

STRAWBERRY MOON

PreView
(2020)

Strawberry Moon
The Novel

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STRAWBERRY MOON

What Reviewers Have Said of My Earlier Novels

"Beman not only writes well, he has a gift for paranoia, too, 'a la Richard Matheson and Stephen King."
Mystery Scene.

"Unforgettable eerie and sensual. Not to be missed!"
J. N. Williamson
Author of *Spree, Dark Masques, Bloodlines, The Haunt*
and dozens of other best selling horror novels.

"A page-turning thrill ride."
Douglas Clegg
Author of *The Children's Hour, Neverland, The Hour Before Dark* and many other popular 'scary' novels.

STRAWBERRY MOON

Disclaimer

While drawn from my youthful experiences growing up, recollections from my work experience in business, my years as an art dealer and faculty in academe, *Strawberry Moon* is an 'autobiographical novel', a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and events described, referenced or portrayed in *Strawberry Moon* are the product of my imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places and events is coincidental.

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STRAWBERRY MOON

Table of Contents

- Chapter 01 Dear Sara...
- Chapter 02 "Here Faith Died, Poisoned by This Charnel Air..."
- Chapter 03 "A Dream Within a Dream"
- Chapter 04 Please Forgive Me for Being So Rude
- Chapter 05 Greene Farms Catherine Greene
- Chapter 06 She Dissolved Into the Fading Dark of Night
- Chapter 07 Dr. Sharon Lucien: Part I
- Chapter 08 Sean's New Pied-à-Terre ... Start of a New Life
- Chapter 09 Merrywood Garden - Dr. Bruce Fanning
- Chapter 10 Dr. Oliver Shore
- Chapter 11 Dear Sean.....Cathy
- Chapter 12 "Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Scorned"
- Chapter 13 "To Sleep ... Perchance to Dream: Ay, There's the Rub"
- Chapter 14 Strawberry Moon
- Chapter 15 I'm Jealous!
- Chapter 16 BODY FOUND ... George Kraft, Staff Reporter
- Chapter 17 Cause of Death: Forced Removal of the Heart
- Chapter 18 Red Hook Inn
- Chapter 19 "Twas Noontide of Summer and Mid-Time of Night"
- Chapter 20 A Bit of Advice Regrading Dr. Koch
- Chapter 21 Woodstock I: Unaware They Were Not Alone
- Chapter 22 Woodstock II: Secrets and Little White Lies
- Chapter 23 Dear Bruce.....
- Chapter 24 Dear Sean.....
- Chapter 25 What the Hell are You Doing Here!
- Chapter 26 Oliver!
- Chapter 27 Thomas Cole House ... Catskill New York

STRAWBERRY MOON

Table of Contents

- Chapter 28 A Bad Penny Always Turns Up
- Chapter 29 Your Ancient Silver Coin is Worth Millions!
- Chapter 30 Dr. Sharon Lucien: Part II
- Chapter 31 You Cannot Tell Anyone Everything
- Chapter 32 "Spirits of the Dead"
- Chapter 33 Thank You for Saving My Life
- Chapter 34 I'm Sorry for Being Such a Jerk
- Chapter 35 He's Dead! Murdered!
- Chapter 36 "Dreams" ... One More to Go?
- Chapter 37 POLICE CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS
- Chapter 38 ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE: Index Number: 6066/91
- Chapter 39 It Means You're Screwed
- Chapter 40 You're Under Arrest for the Murder of.....
- Chapter 41 Dr. Sharon Lucien: Part III
- Chapter 42 God's Way of Punishing You
- Chapter 43 Sean, this is my mother, Karen.....
- Chapter 44 CONFIDENTIAL TRANSCRIPTS: MacDonald Hypnosis Sessions
- Chapter 45 Our Standard Advance is \$5,000.00
- Chapter 46 Treat or Trap?
- Chapter 47 You Will Need it if You Go ... I Will Not
- Chapter 48 ~~Dr. Sharon~~ Charon!
- Chapter 49 "And all I Loved, I Loved Alone"
- Chapter 50 Out Running, Patricia? Or Flying?
- Chapter 51 Full Wolf Moon
- Chapter 52 Full Strawberry Moon
- Chapter 53 Full Harvest Moon
- Author's Notes

STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 1

31 October

Dear Sara.....

