinated by the life that encompassed the river. The songbirds sang their melodies from the evergreens as I watched fish swimming and reflecting the bright, golden sunlight in flashes as they made their way upstream. Far above, I heard a cry and looked up to see a lone hawk gliding effortlessly through the cloudless blue sky. I also noticed a thin ribbon of whitish smoke twirling skyward above the deep green of the treetops from a camp further upstream.

I hope Garrett will take me camping someday. I think it would be so cool. I'd already decided I liked the idea, given the opportunity.

"How perfect is this? I'm so glad we stopped here." I raised my voice above the melody of the river as I looked at my mom.

"Me, too, honey. It's so lovely," Mom agreed as she finished her photos and we started picking our way back through the numerous rocks and tall patches of cattails as we wandered back up the bank of the river.

###

Back in the Rover, Mom looked at the map before returning to the main road that led to the mountains. As the snow crowned peaks grew closer, the terrain grew more rugged and the road more crooked as it followed a rocky stream at the bottom of a steep ravine. I stared down at the shallow, whitewater rapids as they crashed against rugged, gray boulders that littered the streambed as it curved its way beside us. It was beautiful in a wild way.

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“Mom, you should get a picture of—”

About that time, the Rover careened wildly and Mom shrieked. I looked up just in time to see a black haired figure racing across the road as Mom swerved to miss it, fighting for control of the top-heavy SUV. I gasped as it fishtailed out of control before plummeting down the embankment, rolling and toppling end over end before coming to rest upright against one of the boulders in the stream.

For a moment there was stunned silence...

Finally, I moved, shaking my head, trying to clear the fog from my mind. I immediately looked over at Mom, terrified. Her nose was bleeding and she moaned as I touched my own head, finding blood near my ear as pain shot through me. I fought to gather my wits enough to speak.

“Mom! Are you alright?!” I screeched as I struggled to unlatch the seat belt amidst my panic.

She looked up and shook her head slowly, groaning.

“I’m OK, but I think my leg’s broken and it’s stuck where the floorboard caved in. I feel like I’m going to have a black eye from the airbag. Are you hurt?”

“No, I’m fine except for a cut on my head. We’ve got to get out of here. Nobody will see us down in this ravine unless they’re looking for us.” I paused as another thought crossed my mind. “What *was* that animal we almost hit?” I was still dazed and trying to piece together what had actually happened.

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"Honey, I can't get my leg free. Call 911." Mom rested her head back and closed her eyes, wincing in pain. "I don't know what it was. Probably a bear since it was black. It all happened so fast."

I found my cell phone under my feet, and fortunately, it still worked.

"What are we going to do? There's no signal!"

"Go back up to the road and see if you have bars there. If not, flag somebody down."

"Mom, I don't want to leave you here."

"Nonsense, I'll be fine. I'm OK except for my leg. Now go."

The door was jammed, so I climbed out the broken window of the battered Rover, sliding into the frigid, rushing water of the stream. I was shocked when I saw the SUV was partially suspended, its rear resting on a large gray boulder, its back axle and tires gone. The icy water took my breath away and the cold stayed with me as the cool mountain breeze brushed my skin. When I started up the incline, I soon realized it was far too steep since I kept sliding back down when I tried to climb the slippery, moss covered rocks. Realizing there was no way to reach the road, I rushed back to the SUV, trying to think what else I could do. I was *so* upset that I could hardly think and my head was pounding.

"Mom, the slope is almost straight up. I tried, but I can't make it to the road." My teeth were chattering and I was shivering as the frigid water swirled against my legs.

"What if I try to make it to the top of a hill across the stream? It's not so steep and the

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water's shallow, so I can cross. I think I'll have service if I can make it to higher ground. I don't think there's any other choice."

"Baby, I don't want you to do that. It's too dangerous. We can wait; someone will come looking for us."

"But Mom, did you tell Dad which road we were taking? Does anyone know where we were going, other than 'to the mountains?' Besides, he and Patrick are out on the golf course."

She thought for a moment. "I guess you're right, but you be careful. I don't know what's in these woods and you don't either. That bear or whatever it was might still be around."

"I will. I promise. Are you going to be OK while I'm gone?"

"I'll be fine, don't worry. It's just my leg."

###

It wasn't easy walking due to the abundance of ferns, mosses, and other vegetation, not to mention many felled tree limbs. Large, rotting remains of fallen trees along with their huge stumps lined the forest floor like massive skeletons of long dead giants. It made a shiver run up my spine looking at them because I almost felt like they were watching me.

I had to stop and rest after a while. My head was exploding and my body was becoming noticeably sore with large, purple bruises appearing over most of it. I thought as they healed I would probably look like the Hulk, green all over. I was also exhausted

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from fighting my way through the dense vegetation, so I found a large stump of appropriate height and proceeded to perch on the makeshift seat. I checked my phone, but there was still no signal. My lack of success was upsetting. I knew I couldn't stop for long, so I pushed myself to stand and continue uphill.

"Growing up in the city sure doesn't help me now. I just hope Mom's OK. So much for my date with Garrett," I muttered as I continued up the incline, juggling disappointment and worry.

I was enormously relieved when I finally came upon a spot where the trees thinned near the top of a hill. I paused for a moment, overjoyed when I realized I had two bars.

"Yes!" I squealed as I touched the numbers.

"911, what is your emergency?" a woman's voice answered.

"Thank God! We've had an accident and ended up in a ravine beside the road," I stammered.

"What's your name and is anyone hurt? What road are you on?"

"My name is Gracie McKay and I don't know what road. We're new to the area. My mom, Lilly McKay, has a broken leg and a bloody nose and is trapped in our Range Rover. My dad is Dr. Michael McKay and we're from Nanaimo."

"Do you have any idea where you are?"

"We were driving to the mountains and were on a crooked road with a ravine to our right. At the bottom was a stream with boulders scattered along it."

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"I know that road. Can I speak to your mom? Is she able to talk?"

"She can talk, but I had to climb a hill to get a cell signal, so I'm not with her."

"OK, Gracie. I want you to stay where you are. I don't want you to go anywhere since you might get lost in the forest. I'm sending help now. They'll find your mother and then come for you. Alright? Just be sure to keep your phone on because they'll locate you with the signal from it."

I was about to answer her when the call dropped. I looked with horror as I realized the battery was dying. The screen went blank as I tried to re-dial 911.

"Noooooooo! Don't you die on me!" I screamed at the phone. Of course, it didn't do any good to yell at it, other than make me feel better. I found a nearby rocky outcropping where I sat and waited. Time seemed to drag and after a while, I became restless.

I might as well go back to where Mom is. They can't find me with a dead cell phone anyway. I had a full charge this morning. I can't believe the thing died. It shouldn't have. Maybe the accident did something to it, I thought as I fidgeted with a wildflower I'd picked.

I started toward the stream, hurrying along since I was worried about my mother. My bruised muscles burned and complained bitterly at the forced march. *At least it's downhill.* As I picked my way through the obstacles on the moss-covered forest floor, I soon realized I wasn't sure where I was or which direction would take me back to the stream. An uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach washed over me as I headed in the direction I thought would lead to the Rover. Even though I was tired and hurting, I

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continued to hike for a long while, thinking the Rover or at least the stream was just ahead of me. My thoughts waffled between fear and aggravation with myself as I made my way through the thick wooded forest.

Being absorbed in my thoughts, I didn't see the huge spider web, damp with droplets of water, as I accidentally plowed into it, sending me scrambling backward, pawing at my face as it stuck to me. Gasping for air, I suppressed a scream when I saw an enormous black and yellow spider scurrying rapidly down my leg to escape the commotion. It frightened me so badly that I felt like I was going to be sick.

"I can't do this! I have to find my way back to Mom! Geez, I hate spiders. I've never seen one so ginormous! Maybe the outdoors is overrated after all," I sputtered as I spit repeatedly, trying to remove any remnants of spider web from my mouth.

As I leaned forward, my hands on my knees, trying to recover my composure and catch my breath, I had the uncomfortable feeling that something or somebody was watching me. It gave me the creeps and only intensified the fear I was already feeling. When I felt it, my hair stood on end and goosebumps raised on my skin. *This forest is so creepy. I've got to get out of here!*

My mind spun as I staggered forward, looking all around and feeling that something horrible was waiting for me behind the next tree. I heard a twig snap close by and let out a shriek. By now, my heart was hammering as I tried to hurry along, stumbling through the underbrush as I attempted to find my way out of the woods. I snagged my foot on a fallen limb and fell, losing one of my sneakers in the process. I

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grabbed a small tree nearby and pulled myself up, brushing the dirt and other debris off before hopping back to retrieve the wayward Nike.

“Sheesh, Gracie, you can’t even walk without being a klutz and tripping over yourself,” I muttered as I re-tied my shoe laces while sitting on a log. “Fine hiker you’d make. I have no idea what kind of animals live here. I don’t know if there are poisonous snakes or deadly spiders or whatever. And what *was* that thing we almost hit? It didn’t look like a bear. I don’t know what it looked like. It almost looked human. I’ve never seen anything like it. Whatever it was, it was huge. Why do I feel like I’m being watched? It’s so weird. I have to get out of here before something gets me!” I kept talking to myself. The sound of my own voice was somehow comforting and I hoped it would scare any animals away.

