

## Chapter 1 : Whispers Through Time: Communication Through the Ages and Stages of Childhood

*Whispers Through Time: Communication Through the Ages and Stages of Childhood (A Little Hearts Handbook) [L.R. Knost] on [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Communication is the key to peaceful, effective interactions between parents and children.*

Communication Through the Ages and Stages of Childhood. Parenting for the Ages Did you ever read something that made your heart smile? The author penned a poem that greets you before you even get into the treasure that is her book. The last paragraph of the poem gripped my heartstrings, as I prepare to launch my firstborn into the world when he leaves for college in six short weeks: Knost approaches parenting from a kinder, more gentle approach, which is steeped in research and best-practices in early childhood development. And it applies to kids from toddlerhood through the teen years. When we break free from a punitive stance, we find in its place a more efficacious and uplifting way to leave the future in better hands Expert Advice from a Friendly Neighbor Imagine that you live next door to an early childhood and parenting expert whom you could reach out to during every bend in your parenting path, or each bump you hit in the road. That friend could single-handedly put a spin on things that would give you the strength to forge ahead, moving effortlessly through the challenge at hand, and deliver you safely to the other side. That neighbor is L. This Little Hearts Handbook is your go-to guide for both every day parenting, and when the going gets tough. Best of all, it fits easily in a diaper bag or purse, so you can literally take Knost with you everywhere you go! She knows a lot. Knost has lived and breathed every one of her words while raising her own six children. I know this approach to work based on thousands and thousands of hours of direct work with families in therapy, as well as my own research on the subject. No Hurries, No Worries A gentle parenting approach may be foreign to some. We live in a society that has a long history of believing that punishment is not only the preferred way, but the best way to raise decent human beings. The majority of society and most public schools still operate from this perspective. Based on everything I know, it is not the most effective way to change behavior. Being fully present and teaching kids the proper skills to deal with distress, anger, feelings of upset and problematic situations is far more powerful and transformative. Transitioning to this style of parenting may feel overwhelming, but not with Knost as a guide. She patiently walks us through, in step-wise fashion, a month-by-month plan to switch gears, slow down and reap the full benefits that this approach promises. Knost from the lineup, we had 21 contenders. Judith, I need you to contact me via facebook, so I can get your information for shipping! Congratulations and thanks to all who entered! The book can be purchased through Amazon. Only comments left by A mother of six, her children range from years down to months-old. Two Thousand Kisses a Day: The next book in the series, The Gentle Parent: Positive, Practical, Effective Discipline is due to be released November

**Chapter 2 : Whispers Through Time by Sherry Lewis**

*Whispers Through Time by L.R. Knost is destined to be a dog-eared favorite, passed down from generation to generation. As long as there are children being born into this world and toddlers having tantrums and teens racing toward adulthood at an alarming pace, there will be parents who will turn to this book for guidance.*