Congratulations!

Do we address you as President Potter or Dean Potter now that the Trustees finally! appointed you President of Hart College?

Will they pay you two salaries for wearing two hats and make the pay retroactive, since you've been doing both jobs for over a year?

You asked me to share with you the real reason I decided to 'go over the wall', so to speak, effective at the end of the Spring term. The reason I originally gave you - I wanted to write - is the real reason. And it's not a spur-of-the-moment thing; I've been toying with it for years.

I will be renting out my house (mortgage paid off). The rental income will cover the rent and utilities for my apartment and all of my personal needs. And having finally completed the restoration of that classic Austin Healy 3000, I found in a barn in Red Hook, I will have 'wheels' as the students like to say.

What else do I need?

And contrary to the rumor mill ... fueled by students and those colleagues of ours, who do not know that I was married and I am what they call a widower ... I am not gay, and I hope to start dating.

Yes, my dear friend, of course, I will stay in touch with you.

Affectionately,

Sean.....

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STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 2

31 December

"Here Faith Died, Poisoned by This Charnel Air"

Dr. Sean MacDonald sat alone in the kitchen of his second-floor apartment in the aging Victorian farm house, nursing a mug of just-brewed black coffee and watching the thin pink line of the horizon slowly etch itself into the left-over night sky.

Wondering how cold it was outside, Sean raised the sash halfway up: bitterly cold and bone dry air flooded the kitchen as a pair of crows began arguing in the field across the road. Two more flew in, landed, and quickly weighed in on the debate, followed by a half-dozen more, their rowdy argument shattering the pre-dawn calm.

A sharp click from the ships clock on the wall beside the window announced it was about to add its two-cents worth to the argument, as the hammer slowly struck the bell six times. Sean whispered "Seven o'clock" and set his mug on the window sill.

Picking up *The Old Farmer's Almanac* in his lap, Sean started flipping through the pages of what he referred to as his 'Bible'. He stopped at page fifty, December, The Twelfth Month, and read the entry aloud: "Two full Moons this month, giving us a rare, and some say, unlucky thirteenth Moon. The first, on December second, causes very high tides because it occurs just three hours before the Moon's closest approach to earth in many years. The Moon's center is then just two hundred twenty one thousand five hundred and forty five miles from the Earth's center."

Skipping the remaining entries for December, Sean turned the page to January, 1991, and began checking-off the remaining days of the month with woodpecker-like taps of his finger on the page.....

- 7 Emperor Hirohito of Japan died, 1989
DDT banned, 1971.
- 8 'They say' is half a lie?
- 9 Snow and cold across the North.
- 10 Ethan Allen born, 1738.
- 11 No snowflake in an avalanche ever feels responsible.
- 12 Moon at apogee**
- 13 1st Sunday after Epiphany.
- 14 Propitious day for birth of women.....

Sean stopped reading, when he was snagged by the filed-away memories from January, sixteen years ago. Slowly, steadily, the rising wind tickled then began to shake the leafless branches of the frozen trees, startling the raucous flock of crows. They exploded into the air as if shot out of a cannon, flapping, cawing and scattering every which way. Before Sean could shut the window, he was there again.....

STRAWBERRY MOON

.....stumbling out of Merrywood Hall into the colorless dark of the New Moon, punching through the crumbling surface of the melting snow, his shoes filling up with prickly beads of ice as he ran through the deep wet snow to the body. He dropped to his knees, his head and shoulders slumping down. Shallow breaths began collecting around his head in the heavy night air, a mystical halo of white, as the cardboard-thick wool of his pants began sucking up cold muddy water out of the ground.

Her arms were folded over her chest, which had been ripped open like a freshly dug grave and just as empty. Her long brown hair was splayed out from her skull as if pulled by vermin, tugging and chewing on the frayed ends. The earth had begun to reclaim her.

Sean reached down, his hands shaking, and lifted the mask of ice off her face. It crumbled through his fingers. He brushed away the shards left behind. Snow had melted in the sunken eye sockets and frozen into frameless lenses. He pried them out to find her eyes, once as bright and warm as a summer sunrise, now dark, dead, blindly staring up into the black of heaven. He bent over, as if to kiss her cracked and swollen lips, but suddenly, violently, began jamming his hands into her icy grave, again and again and again, until his fingers were red and raw and bleeding.