When, after searching for what seemed like a long time, I was unable to find the stream, I decided to yell for help, hoping someone would hear me.

“Help! Can anyone hear me? Help me!” I screamed with such force that it caused me to cough. At this point, I felt as if I’d been lost for most of the day, although I wasn’t certain. I desperately wanted someone to find me, to help me make my way out of the dreadful, frightening forest. My skin crawled as my fears continued to increase as time passed. I was in pain from the wreck also, which only made matters worse. *I’d kill for some Tylenol about now.*

I was positive that my parents would be worried and was certain that they had to be upset with me since I didn’t do what the 911 operator said. It embarrassed me that

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people were looking for me, and worse yet, they would have to call in search and rescue on a large scale if someone didn't find me soon.

How humiliating. This is what I get for thinking I knew how to find my way out of here. I should've known better. I felt sickened by my own thoughts.

I continued to yell as I moved through the forest, thinking surely someone would hear me soon. I thought that perhaps I would find a landmark, a rock, a stump, or something that looked familiar, but the forest looked the same everywhere. I jumped when I saw a shadow move behind a tree, but then, there was nothing there, though I was certain I'd seen something. A feeling of foreboding flooded me and I fought back tears. As more time passed and no one came, my fears exploded and panic set in. My knees felt weak, and I began to shake. I'd never been this scared in my life and I couldn't think my way out of this.

What am I going to do?

2

Telacki



I'd been wandering through the patchwork darkness of the old growth evergreen forest for hours when I eventually came upon a small, grassy meadow. I was excited by my luck and hoped I could see something familiar if I left the impenetrable undergrowth of the woods. The day was sunny and warm when I left the chill of the shade and my bright red hair glinted with blond and copper highlights in the afternoon sun. I scoped out the little clearing, noticing it was filled with a rainbow of wildflowers that accentuated the green of the grass and the blue of the sky, but there was little else of interest other than a few scattered rocks.

"This is so much better!" I muttered to myself as I soaked in the sun and my mood lifted a bit, that is, until I looked down and saw I was a mess. I was dirty and my

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favorite sneakers were ruined, covered in green stains from the forest. *Well, at least it's sunny here. Maybe a helicopter will fly over.*

I sat cross-legged, resting and trying to make a plan. Nestled amidst towering evergreens, the open space offered a soft breeze that gave a welcome coolness to the hot sunlight. Unfortunately, the comfort of the warm day and the cheeriness of the wildflower painted meadow did little to thwart the feeling of terror that continued to consume me. I had no idea which way to go to find help, not to mention my throat was on fire from shouting. I tried in vain to overcome my fears, telling myself that surely somebody would find me soon, but nothing seemed to work. My head and heart pounded in sync like a rock band banging out a song while a sick feeling gnawed at the pit of my stomach. But it wasn't only from the exertion of having fought my way through the forest or from the accident, it also stemmed from fear caused by the persistent notion that something or somebody was stalking me and it had only grown worse as the day dragged on.

I hope Mom is going to be alright. She just has to be... I thought as I tried to get my mind off of my fear. I'm going to have to move back to New York and live with my grandmother if I've blown it with Garrett and he thinks I'm a loser for getting lost. I won't be able to show my face at school. My thoughts were as depressing as my circumstances.

The terror continued to weigh heavily on my mind. Even worse, I was losing hope that search and rescue – or anyone else for that matter – might find me. A butterfly with radiant blue and yellow colors alighted on my knee as if to cheer me up,

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but nothing could suppress the feeling of dread that engulfed me. I glanced up at the azure sky and noticed a few wispy clouds floating by. Normally, a clear day, sitting on the grass would've been a real treat in Central Park, but this was totally different. This place was wild and untamed, and the frightening feeling that something was watching me kept growing, which unnerved me even more.

"Is anyone there? If this is some kind of joke, it's *not* funny!" I yelled into the darkness of the surrounding woods as I rose to my feet and turned in circles, looking in every direction. I heard nothing. My mind was becoming my worst enemy.

I'm glad it's still daylight, but I have to get out of here before dark. It's so beautiful here, but what if a bear comes along... or maybe a cougar? Why is it I feel like somebody's watching me? I wish my stomach would settle down, it's making me dizzy. I never get sick at my stomach and I can't ever remember being lightheaded like this. I hope I don't have a concussion from the accident. Maybe it's because I'm so scared. I wish I could just throw up, maybe I'd feel better. If I were back in New York, I'd know what to do. I hate this. My thoughts tormented me as I continued to battle my fears. I tried to tell myself that everything would be fine, but I didn't believe it.

I stood in the meadow for a long time, trying to decide which direction to go to find my way back to civilization. The only things I could see from the clearing, outside of the forest, were some nearby mountains. They were breathtakingly gorgeous with the snow gleaming in the sunlight like diamond encrusted crowns on their summits. Being new to the area, however, the peaks were of no help in determining my location,

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other than I thought that perhaps I should go in the opposite direction since we were headed toward them when we crashed. I was disappointed the clearing held no other clues. More than anything, I dreaded going back into the shadow drenched depths of the forest. I lingered in the meadow, trying to think what else I could do. After a while, I decided to wait there since I couldn't bear to go back into the woods, especially with the creepy feeling I had. My body was hurting and I hoped by staying in the meadow, a helicopter might spot me.

I continued to call for help but heard no response. I was so angry with myself, having brought nothing with me that might help since my backpack and jacket were still in the Rover and the dead cell phone was of no use. A light wind wafted through my hair as I considered what to do next. The breeze only served to irritate my uncomfortably hot face, which had turned from pale white to a bright pink from a developing sunburn.

I'd been in the clearing for a while by this time and dread of the upcoming night weighed heavily on my mind. I collapsed onto the grass near some rocks, exhausted and thirsty.

I'm too old to have done something this careless, I thought, chiding myself. I should've stayed where I was on the top of that hill like the 911 operator told me. I just hope I can manage to make it out of here... alive. I shook my head and laughed humorlessly at my precarious situation.

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Gazing at the forest, it felt strange and mysterious, and I was afraid of the unknown. I laid back in the grass and cried when I realized there was no way I'd be found before dark since I noticed the shadows were growing long.

I need to find some place that's safe to spend the night, but where? Any place I can climb, a bear can, too, or worse yet, a cougar. There's no way of knowing what other types of animals live here either.

"Argghhh," I growled in frustration. As I stared upwards at the sky, my vision blurred by tears, exhaustion overtook me and I drifted off into a restless sleep.

###

When I woke, it was dusk. I sprang to my feet, startled, angry with myself for having fallen asleep and petrified of the descending blackness that surrounded me. I realized I was incredibly thirsty from yelling for help and my throat was on fire while my tongue felt like sandpaper. I was hoarse and had almost lost my voice. I realized that being lost wasn't my only problem since I hadn't had any water all day. My thirst was consuming my thoughts and my mouth felt like an inferno.

Where can I find food and water, much less shelter, especially in the darkness? I wish I hadn't fallen asleep. Now, I'm really in trouble. My stomach felt sick again as dread washed over me, pushing me toward panic.

I was almost hysterical as tears gushed down my face again. *There has to be a solution. This can't be happening!* I thought as I searched the tree-line, trying to see in the waning light. About that time, an owl hooted nearby, causing me to yelp and jump with

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alarm. From across the meadow, I heard another one answer. As I listened, I heard a twig snap, and then another.... My heart hammered as I strained to see across the meadow in the direction of the noise. I held my breath and listened again, though all I could hear was my heart pounding in my ears.

Be brave! Everything will be alright. Just breathe. You're being silly. Animals are afraid of people, I told myself.

I noticed the moon beginning to rise, so at least the twilight wasn't as black as before, but that didn't prevent terror from descending upon me as the feeling that I was being watched gripped me again. I heard a stick break again, this time louder, closer.... I started to walk away from the direction of the sound, striding quickly, only to hear a subtle swishing in the grass behind me and more cracks and crunches coming from more than one place. Whatever it was, there were more than one, and... they were advancing on me. I was about to run when I heard a low growl. I froze instantly, petrified, still having no idea what was stalking me. It seemed my unknown pursuers paused when I did, giving me a moment to think. I was closer to the tree-line now, and I spotted a fir tree whose branches appeared low to the ground.

I have to make a run for it. Maybe I can climb that tree. I think the branches are low enough.

I fought back nausea from paralyzing fear. Even though a million tiny stars now twinkled brightly in the night sky, the moon hadn't completely risen, and I couldn't see well, adding to my terror.

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Suddenly, I gasped in horror as I saw the outline of something slinking toward me. As I strained to see in the near darkness, I realized it was a wolf. I knew instantly that where there was one, there was a pack. Without hesitation, I bolted toward the tree, flying as if my feet weren't touching the ground and willing my sore muscles to move even faster. I heard yips and growls as the pack charged, racing behind me. I was almost to the tree when I tripped on a rock and crashed to the ground. Making it to the tree was no longer an option, so I jumped to my feet and grabbed a stick, raising my other arm in front of my face to shield it from the attack.

"Get back!" I screamed as I saw countless shadows racing toward me. I swung the stick at them and screamed again, but they kept coming. At that moment, I knew I was going to die a horrible death, so I mentally told my parents goodbye and that I loved them.

