

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER SIX

by S. Leigh Young

When Jake arrived home from the beach, he and Carey talked for a while and she told him about the invitation to the Harvey's. He'd never met Mike's parents and decided it was about time he did, so he agreed to go. He didn't know much about them -- only that Mike's father was a chiropractor with his own practice and his mother was a teacher of some sort.

That night Jake found it difficult to fall asleep. There was so much on his mind -- the project, the strange phone call, the weird computer messages and he couldn't decide whether to tell the senator about them. He had to find a way to verify if they were real so he decided to take a chance with Carey. If it continued to happen, he'd ask her to look at it. If she could see it then he'd know he wasn't dreaming. If not, well -- he'd cross that bridge at the time.

The following evening, he loaded the document and started on a new section dealing with the financial and economic effects of political corruption. It was one of the most crucial aspects of the presentation and he wanted to get it right. Briefly, he wondered if those strange messages would reappear but soon his thoughts were focused entirely on his writing and everything else was forgotten.

After about two hours his arms were becoming stiff from being in one position for so long, so he leaned back and stretched. For a brief moment he looked away to check the clock. It was nearly midnight -- almost time to wrap it up. When he turned back to the computer a message was there, staring at him.

GREETINGS

Momentarily flustered, he nearly forgot that he wanted Carey to verify it. Quickly, he grabbed the laptop and went to her bedroom door. Before knocking he

checked the screen to be sure it was still there and saw that it was. From inside the room Carey mumbled something and told him to come in, so with the laptop in hand, he approached her bed.

“Sorry to wake you, Cupcake, but I need your help for just a minute.”

“What is it, dad?” she asked sleepily.

He held the laptop in front of Carey’s face, glanced at the screen and gasped. The message was gone!

“Damn!”

“What is it?” she asked, worried.

Jake paced the room in frustration and finally calmed down. “Never mind. It’s nothing. Go back to sleep, Cupcake. Sorry I woke you.”

Carey rolled over and muttered something and was soon back in dreamland so Jake returned to his bedroom. He had no idea what to do. Maybe he should just ignore it. Yes, he thought, he would try that. Then perhaps they’d stop coming.

He placed the computer on the desk and sat down, ready to type and the same message appeared again!

GREETINGS

Determined to ignore it, he kept typing and tried not to look at it. Then another message appeared.

WEDNESDAY EVENING WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU

Wednesday evening? What did that mean? Then it dawned on him – that was the night he was going to meet the Harveys. Whoever was communicating the messages was apparently trying to tell him something. Curiosity finally got the best of him and he asked a question.

WHY WILL IT BE GOOD FOR ME?

SHE CAN HELP YOU

Who was *she*? Mrs. Harvey? How the hell could she help him? What kind of help?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SHE IS VERY KNOWLEDGABLE

Well, he thought – that's good to know. But exactly what did she have so much knowledge about?

ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT YOU AND MUCH MORE

She didn't even know him yet! Scratching his head in bewilderment, he was trying to understand this very strange conversation. Since it seemed to be a fairly coherent one, he decided to continue.

WHAT DOES SHE KNOW?

EVERYTHING IMPORTANT ABOUT YOU

ARE YOU REFERRING TO MRS. HARVEY?

INDEED

He couldn't understand how a perfect stranger could possibly know everything important about him. They had never met; never even spoke to one another. Was Mrs. Harvey some kind of wizard or something? He decided to ask Joe.

HOW DOES SHE KNOW?

SHE WILL EXPLAIN IF YOU WILL LISTEN

Confused and bewildered, he wanted to put an end to this nonsense so he typed his final message.

FINE. I'LL LISTEN. GOOD NIGHT.

With that, he saved the document, knowing that only his part of this very bizarre exchange would be saved. Then he put everything in the safe and went to bed. His mind was swirling with a myriad of questions. Not only was he worried about everything else – now he was thinking about Mrs. Harvey! Finally, he turned over, pounded the pillow and tried to clear his mind. After about thirty minutes he finally fell into an exhaustive sleep.