My favorite Potions Master, Severus Snape! As a reckless archaeology-student unveils a secret hidden for centuries an old evil escapes. A wizard has to travel back in time to prevent the world from becoming eradicated by the demon mage Voltimore. Thank you SO much for letting me have a go at your fabulous idea! Without you this story would never have been written, and without your help and support I would have given up long ago. I only hope the story ends up half as good as your original idea, and that you feel I have managed to write some of what you foresaw when you came up with it! I thank you yet again on bended knee for helping me keep my sanity! Thank you for also being a tremendous support during the writing of this story which I never seem to finish, the thing has a life of its own, your neverending positive and constructive feedback leaves a spoilt but happy Restina, giggling madly as she sits down and continues writing. Thank you so much for actually volunteering to go through my grammar and spelling. This will, to say the least, be angsty, and there will be a rape later on in the story. Kent Hardington was a bright and skilled archaeology-student, who dreamt of one day finding the architectural finding of the decade. And it was this dream and his eagerness that brought him to Nottingham Castle, famous from the Robin Hood legends. He was a thorough young man, and he went through every room, searched every single crack in stone or wood working his way slowly upwards towards the towers. He had finished most of the floors now, from the dungeons and up the halls and the many rooms, and there were only one room and four towers left. He went ahead with the work on the small room, half expecting nothing would turn up here either. There was a fireplace placed in the far corner of the room, which by the way, had no windows what so ever. This struck Kent as weird, given the fact that the left stonewall should be facing the Sherwood Forrest. A spark of excitement lit his mind and he started to examine the fireplace with renewed energy. He searched every crack, looking for a secret entrance or something showing there was a hidden room behind the fireplace. Suddenly he stopped for a moment, as his heartbeat increased and his hands started sweating. Beneath his fingers he could clearly feel an outline and curve that parted from the rest of the stone. Hardington got so excited he had trouble thinking straight. After scurrying around the room for a couple of minutes, gathering his wits and fantasizing wildly about the headlines in the newspapers he would make- he got his sledgehammer. Sledgehammers are seldom used in the art of archaeology, but Kent had no time for a toothbrush to do the same job. With one harsh blow to stonewalls the sledgehammer made way into an agent room, sealed for reasons unknown. As soon as the dust settled, Kent climbed through the big hole his vandalism just had been responsible for. But this was a big discovery as well, and he curiously approached the painting with goosebumps creeping up his neck as his excitement grew once more. Time, dust and cobwebs had worn on the painting through time, but Kent had no problem getting a glimpse of the people portrayed with his flashlight. There was a man sitting on a chair, the center of attention, a noble most definitely. He had dark hair and beard, dark eyes and dark, middle-aged-fashioned clothes. His face showed signs of pride, power and the spoiled look some children have. On his right side an old woman stood, probably his mother. She had a foul expression on her face, with what looked like an evil twitch in her eyes and a wart on her left cheek. But the most odd detail with the painting was something the man was holding in his arms. It was like it had been scraped off, or weirder- never been painted on.. It was a wooden frame, painted black, worn down by the tooth of time, but there was no mistake, he could clearly see the outline of inscribed letters, once decorated with gold. Kent frowned as he tried to make out the letters. He had skipped a lot of Latin-lessons in his days, and he regretted every single one of them now. But slowly he worked his way through the text, mumbling his narration as he went along: A cold chill went down his spine, as every part of flesh was devoured from his body in an instant. Kent made the newspapers, although not in the way he had intended Black night, dangerously dark. The perfect hiding place for evil on the run. He felt a shift, a great trembling through the earth- something evil had escaped, something

