

Prologue

She watched and waited. For so many years she would appear at the broken window watching and waiting for him to show. In the world from which she came, the years passed like minutes. She didn't know why her assignment to reconnect with him took so long to commence but that passage of time would only be noticeable in her prior world. Here, there was no concept of time.

So even though she would spend countless old world years waiting, its passage was but a blip on the radar. And through it all, she knew one day he would show. She wanted to go and search for him but knew she couldn't. It was the way it had to be and she never questioned it.

When someone else would appear she would see them but they couldn't see her. That's just the way it was. It was the way it was supposed to be. Those were the rules.

Then there was the old man. He never left and she knew why. Life is full of secrets and he harbored a secret that he had to protect. Why he just didn't go far away she didn't know. After all, if his secret were to be uncovered, as it were, how would he ever be implicated? Maybe it was just guilt.

So as she watched and waited she also watched the old man, too. Sometimes she felt contempt for him but most times she just felt pity. Time had not been kind to him and she supposed justifyingly so.

Then there was the house. As with the old man, time had wrongly treated her old home poorly. There was evidence that a fire had raged through the house but not enough to totally destroy it. Most of the damage had been on the second floor where the bulk of the damage was a large burnt out hole in the roof.

She knew not how the fire started or when it occurred, but it saddened her to see the place so run down. In its day it had been a beautiful home. And for a short time, it

was just that - her home. But time changed all that, didn't it.

There was a time when she stood on the front porch observing a young boy of about ten who had come by to get a closer look at the old place. He slowly walked up the steps to the porch to have a look inside. He looked around to his left and to his right as if sensing that someone was watching him. He knew he shouldn't be here but a young boy's curiosity usually wins out over logic.

She turned and followed him. Of course he believed he was alone having seen no one lurking about. Sometimes she just had to be sure that no one could see her. The boy looked in the broken window to the left of the large oak door. Seeing nothing that interested him or perked his curiosity, he left none the wiser of who was watching him, including the old man lurking in the bushes at the far end of the yard. He knew this boy posed no danger. But the girl would only let one person see her.

Sometimes she felt he would never show. But a higher power ordained her mission here and that was to wait. Wait until he showed. And show he would. One day she knew he would show. She believed it.

On this morning, as she did every morning, she stood in front of the same upstairs broken window looking out onto the day. The same room she awoke in during those summer mornings so long ago.

The sun shone brightly in the East signifying another beautiful June day much as she remembered so long ago. She could see the cars go by as she did everyday. But this morning they were stopped; another accident. This one looked pretty bad from her vantage point.

She saw a man sitting on the guide rail by the road. She smiled. It was him. Even as a grownup she would recognize him because she only saw him as she remembered him - a child - just like herself. He was the only one she had ever loved. She would see to it that he would see her. And in turn he would learn his purpose in this world. She watched and waited just a while longer. Then he started to descend the embankment. The time had come.