

# Blue Ridge

By : **Jewel Facet**

This is a idea for a novel I had: whether I write more or not depends on the response the first paragraph recieves. Keep in mind this is a first draft, most of this will be stretched into a longer, more descriptive novel. As this is just the first part, I will tell you the rest. The man goes to the woods to find truth inside himself, he returns changed. He knows that his love will never die, but it will not do to dwell on the past. While in the forest the man finds a young boy (about 5) who could be his son. The boy shows his possible father childish truth and peace, bringing the man out of his despair.

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## Blue Ridge : Chapter 1

The old cabin still smelled like her. There was the lingering smell of incense burned long ago, the rich vanilla of days gone past, the sharp mint that brought back memories of her, the hugs, the kisses, the love. The loving touch of her gentle fingers on his rough cheeks would haunt him till the day he died. He sat down and touched the limp needles that used to flash in and out of neat little clothes. Now they lay quiet. The great lake outside the window and stolen her from him. It and a man. The man was gone, across the mountains and the river, never to return, leaving alone in his grief.

The next morning the man looked at the matchbook in his hand. He looked at the banks of kindling around the old cabin. He could never start that fire. Never could he burn his memories of his sweet girl. She would always be there, but she would never be there. He had to find a place to go for a while, to be calm, and to soothe his troubled heart. As a trapper, the first place he thought of was the wild mountains. He went inside the little cabin. He grabbed the supplies he usually brought with him when he left the cabin to hunt and trap. In his buckskin knapsack he threw his waterproof matchbook, traps, journal, flares, food, clothes, bowl, spoon, cup, gun, and his trusty hatchet. By now it was evening. He decided to wake early the next morning and set off into the woods.

The man woke before the sun broke over the tall hills, and the fog still floated in the valley and over the little cabin. The heavy knapsack on his back, he left the cabin, locking the door and putting the key in the sack.

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