foul and terrible with a burning hate. A dark demon that had been locked away for centuries- and that for a good reason. Albus had a bad feeling about this, he definitely had. The muggle newspapers were running over with the story about the secret room found in Nottingham Castle. Maybe the legend of Robin Hood finally would be explained one way or another, once and for all. Some of the papers flooded over with the rumors about there being something evil kept hidden inside that room. The very same night the young man died a most mysterious death, apparently self- combusting like a torch, a terrible storm raged through the countryside, leaving many broken homes, and the Loxley mausoleum, vandalized beyond in the village where whispering about an old evil escaping, something that had been trapped for centuries. No reasonable archaeologist with a minimum of brain function would of course believe such nonsense. A simple case of many incidents, a lightning striking the young lad maybe, and some punks fazed out on some drug vandalizing the mausoleum. The storm was just a fact of weather. No one stopped to bother about Kent Hardington being struck down by lightning in a room without entrances besides a hole in the wall A group of experts were chosen, solely to investigate further the old Nottingham castle. Maybe there were other treasures hidden within these Stonewalls. And once again the castle was searched, from dungeon to rooftop, leaving nothing behind unsorted. Five weeks with thorough investigation took place, nothing was found. But then, on the first day of the sixth week- another archaeologist found signs of a sealed room. The group was ecstatic. Who knew what was hiding behind these walls. The villagers were afraid. There probably was more evil waiting to escape its stone prison. Unspeakable things were happening in the Sherwood Forrest, and no good could come of luring more of this evilness into the daylight. Hardington felt the urge to break through the wall to get to the secret treasures as fast as possible. Archaeology is a delicate art and these men knew that, by breaking through with force they could end up destroying the very thing they were looking for. Finally, two weeks later the first glimpse of the second secret room was revealed. They succeeded in removing one of the many stones gluing the many castle walls together and now they with some difficulty could look into a room no one had seen for over eight hundred years. Hardington had been when he got his first glimpse of the hidden room he found. The temptation to break through the walls and give a big gaze about everything that was called etiquette and moral codes of archaeology made every single one of the ten expert members of the specially elected team sweat on their palms in mere impatience. Still, they managed to keep their patience.. In a heartbeat he stood besides the sweating men who were peeping through the tiny crack in the wall. Albus watched them with great curiosity. Muggles were a fascinating kind of folk and he never got tired of looking on their many weird habits. But something called him on, something through this very hole these men were trying hard to look through. Albus, knowing this was a dream went straight through the wall. It was a room covered in dust and untold secrets. The old man looked around noting a bed, a desk, cupboards and in a corner by a fireplace- a crib. Could this be the living-quarters of a nanny? He went closer, surprised to find chemicals Some artifacts, parchments and clothes lay scattered around the floor like someone had been plummeting through the room in a rage. Albus picked up the remains of a black cloak. A tingling sensation of recognition whispered somewhere in the back of his head as he lay it carefully back down again. He wandered over to the crib. It looked untouched, like it had never been used, but was just about to when faith had decided different and left it unused for all the future. A strange sensation dragged him towards the desk again and he found himself pulling out one of the desk drawers. There, practically unsoiled by time a small charcoal portrait caught his attention. The face, so familiar! Together with the cloak, the chemicals, the Astronomy equipment.. Albus Dumbledore stood aghast, not believing his very eyes. The room and its contents were practically unharmed, and what secrets it contained! They were over themselves with praise over what they believed had to be the finding of the decade! But a carbon testing showed that everything the room contained was over eight hundred years old, that this was an authentic find which no one had been trampling with. He had a very distinct being shining through even this old paper. The drawing was drawn in the same style as a certain famous portrait, of the Mona man also had that posture. And the way the man had his arm wrapped around his belly, as if he was protecting it from something made all archaeologists think of their wives when they were pregnant. This was what they looked like. Many questions arose around this man. Who was the secret guest, how come he Was in position of objects not even invented in the time he would have lived in, why was his room to be sealed up for all

eternity?

**Chapter 3 : Whispers Through Time – Sherry Lewis**

*First off, I messed up and read *An Echo in Time* before reading *Whispers Through Time*. "Echo" is the sequel to this story and can be read alone but it helps to read this book first.*

Communicating through the Ages and Stages of Childhood. Both of these books reflect the gentle spirit that I aspire to have as I mother my children, and reading this book also came at a crucial time in my own mothering journey. One of our daughters was having a difficult time adjusting to living differently in a new country during our 5-week trip to Ecuador. Meanwhile, I was determined to get us settled into a rhythm and routine, and in my hard-driving efforts and reactions, I unfortunately came down rather hard on her with unnecessary strictness and really, on my part, a refusal to listen to her concerns. Instead, what she needed from me at that time was to know that Mommy was listening to and respecting to her fears. I needed to recognize that her acting out was a last-ditch effort to try to get my attention. Good communication is essential to any relationship, and good communication between parent and child is the emphasis of this book. Knost provides practical insight and experience for many of the common issues parents face in each stage. As parents, we are the adults in the relationship, but we can easily slip into patterns of expecting our children to deal with issues and difficulties using far better bodily and emotional control than we have as adults, even though we have the advantage of fully developed bodies and years of exposure to wisdom and knowledge. Knost deals with this common problem by looking at childhood development, specifically examining how children communicate and learn to communicate as they grow and develop. This book does not at all imply that we just give into whatever our children want. Knost actually gives specific guidance in dealing with both listening and with boundary-setting. Kindness and gentleness are not weaknesses in parenting or in life in general, and like the proverb reminds us, both often dispel angry emotions and actions. This was a book that was helpful for me to read with three children ages five and under, and I know it will be a helpful book through the ages and stages to come and when others are repeated. This gives her the gift of a parenting perspective that has the voice of experience and age, while simultaneously allowing her to remain connected to the current struggles and joys of parenting toddler. A mother of six, her children range from years down to months-old. *Two Thousand Kisses a Day: The Gentle Parent: Positive, Practical, Effective Discipline* is due to be released November. I was provided with a free Kindle copy of this book to read and review, but all opinions are my own. This book is also part of a book tour, and the other reviews and posts about this book can be read here. Due to some Internet issues on our return from Ecuador, this posting may show up a little later than originally planned.

