

Pine Valley Series : Book Four

DREAMER  
ON THE  
MOUNTAIN

CORRINE ARDOIN



Black Rose Writing | Texas

©2023 by Corrine Ardoin

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the publishers, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a newspaper, magazine or journal.

The author grants the final approval for this literary material.

First printing

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

ISBN: 978-1-68513-249-1

PUBLISHED BY BLACK ROSE WRITING

[www.blackrosewriting.com](http://www.blackrosewriting.com)

Printed in the United States of America

Suggested Retail Price (SRP) \$22.95

*Dreamer on the Mountain* is printed in Garamond

\*As a planet-friendly publisher, Black Rose Writing does its best to eliminate unnecessary waste to reduce paper usage and energy costs, while never compromising the reading experience. As a result, the final word count vs. page count may not meet common expectations.

*Did you wonder where I was  
when you looked up at the stars?  
I was there beside you, listening to you sing.  
Never forget that dreams are real, my love,  
a beginning for our new life,  
our destined awakening in the sun!*

DREAMER  
ON THE  
MOUNTAIN

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Tucker spent the morning clearing grass and weeds from the Indian cemetery. Freckles stayed nearby as he worked. Once he finished, he stood back and surveyed what he had accomplished. A well-worn path, he noticed, came from the direction of where Ev Mendoza's house once stood. It ended at the two headstones.

A cool breeze swept through the clearing, like a sighing breath. It carried upon it a story relived, a massacre yet crowding the airwaves of Time. Screaming, and gunshots blasting away at a race, a people and their home, Tucker did not hear, yet he knelt in silent homage to its victims, their presence known only for two white quartz headstones.

He imagined Jim Hart's mother yet visited the graves and wondered why her babies were buried in such a forgotten place. The thought came to him that her two baby boys were taken from her, and feared it was true. The entire valley was once awash in blood and death, according to Char Lee Rosebud. The burials of two tiny babies were an offering, he supposed, to

those who had come before them, the ancestors. It horrified him and, yet, broke his heart.

While he had not the words, his prayer, with eyes closed and head bowed, was felt. "Let there be peace," it said.

Gathering his tools and wheelbarrow, he called to Freckles, "Let's go home. Okay, girl?"

She had her appointment that day so, after bathing her, Tucker returned to the little cemetery, leaving the dog in the house. He could hear her whining and barking, even scratching and banging at the door as he walked away. Once he arrived at the burial ground, the same man he had seen the night of the meteor was standing there as though in prayer. Tucker knew the man was Indian and probably had relatives buried in that cemetery. He quietly set the flowers he had picked from his garden between the two tiny headstones. The man turned and approached him.

"Hi." Friendly and smiling, he asked, "Are you Tucker Stewart?"

He was younger than Tucker, of average build and height, and had dark-brown hair, which was at collar length. He wore a dark-brown cowboy hat with a ragged turkey feather poked in its brim, blue jeans, and a pearl-button shirt. A very congenial young man, his temperament was similar to Tucker's when much younger and more happy-go-lucky than of late.

Tucker answered, "Yes, that's me."

"Name's Harvey Six-Bits," said the man.

They shook hands and Tucker said, "Hello, Harvey."

A bear sauntered into the burial ground as they turned to walk away. Harvey saw the bear, knowing why it came. He also knew why Tucker had come.

Patting Tucker on the back, Harvey said, "Hey, thanks, man. For what you did here."

When they reached the old McGrew house, he informed Tucker that he had bought it with his own money.

Tucker raised his eyebrows in amazement. He was proud of the young man, and asked Harvey, "You-you did? You own this now?"

Harvey nodded and smiled.

They stood in front of the house, looking around the property.

Harvey grew serious and asked Tucker, "You know what my people call you?"

Tucker hesitated, expecting the usual teasing. He thought about how these people of the old, old way of life in Pine Valley had come into his life. He appreciated it, even if they enjoyed teasing him. Taking a chance, he answered, "What do they call me?"

