

Abducted – Abandoned – Ambushed (John Rutherford copyright @2023 - 2030)

The odour smelt of danger. Danger in the sense of a living energy, a living entity, a predator, only yards away with a primitive, primeval smell, and purpose. Under the camouflage of darkness, the odour came from the hunter of food, with one single purpose: to kill its prey. This energy from within the hunter, this single purpose created by chemicals within the body, the brain, which passes and finally emanates through the pores of the skin. Perhaps, it was created long ago in the evolution of life forms to lull the victim into a sleepy malaise, before a deadly strike, but that odour I recognized, and I knew that I was the prey, the victim. In the darkness of the forest this smell, this odour rose above the continuous twitching and buzzing night sounds of the alien forest, the odour triggered within me primitive warnings – be on guard. The adrenaline invaded my body, being on defense, without memories, without experience, this warning came from a spiritual legacy, from past lifetimes, it was the reason for the chemical reactions inside my brain, it had one single objective – survival.

How quickly my circumstances had changed that night.

From being asleep, and then being man-handled into the back of the van, and then being rattled around alone in the back of the van, all memories I have were of shock, and bewilderment. The van traveled for many miles, and then suddenly it stopped. I heard the men talking, and then the opening of the front doors. Fortunately, Jack Russel's are always alert to all events, and opportunities. I heard them walking to the rear of the van. The door opened, and then I bolted out of the door into the darkness. This sudden escape surprised the villains. I ran as fast as possible. The surrounding area was a dense forest, I ran into the trees and undergrowth, and didn't stop running. I heard voices behind me shouting, behind me as I ran faster into the forest, their voices and sounds clambering, stumbling through the forest undergrowth started to recede, as I raced wildly further and further into the dense undergrowth of the forest. The distance between me and my chasing kidnappers soon increased, and it became acceptable to rest and hide in the trees and undergrowth. I was safe for now.

My troubles had only just begun. Miles away from the Bulut's small-holding, miles away from my family and friends, my home. The forest was dark, and it smelt so foreign. The sounds of the forest at night frightened me, and the smells were new and disorientating. I was alone.

In the dark inky silence of the forest, where these unknown sounds and smells invaded my senses, I closed my eyes to enhance my senses, as the shock, the invading tiredness, the strain of peering into the undergrowth became pointless. My eyelids were heavy, sight was useless, my other senses started to take command, to reach out into the foreign surroundings of the forest. I started to internalize. The unborn pups were moving inside my belly, their sightless dependency, were also adjusting to the new circumstances. I was alone, lost in the wilds of the

forest, now I had to survive. No longer dependent on the Bulut's, and the farm, this was the wilderness, with a completely different set of rules. No regular feeding, care, and attention. I must now take care of myself or perish. No companionship, no comfort, no covering of my back from the farm animals – alone to fend for myself, as well as the unborn pups.

Then I heard a movement.

The origin of the odour, the danger moved. But the odour divided into more than one entity, the odour was emanating now from different directions, and it was getting closer, the smell more intense. The muffled sound of crunching of dead leaves, as paws slowly came to bear weight, as the bodies of the predators moved closer. I heard the faint sound of breathing, and the combined odour now was intense and pungent.

I tensed my body, crouching lower into the dip in the ground under the fallen tree. The branches protected an attack from behind, only a frontal assault was possible. The sound of the aching limb of the fallen tree creaked as one of the assailants stepped onto the tree branch above my head.

The assailant slowly walking along the fallen tree trunk, and getting closer, and closer, suddenly stumbled, there was a crash of smaller branches, and leaves singing in the darkness, then a thud as something heavy landed right in front of my nose, the gush of air, was followed by the arid dust of the foliage, leaves, small twigs, but the sound and smell of panic emanated from the fallen body. This unexpected event created a commotion of noise, growling snarling sounds, rapid wafts of air, as bodies moved and whipped around in the darkness, only inches away from my nose.

Then as silence again descended like a curtain on the darkness, a layer of quietness, then there was suddenly the sound of sniffing. It was sharper and more distinct, because of the sudden silence, which had followed the cacophony of noise from the falling assailant. Then more sniffing sounds, but from different directions in the darkness.

I felt some pressure in my head. It is difficult to explain, but the pressure is a sign that a vision is about to appear, a vision that takes on many forms of the senses, not just a vision imagined, it has smells, it has sounds, and taste. The pressure in my head can also come out of my body, like the feeling of a bubble, which leaves a feeling of vertigo, dizziness. A sharp intake of breath often corrects and the feeling of dizziness, but the senses capture or exchange feelings with another life form. A shared communication, a shared vision. An exchange takes place, a shared feeling and experience. Where before rage, anger, conflict, and fear, primeval feelings existed, a physiological metamorphosis takes place. These negative feelings, even if they are motivated from primitive origins, the predator, hunger pains of the hunter - dissipate, and are replaced by more positive, compassionate, unselfish, communal feelings.

In front of me, the rustling sounds of leaves being crushed under paw were different this time, the diminuendo of sounds reduced, the assailants were slowly reversing, retracing their steps into the darkness of the forest. They left a message, a vision in my head.

“Take care of your pups, Mother!”