Hands were reaching out behind him, gently tugging him, trying to lift him up. His sleeve caught on her splintered fingernails, as if she were pulling him down to her. He turned his head and shut his eyes, as if he were trying to hear what she was saying. But the beating of his own heart was the only sound that broke the silence of winter's clear night.

He noticed a crumpled-up wad of paper in her fist. As he tenderly pried open her clenched fingers, a blood-stained ball of paper tumbled out. He picked it up and held it to his chest as he stood up and walked away, deaf to the whispers.....

Sean angrily clapped the almanac shut and set it on the window sill.

The wind re-opened the almanac and began turning the pages. Something blew out. Sean snatched it in mid-air. It was a sheet of old parchment paper with writing on one side, meticulously penned in faded blood-red ink, as if by a scribe centuries ago.....

**Here Faith died, poisoned by this charnel air.
I ceased to follow, for the knot of doubt
Was severed sharply with a cruel knife:
He circled thus, for ever tracing out
The series of the fraction left of Life;
Perpetual recurrence in the scope
Of but three terms:**

STRAWBERRY MOON

**Dead Faith, Dead Love, Dead Hope.
Life divided by that persistent three,
LXX divided by 333 = .210210210210210 ad infinitum.**

"God damn you to hell! It's me you want. Why did you take her? And our son!"

Dropping the sheet of parchment, Sean slammed the window shut, knocking the coffee mug and almanac onto the floor and shattering the window pane. Jagged shards of glass exploded outside and into the kitchen, hitting him, cutting through his shirt. He just sat there, staring outside, blood staining his clothes, tears running down his cheeks.

#

STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 4

30 April

Oliver.....

With this letter, I will address what I believe we both want to know: who murdered our wives; why; and why the way they did. In my case, I also want to know why my son was also murdered.

The autopsy report placed Emily's death on the night of the full Wolf Moon, which I thought was significant even if no one else did. Like that idiot Assistant D.A., Arnold Kratz. That son-of-a-bitch did everything he could to convince the grand jury that I murdered my wife.

I cannot say with certainty what the coincidence of the full moon could have meant, if anything, simply because there are, as you know, too many possible explanations. Perhaps you can make some sense out of the color photocopy of the following text, which I received years ago, anonymously. It was in an old and tattered envelope and addressed 'Sean'. The original poem was written in faded sepia ink, the letters thick, crusty, like dried blood.

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you know,
This much let me avow:
You are not wrong who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand

STRAWBERRY MOON

Grains of the golden sand -
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep - while I weep!
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

This text was 'purloined' from the poem *A Dream Within a Dream*, by Edgar Allan Poe. A nurse in the hospital gave it to me after my mother died. She told me she found it under the pillow, when she stripped the bed. She also told me she hadn't seen it anywhere in my mother's room before that. But she wasn't positive, since my mother was distracting everyone and, she said, screaming at them to leave her alone and let it die as they rushed her to surgery (Note: Yes, she said let 'it' die).

As for my mother's death, from what I have been able to cobble together there were complications of some sort and when my mother's condition changed for the worse, her doctor decided to take her into the operating room, to surgically try to find out what was inside her.

Point of reference: I was 7 years old at the time.

I was never told what my mother's cause of death was, just that she died in the operating room. But when I was waiting for them to bring my mother back to her room (before I learned that she had died), I heard nurses in the hallway talking about a still-born child that hadn't shown up on the x-rays, because it did not have any internal skeletal structure. And that it was so small, my mother never appeared to be pregnant.

Even more confusing, and frightening (at the time), was that one of the nurses said the doctor estimated the fetus to be six months old. At the time, I did not know what it all meant. But I do now (I think!). You will find a more extensive discussion of this in my journals under 'Mother's Death'.

My father was never the same after my mother died. It was as if he was in a trance. He never allowed the subject to be

STRAWBERRY MOON

discussed. And he told me never to talk about my mother's illness and what I heard the nurses talking about. I never did. And that included not telling my wife, who only knew that my mother died when I was seven.

You, my dear friend, are now the only exception.