In those brief seconds and just as I lost all hope, a giant arm wrapped around my waist from behind and snatched me up without missing a stride as if I were a ragdoll being tucked beneath the stranger's arm. I dropped the stick and gasped. I hadn't heard anything else approaching and my mind raced as my nearly paralyzed body tried to react while my abductor raced across the meadow at a run. About that time, the wolves reached us and launched themselves in a vicious attack. Without missing a step and with only one free hand, my captor sent first one and then another, flying through the air with incredible strength and agility. The wolves cried out in pain and landed with a thud, but the assault continued because there were many.

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At least twenty wolves joined the onslaught as I hit the ground hard, rolling to a stop. Freed from my captor, who was busy fending off the savage attack, I sat up, hoping to make a run for it, only to catch sight of the tallest woman I'd ever seen. The woman flung the wolves into nearby trees while striking some with her fist, killing them instantly. As the attack slowed, the woman's eyes suddenly emitted a bright, red light, causing the remnant of the pack to cry pitifully as they tried to run from the woman, rolling and staggering blindly in their efforts to escape. I almost forgot to run as I gaped at the bizarre sight because the wolves seemed to be trying to flee from some unseen force. I couldn't imagine what was happening.

With the woman occupied, I realized this was my opportunity to get away, so I jumped to my feet, struggling with wobbly knees, and tried to bolt for the edge of the woods, though I kept stumbling and falling. My flight, however, was short lived, as once more, giant hands lifted me off the ground. This time, I began to scream and struggle wildly against the woman, when suddenly, I clearly heard a kind, reassuring voice.

Don't be frightened, little hairless one. Please stop screaming, it said.

I was astonished because I didn't hear the voice with my ears – I heard it in my *mind*. I squirmed and quickly turned in a continuing effort to wiggle free, coming face-to-face with the woman. I was stunned to see that her body was covered in short, slick hair that shined in the moonlight. It reminded me of the hair on my grandmother's Chihuahua it was so shiny and short. I froze again, too astounded and fascinated by the

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strange woman to remember how afraid I actually was. The long hair on the woman's head was braided in multiple braids and pulled neatly away from her face and her hands were enormous. I couldn't believe the woman's strength, not only in the encounter with the wolves, but the ease with which she picked me up.

As I stared at her, I saw gentle, dark eyes and a lovely face, even by human standards. I looked closer, straining to see her clearly in the moonlight, but when I did, the woman's eyes suddenly radiated a greenish-white light. This frightened me even more, so I quickly looked away, realizing again how terrified I was. Though I felt relief at not being alone, the tremendous height and strange appearance and abilities of this mysterious stranger filled me with fear.

Without another word – or thought for that matter – the woman tucked me under her arm and set off at a fast pace in the direction of the snowcapped mountains, leaving the clearing behind in a matter of steps. My ribs and stomach screamed in pain, both from the wreck as well as being carried in such a fashion. I couldn't help but groan with each stride as it jarred my aching body. Hearing me, the woman stopped abruptly and put me down.

What's wrong? I heard in my mind.

I considered trying to escape again, but decided against it in light of the woman's size and speed as well as the terrors awaiting me in the dark forest. My thoughts raced as I tried to comprehend how I could hear the woman's voice mentally. It was

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confusing to say the least. Out of options, I paused and took a deep breath, choosing my words carefully before answering.

"It's hard to breathe when you carry me that way. Are you going to hurt me?"

My scratchy voice squeaked and trembled as I spoke.

Of course not, child! The woman chuckled, answering inaudibly.

A wave of relief washed over me, though I felt only slightly more confident now. I also wasn't sure what to think about the woman calling me a child. Maybe she thought I was a child because she was so tall compared to my height of slightly over five feet.

I decided to ask the woman for some water, but before I could verbalize the request, the stranger's reply registered instantly in my mind.

OK, just a short way from here.

Things just kept getting weirder by the minute.

The stranger picked me up without another word and put me on her back this time. She abruptly turned left and proceeded down a dimly lit path. It was illuminated only by the pale, ghostly moonlight filtering through the dense forest in lace-like patterns. It seemed the forest was beautiful at night, but also haunting in an eerie way.

The woman moved at dizzying speed and in complete silence. She dodged massive trees and jumped shadow-drenched stumps as she raced through the woods. At one point, she leapt over a large rock and I almost fell. The woman quickly caught me.

Hang on to me so you won't fall. I don't want you hurt.

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“OK,” I muttered out loud, but it came out like a raspy-voiced whisper with a squeak as my throat burned and complained. I felt numb and not exactly scared anymore, but I couldn’t understand why.

After a few minutes, the woman slowed and slid gracefully down a steep embankment, stopping at the edge of a rocky stream. The moon had fully risen and its light streaked through the trees, causing the ripples in the water to sparkle and dance. The stream gurgled as if it were alive, bouncing over rocks and tree roots. The woman lowered me to the ground so I could drink. As I gulped handfuls of the cold, rushing water, I sneaked a quick look at the towering woman again. She was probably seven feet tall and had a slender, but athletic build with muscles that rippled, yet her grace and beauty were undeniable. The smooth, pale-gray skin of her face shined in the moonlight. Short, shiny, reddish-brown hair covered her entire body except for her face and neck, her hands, and feet. Her buckskin clothing was minimal and strategically placed. *What is this person? I’ve never seen anyone with hair like that or gray skin. Star Wars* crossed my mind and I considered aliens, but soon discarded my theory since I really didn’t believe they existed. But still, I couldn’t believe my eyes. I thought about trying to talk to the woman, but before I could ask anything, an inaudible introduction flashed into my mind like instant knowledge.

My name is Chima. I am of the Forest People.

In one fast, fluid motion, Chima knelt so I could see her face. My eyes widened at the sight of her so close up. I was startled, but not exactly terrified anymore. Her

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features were refined, with high cheekbones and straight, white teeth. Under the circumstances, I should've been petrified with fear, yet I felt a soothing calm wash over me. I couldn't understand how I could feel such a profound peace while my heart continued to pound in terror to the point I thought it might explode. The paradox was astonishing and incomprehensible. After a pause, I managed to muster some courage.

"My name's Grace, but everyone calls me Gracie." My voice squeaked and cracked, so I resorted to a whisper. So many questions flooded my mind, but before I could ask any of them, Chima *spoke* again.

Gracie, it's time to go. We have a long way to travel.

"Where are we going? I need to go home... Now!"

I'm taking you where you'll be safe. You won't survive alone in the forest and I can't take you to where your people are.

"I don't understand. Please, just take me to the nearest road."

I can't, child. I'm sorry. There's too many of your kind in the forest and I mustn't be near them, but don't worry, I'll help you. Please be patient.

Chima picked me up and bolted toward the path before I could say anything else. At least I was encouraged when she said she'd help me, but my mind was having trouble dealing with this unexpected turn of events. It was all I could do to hang on as she ducked and darted through the forest again with preternatural agility. I tried to comprehend how the woman could move so quickly and silently, considering her size and especially in the dark, shadowy forest, but I had nothing. The chain of events was

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so incomprehensible that I began to question whether this might be a dream... or was it more?

I think I'm losing my mind. Maybe the wreck injured my brain. I'm so confused, yet I feel an eerie calm... But why? Is this really happening?

To further complicate matters, I had no idea how much time had passed since I'd left the stream. My face burned from scratches caused by stray branches slapping me as Chima flew through the forest. Still, I felt lucky that I'd been rescued rather than devoured by the pack of hungry wolves.

As our flight through the wilderness continued, I fought exhaustion, concentrating instead on the ongoing struggle to hang on to Chima. Her hair made her slick. Fortunately, about the time I felt I couldn't travel any further, we emerged from the forest into a small clearing. A sheer rock face at the base of a mountain loomed ahead, its jagged spires reaching skyward. I looked upward beyond the precipice, seeing mountains in close proximity, snow gleaming in the moonlight like a Thomas Kinkade painting. It caused my mother to cross my mind.

If only I'd done as I was told. I'm so sorry I didn't listen. Please let her be OK.... My thoughts were interrupted as Chima abruptly slowed.

I wasn't sure what would happen next, seeing we were at the dead end of a small canyon. As Chima approached the face of the cliff, a gap appeared near its base. I could have sworn it wasn't there when I looked at the foot of the bluff a few seconds earlier. I didn't have time to ponder my observation, though, since Chima dashed through the

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entrance and into a cave as a wave of dizziness swept over me, nearly causing me to topple from my perch atop her.

Once inside, I was able to see since a low fire burned, dimly lighting a large room. To my utter amazement, there were other Forest People in the cave. Chima put me down and walked over to a large ivory-colored male. Though he was old enough to be my father, he looked young for his age and was incredibly attractive, with huge blue eyes and refined features. His natural ivory hair and fair skin made him more striking than any air brushed male model. *I guess these people have all the best genes!* I thought as I shook my head in disbelief. They embraced and touched foreheads, gazing deeply into each other's eyes, appearing as if they were entranced as they stood locked together, motionless. *How strange.*

I stared, trying to figure out what was going on, examining every detail about them since it seemed I didn't exist to them at the moment. Getting my first good look at the Forest People, outside of seeing Chima in the moonlight at the stream, made me feel completely intimidated by their sheer size. The male was even taller than she. I still wondered what they were since they obviously had a strange appearance and size, as well as abilities I couldn't even begin to understand. Even though they were human, they obviously weren't humans like me. I wondered why it seemed that nobody knew about them. Were they like a lost tribe in the Amazon? I ruled that out quickly since they seemed to be living right under our noses. Why hadn't they been discovered? Maybe my *Star Wars* theory wasn't so far from the truth...