Chapter 4 : Whispers Through Time - ePub - Kim Murphy - Achat ebook | fnac

*Are the ghostly whispers a figment of a bereaved little girl's imagination, or can Sarah really speak to the dead? The search for answers leads Sarah's mother, Chris, on a whirlwind journey through time.*

Pretty much every house was an old farm house. Ours was one of those. When I lived in that house, it was just my dad and me. He worked for a car manufacturing company and it was a long drive for him, so he would end up leaving at like 4 am. I was still in high school and I would get up around 6: After that, I would wait in the living room for my ride to school the room faced the road. My dad was a huge stickler on turning off all electronics before I left. I always made sure I did this because I knew he was struggling with bills a little and every bit helped. As I stood at the window, the house was completely silent. A few minutes went by, and I heard a very very faint sound. I tuned my ears in on it and I could hear that it was a female voice. It was hard to make out anything she said but there was one word in a sentence that I did. At the time, we had a satellite dish. Thinking that the signal had gone out and that the tv was actually on, I bent down and hit the power button. The tv turned on. That freaked me out a little but I tried to gain courage to investigate. I tuned in on the voice again, still not being able to make it out. It sounded like it was coming from the corner of the room that the phone was in so I moved that direction. When I got to that corner, it sounded like it was now on the other side of the room. When I went there, it moved again. I decided to call it quits because I saw my ride drive past. When I got home, I told my dad what had happened. My dad walled off one doorway and turned the other room into his bedroom. As we re-drywalled the living room, we found all kinds of old stuff hidden in the walls. Old jars, bottles, a diary it was unreadable , a wedding dress above the doorway, an empty jewelry box, and when we pulled up the carpet - a newspaper from when JFK was assassinated. If you liked this experience, check out my other ones.

**Chapter 5 : Whispers Through Time - Your Ghost Stories**

*Book trailer for 'Whispers Through Time: Communication Through the Ages and Stages of Childhood.' To purchase 'Whispers Through Time' simply click [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)*