I am enclosing copies of two keys: One is a key to my new apartment; the other is a key to the locks on the file cabinets being relocated to the attic in my apartment.

Finally, I suggest you remove the tapestry, before my replacement arrives: she has a habit of 'taking' what she likes."

Sean.....

#

STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 5

29 May

Greene Farms ... Catherine Greene

Sean took the sharp left turn onto Molly Lane far too fast. The new tires on his restored Austin Healy 3000 roadster squealed in protest, then broke free. Drifting sideways, heading for a barbed wire fence guarding the pasture, Sean down-shifted, floored it, regained control, and continued speeding down the narrow country road, turning everything around him into a blur of grays, greens and streaks of rusting wire.

The wind began slapping at him as if telling him to slow down. When he saw he was doing eighty, he let off the gas, gently pumped the brakes, slowed to a crawl and pulled off the road onto the grassy shoulder. Leaning back, Sean withdrew a folded-up letter from his shirt pocket and settled down to read it for the umpteenth time.

Dear Dr. MacDonald:

When I learned of your resignation, I went to the college to see you, but every time I stopped by your office you were either with someone or not there. That is why I decided to write.

I would like you to be my guest at the farm, perhaps for lunch or dinner? Greene Farms in Red Hook. You can't miss it, we're on both sides of the east end of Molly Lane.

The strawberries will be ready before Memorial Day weekend this year (which is early). We're expecting a bumper crop. Please don't wait for that to come visit. And there's no need to call ahead: at this time of year, I'm a 'prisoner' here.

You can usually find me at our market. If it's really busy, you will have to go out into the fields to find me. You'll know it's busy if there are cars inching along on both sides of the road.

I'm looking forward to seeing you again after all these years.

Sincerely,

Catherine (Cathy) Greene

STRAWBERRY MOON

Shutting his eyes, Sean had Catherine Greene in front of him: taller than all of the other young women; wind-blown shoulder-length natural blond hair; cerulean blue eyes; and unforgettable warm smile, which came to life whenever she spoke to him.

As with all of the students who completed the *Writers in Residence* masters program after graduation, Sean had made an effort to keep up with what Cathy was doing, but gave up. Not because he didn't want to, because he couldn't: Cathy had joined the Marines. Fifteen years later an article in the local newspaper reported that '*Captain Catherine Greene had retired due to combat-related injuries and returned home to Red Hook to take over the ownership and management of the family business*'.

Except for the dated graduation photograph accompanying the article, Sean had no idea what Cathy looked like almost twenty years older.

#

Sean took his place in the line of cars jerking their way along the side of the road. When he turned into the entrance and pulled to a stop at the make-shift gate house, a young woman announced with a smile, "Good morning! How may I help you?"

Sean replied, trying his best to sound like he knew what he was doing.

"I'm going to pick strawberries ... and string beans."

"String beans aren't in season yet, sir."

You should know that, MacDonald. You idiot.

Smiling, the young woman handed Sean a stack of green plastic baskets nesting one inside the other and still wet with fleshy chunks of strawberries. She then held up a clear plastic bag with a pinch of her fingers and let it go. Sean jumped up and grabbed it, fumbling the baskets off his lap and onto the floor in front of the passenger seat.

Before he could pull away, a tall woman working the opposite side of the stand, stepped around and held out the bottom of a cut-down cardboard box.

"Here," she instructed, tossing the box over his head onto the passenger seat.

"Use that for the baskets when they're full."

Sean spun around at the sound of the distinctive voice.

"Catherine?"

The car behind him beeped. Others joined in, adding their two-cents worth.

With Cathy's attention diverted, Sean was able to look at her more closely. To his surprise, he saw a tall full-figured woman, not the gangly girl etched into his memory.

With a wave of her hand for him to pull-away, Cathy added, "I'll find you in the fields a little later, Doctor MacDonald."

#

Sean passed row after row until he found that imaginary made-to-order patch of ground that let him park upwind of the dust blowing across the fields. Hopping out of the Healy, baskets in hand, Sean stepped over the first few dozen rows, paused, glanced up-and-down one row, nodded, dropped the baskets onto the ground, knelt down, and started feeling his way through the leaves, plucking off strawberries with a

STRAWBERRY MOON

pinch of his fingers, filling his hand ... sampling a strawberry with each handful ... then depositing them into the basket.