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I felt extremely awkward and frightened and I certainly wasn't sure what to do next, if anything. I didn't know whether to run, or stay and attempt to communicate with them, so I just froze. I managed to look over my shoulder toward the opening of the cave, only to see that where the opening had been, there was now a curtain of sorts – a barrier that looked almost like heat waves rising from hot concrete in the summer. The fire reflected on the barrier as if it were alive, dancing on the ripples of the opening. The inside of the cave also appeared to move, swaying in the flickering firelight like ghostly images that sparkled from crystals embedded in the rock of the cave.

As I stood alone, not far from the entrance, trying to decide on a course of action, I heard another voice in my head. This time the voice sounded like that of a girl closer to my age.

Hi.

I immediately turned in the direction of the others sitting by the fire and saw a girl staring at me. She was probably ten inches taller than I and looked very lithe, with lean, sculpted muscles. She was stunningly beautiful in an exotic way. Her slick, chocolate-colored hair shined in the firelight and the long hair on her head was braided in numerous braids, though it wasn't pulled back like Chima's. I finally decided the entire group looked like normal people except for their incredible beauty as well as their height and the amount of hair on their bodies. I managed to smile at the girl, buying me a few seconds as I tried to decide what to say.

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"Hi," I finally squeaked as I faced her.

She tilted her head, motioning for me to come toward her as she held out her hand. In it were various colored berries and a few leaves. I took a cautious step forward and stopped.

My name is Telacki. Please, come and eat.

With the invitation, I felt a pang in my stomach as I was reminded that I'd skipped breakfast and hadn't eaten all day. Telacki offered a shy smile, revealing incredibly white teeth, as I stepped forward cautiously until she was within reach.

"My name is Grace, but call me Gracie," I peeped.

In one fluid motion, Telacki stood, using only her legs to rise with surprising ease, before handing over the berries and some tender, young leaves.

"Thanks," I sputtered before wolfing down the berries. I never knew fruit could be so sweet. I couldn't decide whether they tasted sweet because I was so hungry or if the berries really were that delicious. While I was eating, Telacki went further into the cave and soon reappeared with more berries. I was thankful because that first handful wasn't nearly enough. Telacki seated herself by the fire and waited in silence while I finished my meal, except for the leaves. I didn't know what type of plant they were from and was afraid to eat them in case they were poisonous.

I wasn't sure what to do once I finished the berries, so I stood there, waiting to see what would happen next. I'd never felt so awkward in my life. Telacki patted the ground beside her, motioning for me to join her. I hesitated, but decided that she

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seemed harmless, so I took a seat near the fire beside her. I was unbelievably grateful for the warmth of the blaze since I was thoroughly chilled without my jacket. As I sat beside Telacki and gazed into the fire, it dawned on me that I now felt much better about my situation. These people seemed friendly, and I felt encouraged since I'd met someone who, despite her height and strength, appeared to be closer to my age.

I don't feel as scared, but this is all so weird. I wish my head would stop hurting. Maybe this isn't real. Maybe it's the wreck. It feels and looks real, though.

Telacki smiled as if she knew what I was thinking, her large, expressive eyes glittering in the firelight. I smiled back, although I was still somewhat unnerved by this strange girl. As I looked at her, I also felt intimidated by her beauty with smooth café au lait skin and large golden eyes that set off her chocolate colored hair.

I also sneaked a look at the faces of the other Forest People sitting across from me. An old brown female had hair that was turning white with age. Her face was deeply ruttled with jagged wrinkles and her eyes glowed red, which gave her a frightening appearance. I'd never seen anyone's eyes emit light until I saw Chima battling the wolves. That just *wasn't* normal and it made me uncomfortable. It also made the old one look utterly evil. My stomach rolled as I looked at her.

To the old woman's right was a young man with tan skin and the brightest red hair I'd ever seen. I laughed to myself, thinking his hair was actually brighter red than my own. He had defined muscles like the others and was probably close to seven feet tall, yet I could tell he was still a teenager. He was extravagantly handsome and I found

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myself drawn to him, though he seemed serious. About that time, he grinned at me, revealing a mouthful of straight, white teeth. The unexpected gesture caused my face to flame crimson. I was glad my sunburn hid it, along with the embarrassment of being caught staring at him with his scantily clad, muscular body.

Telacki watched as I scrutinized the others and then she spoke aloud for the first time.

“Gracie, you see my mother’s mother? Her name is Shayka, and my brother is Na-ashi.”

They both nodded as Telacki made the introductions. Na-ashi flashed another disarmingly brilliant smile. I blushed again.

I was still too unsure of myself to say much.

“Hello,” I whispered, mustering a smile as my gaze wandered from one person to another, finally stopping at Chima.

“Gracie, this is my husband, Kecáshah,” she said, speaking aloud and bowing slightly to the large ivory-colored male. Her voice was melodic and deep, yet feminine. I had so many questions for Chima, but decided not to ask them because I didn’t want to push my luck.

“We’ll be going to hunt now, so stay with Telacki until we return,” Chima continued.

I barely had time to nod before the couple disappeared through the shimmering curtain at the entrance to the cave.

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Are you tired? Telacki asked.

I had the feeling she already knew the answer for some strange reason.

“Yes, I’m exhausted.”

Immediately, Telacki rose and offered her hand. I took it as she pulled me to my feet and led me to a small side room in the cave. The door to the room was tied back and was made from an animal skin, perhaps some type of deer. As I followed her, I sensed probing eyes behind me, which was unsettling, almost like the feeling I’d had earlier in the forest. I didn’t like it. I looked back and saw Shayka glaring at me with those red glowing eyes. I decided I was afraid of her as the hair stood up on the back of my neck.

The little room was so dark that I couldn’t really see. Somehow, Telacki must’ve known I’d be uncomfortable by myself because she led me there by the hand. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I could barely make out a mattress of sorts in one corner of the room. It turned out to be made from a thick pile of leaves and dried grasses and topped with some type of furred animal hide.

“Here, sleep,” Telacki urged as she pointed to the bed.

I didn’t object as I fell onto the soft fur covering. Telacki crawled in beside me and snuggled close, pulling another skin over us. At first, I was surprised and very uncomfortable being so close to her, but it was cool and damp in the cave, and I’d become chilled the instant I’d moved away from the fire. Telacki was better than a

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warm blanket with her abundant hair. I assumed she must've known a hairless human would be cold, so I decided to be thankful that she nestled close beside me.

It was quiet in the cave, and after the trauma I'd endured, I thought I would easily find sleep, but that wasn't the case. I was safe, at least for the time being, so my thoughts drifted to my mother. I wondered how badly she was hurt and wanted to be there for her in the worst way. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I thought about her... and Garrett. I was *so* disappointed about missing our date.

As I lay in the darkness of the cave with Telacki close beside me, the memories of how I ended up in such an unbelievable situation began to replay in my mind in vivid detail.

What am I going to do now? I thought after pondering the day's events for some time. I was cozy and warm, sandwiched between a faintly snoring Telacki and some incredibly soft animal skins. The comfort I felt finally allowed exhaustion to claim me, making my thoughts fuzzy. Attempting to make any decision about what to do next was impossible, I decided, before drifting off into a deep, dreamless sleep.

3

Strange New Life



The next morning I woke with a start, not knowing where I was. I suppressed a scream when I saw Telacki nearby, watching me, before I remembered the day before. My head was still pounding as a vivid reminder. I was sick with worry about my mother and had no idea how to find my way home. I kept wondering how far Chima had carried me. The look on Telacki's face told me that she'd already read my mind.

"Don't worry, Gracie. We'll help you find home. As far as your mother, she's fine. My father hid in the woods and watched as your kind rescued her. In fact, he saw the accident since he was chasing a scout from the mountain clan that crossed the road in front of you. The intruder actually caused it."

An intense feeling of relief washed over me as I stared at Telacki's smiling face.

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"Thank you so much!" I gushed, embracing her without thinking as tears flooded my face. When I realized my reaction might be unwanted, I quickly backed away, embarrassed. Telacki only grinned more, convincing me that she was reading my mind.

After I thought for a moment about what she told me, the entire picture became clear.

"Do you mean it was one of the Forest People that we almost hit?" I asked.

"Yes, he was from an enemy clan and had crossed into our lands, so my father was trying to catch him. Mother was with him and watched you all day, making sure you were safe... that is, until the wolves started stalking you. C'mon. Let's eat." Telacki rose to her feet and started toward the front of the cave. I shook my head in disbelief.

The room was lit by sunlight streaming in from the large room where the cave's entrance was located as well as a small crevice near the top corner of the room, so I didn't have any problems seeing as I followed Telacki. I was still half asleep, but my mind spun as I thought about the accident and what she told me.

That's why I felt like I was being watched yesterday. I was! This is so weird!

I still couldn't come to grips that there were tall people, living in the woods, only a short distance from civilization. *They're so like us in some ways and are obviously human... but more... What are they?* I was clueless.

