

When Sasha Dreams

A Living Fantasy

The first book of a saga

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## DEDICATION

**To my mother, Billie Love Harper, a world traveler,  
and avid reader, who taught me to believe in  
believing! May her legacy live through me.**

## PREFACE

In writing this book, I reflected on my very active childhood imagination, while living on a small farm in rural Ohio. I was the only child, until eleven years old and was allowed to let my imagination run free.

Instantly, the animals of the farm, otherworldly creatures of my imagination, books, biblical stories, cartoons, and television characters, soon became my friends. Of course, I only choose the ones, with the distinctive characteristics...as long as it was not human, had powers, and strange eyes, I could relate to it.

My research was enhanced by African and Asian cultures, mythologies, legends, and histories. The similarities were unbelievable, and easy to combine.

I hope that in this story, that a girl in our present day, who dreams of a stranger coming to rescue her, and in her time of need, is quite realistic. At times, we have all wished that someone would come and take us away from our situations and negative circumstances!

Whether your dreams have or have not come true, or that you have doubts that they ever will, please allow this book to perhaps rekindle and inspire the possibilities.

I want the reader to use their imaginations, to dream the impossible, to ponder the “what if’s” of life. If **anything** is possible, then **everything** is possible, if you believe.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to GOD, the creator of all things for giving me the imagination to recognize all possibilities the universe has to offer.

I would like to thank family and friends for their guidance, patience, enthusiasm, and encouragement, and those who also enjoyed the early writings and telling of the stories.

In addition, I would like to thank other artist, animators, and fantasy creators from around the world for giving me the courage to bring my childhood imagination to life.

## PROLOGUE

“Your son seems to be bored in battle these days,” said Chango to the King General Taisho. “I don’t know why the rest of us even have to go to battle if he is going to slay everyone in his path, the battle is over before it begins,” the king’s brother continued. The King sighed, “He is looking for a challenge that is not there.” “The only thing that he *is* interested in seems to come from those hilltops. We find him there before we go to battle, and he goes there whenever we return from battle. That is where he seeks his answers,” the King remarked.

Sesshomaru found himself annoyed from the inferior battles he attended and the constant questioning of his attitude regarding his techniques. I believe that the whole idea of battles were to win them and move on, he thought to himself. However, what annoyed him most of all was the *female scream* that had alluded him these many years. He was an assailant, a creature of unbelievable power, insight and destruction. Who and where, was this female that dared mock him continually. No matter, he thought with a sinister smile, he would locate the annoyance, and he would do what he always did when something infused his passive aggressive rages...destroy it.

## Sasha's Story

### The beginning

#### Chapter 1

“Help me!” “Help me!” “Please help me!” “Please turn around!” “Why won’t you help me?” Little Sasha screamed, as she tried desperately to get the attention of the far away stranger on the hilltop. She knew she had to be making enough noise for him to hear her, she figured she was probably making enough noise for *everyone* to hear her, especially her aunt in the next room. Maybe if she broke the window that would get his attention.

What was he doing standing out there anyway? Where was he? Where was she for that matter? Why was it so dark in her room, and a cloudless sky outside her window? Where was she? I know that I am in the inner city, and in the apartment of my Aunt Sonya and Uncle Donner, but where are the other buildings? “This is still a dream...isn’t it,” little Sasha said aloud to herself? “He doesn’t hear you,” the voice behind her hissed. “Oh no!” she cringed, she had temporarily forgotten about the man in her room! Sasha did not dare turn around...it was always the same.

“He can’t hear you, look how far away he is,” the voice continued as he eased his arm across her small breast and pressed the front of his body so hard against her back she could feel his throbbing manhood. “Leave me alone,” little Sasha screamed! She squirmed attempting to break free, but he only held her tighter. “Keep moving, he rasped, I like it when you do.”

“I hate you!” “I hate you, stay away from me,” Sasha screamed! “Leave me alone!” Her voice was so hoarse now it hurt...the man snickering at her slim efforts. “Why would he come help you,” he smirked? “Who is he anyway?” “And who is he to you?” “He doesn’t even know you exist!” What...how could he see the stranger? For the first time Sasha realized maybe this was not a dream, maybe it was a vision. She recalled her mother having visions, and sometimes she would tell Sasha about them. Her mother would explain how the visions made you feel like you were actually there. It is like walking into a television screen, a virtual reality type of feeling, she had said. Evidently Sasha, you will inherit the gift too. At first, when mother had told me that I would probably start having visions I was excited. However, since I have started having the dreams, and the

visions, or whatever they were, they were *all* bad, and I did not want the gift anymore!

