

## Chapter 6. A perchance to dream

In a quiet hotel room Kirika quietly sat on the bed watching the news on the television.

*“Earlier today the sentencing of former C.E.O of Bookwald’s Gazth-Sonika division began. His full role in the Gazth-Sonika civil war is still under investigation...”* A stolid anchorman with a plastic smile said before Kirika turned off the television.

“They’ll never find the whole truth...” Kirika said to herself.

“But that won’t stop some fool from trying...” Mireille said with a touch of melancholy emerging from the bathroom.

“They’ll end up dead...”

“Enfant’s legacy isn’t our problem...Now let’s get some sleep, long day tomorrow.”

“What about the Soldats?” Kirika asked.

“We’ll leave before dawn and take the train.”

Kirika nodded and placed the remote on the nightstand and got into bed.

Mireille got into bed soon after and turned out the light.

“Night Kirika.”

“Good Night Mireille.”

The pair was soon asleep.

Later that night at Burton Manor, Margaret tossed and turned briefly then she stopped moving.

Margaret found herself in the dining room with the smell of pasta and sauce cooking wafting through the air. She smiled when she smelt the cooking.

“Am I dreaming?” She asked her.

“Oh, I assure you are Margaret Burton.” A voice answered similar to hers, but with a Welsh accent.

“Where are you? I can’t see you.” Margaret cried out.

“Oh, sorry about that.” To Margaret’s surprise, sitting at opposite end of the table was her or at least that’s what she thought, except she was wearing a ruby red dress and motioning her to sit. Margaret sat in the chair opposite of her.

“Who are you? Are you me?” Margaret asked still a bit befuddled.

“I thought that was explained earlier. But I see another introduction is in order. I am Queen Rhiannon or at least part of me that’s being channeled through the Torc.”

“Then why do you look like me?” Margaret asked a little less confused.

Rhiannon thought for a few nanoseconds and then she smiled. “Now that’s for you to figure out.”

Margaret frowned and then replied. “Why me? Why choose me?”

“That I can answer; in your case it’s because of the “Gift”. That drew me to you, granted I had to use your friend Vanessa to get to you. Anything else you’ll just have to figure out.” Rhiannon replied with a warm smile.

“Can I ask for help?” Margaret asked a bit daunted.

“Of course, you can ask your family and friends for help. But ultimately it will be up to you to figure out why.” Rhiannon said reassuringly and a plate of pasta with red sauce appeared before Margaret.

“Rest well Margaret Burton...” Rhiannon said before leaving Margaret to the pasta.

The Torc glowed slightly as Rhiannon stretched out her conscious. She could see the psychic residue all over the house both good and evil. She grinned as she saw Laetitia psychically talking to Poupee. She was going to observe the Alice in Wonderland themed dream that Vanessa was having when she noticed the chain coming from Laetitia. Apparently Laetitia didn’t notice it nor did Poupee. Following to where the chain led, she saw Elenore running through a jungle then on her laying on a morgue slab being dissected or eviscerated in case. Rhiannon was going to intervene but she was delayed by a tug on her

dress. She turned to see a slightly chubby little girl no older than seven or eight years old smiling at her and she smiled back.

Rhiannon bent down to eye level to the child. "Well, you saved me a bit of time little one."

"Really?" The little girl replied a bit surprised.

"Yes really." Rhiannon replied but before she could say more Elenore woke in a cold sweat.

"Why is she so sad? Did I make her sad?" The little girl asked as Elenore got of bed.

"No little one. You didn't, there are other reasons she is sad."

"Did the other people make her sad?" The little girl asked.

"No. She can't see people like us."

"Oh." The little girl replied in surprise.

"Do you want to come with me?" Rhiannon asked and the little girl smiled feeling safe around her.

"Let's go then..." As Rhiannon held out her hand and the little girl placed hers in it. Then the pair left Elenore to herself oblivious to the conversation that just happened right next to her.

Elenore woke in a cold sweat. She tried to close her eyes and go back to sleep but found that she couldn't. So she got of bed and pulled a set of keys from her apron pocket.

Then she went out of the room and down the hall.

A minute later she was in the kitchen. She turned on a small light near the stove and grabbed the timer sitting nearby. Setting the timer she placed on the table and went to the liquor cabinet. Unlocking it, she scanned for a glass and a bottle of Irish whiskey. Sitting down with the glass and bottle, she stared at the empty glass. Feelings of helplessness filled her as she silently wished she didn't have to do this but this was the only thing she knew that made the nightmares go away. The events of earlier this evening didn't help as she poured filling the glass. Then raising it, she stared at it and then she took a drink...