

Yoga Gone Bad

(excerpt)

Chapter One

Thursday

Andie looked out across the landscape, the ocean to her right, white sand beach stretching out in front, and to her left, climbing into the oblivion of dense, tropical hillside forest she saw the town she'd come to know and love. Spinning around, she viewed the cliffs of Heron's Point looming above a turbulent ocean, flashing a few gleams of the day's remaining sunlight off its pale pink and white and yellow rocks. "They're there," she thought, "Of course ... they are there." Now, spinning back again her attention inevitably drew to the woman on the beach not far in front of her, waving her arms and swaying in some sort of vigorous dance. "What's she doing?" Andie asked herself, as the mild oddness shifted into full-blown uneasiness. Dis-ease, you might even say.

Then, a massive black cloud appeared in the sky above the green hilltops, and it too swirled and danced, rolling toward the town, toward Andie, and the woman, and everyone else on the beach. Most folks became frightened, some froze, some yelling, some running in various directions. What's a safe place to hide on such short notice,

to escape this eminent threat? Making its promise to descend, the cloud displayed a terrifying power.

The waving-arms woman continued moving about, when suddenly Andie understood she was also trying to conduct a ceremony for the group of people gathered before her. A wedding ceremony. The couple was mixed – one brown-skinned and the other white. Andie felt she knew them. “My parents?” she mused. “But a ceremony can’t happen, not now. It won’t!” In a burst the cloud expanded down toward all of them, pushing hurricane-speed winds in front of it, knocking some people to the ground and causing others to struggle to stay upright.

“No!” Andie yelled, waking herself up. Oh crap...oh good, thank God. It was a dream, another one of those awful dreams. Opening her eyes, she breathed deep breaths, sighs of relief, so grateful to be adjusting back to this reality – to the one she reassured herself is the *real* reality.

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