In the front room, Chima was stoking a small fire. She stopped momentarily and handed me a stick with a piece of raw meat on it.

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"Here, Gracie, you can cook this over the fire."

"Thanks, Chima. I'm starving."

About that time, I noticed the rest of the group eating it raw.

How can they do that? It's so gross! I would've gagged if I'd had to eat it raw, I thought as I wrinkled my nose.

"Gracie, are you afraid to eat meat without fire?" Telacki asked with a giggle.

"We don't eat it that way at home. And yes, I don't want to eat it raw. That's gross."

The family laughed at my admission as I blushed crimson.

The meat I was roasting popped and sizzled, giving rise to an enticing aroma that weakened my resolve. In the end, I was thankful for the breakfast and the warm fire, but it sure wasn't sausage and eggs. Nevertheless, I tore hungrily at the cooked meat because I was famished after the light dinner of berries the night before. I felt as if I hadn't eaten for days. The meat tasted good, like barbecue, except it needed seasoning. My thoughts ran wild as I ate, imagining all types of helpless creatures being the source of my breakfast. It was upsetting and almost killed my appetite, not to mention watching the others eat the raw, bloody meat.

The room was bright now as sunlight filtered through the entrance to the cave. I looked around the large room and noticed a small spring in the corner that fed into a tiny pool. The pool overflowed into a crack in the floor of the cave and then out of sight.

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Wow, they even have running water, I thought as I explored the room. It was large and oblong with the ceiling and floor having a scattering of small stalagmites and stalactites. The clear crystals randomly embedded in the rocks I'd seen the night before sparkled in the filtered light that came from the cave opening. I was sure the entrance to the cave was not a normal rock formation, as its shape was a bit too perfect for a natural opening. I ate my breakfast in silence as I surveyed the cave and tried to make sense of this strange new world while Telacki and Chima watched me with curiosity.

I was still upset about what had happened to me, but I was grateful for the family of Forest People and their kindness. Nevertheless, I wished I were home and my heart ached for my mother. I knew my parents would be upset and worried and for that matter, so was I. Search-and-rescue teams were probably out looking for me by now, as they always were when someone was lost in the mountains. I told myself it would only be a matter of time before the Forest People helped me find my way home... at least I hoped that was the case. I finally managed to push my thoughts aside about the time Chima spoke.

"Do you know where you come from?" she asked.

"I live in a two-story yellow house at eight thirty-seven Mulberry Lane —."

"Child, I don't know addresses and I haven't seen a yellow house," Chima interrupted. "Do you know in which direction you live?"

I shook my head, discouraged.

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“I know it’s in Nanaimo, across the Strait of Georgia from Vancouver. I live in a large yellow house with white trim. I can’t tell you more since you don’t know the names of the suburbs or streets.”

Since I was already lost before Chima rescued me, I had no idea how to tell her where I lived. I felt a sinking feeling at the thought, plus, I had no idea how far she’d carried me the night before with her huge strides.

Chima knew what I was thinking.

“I do know the name Nanaimo, as that is a big place of your people, so that helps. But, I haven’t seen your yellow house. There are so many places between here and there, but don’t worry – we’ll find where you belong. It might take some time, though. Be sure and stay with Telacki, we don’t want you to get lost again.”

I was incredibly happy when Chima said she’d help. I wanted to squeal for joy, but I settled for grinning instead.

“Thank you,” I whispered with as much enthusiasm as a whisper can generate. “I’m very grateful for your help. I owe you my life. Those wolves would have killed me if you hadn’t come along.” Then I looked at Kecáshah. “I’m so thankful that you were able to see that my mother was OK. I was sick with worry.”

“It’s our pleasure, little one,” Kecáshah replied.

Telacki hopped to her feet and motioned for me to come along into the daylight outside. As I moved through what I thought was the mirage that covered the cave entrance, a wave of lightheadedness overtook me, causing me to stagger and almost fall

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as I exited the cave. As I lurched forward, I looked back, only to see the sheer rock cliff behind me. There was no longer any sign of an entrance to the cave, which blew my mind. I looked around the sunny little clearing, ringed by giant evergreens, and decided it looked like the tiny meadow where Chima found me.

“Oh, you hairless ones, so sensitive to everything,” Telacki giggled about that time. “We have powers, you know, and your kind doesn’t tolerate them very well. We use our energy to create a type of portal or dimensional opening that allows us to go through solid rock to reach our caves underground. There are several types of portals, but this kind is to protect our homes. If there’s already a natural opening into the cave, then the opening can also be concealed using our energy to look and feel like rock. That’s why you feel strange when you encounter this. In fact, most of the time when your kind comes in contact with our power, you feel dizzy or lightheaded, though sometimes it can make you nauseated or disoriented.” Telacki laughed again when she saw me shaking my head at the revelation.

“So that’s why I feel so strange around you! It’s so weird. Last night I was terrified, but suddenly I felt numb, even though my heart was still beating like crazy.”

“Oh, that was just Mother. She knew you were afraid so she sent her power to make you relax,” Telacki continued. “We can stay outside, but there are rules. We can’t go out of Na-ashi’s sight.”

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I was still trying to digest all of this unbelievable information that Telacki was throwing my way. My mind just couldn't conceive of it, so I pushed it aside for information I could handle.

"Where's Na-ashi? I don't see him."

Telacki pointed to the top of a large cliff in the distance. "He's up there."

Sure enough, standing still under a large fir tree, I saw Na-ashi. He was so distant that he didn't appear to be more than a red dot.

"He's so far away," I said. "How can he see us?"

"Don't worry. He can sense where we are at all times. And, he can hear our thoughts, so he'll know if we go too far or if there's danger. It's his day to watch."

"What do you mean by *watch*? As in babysitting?" I asked, thinking that we were much too old for that.

"No," Telacki replied with a giggle. "It's his day to watch over the entire area along with the other sons. See Tamaka up there?" She pointed to a black spot atop the ridge on the other side of us. "We're a clan, you see, and many other families live on this land. The sons each take turns, three at a time, watching the entire valley and down to the great water. They warn us if your kind is coming."

"In times past, your kind hunted us as well as the native peoples, but now, they're usually hunting animals, although occasionally, there'll still be one that tries to find us. Either way, we're forbidden to reveal ourselves to them. The sons also watch for other dangers, like storms, so we can make it to our homes before the weather

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changes. I'm glad of it, because I don't like the bright flashes and loud noises in the sky when it rains."

My curiosity suddenly roared to life and I wanted to know everything. Telacki's eyes widened as she heard how many questions I was about to unleash.

"There are other Forest People here? How do you understand my thoughts? I heard your parents speak in a funny-sounding language last night – is that your language? Why can't you talk to other people? You're talking to me."

Telacki held up her hand.

"Wait – I'll tell you as best I can, but slow down so I can answer before you ask me more questions. I understand that your kind prefers to speak out loud, so I'll try to speak to you in that way.

"First, yes, many Forest People live in this land and other types of peoples and spirits, too. For example, the Fish People live in the ocean and conceal themselves from your kind, also. Our families live in peace with each other as well as the other peoples and with the land. That is, with the exception of the mountain clan since they're a clan of criminals. We're an ancient people, and have lived here for thousands of years. We have great gifts that our Creator gave our fathers' fathers when we were born as a people long ago. One of those gifts is to read minds and to speak to minds. We have many other gifts, also, as well as our own language as you heard. It's spoken much faster than yours," she said as she brushed a stray hair from her face.

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“We know all of your languages since that’s one of our gifts and we can communicate with any hairless tribe, if need be. When we’re young, the teachers in our clan also escort us to be close to your kind. Hidden away, we read their thoughts and hear them speak so we can practice the language and learn a little about your culture. It’s a type of school for us in case we ever need to communicate with your kind – like you, for instance. We are, for the most part, forbidden to interact with the hairless ones, though. This is for our safety since your kind makes war and also have hunted us, like I told you. We were friends with the native peoples that used to live here and we traded with them, but your clans came and killed them and then made the survivors move to other lands. We watched in shame, but without going to war ourselves, we couldn’t stop it. It was a very sad time.” Telacki looked down and slowly shook her head as if she felt the shame herself before continuing.

“Our laws prevent us from harming or interfering with the lives of your people unless they harm one of us. Since the native peoples were your kind, we couldn’t help or interfere in matters not involving us. There was a great mourning after this happened, and we moved deeper into the forest to live. We didn’t want to be around your clans, and we used our gifts to avoid them. When my mother watched you, she knew the wolves would kill you. She heard your fear and saw them stalking you. She couldn’t bear to leave you to be torn apart by the pack. That’s the one exception to our law – if a hairless one is in great danger, we can help.” Telacki paused before

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continuing. "Let's go to the beach," she said, changing the subject as she headed down the trail that Chima had traveled on the way to the cave the night before.

"OK."

I followed her, but had tremendous difficulty keeping up since she was so tall and her strides were much longer than mine. She also didn't seem to have any problems with rocky areas and steep inclines or any other obstacles that littered the forest floor. Being petite, I had to run to keep up, and stumbled several times as I navigated through the rugged terrain. After nearly an hour, the bright-green vegetation and the giant evergreens of the forest gave way to a steep, rocky path leading downward and opening onto a wide, sandy beach framed by tall, jagged, black rocks. It was deserted, and a gentle breeze was blowing.