Restina Lovebug Severus Snape has to travel back in time to prevent the world from becoming eradicated by the demon mage Voltimore. Mpreg Crossover Angst Rated: Two years had passed since the Great War in which Voldemort finally died a painful death. With a rage beyond anything Severus had ever witnessed, the betrayed launched himself at him with one thing in mind, killing him. And Severus would have died. Beyond any doubt a most excruciating death, worse than any cruciatius curse. Yes, Severus seldom dreamt at night. There was a dark scar on his soul and it burned every night denying him to let go of the past. He was a cursed man, cursed by his past and his memories. No wonder he behaved the way he did, he knew no other way. But on this peculiar night his mind escaped the old nightmares. But this had nothing to do with the future, this was a call from the past. His resting mind was approached by a witch from the past, and how odd this felt he instantly knew it to be true. It was a pitiful creature, lurking in the shadows, and she had an offer to make. Finally he would have the chance to do something good and decent! He knew the headmaster had been searching for the owner of a certain artifact the last couple of days with no effect. It seemed the object had got lost somewhere along time.. And now this perfect opportunity had presented itself for him to go back in time to fetch the thing. Voltimore would be hard enough to fight without the stone, but with it he would be damn near invulnerable and immortal. He had played with the idea of denying Severus to do this, but he knew now he no longer had any choice but to let the Potions Master do what he in ten minutes time would be bursting through the door to tell that he was doing. No matter how Albus turned and twisted the facts- he knew he had to let Severus go. Severus arrived at time, his pale face lightened with eagerness one seldom saw on this man. He had the look of a child that have a secret he knows will bring great joy when it tells its father. Severus whooshed over to the nearest chair and sat down. The artifact, I know where to get it! A witch offered it to me in exchange for some favors. I trust you to bring the artifact and your self back in one piece, while I go to Sherwood and try to keep nasty old Voltimore occupied. Albus rose to his feet and pulled the younger closer to a harsh hug. He had never grown used with the comfort an embrace can give, quite frankly he found them rather scaring, especially when it was Albus that was handing them out. He showed Severus his way out and thereby returned to his desk, graver than ever. Please let him off easy, please! He had to pack, and on the top of his head he knew he would be needing a traveling chemistry kit and the most useful ingredients for making good, working potions with all the finesse an old witch from the dark ages could desire. He also needed some spare robes and cloaks, clothes and a good astronomy kit. Last but not least he would need a good pile of parchments and drafts, and maybe a small cauldron to be on the safe side. Would you mind walking in the way of somebody else?! I do not have the time to stumble over boys which minds are too preoccupied to pay attention to where they are going! Sometimes I really wonder whom you and all Potters are descending from! The night came and Severus was ready. He had packed all the belongings he needed in a small magical purse, which could contain the same as a big muggle-trunk. A small chill went down his back as the moon appeared from black and blue clouds, it was time. He closed his eyes as he uttered the spell, using all his energy and power, while he made a circle movement with his wand. A bright shining light made him open his eyes again and there he saw the portal. It was shaped like a big hole covered with a mass resembling the shining surface of a soap-bubble. He had never traveled through time before and he was curious how the experience would affect his body. If that was all there would be nothing to it! He held his breath and entered the portal. A small whoosh went by his ears, and a sudden weakness struck his body as he went through the barrier. He felt the presence of something, and this something seemed to strip his mind of his natural abilities. Severus felt weak and vulnerable as he stumbled into the dimly lit courtyard. And as he stood there, struggling with a strange kind of queasiness he reached out for his wand and discovered it was missing. Pulling back the cowl he wore, he shouted out: She knew that the demon had made sure of him passing through the gate without his wand and that it had dampened his natural abilities so that he would be easier to handle the following months. In those

few terrible seconds of silence that seemed to last and last, she felt a terrible urge to devour and tear the flesh of the being standing in front of her. She wanted to bite into that pale neck and suck the blood, drink it bathe in it.. She was a miserable old thing, foul looking and withered. The witch twitched for a moment and then tried to lure him off with a false and teeth-lacking smile. I have nothing to hide from you. Something was not right here, and in his current state he was in no shape of defending himself if anything should occur. He would have to be careful, before he could remove anything he would have to know what it was, and he had to be strong enough. This curse, what ever it was, was something he had to live with for the time being, and in the mean while he would try to figure out who put it there in the first place. This was where he would be instructing the witch in potions and tell her about the future, and this would also serve as his living- quarters. It felt like something had attached it self to him now draining his energy like a leach. Severus was believing this would be a very long month. At the end of this month she would give the artifact to him and he could, hopefully, return to the present, that if he had regained his strength and managed to do the spell without his wand. There were an awfully lot of ifs, and Severus decided not to worry about his return, yet. First he had to figure out what was making him so weak and vulnerable. He awoke the next morning to one of the greatest shocks of his life. The stranger leaned closer so that Severus could see him more plainly and a gasp of surprise bribed its way up his throat. Dark, shoulder long hair, black eyes, a crooked nose and thin lips with a curl on them, he was staring into the face of a man that could have been his identical twin! His twin had a beard, though, and his hair was differently arranged, but other from that The other man broke into a great smile as he presented himself: I beg your forgiveness, I just had to see My mother has told me so much about you and your striking resemblance of , well But how could this be? How come he had stepped centuries back in time and ended up staying with someone that looked exactly like him? So it was staying for the time being then. Severus soon understood that the Sheriff was a dangerous man. Sure, Severus understood that the man would be curious how it could be they looked so alike, he knew he was, but there was something more When he started his lessons with him in statesmanship he had no rest from his eyes. They followed him everywhere, watched his every step, his every gesture. If this had been back at Hogwarts the dear Sheriff would get a treatment he would never forget. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 6 : Giveaway and Book Review: Whispers Through Time - Parenting Beyond Punishment**

