

REDEMPTION NOVEL
BY JACKLYN A. LO

EXCERPT TWO

“You appear to have missed your turn again, gorgeous.”

Startled out of her daydream, Ann glanced across at her E-A device, sitting in its holder on the dashboard. Rob waved to her from the screen, the background image showing brutal landscape full of hairy humanoid figures.

“You should’ve taken a right back there,” he added, helpfully, “if you were hoping to get home, that is.”

“Damn it,” said Ann and sighed heavily. “Not again.”

“Sounds like you’ve had an interesting visit, my lady.”

“You heard it all, I suppose?”

“Of course. You didn’t switch me off, remember? Personally, I find the idea of past lives quite fascinating. There has been some excellent research on the subject.”

“Really?” Ann was surprised. “I assumed it was just a load of made-up nonsense to keep people like that so-called psychic in business.”

“Well, according to the resources at my disposal, which as you know are vast, there have been numerous accounts of such experiences. For example, there was a man in the nineteen-eighties, called Philip Trent, who related his experiences of a past life, in the third century BC, when he was one of the pupils of Archimedes.”

“So?”

“Well, it turned out that his description of the ancient Greek culture and the works of the great polymath were so accurate that only the foremost experts could verify the details, which they did!”

“And was Philip Trent one of the experts himself?” asked Ann, naturally sceptical of such things.

“Not a bit of it,” said Rob, a broad grin spreading across his face. “He was a gas pump operator from Arkansas.”

“Really? So you think there’s something to all this past life, fourth dimension stuff?”

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“Sure. But don’t take good old Mister Trent’s word for it. Why not test it out yourself?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, that banner up ahead might be of some interest to you.”

Ann looked up through the windshield and, sure enough, there was a banner stretched across the street. It read, “Chicago Field Museum Feature Exhibition: The Stone Age. Experience the Life of Our Ancestors.”

“I don’t believe it!” said Ann in surprise. “What an amazing coincidence.”

“Coincidence? There are those who would call it fate, my dear. But either way, it’s an opportunity to see if your vision bears any resemblance to the way things really were back then. You don’t seem to have much actual knowledge of pre-historical facts, so if your experience was anything close to what it was really like around that time, you’ll have to admit that there could be some truth to the old woman’s trick. What have you got to lose anyway?”