

## CHAPTER 1

### SOMEWHERE IN THE AIR, 1993

*Hot, red flames roared up into the night sky, creating massive dark silhouettes that danced over the walls of the deep, cavernous kiva and the faces of the other Indians sitting around the fire. And then all eyes focused on one particular man, dressed in his full Kachina regalia, who swooped his immensely tall headgear toward the ground, then up toward the sky, raising his voice in loud, rhythmic majesty.*

*It wasn't that this man was a mix of white and Hopi Indian, instead it was a prophecy. A prophecy that would soon affect the entire continent called America. She watched him in wonder, thinking how grateful that she had met him, holding onto hope that he will be able to do what he must...for all of us.*

She felt a bumping sensation and opened her eyes. She had been dreaming, remembering him from the time they had first met. She looked around the plane, feeling a bit groggy, wishing she had been able to stay in the dream.

Then she remembered where she was and what she was doing. How did this happen?

Here she was on a plane on route to the Southwest, with a fake name, alone and scared. *'Could she have done things differently? What did she do wrong? Should she have told him who she was before he got in so deep?'* Maybe then he would have had a different way out.

She felt the tears begin to fill her eyes. *'I can't lose control, not now. Not here. Not even when I get there. I need to be strong,'* she told herself.

What was her name again? She looked at her plane ticket, *'Eileen Raines'*. How long would she need to be this person? Forever? She was hiding, so most probably. She was no longer Maya Chardon, Anthropologist and occasional F.B.I. operative. She was no longer a woman who had seen more death and pain than she wanted to remember. *'Was there more death and pain ahead of her? Was she strong enough to handle that?'* She felt the tears again.

*'Yes, I can do this. I have to do this, not just for me,'* she thought. She suddenly felt a bit sick to her stomach. *'No, not now. Not here,'* she thought to herself. She really needed to settle down and find her strength. There was still hope. She just needed to find it.

She still had more than an hour left before they would land in Arizona. Then she would retrace her steps from the first time she was there, driving through the Navajo Reservation to the Hopi Reservation. It seemed so long ago when it had only been a few months.

*'Will they still welcome her after all that has happened? Will they blame her? Will they blame him?'* She had no other place to go. She had no other choice.