With his baskets full, Sean laid back, shut his eyes and drifted back in time.

#

..... It's all right, son, I'm right here with you. Are you sure it wasn't just the shadows from the moonlight?

Yes.

Okay ... now calm down and tell me exactly what you saw.

And remember, you're safe here with me

#

Cathy teased, "Pass out from the shock of manual labor?" as she stepped out of the flat-bed truck, which did not have doors on the cab or fenders over any of the tires.

Sean sat up like a wind-up toy and shielded his eyes from the glare of the sun.

Cathy was standing beside the truck, finger-combing the wind-blown tangles out of her hair. Climbing to his feet, Sean dusted himself off, slowly and methodically, which ended with playful slaps of his backside as he started for the truck, grinning sheepishly. Cathy braced her hands on the heavy wooden planks of the truck bed and hopped up backwards with amazing ease and equal grace.

Sean came to a stop directly in front of her.

"Room for two up there?"

Before Sean could join her, Cathy braced her hands on his shoulders and vaulted off the truck, knocking him off balance. Sean started stumbling backwards and reached out to catch himself, only to grab hold of Cathy's shirt, pulling her off balance and tugging her shirt open at the same time. Sean landed flat on his back and got the wind knocked out of him, but he didn't for one second take his eyes off Cathy as she followed him down, landing on top of him, straddling him on her knees and jamming her hands into the dirt, bracing herself, stopping inches from his face.

"Miss Greene!" Sean gasped for air. "What if someone sees us?"

"What is there to see?" Cathy asked, an angelic smile lighting up her face.

"And please call me Cathy. I'm only 'Miss Greene' to my suppliers."

Seeing Sean glancing down, Cathy asked, "What are you staring at?" and looked down. Laughing, she buttoned her shirt, stood-up, and stepped onto the running board.

"When we didn't see you moving about anywhere out here, I decided to drive out to make sure you were okay." Cathy was stifling a private laugh. "But I guess I should have remembered all of those stories you told us in class about growing up on a small farm and known better." Cathy slipped behind the wheel, started the truck, spun the tires in the dirt, kicking up dust, as she circled around and came to a stop no more than a foot from Sean's toes. Holding the steering wheel with both hands, she leaned out of the door-less cab and kissed Sean on his cheek, rendering him speechless.

"It's nice to see you again, Sean," Cathy said with the calm self-assurance of a

STRAWBERRY MOON

woman, not the girl he once knew as one of his students. She reached out and set her hand on his shoulder. "I don't know why it's taken me so long to invite you out here?"

Sean asked, "How about dinner tonight?" and felt his face warming to a blush.

Cathy said with a sigh, "I wish I could. I really do. But we're busy earlier than usual this year. Good busy! What about Sunday? I have a double crew on Sundays."

"I can't," Sean replied with a discouraged shake of his head. "Graduation."

Cathy said half seriously, "I guess it's just not meant to be."

Scrunching her face into a made-up pout, Cathy winked and pulled away.

#

STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 14

27 June
Strawberry Moon

Turning onto Molly Lane, Sean sped up, killed the lights, slipped into neutral and let the car coast in silence as he searched for the cut in the road Karen told him about.

Whispering, "There it is!" he slowed to a stop, slipped into first gear and slowly, cautiously pulled off the road into the woods. Light from the rising full moon was slicing through the leafy branches overhead, cutting-up the road into jagged patches of yellow, gray and black. At the end of the road, Sean stopped and killed the engine.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, startling him.

Karen whispered, "I was afraid you wouldn't come."

She tousled his hair. "Follow me."

Grabbing a rolled-up blanket off the ground, Karen started down the path.

Sean snatched a canvas tote bag off the passenger seat, hopped out, and scurried after Karen as she melted into the night, forcing him to hurry and catch up as she darted out into the field and disappeared between the rows of young corn stalks.

Karen called back, "Hurry up slow-poke."

Sean sprinted past her and turned around.

Karen raised her hand, shielding her eyes from the bright glow of the full moon.

Sean brushed the tips of his fingers over Karen's face.

"You look different."

"How so?" she asked.

"You look ... younger ... much younger!"

