

*A Love  
to Remember*

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outskirtspress  
DENVER, COLORADO

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Outskirts Press, Inc.  
<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4787-2746-0

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014901803

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## Prologue

Teresa was taking a walk in the Texas woods. Attempting to get closer to nature, she sat at the foot of an oak tree with her eyes shut to enjoy the calm, the tranquility, and the placidity that she had missed for so long: no human beings, no traffic jams, no cars honking. In other words, she left the stress behind in order to enjoy her four-week vacation.

As Teresa sat alone, she felt like she was floating away to another planet, when suddenly she heard a noise that sounded like an animal looking for food. What she didn't know but should have learned about the woods was that you're never really alone, because other people might be looking for the same thing that you're craving, which is peace of mind.

She was beginning to regain her composure when she opened her eyes and noticed a man standing right in front of her. She got up so quickly that she almost fell on the ground; she then regained her balance, and ran.

She thought about how careless she had been, just sitting there with her eyes closed, thinking that serenity revolved around her and her alone. She then started to cry. *What good will it do me to cry?* she thought. She just kept running until she was out of danger—at least, that's what she thought. She kept parting the tree branches that hung down all the way to the

ground; she couldn't walk or run without stepping over them.

After running for what felt like an hour, she just stopped to hold on to a tree trunk that was nearby, leaning her tired body against it to regain her strength. Then the thought of dying crossed her mind; she let go of the tree, and kept running, but the surrounding forest was so large that she still couldn't find a way out.

Close to 8:00 p.m., the moon came out. The moonlight showed the shadows of trees everywhere, but it didn't really matter to Teresa; she was concentrating only on finding a way out of the woods, and finding a motorized vehicle that could take her away from there.

Suddenly, she realized that she was running on gravel with few trees around, and from afar she could perceive something like a road. At first, she thought it was a mirage, but as she advanced closer and closer she could definitely see the curve of a country road. She ran faster and faster in order to get herself physically on that road; as she rushed feverishly out of the woods, her legs gave out and she fell flat on her bottom on the steamy asphalt.

In the middle of the road in the distance she saw the high-beam headlights of a car coming straight at her, but since the strength had left her body, she sat there praying to God to protect her from being crushed by what appeared to her, in that moment, to be a mechanical elephant. As the vehicle came closer and closer, she then realized that it was a blue truck. The state that she was in had distorted the image, showing how disorganized her mind was under this extreme stress.

The truck was coming at her very quickly when suddenly the tires squealed on the pavement; the truck veered to the

right side of the road and stopped.

The driver got out of the truck and said, “Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—what are you trying to do, get yourself killed?”

“No,” she answered. “My legs were numb and collapsed from running a long distance, and that was why I couldn’t move.”

“Well, if you needed a ride, how about sitting on the side of the road and sticking your thumb out, like a regular hitch-hiker?” replied the driver.

“You wouldn’t have seen me if I’d done that,” said Teresa. “Besides, it’s night time.”

“Who are you talking to, honey?” asked a female voice from the truck.

“Someone who needs a lift,” said the driver, whose name was Joe Antoine.

“So bring that person over,” said Pascale Antoine, his wife.

“All right, honey,” he answered.

A second later, after picking Teresa up off the ground, he carried her toward the truck so his wife could take a good look at her.

“What happened to her?” asked Pascale.

“She was running when her legs gave out and she collapsed,” said Joe.

They didn’t really know the truth.

“Let’s get her in the truck,” said Pascale.

Joe put Teresa into the truck, got back behind the wheel, and sped away.



# Chapter One

Teresa was the supervisor of a big company in Manhattan, called Starret. She decided to take a month's vacation. Tired of the city, she decided to leave New York, and went on vacation near Hudson, Texas where her mother had lived for quite some time after leaving New York.

When she arrived, her mother, Tita, warned her not to go walking alone because terrible things had been happening in the area, where she had lived ever since arriving in Texas. Her house, which stood alone on a nice piece of property, had three bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a large back yard.

"If you want to go for a walk," said Tita, "my groundskeeper Jules will be happy to go with you anytime."

Teresa didn't like the idea of taking Jules with her, but to humor her mother, she said that she would consider it if she wanted to go out walking. After unpacking, she took a shower, ate, and then went to bed. Tomorrow, she thought, would be another day.

The next day, Jules drove her to Hudson in order to see the city. She found it astounding, but she preferred New York—not only because it was familiar to her, but also because it was more lively. After a week at her mother's house, she got bored, and also felt that she should get to know the area more thoroughly.

Around 1:00 in the afternoon, she told her mother that she was going to go for a walk, but that she didn't need Jules to be her bodyguard. Tita wasn't enthusiastic about the idea, but she couldn't stop her from going.

She left the house, and went into the back yard and then beyond; she had walked for an hour when she realized that she was in the middle of a grove of trees. The area really attracted her because it was completely quiet. She kept walking in the expansive forest, and then for a moment she chose to sit at the foot of an oak tree, where she listened to the complete silence. Letting her mind go, she shut her eyes to savor the scent of the area when she heard a noise that sounded like an animal looking for food.

All of a sudden, she had a sixth sense—the feeling of something or someone close to her. She popped her eyes open to see a male figure that seemed to be in his thirties, standing right in front of her. She got up with such a force that she almost fell onto the ground. She went around the man as fast as she could, and then ran while the man stood still, and watched her running like a crazy lady. She kept running as she never had before; finally she tried to catch her breath by holding a tree trunk that was close by, and leaning her tired body against it.

And then the thought of dying in the woods rushed into her mind; she immediately let go of the tree, and kept running. The idea was to find a way out of the forest that could direct her to a road, any road, because she was tired of seeing tree after tree around her. All of a sudden, she realized that she was running on gravel with only a few trees around. That didn't stop her from running faster; she had just turned a curve when she saw, far away, some kind of pavement that looked like a road.

At first, she thought that she was hallucinating, but as she got closer to the mirage, the road manifested into real steamy asphalt; she rushed out of the woods to find herself falling flat on her rear because her legs had given out after running for what seemed to be an eternity.

There are several kinds of hallucinations: visual, auditory, tactile, and olfactory/taste. Visual hallucinations can include mild distortions of what you see around you: colors appearing more vivid, seeing things differently in your peripheral vision, seeing faces as looking artificial or made of plastic, clay or some other inanimate substance, noticing patterns that have not been apparent before. They may also include seeing entire objects or people who are not really there.

Auditory hallucinations can range from mild distortions in what you hear, to hearing voices when nobody is speaking. The voices may be quiet or loud, friendly or intimidating.

Tactile hallucinations are physical sensations of something that is not there.

An olfactory hallucination is to smell something that is not there, while taste hallucination, which is quite rare, may also be experienced. Like other hallucinations, olfactory and taste hallucinations can be troubling to the person experiencing them, especially if they overlap with delusions.