



## Extract from Blood Brothers Book Two of the Circular Scrolls

### Birth and Death

*The north wind was blowing the day my half-sister and half-brother were born. She was not in her first youth and my mother was ill with their birth and I was afraid for her. We watched over her, my adopted father and I, while my sister took care of the new born scraps as best she could. All through the night we watched. Just before the dawn hour my mother's spirit rose from her bed and wandered about our tepee, moving between us, as if searching. She stood before me; my adopted father saw my look, saw me watching; I could feel him studying my face; I could feel his pain, like a deep wound. I saw my mother's spirit flicker like a dying flame and bend toward him, as if through me he had communicated his need. I saw the flame of her spirit strengthen and felt the power of his gaze growing in response. With my heart I spoke to her. It is your choice my mother. Those who love you will not hold you to the earth if the Great Spirit calls you to him. You are free to choose. For moments longer she shimmered before me, above me, as if being pulled by invisible threads; I did not see the light she saw, but I felt its power; then she returned to the form lying on the covers by the fire and reunited. I heard her breathing soft and easy. I looked across at my adopted father; he had fallen into a deep sleep, his head slumped on his knees and his arms clasped about him as if he held something precious to his breast; as if to prevent it from leaving.*

*The girl child and the boy child thrived; they grew as the flower grows in the warmth of the sun and the food of the spring rain. Conceived in love they grew in joy. My mother was well enough, but I felt as if she had lost some of her substance; sometimes I was afraid to study her too closely, afraid that I would see right through her, as if her inner spirit had changed places with her outer form. I caught my adopted father looking at her with deep concern in his eyes, though he was careful that she should not see him thus and often I found him by the fire at nightfall, his arms clasped about him...*

*Extract from Blood Brothers, Book Two of the Circular Scrolls, by Bridget Trafford.*

ISBN 142514306-7