

# **The Mirror**

## **Across the Centuries**

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Domino Series:

[Similar But Not the Same](#)

Saga One - 2422

[Deflection A Race Against Time](#)

Saga Two - 2407 A.D.

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Saga Three - 2424 A.D.

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For more insights how this story progressed, see my  
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## 2035 A.D.

Lorilee Dawn, the owner of Dawn's Early Light passed away, leaving her children to close the her business. She sold items ranging from spiritual statuary to small knickknacks representing the fairy world. Most of her grown children lived in another state and couldn't help clear out the various spiritual items they had wrapped for storage. Two of her offspring live in or just outside of town.

"What are we going to do with all this stuff?" Steve Dawn asked his sister.

"Some of this 'stuff' as you call it, had special meaning with mom and those who bought from her," Shelly replied. "And some of these old relics may have ancient powers."

"Phoo, you're just like mom. Why, she believed in the oddest things—like a fairyland underneath the old Ahlberg building. Can you believe that?"

"She had her reasons. I'm going to box up some of the valuable vases and vintage items and store them in my basement unless you want to share the load," Shelly offered.

"No way. Maybe a trinket or two. We could hold a yard sale for a lot of the smaller things," Steve suggested.

"I'll think about it. I plan to place an ad in the newspaper. Some of her old customers may want something of hers."

Shelly thumbed through a few smaller items in one of the cardboard boxes and looked at a dirty old mirror. She wiped the smudges off and stared. She didn't notice her brother had approached her.

Steve, watching his sister, placed his hand on her shoulder. She twitched and turned to look at his face.

"I miss her too," he said.

"Oh, I must be daydreaming. I didn't hear you there. I can't believe the funeral is tomorrow," she sniffed, trying to hold back her tears.

"Come on. I'll help you load these boxes in your car and if you don't have enough room, I'll put the rest in my truck," he relented.

"Thanks," she replied, raising the corners of her mouth into a strained smile.

They brought out the large boxes each filled with an ornate vase. Filling up Shelly's sedan with nine containers, they started loading the smaller ones into Steve's truck bed. Noticing the small box containing the antique mirror, she closed the lid and shoved it in the back of the trunk.

"Are you sure you have enough room for all this?" he asked, setting another box down on the steel bed.

"I should. We have a full basement and there are two small rooms we're not using," Shelly said.

After several trips, all of Lorilee's supplies were loaded into the two vehicles.

"I'll pay for the ad if you hold the yard sale at your place," Steve said.

“Okay but make it clear that her customers on file will get first choice.”

“Will do,” he said.

They took one last look at the old building and drove to Shelly’s home.

## 2432 A. D.

Jonathon Carri, who owned the modest shop he called Hidden Treasures, surveyed around the room of various antiques and displays. After the last big sale he had, he needed more items to fill in the gaps. He scrolled through the digital supply journal on his computer screen. Stopping to read a notice about items for sale from the early 2000's, he heard his front door buzzer ring. Glancing at the ceiling mirror, he recognized the woman.

Samatha Egroeg was thin and wore a striking red dress that clung to her thighs above the knee. She strolled over to him.

"Hi, Jon. Can you break away for lunch?" She asked. She was the only one he allowed to call him the shortened form of his name. In turn, he sometimes called her Sam.

"When did you get back into town?" he asked.

"Last night. Father and Adrian had some business to attend to over at the robotic factory."

He scrolled the screen down more to view the offerings.

"Yes, I suppose you are glad his prison time is behind him now. I'll go with you to lunch, but first I have to make a call."

"Business or pleasure," she asked, placing her left fist under her chin and leaning on the glass top counter near his computer.

"Business," he replied.

"Hmm, I guess I'll look over your stuff while you do that," she said, straightening up and smoothing her long black hair over.

A few years ago she met Jonathon while she converted some of her father's valuables into cash with a disreputable go-between. In the process, she crossed paths with the local antique dealer in Montrose, Colorado. After her father went to jail for government interference, she and her brother Adrian became their father's guardian after his pardon.

Jonathon saw her turn for a moment toward him when she heard him answer his comphone. Then she resumed her admiration for the antiques in the display.

"Hello? Is this the New Dawn's Light?" he asked, peering at the computer screen. "Yes, I saw your ad in the journal. I'm Jonathon Carri, owner of Hidden Treasures. Yes, we do have many stores across the country. Your write-up says some of the pieces are from the early twenty-first century. What condition are they in? Great. Well, I'm in Colorado right now, but I can come to you. Where are you located? Firth, Idaho? No, I can't say I ever been there. Would Monday be good for you? Thank you. The pictures on my screen are poor, can you send others to my email? Yes, I can give you an estimate of what they may be worth. Thank you. Goodbye," he said and clicked off his device.

He hadn't noticed that Samantha had rounded the display aisle and came toward the sales counter.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"We aren't going anywhere except to lunch," he replied, gathering up his notes and locking them in the upper side drawer of the counter.

"Can you tell me about it?" she asked.

"Not much to tell. Just some items for sale in Idaho. I'm ready. Let's go.

He circled his arm around her small waist and guided her to the wooden and glass front door. As they strolled through the doorway, he turned the Open sign around to read Closed.

They walked to his air car and climbed into the cab.

"I've set the coordinates to Guthrie's, is that all right?" he asked her.

"Yes, Jonathon how long have we been friends?"