Harvey said something in his native language. Tucker asked him, "Uh, what does that mean?" He heard Freckles yapping in the distance from the direction of his house.

"It's a sacred name my people gave to you when our healer, Lucy Shoseegan, was still living," said Harvey.

Harvey sat on the porch steps, but Tucker remained standing, wanting to be serious, but not sure what to do or to say as he listened to Harvey explain.

"She said you would be the last man left in our original village site and that it would be your job to watch over it, protect it for our return. It basically means, 'The Keeper of the Dream,' or something like that." Harvey looked up at Tucker and reassured him. "It's true, man," he said. "You ought to feel

honored that Lucy knew your purpose. After the massacre, when everyone was living up in Laketon, she started envisioning us returning home one day. Until then, she said that you would be asked to watch over the valley, to protect her dream.”

Tucker remembered his high school graduation. Afterward, he glanced at the Hart family gathered around Jim, congratulating him. There was a short and weathered old woman looking his way, who then turned to place her palm on Jim’s head as he bent toward her to receive a blessing. Was that Lucy? Everyone was making plans during their senior year, where they would go to college, where they would go to work. They were eager to marry, eager to move away. Tucker eventually dismissed it, knowing that he would stay, he would remain.

He was the last man standing in Pine Way. The businesses were closed. Many of the homes had burned or became neglected or abandoned. Eunice Chapman lived at the other end of his street, but only he took care of his home. He devoted his time and attention to it. It was his responsibility, taken upon himself, to watch over that forgotten end of the valley. The power of that knowledge brought greater clarity to the upset of the past several months since Jim Hart’s death. Like a Great Turning or Shifting, the dream was coming home as Lucy’s vision had foretold. He could never leave the valley. He loved it, and wanted to bring Pine Way back, like in its heyday. That was in his heart. It was his secret. It was sacred.

Tucker never shared his secret, though, for he barely knew it existed. Not something he could yet put into words, but he imagined a great circle of people of all races and ways of being,



living together in peace. Ideas and creative ways of doing things differently would be welcomed. At the center of his secret was Jim Hart's mother, Candelaria, the central figure in his imaginings of what would be created in a new Pine Valley. It was his sacred dream. Standing before the house, with Harvey looking on, Tucker cast his thoughts adrift into his inner visioning. He let his dream come forward, seeing Harvey's people living in Pine Way. He could see gardens, flowering plants, and joyful activity. Some were creating art and music, others were dancing. Change? Yes, but toward peace, not chaos, not violence.

"Thank you, for telling me that," he said to Harvey. Knowing it was Freckles whining and yapping from his house, he hurriedly added, "Sorry, but I need to go let my dog out."

"Okay," said Harvey. "But, come on back, all right? Got some friends coming over to help me with the house." Nodding his head back toward it, he added, "Gonna fix it up."

"All right," said Tucker.

He hurried home to find Freckles made a wreck of the house. She was agitated, almost unmanageable as though she knew her appointment was drawing near. Tucker was appalled. "What did I get myself into?!" he cried. An image of Jim Hart's dilapidated shack came to mind and Tucker feared his perfect little house would be ruined should he allow Freckles to continue her bad behavior. Groaning, he took her outside and, as he was about to tie her to a metal stake he had pounded by the yard, a familiar car slowly drove past his house.

The driver waved and said, "Hey, Tucker! How's it goin', man?"

## DREAMER ON THE MOUNTAIN

It was Barclay, whom Tucker had met in Laketon. Tucker waved at Barclay and his brother, Bear. Tucker assumed they were on their way to Harvey's house. A young woman was sitting in the back seat whom Tucker recognized, Aurelia Mendoza. Wondering what she was doing with them, he quickly took care of what he needed to, put Freckles on her leash, and walked back to his neighbor's.

Tucker's dream was coming to life. Reassured, he knew that Harvey and his people would help to rejuvenate the little town that was slipping away. Lucy's vision of a new Pine Valley edged closer and Tucker caught a glimpse of its true light.