Telacki walked to the edge of the water near some of the rocky spires and stood still, holding her arms out as the sea spray dampened her face when the waves crashed against the towering formation. I grinned and removed my shoes before running to join her. The cool, white sand felt good as it gave way beneath my feet, but I squealed and gasped in shock as I waded ankle-deep into the ice-cold water. After a few minutes, I managed to tolerate the frigid ocean enough to remain there as Telacki and I splashed and jumped in the waves. When we returned to the warmth of the beach, she stooped over and dug in the sand as if looking for something.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I watched, wondering what she was looking for. A moment later, she flashed a grin as she pulled a clam from the sand. She picked

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up a small rock and ran to a nearby stony outcropping and smashed the shell before pulling out the clam. She washed it in sea water and then ate it.

“C’mon!” she said. “Let’s dig for clams!”

“They’re raw! Won’t that make you sick?” I protested.

“No, they’re fine. I’ve seen your kind eat them this way. Meat is good without fire, too. You should try it!”

“Yuck!” I exclaimed as I contorted my face in disgust. I preferred the thought of last night’s dried berries or cooked meat, but my stomach was growling, even though I’d had breakfast.

After all, she said humans had eaten clams raw, so why not? I know people eat raw oysters.

“OK, I’ll taste one.”

“Here, you’ll love it!” Telacki grinned and handed me a clam that was already shelled.

As I put the meaty morsel in my mouth, I know I must’ve made a face, but I managed to swallow it. I tasted the saltiness of the ocean along with the fish-like flavor of the clam.

“Eewww! That was slimy!” I told her. “To be honest, though, the taste wasn’t too bad.”

“See, I knew you’d like it.”

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Telacki was thrilled that I tried the clam and liked it, or at least tolerated it. She laughed, enjoying the moment, before showing me how to dig for them. It wasn't long before I found my first clam.

"Yes!" I said as I picked up a rock and smashed the clam, mimicking Telacki. I'm sure disappointment was painted across my face when I realized that I smashed it too thoroughly and all that was left of the clam was a mush of meat and shell.

Telacki laughed at me loudly – so loudly that the sound echoed in my head, causing it to hurt. I frowned and began to dig again. Before long, I had another clam and was more careful this time when I cracked it. After my newfound success, I was soon digging for more.

The morning turned into a whirlwind of splashing in the water, eating clams, and lying on the beach in the golden sunshine, watching and listening to the glistening blue waves as they crashed on the nearby rocks in a spray of white sea-foam. As we sat on the sand, leaning against a large piece of driftwood, I noticed that the beach was actually more of a small cove with the tall black rocks on either side of it, isolating and protecting it, so the area was only accessible by boat without navigating the thick evergreen forest.

How perfect, I thought. The Forest People have this beach all to themselves.

Far off in the distance, I watched a ship move south along the shipping lane. The boat was too far out to sea for anyone to notice us. Seeing the ship reminded me of my family and Garrett. I was sure that they assumed I was dead by now. Sadness suddenly

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washed over me like a tsunami and left me feeling like I'd been punched in my stomach as the sick feeling returned. It reminded me that I was far from home and lost. Even though the Forest People were kind, I wanted nothing more than to go home as my thoughts turned dark.

I can't imagine how Mom feels. She's hurt, and now, she thinks I'm dead. I need to be there to help her. If only I'd stayed where I was supposed to, things would've been fine. I wonder what Garrett's thinking, not to mention the entire school, Argh!

About that time, Telacki interrupted my pity party.

"Don't worry, Gracie. It'll be all right. Just be thankful your mother's OK. She'll be fine when we take you home. In the meantime, consider this a vacation from school."

"Thanks, Telacki, you're right." I paused before changing the subject in an effort to get my mind off my worries. "What a nice, lazy day. It's great to have a private beach. Patrick, he's my brother, and I will have to find a place like this and dig some clams after I go home. We can make a bonfire and have a clambake. He'd like it. I know he misses doing things like that with his friends back east." *Maybe I can invite Garrett... if he still wants to go out with me. Who am I kidding? I have to make it out of here first...*

I'd already grown to like Telacki and somehow felt we would be friends for a long time, though I didn't know why I thought this, especially since we lived in two different worlds. There was a goodness about her with her childlike joy and carefree existence that was endearing. It somehow made me feel much older than she, for my life in civilization was not carefree, but filled with drama. One of my new classmates,

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Lora Benson, came to mind with her snarky comments and vicious gossip as I made the comparison. Being with Telacki brought back memories of when I was much younger, almost as if I were a carefree child again.

As my thoughts concluded, Telacki grinned as I realized she'd been listening to my mind. It was odd and embarrassing that I no longer had any privacy since everything was as if I'd said it aloud.

"You're still sad. Who's Garrett?" She stared at me, her golden eyes showing her disappointment.

"I'm sorry. I can't seem to help it. I think about Mom and worry about her. I also think about what my dad and brother must be thinking. Garrett's this boy I really like. We were supposed to see each other last night. I'm so disappointed. I appreciate all you've done for me, Telacki, but it's still upsetting. I should've stayed where I was told and I wouldn't be in this predicament"

"Well, I have an idea? There's someone I want you to meet if the wind will ease up. I think she'll have something that will take your mind off things."

"OK, I guess." I wasn't up for it.

###

As morning turned to afternoon, the wind diminished, so it wasn't too cold. The surf was flat, with sea foam sliding back and forth toward the sand instead of crashing onto the rugged boulders in fountains of spray as it'd been earlier. The sun was peeking through slowly gathering clouds, alternating a shadowy stillness with its brilliant rays.

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After a while, Telacki rose to her feet and grinned, a mischievous look on her face.

“Now it’s time for the surprise I have for you! Go hide behind those rocks.”

I did as instructed, scurrying behind the nearest of the towering black boulders that framed the beach. Telacki turned back to the ocean and held her hands out in front of her. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath before speaking something in her language. I was astonished because I actually saw the language coming out of Telacki’s mouth in transparent waves, almost like the entrance to the cave. After a few moments, I heard some splashing near the shore, and up popped a human-looking head from the water, followed by two smaller ones.

“Oh. my. gosh!” I whispered to myself as I peeked from behind the rocky refuge. “It’s the Fish People! There really *are* mermaids, just like Telacki said! Unbelievable!” Things were already weird enough without seeing mermaids. This was TMI.

My heart pounded as I tried to fathom reality, watching Telacki speak to them in her strange language. She soon turned to me, motioning for me to come.

“I want you to meet Secorah and her children, Ne-isa and Jorell. They’re Fish People. Secorah and I have been friends since I was small. She’s agreed to let you see her. She doesn’t speak your language well, so if she desires to talk with you, it’ll only be in your mind, where you’ll hear it in your language.”

I nodded as I admired how stunningly beautiful Secorah was. Her skin was fluorescent chartreuse green with flecks of sparkling gold. Her hair was very thick,

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long, and blond, with a wave to it, even though it was wet. She had human facial features, but also three small slits under her ears. I thought these must be gills she used to breathe underwater. Secorah's eyes were much larger than human eyes, and they looked slightly like a fish's— very clear and shiny. They were expressive, though, and she had eyelids like humans with long, thick, black eyelashes. I noticed her eyes were the same deep blue as the sky. Her mouth was large, and she had brilliant white teeth that made her smile nothing short of dazzling. I now understood why the ancient fairy tales told of sailors being enchanted by the beauty of the mermaids. Secorah really was that beautiful and enchanting to say the least as I marveled at her.

Ne-isa and Jorell were bobbing in the water beside her and were miniature replicas of her. Their eyes were darker colored and almost purple, though. All three sported huge scales on their lower body that varied in color from light blue to dark purple and light green to emerald green. This variance in color was obviously meant to help them blend in with the ocean's different colors and to hide from those who would harm them. Each child held onto the dorsal fin of a dolphin floating patiently beside them as I continued to stare in wonder. The children seemed to be communicating with each other and the dolphins, as I heard tiny squeaks and soft whistles coming from them.

How can all of this be? Mermaids? Tall people in the forest? I wonder if Garrett knows about them? Maybe I'm hallucinating or in a coma and my brain is scrambled.... But it sure seems real.

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I was almost convinced I was delusional.

Telacki continued to speak with Secorah while I watched and listened. Finally, she turned to me.

“Take off your shoes. We’re going for a swim. And don’t worry! Secorah will take good care of us.”

I hesitated before taking off my shoes and wading out into the water. I gasped from its iciness and really didn’t like the idea of a swim with it so cold. I also couldn’t help being a bit afraid of the mermaid. After all, they took men to their deaths beneath the sea, if the legends were true. I walked toward her children since they were less intimidating. Besides, I couldn’t help but watch them interacting with their pets.

“Would it be OK if I touch one of the dolphins? I’ve never been this close to one,” I asked after mustering some courage.

Telacki nodded, so I reached out and touched the closest one. I jerked my hand back in surprise before reaching out and touching it again.

“It feels weird, like cold, hard rubber that’s wet and slick. That isn’t what I expected! I thought they’d be warm and I also didn’t think they’d be so hard.” About that time, the dolphin blew spray from its blowhole, giving me a quick shower with the mist. Everyone laughed raucously. I guessed I must’ve insulted the dolphin with my description. I laughed with them.

