

# The Silver Hope

## Chapter 1 - 2

### Chapter 1 Hope

I sat on the fence of the farm looking out through the horizon. I just loved how the orange and red sky would meet the mountains as it sets and the sky turns dark. Not a lot of people like the dusk. I just loved it.

Tomorrow is my 18th birthday. The day of the Summer Solstice when the moon was lowest in the sky. I just graduated high school as the class valedictorian and have been accepted to University. My mother and father are so proud. Especially my mother. You could always hear her tell people how proud she is of her baby.

We live in a small town of Chelan in Washington State. For 18 wonderful years, this is the place I call home. My family and I live in a red farm house with white shutters. A two story house filled with all the happy memories of my childhood. I remember the day

i learned how to ride a bike. I was able to ride on my own on the path that leads to my Dad's apple farm. I stayed on my pink bike for two whole minutes before I fell down on the pavement. My Dad came running towards me, worry on his face when he saw me hugging my knee, blood flowing down on my white shorts. I looked up at him and said, " Sorry Dad. I didn't stay on long and I got a scratch. He started laughing, telling me he was proud of me for staying on that long. He picked me up and brought me inside the house to clean up my wound. That was the first time he noticed my accelerated wound healing. "Well, Hope, you are indeed special," he said..

Here in Chelan, my father grows the sweetest Red Delicious apples in all of Washington. He won the award 5 times in a row. My father said when they had" me, the apples for some reason became so sweet and juicy and have been like that all these years. Plus, the trees give fruit all year round.

Another blessing for having me.

I never get tired of the story of how I got my name, HOPE. My mother said the moment she held me in her arms, the raging storm that was happening around us, suddenly quieted. The clouds moved to show the full moon of the Summer Solstice whose light shone on me. I looked like a glistening diamond...a star. My mother, then and there, named me Hope as a reminder. A baby as precious as me is a light through the darkest of times. Yep, I know I'm adopted, but in no way would I trade my adoptive parents. Even if my real parents didn't want me, they did me a huge favor and gave

me to the best parents anyone could wish for. My mother is a small Filipina woman. She's a teacher at the local grade school. She has a big heart for all her students and even calls them "her children". I love her cooking. When her friends are over, she works up the kitchen and cooks all the Filipino dishes she can make. Good thing I love to run. If not, I'd gain weight from all her food.

My father, who has the most caring green eyes, is the gentlest man on this planet. He couldn't hurt a fly even if he tried. He may have that rifle in the closet, but he has never used it on anyone. We just do target practice from time to time. He says it doesn't hurt to know how to protect yourself. I go fishing with him, camping, make furniture, hell, I even learned a little on how to fix cars. Yep, I'm Daddy's Little Girl.

I'll be leaving home soon to go to University for Pre-Med. My mother wants me to become a medical doctor. My Dad well, he would rather I help him on the farm. I laugh at the thought then it hits me. The sadness. It hurts me to leave my parents, but mom says blessings should be shared. She thinks I'm destined for great things. Scratch that. Not thinks, knows.

Unlike my mom, I'm tall at 5'8. I have long legs and long black hair. I have pale skin and honey colored eyes. My dad says he finds it strange boys aren't pounding on our door because he says I've grown up to be a beautiful young woman. I don't have the heart to tell him I intimidate the whole lot of them. Even the hormone raging jocks who want to "score" with every girl. Not me though. They need me to help them out with their schoolwork. They screw me, they screw with the chance of getting a passing grade.

I touch my necklace. Nothing is known about my biological parents. I only have this necklace as an heirloom. The pendant is shaped into a crescent moon with a star on the tip where a diamond lays in the center. Engraved on it is some writing I can't read. Just like my pendant, I also have a crescent-shaped birthmark with a star on my hip. My mom said it might go away in time like most birthmarks do. Mine seems to have become more prominent over the years. I sometimes imagine it sparkles.

The wind picks up suddenly, swirling around me and I smell it. The scent of fresh cut grass and wood shavings. Two of my favorite things.

"Do you smell that, my child? Follow it," says a woman's voice.

I sat there thinking against it. The first time I heard voices, I freaked out my mom. She wanted me to see a psychiatrist because hearing voices isn't a good sign. I explained they were guiding me to do things. My mom said, "Ok, but before you do whatever these voices tell you to do, sit down and think before you do. AND, if it becomes too much to handle, tell me so we

can go see an expert. So far, whatever I hear, hasn't gotten me into trouble. So why not follow that scent? As the wind picks up again, I jump off the fence and follow the scent.

