

Chapter 6

Jack went with me to the Navajo reservation to be on the lookout. There was a certain area that was notorious for stories of sk*nwalkers living there.

"Skinwalker Canyon," I announced quietly, standing before the barbed wire fence. I hated hated hated saying its name out loud.

"Creative name," Jack said, squeezing his sta nervously.

"This is a serious situation, Jack, this place is infamous for them being reported here."

"Any other Hopi or Navajo spirits to encounter?"

"No."

Together we walked into the canyon. I feel a chill run up my spine and down my arms. The vibe this place gave me was, not a good one. I didn't like it, and Jack had this tenseness in his body that made him ready to fight.

"What are you two doing here?" A voice came from above us. We both flinched and stood back to back preparing for a fight. She landed several yards away, wings spread wide. I finally got a good look at her for the first time.

She had a tattered knee-length dress that was stained with dirt. She wore a tunic over that, which I was aware wasn't part of Navajo clothing for girls her age. She had a woven leather belt with a silver clasp. And her hair was held back in a messy braid. Her red eyes were intimidating and it felt like they could stare into my soul.

"We're looking for you," I replied, stepping forward. And she stepped backward.

"You have some nerve coming out here."

"I have a question." Jack interrupted. I gave him a bewildered look, what was wrong with him? Nascha did not look impressed.

"What's your reason for working with Pitch? He's a maniac."

"We all have our reasons. The personal kind, against people like you." She pointed accusingly at him, as if he was guilty of a crime. Now I was confused. Sure, Jack could be a nuisance, but he never did anything wrong, not that I knew of.

"Okay look, we're not here to accuse each other of stu , I simply wanted to ask a question." She sco ed.

"As if you're any bit entitled to know anything about me. Now get out of here." I backed away and grabbed Jack's arm. He made a face but followed me away from the canyon as fast as possible. I kept glancing over my shoulder to make sure she wasn't following us.

A er that interesting encounter, I needed time alone to think. But even as I did this, I was drawn to the sounds of life from the Hopi reservation. I found a roof to sit on, and I silently watched the people go about their day, and into the twilight. I brought my knees up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them, sighing. My people, living like this. And nothing I could do. None of them could see me anyway. I could only watch.

I felt lost. I didn't know what to do.

"Oh stop feeling sorry for yourself, it doesn't help you." A voice spoke from beside me. I nearly screamed and almost fell o the roof when I saw Nascha kneeling down a few feet away from me.

"What the hell?!" I cried in Hopi. Nascha gave me a grave look as I recomposed myself.

"No need to overreact." She said blandly. She had no emotion, did she?

"What do you want?" I asked once I got myself together, scootching a little further away from her. She shrugged.

"Pitch is going to hate me for this." She handed me a piece of paper with scribbles on it.

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"It'll help you find what you're looking for." She replied before transforming into her owl form and flying away. I couldn't trust her, one part of me wanted to, but I knew better than to trust her, even if I had this weird nagging feeling I knew her. But I held onto the paper.

I looked at the note again, it was literally just random scribbles. There were no symbols I recognized. She was toying with me. But why?

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