



THE CRONE

- Book Two -

J.M. SMITH

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[About the Author](#)

The Crone

Book Two

Sacred Ground

JM Smith



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Chapter 1

Cecilia

The rain fell hard and steady as the windshield wipers of Cecilia's Lexus worked feverishly to clear the view ahead of her. Traffic crawled because of the unexpected storm that had pounded the city for days. Cecilia drove with extra caution, maneuvering the wet streets carefully as she drove herself to the hospital. The storm had arrived the same day her youngest daughter had been taken to the emergency room. *It's just odd, she thought, how the shock of bad news is paralleled by the bad weather.* It was if the world felt her mood. Sitting at a stop light, she thought back to three days before, and the call she received from her oldest daughter, Laden.

"Hello, Laden."

"Mom! Have you seen the morning news yet?"

"No, I've been at my office all morning. What's wrong, Laden?"

"Oh Mom, it's awful! Are you sitting down?"

"Yes, I am! What is it?" Cecilia became alarmed.

"It's Logan! She was struck by a car!" Laden cried.

"Oh my God!" Cecilia replied in shock. "Is she alive?"

"The ambulance rushed her to the Sisters of the Angels Hospital in Los Angeles."

"Okay! I'm on my way!"

"Okay, Mom! Be careful, and I'll meet you there!"

Cecilia sat back in her chair and closed her eyes, taking a few minutes to gather her emotions. Doctor Cecilia Daniels had been a psychiatrist for twenty-five years. She was a very young-looking sixty-five, is five foot ten, and full figured. Her large green eyes are flattered by her caramel skin tone. She always wore her gray hair short and natural, for easy maintenance. Calmer, Cecilia sprang into action. On her way out of her office she stopped to speak to her assistant.

"Kelly, cancel and reschedule all my afternoon appointments. And call Mr. Daniels for me. Have him meet me at the Sisters of the Angels Hospital in L.A. fast! I have to go, but call him first, please!"

"Right away, Dr. Daniels."

It seemed everything and everyone around her was moving slowly. She kept telling herself to calm down. The elevator even seemed slow, something she had

never paid attention to before. Arriving at the emergency room parking lot, she saw her husband standing outside the entrance waiting for her. Parking and walking as fast as her nervous legs would carry her, she approached her husband. Quickly they greeted one another with a peck on the lips and an embrace.

“Hon, I got Kelly’s message and came right away. What’s going on?”

“It’s Logan! I’ll explain on the way in, come on!”

Inside the busy waiting room they were met by a teary-eyed Laden.

“Have you heard anything yet?” Cecilia asked.

“No, Mom, no updates, I was told to wait out here, and that the Doctor would be out shortly to talk with us.”

Laden hugged her father for comfort as Cecilia walked over to Triage for information. “Excuse me?”

“Yes, can I help you?” the nurse asked.

“My daughter was brought in, and I need to know where she is.”

“What is your daughter’s name, ma’am?”

“That would be Dr. Daniels, and my daughter’s name is Logan Daniels.”

“Of course, Doctor, let me find out for you.”

The nurse came back into Triage. “Dr. Daniels, she is in cubicle eight, and the emergency physician is with her now. They only allow one person in the back with her. Follow me. I’ll take you to her.”

“Thank you.”

Eyes filling with tears, Cecilia glanced over to her husband, Bernard, still holding Laden. She signed to him she was being taken to Logan. In cubicle eight the physician was just finishing his examination.

“Hello, Doctor. I’m Dr. Daniels, and this is my daughter. How bad is it?”

“Good afternoon, Dr. Daniels. I’m Dr. Ghornberg. Nice to meet you. We’ve already taken an MRI plus x-rays. She suffered an extreme amount of blunt force trauma. She does have some brain swelling, and we induced a coma to keep her from moving. Hopefully she’ll respond well to the medication, and that will help relieve the swelling quickly enough to decrease the pressure, averting any brain damage that may have occurred.”

“And, if she doesn’t respond to the medication?”

“Well, hopefully it won’t have to come to that, if she doesn’t respond we will have to open her skull and insert a ventricular drain to assist with draining the excess fluid build-up, but again that would be our last resort, I am sorry to say right now it’s going to be a waiting game for the next twenty four hours.”

“Where there any other injuries?”

“X-rays showed the fourth, fifth, and sixth ribs broken, spine is intact, which is a positive note, along with some bruising and several abrasions. Keeping her induced is better for her right now; the less movement the better. Here is my card if you should need to contact me or have any other questions.”

“Thank you, Doctor Ghornberg.”

Cecilia went to Logan, and grabbed her hand. “Logan, it’s Mom! I know you can hear me. I need you to fight, baby girl! I need you to be strong. I love you so

very much!”

A heavy silence fell as Cecilia pressed Logan’s hand to her cheek. And then she felt Logan’s index finger twitch.

About the Author

JM SMITH is an American born Author who specializes in the Paranormal Genre.

Born and raised in Southern California he now resides happily in Las Vegas Nevada with his husband of 14 years and their two small dogs. He is also the proud father of two adult children and one granddaughter who all reside back home in Southern California.

At a very young age JM was terrorized by unseen and unknown entities. He would be awakened in the middle of the night by phantom foot steps walking the hallway to his room. As he grew older JM would experience his bed shaking violently. He was also pinched, pushed, and touched by what he could explain as cold clawed hands. As a teenager he experienced doors opening and closing by when no one else was around, dishes being thrown from a dish rack and appliances turning off and on by themselves.

At the age of eighteen after graduating high school, he moved away from his childhood home that terrorized him for most of his life. He thought he would be leaving that all behind but that was not the case. As an adult JM has built his own self defense against these occurrences and is still in a constant battle between good and evil.

JM Smith has turned the tables, so to speak, and now uses his experiences in his writings. Although he is still extremely frightened of the unknown he faces each episode headstrong with a vengeance and challenges as to who? what? and why? these episodes occur.