Now, Sasha was trying desperately to break the window. Maybe if the stranger could not hear her screams, surely the noise of breaking glass would get his attention, anybody's attention...anything to stop the man's advances. She took both her small fists and started slamming them hard against the windowpane and screaming as loud as she could.

Even though she never saw the face of her attacker, she knew all too well the familiar voice, the smell of alcohol and cigarettes on his breath and the nasty things he would say to her. The man would even say terrible things when he was not drunk, and the way he would look at her when he thought no one else was paying attention.

"Please help me!" "Please turn around," she continued to scream! She knew that if she screamed loud and long it would usually wake her up or snap herself out of it. Nevertheless, she was also afraid to wake up for fear of finding the man, leaning over her or standing in the far corner of her room staring and smiling at her or worse laying next to



her. Sasha slowly opened her eyes, hoping she would not be looking into the face of her attacker... her uncle Donner.

“Have a bad dream again little one?” A deep gurgling voice said from a dark corner of her room. There he sat, next to the desk where she did her homework.

She had smelled smoke and could faintly see a glass in his hand that glistened from the streetlights outside...she tried not to move.

Suddenly the bedroom door burst open it was her Aunt Sonya yelling at the top of her lungs. “What the hell are you doing in here, Donner?” “What is wrong with you?” “Why are you so obsessed with this child?” “She is not her mother and I am not my sister!” “Get over it!” “Her parents are both dead,” Aunt Sonya screamed at him!

Oooh, why did she have to say it like that, Sasha cried silently. It sent a pain straight to her heart like a dagger of ice reminding her of her loss and present situation. “That’s your brother’s daughter fool!” “Get out of this girl’s room before I call the police, you child molester,” Aunt Sonya bellowed! “Donner, do you hear me!” “I don’t know what you’re thinking, but you have been hanging around in this girl’s room every since she’s been living here, and I suggest

you stop it now,” Aunt Sonya screamed! “You can suggest all you want,” Donner growled. “I’ll do as I please, and I suggest you get out of my face,” he snapped never taking his eyes off me. He started weaving as he stood up brushing past my aunt and stumbling out of the room.

“Get ready for school Sasha!” Aunt Sonya said as she slammed the door and continued to scream at her husband. She never even noticed my tear stained face. Sasha began to pray and cry silently, “I am only 13 years old”...her parents died just before her birthday. “Why Lord did you take my parents away from me,” Sasha continued mumbling her prayer, “I know you love me God, but so did my parents, why did you take them from me and leave me here with these people?”

Sasha rushed to the bathroom to take a quick shower and get dressed while her aunt and uncle were still fighting. It was still much too early for school, but she would do anything to get out of that house!

As usual, she overdressed and filled her backpack with extra clothes to take to her Aunt Mary’s house for safekeeping.

Aunt Mary had been a long time best friend of her mother's and she had been attempting to gain custody of Sasha since her parents had died. "Dear Lord please bless me and keep me safe on my way," she whispered to herself as she ran out of the apartment down the long hallway out into the blistering dark winter morning. At least this time the dream ended in the early morning pre-dawn hours.

She usually went to bed early, trying to avoid any interaction with her aunt and especially her uncle. Nevertheless, just before the bars would close, the dreams would begin and so would her uncle's visits. Between the hours of two thirty and three thirty a.m. is when she usually would have to escape out of her bedroom window and over the ledge of the two-story brownstone to the fire escape down to the alley, fighting her way through the siren filled dark streets.

I probably should take a bus or cab, she thought, as she felt for her hidden money, but decided getting away as fast as possible was more important than waiting for either one...she picked up her pace. Aunt Mary lived mid-town of the city, in the opposite direction of her private school, but it was okay she could always back track or take a cab.