Karen laughed, slipped past him, darted to the end of the rows of corn and stepped out into a small clearing, flooded with moonlight and snapped the blanket she was carrying into a billowing wave that hung in the air then settled onto the ground.

Catching up, Sean kicked off his shoes, stepped onto the blanket and knelt down. Karen followed his lead and watched with curiosity as he withdrew a bottle of champagne from his tote bag, unwrapped the wire cage holding the cork prisoner, then slipped off the cork with both thumbs. The pop echoed across the field. Karen's unguarded laughter chased after it, which quickly infected Sean.

Sean offered Karen the bottle. Grasping the large bottle with both hands, Karen took a long slow sip. "This is heavenly! What is it," she asked and lifted the bottle into the air, turning it slowly in the one-sided light of the moon. "I can't read the label?"

Sean announced proudly, "Piper Heidsick, Flouren Louis, nineteen fifty-five."

He then reached into his tote bag and retrieved a plastic container filled with strawberries. Handing it to Karen, he blindly felt around inside the tote and produced a paring knife. Smiling, Karen twisted the champagne bottle into the soft earth beside her, snatched the knife away from Sean, and handed him the strawberries.

"You pluck off the leaves and stems. I will halve the strawberries."

Karen started laughing, a soft relaxed laugh, sounding every bit a woman.

STRAWBERRY MOON

Sean was instantly infected by the soothing sound of her voice. Their tasks quickly became a competition, which Karen easily won. Retrieving the champagne bottle, Karen trickled champagne over her fingers, then wiped them off on the blanket. Sean did the same. As if they rehearsed it, Karen and Sean simultaneously plucked a halved strawberry out of the plastic container and offered it to each other. They did it again, without speaking. Karen added a sip of champagne to their mimed game. Sean raised his hand, as if to press pause. He then felt around in the tote bag, held up a plastic container, opened it, snatched up a strawberry and dabbed it in the container.

"Here, try this," he suggested, and offered Karen the strawberry.

Karen asked cautiously, "What's that white stuff on it?"

Sean replied proudly, "Superfine sugar laced with natural crystalline vanillin."

Hesitating, Karen replied, "You go first."

Sean popped the strawberry into his mouth, chewed and swallowed it, made a hideous face, grabbed his throat, and fell back onto the blanket as if he were dead.

Grabbing the champagne, Karen snapped, "That was not funny," and began drizzling the champagne all over Sean's chest. Laughing, Sean stood up, gently wrestled the bottle away from Karen, and returned the favor, which started them both laughing.

"Shhh, not so loud," Karen cautioned as she stood up, a mischievous smile on her face. She then reached down, gathered up fistfuls of her caftan, pulled it up over her head, nonchalantly dropped it onto the blanket, and stood naked in the moonlight.

Following her cue, Sean discarded his shirt and stepped out of his pants and briefs. They knelt down facing each other and almost in rehearsed unison began to tenderly explore each other's body with the soft tips of their fingers. Karen smiled when she saw Sean's response to her touch and leaned back, pulling him with her.

Sean halved her swollen flesh with his tongue.

Karen cried out ever-so-softly, then whispered, "Come in me...now."

There was a sense of urgency thinning her words.

Sean responded.

Karen wrapped her legs around his waist, startling him with her strength, taking his breath away.

"Be still," she pleaded. "I want to feel your heart beating inside me." She guided Sean to where she wanted him and in a single graceful move, rolled him over onto his back and sat up, straddling him and gazing into the face of the moon, as if in a trance.

Karen began moving her hips in small circles, squeezing him, as she gracefully rose up and down as if she were floating on a calm sea.

Karen suddenly screeched, "No!"

Startled, Sean opened his eyes to find the shadowy image of Karen, with broad white feathered wings spread wide, silhouetted against the face of the full moon.

Karen whispered through her teeth, "No. It is not his time. He has been falsely claimed. I will return in his place." She then bent down, gently wrapped her wings around them, no longer two but one, touching each other to sleep as the Strawberry Moon fell to earth.

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STRAWBERRY MOON

The first strokes of early morning light painted the sky awake with streaks of orange and pink. Standing, naked, their bodies bathed in the cool pre-dawn light, they embraced, feeling each other still warm from sleep. The distant choking of a tractor's engine startled them apart. They dressed quickly, laughing like truant school children.