## **Chapter 2 Alexander**

I turned the car and drove up to the red farmhouse with the white shutters and parked the car in front of it. My sister, who is pregnant, messaged me to get a crate of Alarie's Red Delicious apples. I've tasted their apples and my Goddess, theirs was the sweetest apples I have ever tasted. My sister, knowing I was visiting the area, has begged me to get as much as I can. Although apples are usually harvested in September, this farm seems to have fruit all year round. Obviously they are blessed! Only means one thing- they are good people.

I was supposed to be in Seattle for an event sponsored by Ulrich Group of Companies. Unfortunately, my sister needed me to deliver some clothes she had designed and created to her boutique as well as some furniture for her newly renovated wellness center located at the hotel. She couldn't just let anyone else do it. It had to be me. How can I say no to my pregnant sister? Plus, I've graced so many events in Seattle anyway. Missing one isn't going to hurt although, I was hoping I could go around and meet some ladies. It's been a while since I've had some fun. Maybe I can have some fun with my men after I finish up here

Thankfully, I finished with business in town. Actually, I was also overseeing the commitments of my mother and sister who have set up businesses and foundations in Chelan. My mother seemed to love this town. When I was growing up, she would always find the time to make a trip here and when she came home, she'd have a couple of bags of Alarie's red apples with her. My sister who now manages the businesses for her also has the same penchant for these apples. Like mother, like daughter, I guess. So, here I am, following "tradition". Well, more of "I really need to get the apples my sister and the little pup of hers- the one in her belly that is- want so I won't get into trouble"...that kind of thing.

I step out of the car and the wind blows towards me with the most amazing scent. Like chocolate and strawberries. Maybe someone's baking a cake I asked myself.

"No, the scent isn't from a cake." Echo says.

I sniff some more trying to locate where the scent was coming from. It smells like it's coming from a wolf. The Alarie's are wolves?!

My wolf, Echo, starts to prance around, excited. Before I could speak to my wolf, I hear footsteps.

“Hi! I’m Jim Alarie. You must be Alex. I have your order of apples on the porch. Do you want me to help you get them in the trunk of your car?” He extends his hand for me to shake. I hesitate for a moment trying to figure out where the scent was coming from.

“So sorry of me. Nice to meet you Jim. Yes, I’m Alex,” I extend a hand to Jim and we shake hands.

Jim gives me a warm smile while he shakes my hand enthusiastically. “If you’re interested Alex, I can deliver apples to you on a regular basis. Just as long as you buy in bulk.”

“That’s actually a nice offer. How about two or three crates of apples once a month? I can even order more if there are gatherings or parties.”

“No problem. I can do that for you. How about you come inside so we can fill up the paper work for this order of yours?”

I smile at the old man and start walking towards the house. The scent from a moment ago gets stronger as we approach the house. When I enter, I almost go crazy. The scent is all over this house! I sniff out Jim. Strange. Jim smelled human though. I wonder who lives in this house with him.

“Such a lovely and warm house, Jim. Who lives here with you?”, I ask Jim nonchalantly. Jim turns to point at a family photo.” Oh. Just the family. The missus and my daughter”, he said. He goes to his office while I stand in front of the photo looking at his daughter who was seated in between him and his wife. What a beauty! I look at her twinkling gold eyes and her dazzling smile with perfect teeth. Her black hair framing her small face and freckles at the bridge of her nose. How I could have missed a rare beauty like her was beyond me.

I was still looking at the photo when Jim comes back out with some papers.

“Here we go. All you have to do is sign. You can pay me either through card or COD. Every month of your preferred date, we’ll deliver the apples on your doorstep.” I had to peel myself away from the photo so, I could look at him. Moon Goddess please, make her appear!

“My mother and sister would love that. They love your apples. They never come home without a bag or two when they are in town visiting.”

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I read and sign the papers. The red light from the setting sun was entering the house when I heard her come in. “The Moon Goddess has heard our prayer.” My wolf, Echo, stood upright at attention. His tail wagging in anticipation. I sniffed. The overpowering scent of chocolate and strawberries was coming closer with every step she made.

“Hey Dad. Did you happen to cut some gra-? Sorry. I didn’t know you were with someone. I’ll just excuse myself.”

I turn around, smile and see her with those gold eyes staring back at me. She was wearing a white T-shirt with denim shorts. I looked down and stared at her creamy legs. So simple, but so exquisitely beautiful.

“MATE!”, Echo, my wolf said.

I can see the reflection of my eyes in her bright gold eyes. While hers flicker with confusion and panic, mine dance with happiness and amazement. After all these years, I have finally found my mate... in a red farm house with white shutters.