Knowing her aunt and uncle would still be fighting helped in her escape. In addition, by the time they had realized she was gone, they would only assume that she had left for school. Sasha and her parents had lived outside the city limits and even though it was only the suburbs, it did have country flair. Now, she was a resident of the inner city, due to her parent's death and had to live with her aunt and uncle.

Since her parents died, Aunt Mary had been like a second mother to her and had welcomed her warmly. She had given Sasha a key to her house just in case she needed to use it and there had been plenty of those, in the middle of the night, just in case moments too! It had been times I'd wake up terrified and screaming as loud as I could. I was afraid that something had happened or was about to, especially when, I would even find my uncle lying next to me. Usually, my loudest screams would wake me...hysterical. Aunt Sonya would come bursting through the door. The fights would begin, between her and Uncle Donner, and so would my escape. "Yep, this was different, won't Aunt Mary be surprised?" Realizing she had spoken

out-loud while walking the dark city streets...she began to run.

She noticed people starting to go to work now...I think I will catch a bus from here, she thought looking around. As she approached a nearby crowded bus stop, she felt for her bus pass and her house keys, her mind beginning to relax in her new surroundings.

Good! A window seat...that way she did not have to move for anyone or engage in conversation, she could think and watch the passing scenery. She said a small thank you prayer for her safe journey to the bus stop, and added a request that Aunt Mary would soon be her sole guardian, so she could stop having to take these little trips. Sasha allowed her mind to drift as she gazed out of the bus window.

However, having those weird dreams about that stranger on the hilltop under the blue sky was another thing. She was not sure about wanting the dreams of the stranger to end, she was curious about the stranger on the far away hilltop. It was funny she had never dreamt about anyone like him before, now it seems she dreamt of nothing else...but him.

Was he even a man? I do not recall ever seeing his face or even the side of his face...why did I start dreaming about him anyway? I did not start having those dreams until after my parents died! Why was I always trying to get his attention? Is he supposed to tell me something? Show *me* something! Give *me* a sign! Well, he, she, or it never turns around so the message is lost, and I cannot read someone's back or hair for that matter!

That was other thing I had noticed about the stranger, it *was* his hair, it must go to the heels of his feet! His hair is extremely long, thick and it is always blowing in the breeze...it is white as new snow...and he is dressed weird. So why was the stranger in *my* dreams...what did it mean! I had not dreamt of him before my parents' death, so why was he appearing now after *their* car accident, "it has got to mean something, but what?" she said aloud! "Sorry!" Sasha said to no one in particular, but to everyone whose eyes she knew starred at her during her outburst. Although she did not know the stranger, or why he appeared in her dreams, she somehow felt there was a connection between them. It was comforting for him to be in her dreams, even though he

was so far away and yet near, he had become part of her life, even if he *was* only there when she went to sleep.

Finally, she rang the bell for her requested stop at the end of her Aunt Mary's street, and began to gather her things to get off the bus. As she walked down the boulevard toward her aunt's home, she noticed the faint sunrise and thoughts about the stranger gave her a feeling of protection and confidence.

As Sasha approached the house, she noticed familiar cars in the driveway and the house was lit up even for this time of morning. Well at least I will not have to wake anyone or use my key, she thought with a smile. Aunt Mary's house was always full of life, laughter, and fun, she thought to herself. There was always someone home and you were always welcome. She could see why her mother and Aunt Mary became fast friends. Mary took in a lot of young girls and even some babies having a hard time in life. She has fed, clothed, and housed many people in the neighborhood and in her own family.

Besides my mother, Aunt Mary had three other close friends. They would come by and helped with whatever Aunt Mary needed or just to socialize. There was Aunt

Bernadette (Bern) who was very outspoken with a man like voice, and real short red hair. I think she is related, to one of the young girls in the house, "Hiemy" a little red headed freckled faced, laid back seven year old whose parents are also dead. Aunt Bern and Hiemy both have red hair and freckles, which makes me believe, Aunt Bern and Hiemy are related, but I do not know in what way.

Then there is Aunt Cheryl, who is a "real comedian," on a live radio station and she also appears on television sometimes, but she is really on stage at Aunt Mary's house, which fills the house with laughter. It is probably the reason for the cars in the driveway and the house being lit up like Christmas... Aunt Cheryl is in town. The typical discussion between Cheryl and Bern is always about men, men then, men now, and men in their future.