Secorah swam to me and took my hand as I turned away from the dolphin. The children each took Telacki’s hands.

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"Hold your breath!" Telacki yelled, as I suddenly found myself under the cold, clear water. I wasn't expecting to go under and I panicked since Telacki's warning hadn't given me time to take a breath. I just knew I was going to drown and thought about trying to break loose from Secorah. Instead, I decided to trust her since Telacki said we'd be OK, even though my lungs felt like they would explode. As I watched, I couldn't believe how Secorah and her children could swim with such incredible speed. The two dolphins were swimming along with the children and Telacki, cavorting in circles around them. Within a minute or less, we surfaced in an ocean cave with a small sandy beach. I gasped for air and tried to stand, but stumbled to my knees, panting. Telacki helped me up and I waded out of the water and onto the small beach. We sat on a couple of nearby rocks in order for me to warm myself in the sunlight since I was shivering and still trying to catch my breath. When my breathing became more normal, I noticed there were cracks in the rocks, allowing sunlight to stream into the cave in golden rays. I also saw a pile of things at the back of the cave, though I had no idea what was there. Telacki was apologizing for not giving me more warning when I heard a voice in my mind.

This is my secret place where I keep my treasures from the sea. Please don't tell anyone about it. You're the first of your kind to ever see it. Telacki tells me I can trust you, Secorah told me.

Secorah, I give you my word that I'll keep this place a secret. I thought, hoping Secorah understood.

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The brilliantly hued mermaid then said something to Telacki before she and her children waved and abruptly left the little cave, vanishing beneath the turquoise water with unbelievable swiftness.

“Secorah said she’ll be back for us later, but until then, she wanted us to explore the cave and enjoy looking at her treasures,” Telacki interpreted. “This is where she comes to rest, and it’s her own very special place. She’s collected all of these extraordinary things from the oceans around the world and they all have a story to tell. One of Secorah’s powers is to attach the account of how each treasure came to be in her collection. In other words, you can view the history of every item. It’s her way of keeping information regarding each treasure she finds. She’s sentimental in that way. The Fish People love shiny things, and they collect objects they think are interesting. In that way, they’re sort of like your kind.”

“That’s wild!” I said as I stood up, turning to look at the pile of diverse objects in the back of the cave. “I still can’t believe all of this.”

The cave itself was no more than a large oval room about thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide. Its sandy floor rose from the water at the sea end, having a noticeable slope upward toward the back of the room. The white sand of the tiny beach within had numerous jagged black rocks of varying sizes jutting from the floor of the room. I looked at Telacki and grinned before heading toward the back of the room and Secorah’s treasures.

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I picked up an ornately filigreed gold ring with a very large diamond surrounded by other smaller diamonds.

“Oh, look, Telacki! Isn't this most gorgeous engagement ring ever?”

“What's an engagement ring? She looked puzzled.

“It's a ring that a man gives to a woman when he asks her to marry him.”

Telacki rolled her eyes. “Your kind has strange rituals,” she said as she picked up a huge pearl, nestled in a giant clam shell.

I laughed.

As my thoughts returned to the ring, I suddenly found myself on the deck of a large passenger steamer somewhere in the ocean. I was shocked. I didn't know what I was expecting, but it certainly wasn't actually being a part of the vision. As I looked up, it was a gorgeous, starlit night and it seemed so real. I could feel the cold wind on my face and the gentle movement of the ship. I saw a couple dressed in clothing that looked like it was made in the early 1900s standing near me, engaged in a lovers' quarrel. The man had drunk too much wine, and the woman was very unhappy with him. As the arguing escalated, the woman became so angry that she took the diamond ring from her finger and flung it overboard.

It was such a magnificent ring, with elegant craftsmanship. I couldn't believe anyone would throw something so beautiful and with such meaning into the ocean, even in anger. I thought the vision was over and I turned to walk away from the couple. About that time, there was a loud noise and the ship shuddered, frightening me and

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almost sending me crashing to the deck. When I tried to steady myself against the wall of the ship, I noticed its name on a life ring... *RMS Titanic*.

As the vision abruptly ended, I stood in the cave, my heart pounding and my mouth agape. I was stunned by what I'd just seen. I couldn't believe I'd been witness to the *Titanic* hitting an iceberg. The movie crossed my mind and I couldn't help but think about Garrett. I hoped one day he would care about me like the character in the movie, but hopefully with a better outcome.

If only history could be this exciting in school! I would pay more attention to it, I thought as I tried to regain my composure. History had never been my favorite subject, but after seeing and feeling the vision, I decided that perhaps I'd misjudged its merits. Maybe there was value in it after all. I looked over at Telacki, excited to tell her what I'd seen, but she had a faraway look as she held a brass telescope. I smiled, knowing she was having a vision of her own before turning back to the pile of artifacts to dig around for another object to hold.

We spent the rest of the afternoon holding Secorah's treasures and watching their stories unfold. Some were scary and others were almost amusing, and I absolutely loved them all, even though I wished that most of them didn't have such sad stories attached to them. Of course, they always ended in loss since each item was found by Secorah somewhere in the waters around the world. As I thought about it, I was drawn to a silver coin. When I picked it up, I saw a young woman dressed in a blue Victorian gown adorned with lace, standing on a picturesque wooden bridge with white railings

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spanning a small bayou. The red dirt road that led to the bridge was lined with massive, old live oak trees draped in Spanish moss. At the end of the bridge, two matching bay horses stood tied, harnessed to a fancy black buggy. One of the horses pawed the ground impatiently as the young woman looked up, then tossed a coin into the water under the bridge.

The woman smiled as she made the wish. I don't know how, but I knew she was wishing for true love. The woman turned and walked back to her buggy, untying the horses and stepping aboard. She drove slowly down the tree-lined lane toward what appeared to be a large plantation home in the distance. The woman clucked to the horses to hurry them along and flapped the reins on their backs. When she did, the horses lurched forward unexpectedly, causing one of the wheels to fly off the buggy. The matched bays spooked at the detaching wheel and broke free, leaving the woman and her crippled buggy in the middle of the road. As she struggled to catch her breath, stunned and frightened by the sudden turn of events, a soldier riding a large black stallion raced to her aid. He was handsome, with black hair and deep blue eyes. By all appearances, he was a colonel, dressed in a gray Confederate uniform. He quickly vaulted off his horse to offer aid to the woman. As he took her hand to steady her and then carefully lifted her down from the wreckage, a flood of emotion hit me. I saw the flush of love in the face of the woman, and knew her wish had been granted.

I grinned and then sighed, *If only love were that easy. There's a happy ending in the treasures after all.* I never wanted to leave because there was so much to learn from

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Secorah's collection, but the mermaid soon returned and we had to bid farewell to the cave and all its treasures. My mind raced as Secorah ferried me back to the beach. This unseen world was more than my human mind could comprehend. Nevertheless, the more my knowledge grew of this mystical realm, the more I loved it.

Telacki thanked Secorah when we returned to shore. She loved the stories attached to the collection as much as I did.

"Thank you so much for today, Secorah! I hope you'll let us come back soon. I loved all the beautiful things you have and the stories are fantastic," I added, making sure I was also thinking each word clearly so Secorah could understand.

I'm glad that you appreciate my treasures as well as the stories since the Forest People aren't as impressed with material things. Please come anytime.

I was thrilled and wanted her to stay longer, but it was time for them to go. We waved goodbye to Secorah and her children as the mermaid and her family disappeared beneath the waves.

Telacki and I took a seat against the driftwood, exchanging stories about the objects we held. We'd only been there a few minutes when she stretched and then looked up abruptly, listening.

"It's time to go. Na-ashi is calling us."

At first I jumped, thinking there might be a problem.

"Is everything OK?"

"It's nothing, just fog coming in. Let's go."

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We began the trip back to the cave at a more leisurely pace than before, meandering through the now misty forest and stopping to watch a squirrel bound through the branches of a nearby tree.

I smiled as I thought about her and the secrets we now shared. It had been a good day, considering everything. I was full of clams and their brininess reminded me that I was desperately thirsty from the ocean's salt.

Telacki heard my thoughts and veered off the trail and downhill to a rocky little stream. We drank until we were satisfied and then continued back to the trail where I noticed the fog clearing as we traveled further inland.

4

Zakima



It was dusk and the western sky looked like it'd been painted with oranges, blues, pinks, and purples atop the tall evergreens as we arrived at the cave entrance. Of course, I only saw the rock face of the cliff as we approached. I hesitated before deciding to follow Telacki through the portal. Once again, I felt lightheaded as I walked into what appeared to be a solid rock wall. I found the concealed entrance to the cave amazing and asked Telacki if she could see the entrance as she stepped through it.

"Of course!"

I just shook my head, human understanding failing me.

When we arrived, Chima was waiting for us. She and Kecáshah had slept most of the day after their hunt the night before. To my surprise, Shayka, Telacki's grandmother, was holding an infant.

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“Oh, a baby! How precious! May I see her?” I asked. Chima nodded, so I walked over to where Shayka was sitting.

The child looked like it was very young since its russet colored hair was sparse and it was all head, hands, and feet. The baby squirmed in Shayka’s arms and reached toward me, managing a mostly toothless grin.

