

The Healing Stones

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By A. Nation

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Books by A. Nation

Domino Series:

Similar But Not the Same

Saga One - 2422

Deflection A Race Against Time

Saga Two - 2407 A.D.

CrossRoads A Moment of Decision

Saga Three - 2424 A.D.

Found-The Lost Ones

Saga Four - 2426 A.D.

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Urban Series:

Where Did They Go?

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The Pottery Sale - What Lies Beneath

Urban Fantasy 2

The Cruise – Lost At Sea

Urban Fantasy 3

Watch for ebooks on Smashwords.

For more insights how this story progressed, see my
blog at: [My Blog](#).

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My Journey

I always wanted to travel to a country I've never been to before. After becoming a widow last year, I decided to seek out my history and sign up with a tour group. I poured over the map of Europe and found a town called Skalitsa, Bulgaria. At first, the notion of traveling across the ocean to a foreign land seemed daunting. My mother told me stories about this borough as a child because her parents came from here.

The village of Skalitsa, which means 'little rock,' is located within a larger municipality of Toundzha comprising of forty-six smaller villages in southeastern Bulgaria. From an undeveloped valley, the district had exploded to about seven million subjects.

During the 1940's when my great-grandparents grew up, there were only a smattering of farmhouses. Now whole villages, which grew closer to each other, created one large district. Skalitsa has 558 of these residents which claim the town as a tourist destination for skiers on the 300m slopes in the winter and visitors to the Black Sea on the eastern coast.

My great-grandparents were wanderers, farmers, and when the wars began, they immigrated to America. My

grandmother rode in the steerage of the ships crossing the Atlantic twice. She brought the first four children to the United States and on the second trip five more came over with her.

As we stepped off the bus, the driver gave each of us a sticker to wear on our clothing in case we got lost or needed to find our way back. The towns' people would notice this and sometimes give discounts on our purchases. As soon as our tour group congregated into the street, we chose a different path to take through the village.

I walked past the Orthodox Church admiring the façade and the geraniums planted near the great wooden door. Then I saw a handwritten sign in English about a street fair. I followed the posted arrows and entered the main street to the market square. People packed the two-lane street where many local vendors displayed their wares in front of the local business.

The figurines and dishes on the tables were handmade or mass produced from a local metalwork and a wood processing factory. Purses and tote bags of various bright colors hung around several tents. But the smell of warm pastry lured me over to one bakery in particular. All sizes and shapes of confections pulled my hand to choose one of the jam filled cookies.

"How many," the vendor asked, pulling out a small paper sack.

"Just two, please. What are they called?" I asked.

"Maslenki."

He picked them up with a metal tong and scooped up two cookies. Then he chose a small chocolate square wrapped in plastic and added that to the bag.

"Thank you," I said, paying him in local Euro currency.

I placed the cookies into my purse and walked on admiring more of the ceramics in front of a glassware and pottery establishments. Then I spied an unusual object on one of the many tables holding pottery. There were two stones wrapped up together with a tag that said Healing Stones. They were dark gray and smooth to the touch.

"What are these?" I asked aloud.

"Healing stones for your aches and pains, very good medicine," the proprietor said in halted English.

"How do you know that?" I asked with skepticism.

"Go up near the mountain," he pointed, "follow the signs to where the large stones lay. This town, it's well known for them. I have picked these up near the large ones. See for yourself, then come back to me and buy these to take home." He finished his promotion with a toothy grin.

What could I lose? I had the time. But I'd better let someone from my tour group know where I'm going. I waved at a woman I had met on our bus across the street. She was older with white curly hair.

"JoAnn," I called and walked over to her.

"Peggy, are you finding lots of goodies to bring back to the ship?" She asked.

"Yes, but I wanted to let someone know from our tour group I will be looking for the Healing Stones."

"Healing Stones? Where are they?"

"Just up the hill a ways. You want to come?"

"No, I'm already pooped out, but you go ahead and I'll let the others know," she replied.

"Okay, see you later," I said and turned away to begin my trek.

Following the signs marked Famous Healing Stones, I left the market area and walked along the cement street. The roads, now paved in the modern manner, still had remnants of cobblestones near the road's edge. The traffic wasn't busy but a car loaded with teenagers honked their horn at me and pulled alongside.

"Do you need a lift?" the grinning boy said from the back seat.

"No, I prefer to walk, thanks," I replied and continued to walk on. The boys drove on. I passed a few farms, and after what seemed to be about three miles uphill, I saw the large flat granite stones soaking up the afternoon sun rays. Lying upon one was an elderly man who had just sat up and crawled off one of the rocks.

"Do they work?" I asked him when he came toward me on the path.

"I feel 100% better, try it," he said and walked on.

I noticed a small sign nearby that said, "Magnetic Stones.' The only place beside Mexico where the stones' magnetic fields cross."

I laid my coat over the warm rock and sat upon the stone. Then I stretched out with my purse under my head.

I almost fell asleep when someone poked me in the arm.

"Good, I was making sure you weren't dead," the old woman said. She wore a black shawl on her shoulders and a black scarf over her head.

"No, I'm fine. I just wanted to see if these rocks really did heal," I replied.

"How'd you feel now?"

I'm not sure if it was the magnetism or the heat from the rocks, but after thirty minutes of lying there, I felt no pain.

"Say, I feel great," I said.

She nodded and walked over to another large rock. She had a step stool in one hand and used it to climb the taller stone. Lying down, she closed her eyes.

I stood up and made my way back down to the village with more vigor than I had when I came up. *"Did the stone do that?"* I asked myself. *"Or was it because of the long rest I took?"*

I made my way over to the vendor who told me about the Healing Stones. I think I will buy those rocks he had for sale. He deserves something for letting me

know about this. He was closing his stand down but I spotted one last set of small stones on his table.

"Are these still for sale?" I asked.

"Yes, did you go to the Healing Stones?"

"I did, and I feel great."

"Here, you can have these free," he replied.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes, the last one is always free and you are wearing the tour sticker."

He picked them up and dropped the three stone pack into a paper bag. I thanked him and placed them near my cookies I forgot to eat.

I waved at him as I left to return to my bus tour.

The End

Maslenki Cookie reference from
100 Essential Recipes from Bulgaria

By
Martin Miller-Yianni



About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating interesting adventure stories that have a moral realization. Whether from prejudice, political crime, retribution, or enslavement, the sagas shall continue.



For more insights how this story progressed, see my blog at: [My Blog](#).

To participate in National Writing month go to: nanowrimo.org

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