Then there is Aunt Attila, and that is really her name, like "Attila the Hun" the warrior. I can only imagine what the rest of her family is like, but I guess every family has one and she is big and represents her name well! Aunt Attila is funny too she always has two weapons at all times, a gun and a razor...for self-defense she says, but against whom? I do not know anyone who would even attempt to tangle



with the four of them. All four of the Aunts' are very strong women, and I love them and enjoy being where ever they are.

Sasha knocked on the door of the large house. "Who is it?" A manlike voice yelled back, already sounding defensive; I knew instantly who it was. "It's me, Sasha Aunt Bern," I replied!

The door swung open, "Oh my lord!" "Mary its Sasha, get in here baby," said Aunt Bern, as she pulled me threw the doorway! "What!" Aunt Mary called, "what the hell, baby you alright!" "I'm so tired of those bastards I don't know what to do," Aunt Mary screamed! "Do you need me to go over there Mary or should I wait for them to try to come and get her," said Attila? "I'm ready!" As she pulled out her gun, "you got more clothes with you too?" "Now, what happened?" "Did he touch you, or worst?" "What happened and don't leave out nothing," Aunt Bern growled!

"You had the dream again didn't you," asked Aunt Mary in a calm voice. "Yes and it's happening more often," I replied. "Was the stranger in this one too?" "Yes, I said, what does it mean?" "What are you all talking about, what dreams, what stranger," the other aunts shouted all at once? "Do you

mind if I tell them,” said Aunt Mary? “No, maybe they can help,” I replied, relieved more people knew besides me, and Aunt Mary about the recurring dreams complete with white haired stranger. “Alright, why don’t you go get in my bed and get some sleep,” said Aunt Mary “I’ll fill them in on what’s been going on.”

“But don’t you have school today,” asked Aunt Attilla? “No she doesn’t, Aunt Mary answered, but your Aunt Sonya doesn’t know that, does she, Sasha?” “ No she doesn’t, I replied, she was so busy trying to get me out of the house that, she just told me to get ready for school, so I did and left.”

‘Well you’re here now, so go get in my bed,” said Aunt Mary smiling. “Yes ma’am,” I said, as I ran up the stairs to Aunt Mary’s room and fell on her bed, those were the words I had been waiting to hear. It was unlikely that Aunt Sonya and Uncle Donner would make too much of a fuss. Besides it was Friday and by the time they realized that there had been no school, and that all Social Service Offices were closed, they would not bother to concern themselves with me...yet. They would wait until they could go to the an open office to make an official complaint, so I had at least

until Monday before I had to see either one of them...it was going to be a good weekend.

Sasha began to relax, but before she drifted off to sleep, she said a small prayer thanking God for her safe journey to her Aunt's house. After which, her thoughts went directly to the stranger on the hill. She knew that is why she could not wait to lay down. She felt comfortable here at Aunt Mary's house and when she did dream about the stranger, it was so different, so peaceful, and relaxing with no fear. I hope that the stranger will come to me in a dream now...and if he did, what did it mean? It is not the same as when I have the dreams at my Aunt Sonya and Uncle Donner's house...it is different here. Does the stranger know I am in danger there? As Sasha pondered this, her eyelids grew heavy, and sleep soon over took her thoughts.

## Dreams and Visions

### Chapter 2

Sasha could feel herself starting to wake up slowly, as she lay across Aunt Mary's bed and taking in the peaceful environment. I must have been asleep for a long time, its night already as she slowly opened her eyes, rubbing sleep from them with her delicate fists. That is strange that no one has come in to wake me up and mess with me, she thought to herself. There were other girls in the house her age and they had become friends, so it was not unusual for at least one of them to come into the room to pick with her about sleeping late or taunt her while she slept.

As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she became confused, as it seemed she was in her old room at her Aunt Sonya and Uncle Donner's apartment! "What!" Sasha sat up in bed so fast her head exploded with pain, like a brain freeze when you bite into ice cream!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "It can't be, I can't be here," she cried, "I'm back in my room!" "How did I get here?" "Did they come and get me while I slept?" "Did they drug me somehow?" She looked frantically around the room for any signs of her uncle...he was not