Tuesday and Wednesday were fairly routine -- just the usual mental blocks and he had to take time off from writing for some research on the internet. He put the laptop in the office safe and turned around to use his regular computer which faced his open office door. With his peripheral vision he caught sight of someone standing outside the small office lobby staring at him. It was a blond man he didn't know. When their eyes met the man quickly turned and rushed away so Jake got up and went to the doorway. The man was halfway down the hall and disappeared into Senator McKenzie's suite.

McKenzie was a political adversary to Senator Weston and they were definitely not friends. He decided he should check it out so he locked his office door and went into Weston's office.

“Got a minute?”

“Sure, Jake,” replied the senator. “What’s up?”

He sat down after closing the door and told her about the blond man. “It looked like he was spying or something. Why would he do that?”

“I don’t know,” replied the senator, her brow slightly furled. “I’ve known Brian McKenzie to be somewhat devious, but sending a spy – that’s a new one.”

“I guess I should keep my office door closed, huh?”

“No. I wouldn’t worry too much about it,” she replied. “He can’t see anything from the hall, can he?”

“I don’t think so,” Jake said. “But it’s kind of distracting. Maybe he won’t try it again.”

“Maybe,” she said. “But if he does let me know.”

“Okay.”

When Jake went to lunch in the cafeteria, he happened to spot the blond man on the other side of the room. His co-worker Megan Sparks was in line in front of him so he asked if she knew his name.

“Yeah, that’s Steve Pennington. He’s an aide to Senator McKenzie. Why?”

“Oh, no reason. I just thought he looked familiar, that’s all,” Jake replied.

“If you ask me, he’s a real creep. He’s always hanging around the women trying to get them to go out with him but most of them are smarter than that,” she said, snickering.

Jake smiled and glanced at the man again. “Any official reason he might be hanging around Senator Weston’s office?”

“I doubt it. She and McKenzie are long time enemies,” Megan replied, laughing. “Why? Has Steve been spying again?”

“Again?”

“Yeah,” she replied. “He has a reputation for trying to find out what the opposition is up to. He did that with me not long ago. I thought he learned his lesson when my boss had a little talk with Senator McKenzie. But, apparently not.”

“Very interesting,” said Jake. “Thanks, Megan.”

Jake was somewhat surprised this type of thing took place between professionals, but he had only worked there for a few years. He assumed he’d probably see a lot worse if he stayed on the job much longer. After all, you can never figure a politician, especially those of the other party.

Jake left his office at five o’clock so he could get home in time to change for dinner. It would give him about an hour to get ready since he lived about forty-five minutes from the office. Unfortunately, his timing didn’t exactly work out. It was almost seven o’clock when he finally got home. Carey was pacing the floor, waiting for him.

“Where have you been? And why didn’t you answer your cell phone?” she demanded.

“Sorry Cupcake. I had a little accident and my cell phone was dead.”

“Accident? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he replied, as he ran up the stairs to change clothes. “Call the Harveys and tell them we’re on our way. I’ll tell you all about it in the car.”

As they sped through the suburbs toward Mike’s house, Jake explained what happened. “This woman pulled away from the curb without looking,” he told her. “Our bumpers had a rather painful introduction.”

“Geez, that’s pretty stupid.”

“Well, everybody makes mistakes. She was really sorry about it.”

“I hope she has insurance,” Carey said.

“The damage wasn’t that much. She’s going to pay for it herself and it looked like she had plenty of money, if you know what I mean.”

“Really? Well, that’s nice of her. What kind of car did she have?”

“A real fancy Mercedes -- beautiful thing, and she wasn’t too shabby either,” he added, beneath his breathe.

“Huh?”

“Oh nothing,” replied Jake. “Anyway, I’m fine and the car still runs okay. I’ll get it fixed soon.”

Even though they were thirty minutes late Dee and Bill were the most congenial hosts. They perfectly understood why he was delayed and Bill even offered to give him a massage after dinner.

“Uh, thanks Bill, that’s okay. Really, I’m just fine,” Jake stuttered shyly.

“Well, you know sometimes these minor accidents can cause problems that don’t always show up right away,” Bill offered.

“Really, she barely bumped my car. I was going very slow so it was really nothing.”