Sean scurried about, collecting everything lying on the ground and tossed it into the blanket. Grabbing the corners, he hoisted the make-shift bag over his shoulder.

As they slipped back into the wooded path, Karen whispered, "Thank you."

Confused, Sean asked, "For what?"

"You made me feel beautiful and young again. You asked for nothing, yet you gave me everything I demanded of you and more than what you thought you could."

Karen turned to go.

Sean blocked her path.

"No!" she ordered, then pushed him aside and dissolved into the dark of dawn.

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STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 15

28 June
I'm Jealous!

The smell of fresh coffee brewing reminded Sean how hungry he was, but he first needed his caffeine fix. Waiting for the coffee to finish dripping through the filter, he stood up and started twisting around and shrugging his shoulders, trying to stretch out the knots and kinks in his back, chest and sides from having slept on the ground. That's when he noticed a small folded-over piece of paper on the floor at the foot of the door to his apartment. Shuffling over, bending down ... grimacing then smiling at the tenderness in his ribs ... Sean snatched-up the paper and read the hand-written note.

Sean.....

I knocked, but there was no answer.

The porch door was ajar. I peeked in. The door at the top of the stairs was open, too. I was worried, so I let myself in.

Your landlady ... holding a club of sorts! ... came up to see who was here. I told her we were colleagues.

She told me you were on a date with a lovely woman.

A 'lovely woman'?

I'm jealous!

Patricia.....

Sean snarled, "Why didn't you stay away from her?"

Crumpling the note into a ball, Sean angrily threw it across the kitchen, not caring or knowing where it landed.

#

STRAWBERRY MOON

Chapter 16

29 June

BODY FOUND

George Kraft
Staff Reporter

While plowing one of her fields yesterday morning, Catherine Greene, CPT, USMC, retired, owner of Greene Farms in Red Hook, made a grisly discovery: the naked mutilated body of a man authorities say had been dead for only a 'few hours'.

Police Chief Peter Kratz reported that the cause of death is yet to be determined. However, reliable sources have told this reporter the man was found with his 'chest ripped open' and his 'heart ripped out and taken'.

The police report the face and hands of the victim had been burned beyond recognition by some sort of chemical, forcing identification to be made using dental records and DNA. Which Chief Kratz noted 'could take weeks'.

Chief Kratz also stated: "At this point, we believe the body was brought to this location and the murder" (it is Chief Kratz's opinion that this is a homicide) "took place elsewhere and the body was dumped in the field sometime just before dawn."

At this point the police have no leads, not even footprints around the body since investigators at the scene reported everything appeared to have been 'blown clean by a strong gust of wind'. However, when contacted by this reporter, three regional weather services advised there were no high winds detected in the immediate area and that in fact 'the air was calm due to a stationary column of high pressure air, which moved in late yesterday afternoon, accounting for the hot and muggy air in the valley'.

While Ms. Greene was requested by the police not to comment on what she found, she wanted the public to know: "I sincerely hope everyone will feel perfectly safe visiting our farm for the fresh vegetables, corn and fruit, when in season, we have become famous for in the Hudson Valley."

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STRAWBERRY MOON

Author's Notes

For readers who wish to learn more about numerology, goddess worship, ancient religions, the works of Edgar Allan Poe, the cycles of the moon, and the folklore found in my story, I suggest the below-noted resources. Which are but a few of the many texts I drew upon for Strawberry Moon.

Numerology

E. T. Bell, Ph.D.

The Mystery of Numbers

Anne Marie Schimmel

City of Dreadful Night

James Thomson

The Holy Bible

King James Version

The Oxford Companion to the Bible

The Oxford Classical Dictionary

The Encyclopedia of Religion

Plots and Characters in the Fiction and Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe

Robert L. Gale

Moon Tables for Times Past, Present and Future

Rolf Brahde

New and Full Moons - 1001 B.C. to A.D. 1651

Herman H. Goldstine

The Old Farmer's Almanac

1943 through 2018

The Women

Glen Yarbrough

The Lonely Things: The Love Songs of Rod McKuen

[\[https://bit.ly/2QUVySI\]](https://bit.ly/2QUVySI)

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