Shayka looked concerned, but Chima told me it was OK, so I cautiously approached Shayka and the baby. The old woman glared at me and held the infant tightly. I wasn’t sure what to do since Shayka obviously wasn’t going to let me hold the child, so I reached out and stroked the baby, who babbled and drooled in pleasure at my touch.

“Hey, little one. Aren’t you a pretty girl?” I cooed. All the while, my hair was standing on end and I felt completely creeped out by Shayka and her red eyes.

Telacki, sensing the question in my mind, explained.

“I’d like you to meet Talima, my sister Mallati’s child. Mallati and her husband have gone hunting, and we’re taking care of Talima.”

Talima drooled and smiled again. Shayka picked a leaf from a basket beside her and crushed it in her hand to release its sap before giving it to the baby. Talima smacked on the leaf and grinned. I thought about my friend, Annie, and her little sister back in New York and concluded that the leaf must relieve the pain babies experience when teething.

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As I continued stroking Talima, two more Forest People entered the cave. The female growled immediately and charged toward me at lightning speed. Chima was faster, though, and tackled her before she could hurt me, shouting something at the woman in their strange language as they tumbled to the floor of the cave, rolling and struggling with each other and emitting snarls and growls. Shayka backed against the cave wall, carrying Talima with such speed that I couldn't even remember seeing her move, while Kecáshah's blue eyes flashed red as he grabbed the black-haired male around his neck when he started to run toward me. Telacki stood frozen, horrified by the sudden turn of events as her father restrained the newcomer. I jumped to my feet, wanting to run, but I couldn't seem to move. As I tried to move away from them, I couldn't seem to make my heart slow down so I crumpled to the ground, shaking violently and almost passing out. All of the color must have drained from my face as I tried to catch my breath because I noticed Telacki looking at me, worried. Regardless, I was about to faint and vomit at the same time I was so afraid.

"Gracie, Talima is my daughter Mallati's first born and when she saw you near her, it frightened her very much. She wouldn't have intentionally hurt you, but she was planning to toss you across the room away from Talima. Your kind is much more easily hurt than we are, so I had to stop her. Please don't be frightened." Chima's voice was calming as she spoke.

I'm so sorry Mallati frightened you. I hope you're not mad at me and my family, Telacki chimed in almost instantly, but only in my mind.

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I felt the sincerity of all their verbal and mental apologies, but I still couldn't find my voice. I was shaken to my core and still felt considerably nauseated and dizzy, not to mention terrified. My mouth was open as I gasped for air while I watched Telacki's sister glare at me with murderous red, glowing eyes.

As I slowly regained some degree of composure, I couldn't help but notice that Mallati was a stunning creature. She was by far the most unique of any of the Forest People I'd seen. Her ivory complexion was flawless, and her hair was shiny and honey blond. Her finely chiseled features and willowy grace would have been the envy of any runway model. I couldn't understand how she could appear so lovely and yet be so dangerous.

Kecáshah slowly released Mallati's mate from his grip.

"Gracie, this is Zakima from the clan that lives in the mountains. His people detest your kind. He was very upset when he saw you, and even more so, since you were near Talima."

Kecáshah's blunt explanation made me very uncomfortable, and I shrunk back as I stared at Zakima. His appearance was striking, the male version of his wife's beauty, and just as deadly. The shiny, blue black hair on his tall, slender frame contrasted with his pale gray skin and red, glowing eyes as he glared at me. I felt an explosive rage radiating from him that only added to my terror since I wasn't sure what to do. As I considered my options, Chima pushed out a wave of her *power*, as Telacki called it.

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Immediately, I felt a little lightheaded and my mood shifted from petrified to calm. I thought it was strange that Chima could have such an effect simply by looking at me with the same glowing, green eyes that I'd seen when she rescued me. I was thankful for the comfort, though, regardless of how I'd received it. Even though I felt better, I was still worried and watched as a still outraged Zakima stalked quickly over to Mallati, his angry stare never leaving me. His eyes continued to emit red light, but at least it wasn't as bright as before. Mallati was watching me also, but she soon shifted her attention to Talima, who had begun to cry. She caressed the infant's head, then touched Talima's forehead to her own. The crying stopped instantly. I wondered what the "touching heads" thing did, remembering Chima and Kecáshah. About that time, I was shaken from my stupor by Chima.

"Are you hungry, Gracie?" Chima asked, trying to diffuse the tension in the air.

"No. Thank you. I ate a lot of clams." Even though I felt calm, I barely managed to answer. I blushed at how that must have sounded. Truthfully, the ordeal with Mallati left me feeling exceptionally weak and I couldn't understand why my reaction was so extreme.

"If it's OK, I think I'll go to bed," I said, wanting to get as far away as possible. I nodded to Telacki before stumbling into the next room and onto the pile of leaves and grass, wrapping myself in the soft fur of the animal skins.

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Back in the main room, Zakima was still angry. I watched through the doorway as he stalked back and forth and complained bitterly to Kecáshah, insisting that having me here was a danger to the entire clan.

“Back in the old days of my clan,” he growled. “They would’ve made a good feast of her.” I heard him say.

Terror grabbed me. I decided that maybe my days were numbered since he must be a cannibal. I sat up in the bed and shook as my stomach churned. *How can I escape?*

As the anger built in Kecáshah, he apparently decided he’d had enough and spoke in a harsh tone to his son-in-law.

“Zakima, you are of our clan now. You must live as we do or return to your people without Mallati. The child’s kind moves closer each year. If they were to discover our secrets, and if they thought we were killing their kind, there would be a war, a war that we might not win. At the very least, we’d be forced to abandon our homes and move north to the hard country, where there are few of their kind. For us, it’s better to stay here for now, where there is much food. It’s essential that we are kind and return the child when we find where she belongs, so there will be good reports of us instead of bad, should she tell her kind.”

“As you wish, my father, though I strongly disagree,” Zakima replied in a restrained voice, grimacing as he spoke. As soon as the exchange with Kecáshah ended, Zakima turned and stormed out of the cave. Mallati, carrying Talima, hurried after her husband.

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Chima was worried as she reached out to Kecáshah, laying her hand on his arm.

“Do you think he’ll hurt the hairless child? His clan harbors so much hatred for their kind. I could feel it in him. I’m afraid for her. What do you think, Kecáshah?” she asked in a low voice that was hard for me to hear.

Deep in thought, Kecáshah was silent for a moment.

“I don’t think he’ll hurt her. It means death for him if he kills her since she is an innocent and has done us no wrong. He loves Mallati and Talima and he would lose them if he broke our laws. He knows he would either have to escape back to his clan, which might kill him also, or be executed here. I believe the love for his wife and daughter will prevail. Nevertheless, we must watch and listen in case I’m wrong. I don’t think we should completely trust him. When he spoke, his mind delighted at the thought of the hairless child’s death,” he answered, shaking his head in dismay as he looked at his wife.

Shayka watched the entire commotion while sitting against the wall on the far side of the room, eyes still shining red.

I wished I hadn’t heard the conversation since I realized I wasn’t as safe as I’d thought. Tears filled my eyes and I wished I were home.

When Telacki came to bed, I asked her about what I’d heard. “Do you think Zakima will hurt me?”

“No, Zakima was just upset. My father knows that he came to us from a clan of criminals that have no qualms about cannibalism when it comes to the hairless ones.

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They consider your kind inferior, even though they're prized when captured because they believe they receive power from consuming them. It's said that the clan no longer practices cannibalism, but my father doesn't believe it. Zakima's harsh words came too easily in his opinion. His values and beliefs are completely at odds with the philosophies of our clan, but he knows Zakima's love for Mallati brought him to us. Still, he didn't appreciate Zakima's remarks and wishes Mallati had chosen a different mate. He can tell that Zakima sometimes sways Mallati in a negative way. He knew she never would have charged you if it hadn't been for his influence."

"I can't help it, I'm really frightened of him. He's so black and his eyes were so red. It made me think he looked like a monster out of a horror movie."

"A what?"

"Never mind. Does Kecáshah really think I'll be safe? Or can you help me hike out of here? I really want to go home after this. I'm afraid to stay."

"Don't be, Gracie, it'll be fine. No one will hurt you, I promise. Father's just unhappy with Zakima anyway. After he and my sister chose each other, Zakima talked her into moving away into seclusion from our family. This upset Father, and now that he has a grandchild, the distance between our dwellings had become an even greater issue since he and Mother wanted to be a part of Talima's life. He couldn't do anything about it, though, except keep suggesting that they move closer so he and Mother could babysit Talima. Tonight, however, he could insist that Zakima abide by his rules when it came to you since you're a guest in our home."

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"I understand, but that's not all, Telacki, it also makes me uncomfortable the way Skayka looks at me. Why does hate me so much?"

"She doesn't hate you. Grandmother just wishes Mother had left you in the meadow. When she was younger, the white soldiers that massacred the native people had also tried to kill what few Forest People they'd seen. To Grandmother, those memories are strong, especially since my grandfather, Keoloki, was shot in the leg by one of the white soldiers. She hates your kind because of his painful lifelong limp as a result of the shooting.

"So, she's not happy you're here, but I am," Telacki concluded.

"Thanks, Telacki. I'm sorry I've caused such problems for your family."

"Don't worry, they won't hurt you and you haven't caused a problem. I'm really happy you're here. It's exciting to learn about your world and to have someone my age to talk to. Go to sleep. I'll plan something fun for tomorrow."