“Okay, but if you change your mind just let me know,” Bill said, leading him to the dining room.

Dinner was terrific and Jake made every effort to be sure Dee knew it. Against his better judgment he accepted her offer of dessert. It was something called black forest cake and it was scrumptious. With over-filled stomachs they went into the family room to visit for a while. During the conversation Dee happened to mention the senate and Jake took the bait. They spent the next hour discussing it and then he looked at his watch.

“Well, it’s getting late. I think we’d better be going. I have an early meeting tomorrow.”

Dee asked “before you leave, Jake, can I speak with you alone for a few minutes?”

“Uh, sure,” Jake replied. He followed her into the dining room and they sat at the table. The strange computer message entered his mind and he decided to listen closely to what Dee had to say. After all, he practically promised Joe.

“Jake, I don’t know if Carey told you about what I do but I’d like to spend a few minutes talking about it, if you don’t mind.”

“She said you were a teacher. Is there something I can help you with?”

“Well, I was thinking more of offering you some help,” she said. “You see, I’m a psychic and I have an ability to see things that most people can’t see.” She was very calm and spoke very deliberately.

Jake straightened up and looked at her with an expression of befuddlement. “So -- you’re a psychic. You don’t fit the image of what I thought a psychic would look like,” he said, awkwardly.

“Well,” she continued, smiling. “I don’t have a dark room with a crystal ball and lit candles, if that’s what you mean.”

Jake was somewhat embarrassed and made matters even worse when he tried to explain himself. “Oh, um, sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”

“That’s okay, Jake. A lot of people think psychics are all from India and wear flamboyant scarves on their heads. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. I bet you probably didn’t know there are many of us with psychic abilities – and most of us don’t have a Tarot parlor in a dark alley,” she added, laughing.

“Well, actually....no, I didn’t know that,” Jake sputtered.

For a moment there was silence and then Jake spoke up. “What do you want to help me with?”

“I’d like to meet with you sometime and get to know you a little better. I’ve helped a lot of people in your situation.”

“My situation? Oh – you mean my wife?”

“Yes. Naturally, Carey told me about her mother and she’s also very concerned about you. She loves you very much and she thought, well, she thought maybe I could help.”

“I know Carey’s worried about me, but most of it has to do with this big project I’m working on. The deadline’s coming up in a few weeks and then I’m sure things will get back to normal.”

Dee stood up and offered her hand to him. “Thanks for listening, Jake. I want you to know if you ever need someone to talk with, please give me a call.” She handed him her card and smiled genuinely.

“Okay. I promise I’ll do that Dee. Thanks for your offer – I know it was genuine.”

“Jake – I don’t want to pry into your life. I can see you’re a very private person and I respect that. Anything you say to me will be just between you, me and the universe. I promise.”

Jake laughed, shook her hand and placed her card in his wallet. “I appreciate that. Well, I guess we’d better be heading home now. Thanks a lot for the wonderful dinner.”

“Any time,” said Dee.

Dee walked them to the foyer and as she was about to say good night and close the door, Jake stopped her. “Dee? Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, Jake. What is it?”

“Well, this is going to sound rather strange, but do you know -- do you know more about me than I think you do?”

Dee smiled slyly. “What made you ask that, Jake?”

“Nothing. It’s not important. Good night.”

“Good night, Jake.”

He now understood what Joe meant – about Mrs. Harvey knowing everything important about him. But how did Joe know that? This entire matter was very bizarre but at least he was beginning to see that it was probably not his imagination. Whoever this mysterious Joe was, he had information that was apparently based on reality, and things of which he, himself, was unaware. Surely, that was good news, wasn't it? Or was it?

On the drive back home, Carey asked him about the private meeting with Dee. “What did she want, dad?”

“Oh, nothing much. We just talked about life. I didn't know she was a psychic.”

“Oh? I thought I told you,” Carey said.

“Maybe you did. I don't remember. Anyway, she and Bill are very nice. Mike has a great set of parents.”

Carey smiled and decided to put her trust in Dee. She wasn't going to push it any further, unless she thought it was necessary.