



Psyche: The Awakening

Synopsis and Sample Chapter

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Synopsis:

Adventurous Cara O'Neill finds herself back on vacation at her grandfather's farmhouse in Limerick, Ireland. She visits every year and hangs out with friends Mary and Tielo. She also goes on digs with her archaeologist grandfather, but this summer will definitely be an adventure she never sought. Cara holds a power that no one understands, except her grandfather. While on a trip to an archaeological dig legend became reality, the very legend she and her friend Tielo were named after. All it took was one touch of an ancient bracelet and her reality would never be the same. Wanting nothing more than to get rid of the bracelet and the visions it sends her, Cara is thrust into a past in which she never knew anything about. As the visions, flow from the past Cara finds herself unable to deal with the real world around her and pulls away from her best friend and grandfather. In pulling away Cara puts herself in danger as an old enemy presents himself to her asking her to surrender her power because of her binding the soul of the enemy, her lover and herself to time to finish the battle they had started so long ago.

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Chapter One: Of Things to Come, Cara's Interlude

This dream was different.

The air was cool and crisp against my face. I walked on ancient majestic stones with carved Celtic designs and faces. Stars lit the sky and illuminating the path I walked upon. I felt a sense of power reverberating from these ancient stones. Walking slowly, I traveled counter-clockwise on the beautiful masonry before me, placing one tentative foot before the other. As I neared the centerpiece decorated with flowers and offerings, I looked around me, basking in the beauty the scene held.

I felt that I'd been here before, and it was all so spiritual. The entire dream made no sense, but it was calm and peaceful all the same. Ever since I was a little girl, I would have dreams of people I never met. Eventually I would end up meeting them. That's why my grandfather called me Psyche, or as he called it, the gift of premonition. I acquired the name that way and he was the only one who understood me besides Tielo and Mary, my best friends. Tielo and Mary were far away and never knew of my gift.

As I began to turn, my head, I saw a man with a white hooded robe and a beard white as snow. I stepped back slowly, memorizing my surroundings.

"Welcome, Cara. You must fulfill your destiny," he said to me in an eerie tone, as if I didn't finish something and had left it behind wandering. I stepped back farther nearly falling down and regaining my balance before I hit the first step that I spent climbing.

Then it began to change. My dream was falling apart. The sky went from beautiful to

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dark and dim. Thunder rolled across the sky and the earth beneath my feet began to rumble. The man was gone and I looked for a way out, but there was none. A foul voice filled the air quickly shrouding all possible air to breathe. I fell to my knees and closed my eyes, gasping for air.

“ Obitus est meo dominum. Obitus est meo dominum.” It said over and over again. I tried to understand it; I had taken foreign languages my first year in college. It was Latin. “ Death is my gift” , the voice said.

Death is whose gift?

I had to get out of this nightmare. I began to scream and was jolted awake by the flight attendant. I was on Aer Lingus on my way to Limerick to visit my grandfather. I had been reading too many books on ancient cultures again. I began to shrug this dream off, chuckling to myself of the stupidity of my dreams lately.

“ Ladies and gentlemen we thank you again for flying Aer Lingus and hope you enjoy your stay in Ireland. Please buckle your seatbelts as we are prepare for landing,” the voice continued to say as I buckled my seatbelt, preparing to see my friend and granda once more. Was this stay going to be different then my other visit two years ago? Something in my gut told me I was right.