The vehicle rose into the air to the maximum height of eighteen inches and drove itself onto the main road.

"Two maybe three years."

"Can't we be more than that? I mean can't we be closer?" She asked.

"Sam, I like you, but my work takes me all over the country and more. I wouldn't be home much, and then there's your family."

"What about my family? There's only father and Adrian," she replied.

"Exactly."

"It's not like I'm asking you to marry me or sign an agreement. I really want to be with you."

He looked into her black eyes. He never had time for women while taking care of his mother. When he started his first business in computers and on architecture, he was too busy to date. Now he was in his mid-thirties and noticed his friends having partners or

spouses. He had liaisons before but nothing permanent.

"Do you really want to go with me to Idaho?" he asked.

"Sure, we can use one of the factory air shuttles and get there faster."

"You do have some benefits."

The car flew into the parking slot and stopped. Jonathon and Samantha emerged from the vehicle and entered the restaurant.

They found an empty booth and placed their order from the etable screen. His comphone beeped and he scrolled down to look at some pictures the Idaho client had sent.

"Here, look at these," he said, offering his device.

"Say, a few of these items look pretty good. I think that vase is worth a couple of thousand."

"Okay, you can come with me. I'll leave the night stay to you. You can help me decide what to bring back."

He noticed she cocked her head and smiled with one corner of her full lips turned up. He's seen that sneaky look on her before when she wants something.

"Great, I'll call for the Egroeg shuttle to meet us back at Hidden Treasures."

A four-foot high robotic server arrived with their meals on a tray. Jonathon removed them and passed his credit card over the built-in scanner on top of the device.

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After lunch, they drove back to his shop and in the parking lot was the Egroeg shuttle. He gathered a few

etablets for reference and joined Samantha in the ten-seater craft.

He found a leather cushioned seat beside her and buckled in.

She leaned over to the android.

"Ramon, destination Firth, Idaho, at The New Dawn's Early Light," she ordered the pilot.

"Ramon? Your dad's valet?" he asked.

"One of them. Ramon, what's our ETA?"

"One hour and fifty-two minutes."

"Now, we can have some time to ourselves," she said sliding her hand across his knee.

"But what about, Ramon?"

"He could care less."

This newer model of android glanced with rear vision behind his cranium at the tangle of human legs on the bench seat.

"Buckle your seat belts," he announced as he set course for the town in Idaho.

Samatha and Jonathon were too busy to care.

At 2:52 p.m., Ramon set the shuttle down near the business called Dawn's Early Light. Jonathon and Samatha, now dressed, climbed out of the parked shuttle. A man dressed in farm clothing and a woman wearing a long filmy skirt approached them after exiting the shop.

"Hi, my name is Jordan Dawn and this is my wife, Rita. We are glad you could make it here on such short notice."

"Let's have a look at them. Your photos intrigued me," Jonathon said as he shook Jordan's hand.

Rita wrapped her arm into Samatha's and everyone walked inside the building.

"We've been handing down old Lorilee's stuff since the 2000's and we want to open this store more for merchantile items. She was into spiritual things of which we want to sell to make room for antiques," Jordan explained as he led the way through the clutter of storage boxes.

"Where shall I start?" Jonathon asked.

"Right here. Everything on this side of the room has to go. What you don't want, I'll put online to sell."

"Oh my, how did you ever manage to keep all of this?" Samantha asked.

"It's been dispersed among several relatives since our great times five grandmother passed away. When we put out the word that we wanted the boxes back here, our family couldn't haul them over here fast enough."

"I'll leave you two alone to decide what you want," Jordan said. He and Rita moved away to the back office.

"Jonathon, are you going to take all this?" Samatha asked.

"Let's look in a few boxes and see what's here.

They spent the next hour taking pictures and notes of what they saw. By that time, Jordan walked out to view their progress.

"Well, any decisions?" he asked.

Samatha had opened a small box. "Ooo, mirrors. This looks intriguing," she whispered to herself.

The more she stared into the ornate framed mirror, the more she watched the silver turn to liquid.

"Sam."

"Uh, yes?" she answered after he had asked again and withdrew her gaze.

"I called you three times. Where were you?"

"Just looking I guess."

"Jordan, how about I take the entire lot. What I don't need, I can easily sell on the net," Jonathan offered.

"That's great, but how much?"

"Eight thousand. I'll have to hire a truck for a pick up."

Rita joined her husband. "That's good, isn't it, honey?"

"Yes, I'll take your offer. How soon can you pick this up?"

"Would now be all right?"

"Deal."

They all shook hands and Jonathon ordered the transfer of funds from his bank to Jordan's bank account. Then he ordered a local truck while Mr. Dawn wrote him a receipt.

"The truck will be here within the hour. In the meantime, I'm going to take a few boxes back with me."

Jordan checked his bank balance and smiled.

"Take what you want. In fact, I'll give you a hand."

"We have an android. He'll help haul them out," Samantha added and sent the order through her comphone.

Within a few minutes, Ramon showed up at the door and she put him to work.

After ten boxes were loaded into the Egroeg shuttle, they waved goodbye to Jordan and Rita just as the ordered truck drove into their parking lot.

"Well, that was easy," Jonathon said. What is it you have there?"

"This mirror. Something about it draws me in. It's lovely, isn't it?"

"Keep it," he replied and leaned back into his chair as the shuttle headed back to Colorado.

## About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating an 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](http://nanowrimo.org)

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