

A VOICE IN THE MOUNTAIN

Book 1 in the Silver Leaf Series

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Dedication

Dear Readers,

I love writing fantasy stories for tween. My 10 year old great niece, Giselle, loves to read. She sits down with my books and reads to the end. Then she tells me what is wrong in my book and what she thinks would work better. She has been an inspiration and a blessing while creating this series. She deserves to be recognized for her part in my Silverleaf Series.

Thank You,

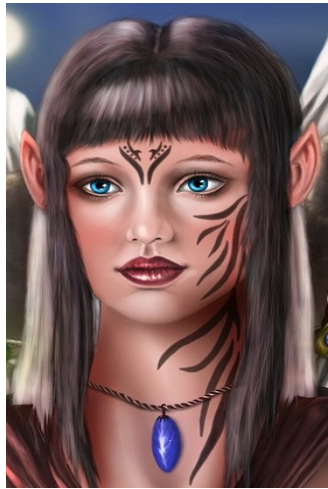
Joanna Blackburn

Prologue

The low rumbling from the night sky, added to my tension.

The flashing of silver light and the clanking of the train reminded me where my life was headed.

To a new beginning.....



Chapter 1 Blue Oak Ridge

Straining into the blackness, murmuring voices filled my ears. With my heart thumping uncontrollably a sense of danger and passion filled me. The glowing light in the entry way was encompassing what must be the outlining of my grandmother.

As I got down off the horse, she shouted. “Grab some firewood on the way in.” Then she disappeared into the cabin.

Closing my eyes, concentrating, the chirping of birds and frogs were singing their evening song. Goose bumps ran up my arms; I could feel the cold weather drawing near. The smell of manure made me open my eyes. The storm was close. Grabbing an armful of kindling, leaping the steps two at a time, I came down in the middle of the porch with a thump.

“Grandmother, the storm is close.” Depositing the wood by the fireplace in the kitchen, I scanned about, books of all kinds, were heaped everywhere.

“How did I know about the storm?”

“What, you have to speak up.” came a voice from somewhere in the cabin.

“Nothing, I was talking to myself. Where are you?”

“I’ll be out in a minute. Can you start a fire in the fireplace?”

“If I knew how, I would.” Standing there, I just stared at the fireplace, the bricks climbed the wall in a chaotic way.

“Please, call me Starla.” As she hobbled into the kitchen, her long hair framed her oval face, dark streaks ran from beside her eyes to her cheek., Just like mine. Perhaps I’m more like my grandmother than my mother imagined.

“It’s real easy, are you watching me?” Taking a twig in her hand, shaking it three times and she threw it into the fireplace. Taking a deep breath, she blew into the wood pile.

I stared at the dancing flames. Amazed at what I had just seen, but not sure what I had just seen.

“How? What?” Tilting my head, I just stared at her.

“Stormy, I understand you have many questions. Its late. We can chat in the morning. Take this journal and read it. It may answer some of your questions.” Giving me a quick hug, the warmth of her arms made me feel strange. “Good Night.”

“Hey, Grandma, I mean Starla. Where do I sleep?” was all I could manage to say.

“Down the hall, last door on the right.”