*Whispers Through Time is the sequel to the award-winning Whispers from the Grave. ForeWord Magazine Book of the Year Bronze Winner. Available from Coachlight Press.*

Of course, most of the damage had been done a century before, when settlers first discovered the ruins. But there was no way Kurt could change the past until he slipped down a cliff face and into a time he had only imagined. Cortez, Colorado. When he cannot find the modern city of Cortez, Kurt has to accept the unbelievable. But he may be able to change the future when he stumbles upon the Lazy H ranch where the recently widowed Olivia Hamilton struggles to hold on to her land. Available in paperback and on Kindle. Get your copy on Amazon Universal link: Scroll down to read an excerpt Chapter One Cortez, Colorado

Clothes spilled from the closet to the bedroom floor, bureau drawers stood open. Shoes lay in the middle of the room and the bookshelf on the far wall was nearly empty. He recognized the signs immediately, of course. But some part of his brain refused to acknowledge it could be happening again. He stopped unbuttoning his shirt and stood there for a moment to let the realization sink in. Charlotte sent him the look of raw disgust that had become all too familiar over the past few months. Their relationship had been slipping into the hauntingly familiar pattern for a long time. The past came rushing back to haunt him not just losing Holly, but every unhappy experience since his father walked out the door twenty years earlier. This one was no exception. Kurt kept the bitter spear of pain inside and worked up an insolent expression instead. Do you mind if I ask why? She shook her dark hair, slightly damp from the August heat, out of her eyes. Last night was the final straw. This latest rash of vandalism at Black Mesa is going to keep me working longer hours than ever. I was just too gullible to realize it before now. Women had a way of turning whispered confidences into weapons when the chips were down. She pushed a damp lock of hair from her forehead. Kurt felt a twinge of guilt for his bad temper, but he brushed it aside. If they could work through this. If he ever felt secure again. But not now when his heart and emotions lay on the floor, vulnerable, exposed. Charlotte studied him for a moment, as if she expected some response. It gave away how much he cared. Do you have any idea? He softened it quickly. Charlotte was an incredibly beautiful woman. That was part of the trouble. Just look at my track record. Nothing could turn a woman vicious faster than telling her she was wrong. Part of him wanted to ask her to stay. The other part told him to cut his losses and let her go. Once a relationship began to falter, there was no salvaging it. Was it hope or resolve flickering in her eyes? Wistfulness or bitterness curving her lips? Regret or disgust tightening the muscles of her jaw? The minute the going gets tough, you run away. He resisted the impulse to carry the other bags for her. Charlotte stopped just inside the door, brushing the hair from her forehead once more as she turned to face him. This time, there was no mistaking the look in her eyes, the curl of her lip, the set of her jaw. Let Charlotte think him a heartless beast. It would be better in the long run. Only when she disappeared into the living room did he allow his feelings to show, and then only for the briefest of moments. He pulled himself under control quickly, shoving the emotions away, tamping them deep below the surface where he kept the others. It had been a long time since Kurt had felt the urge to cry not since he was eleven years old and Jeff Conover had bloodied his nose on the playground over a kiss on the cheek from Victoria Grant. Instead, he stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. He could feel tears dangerously close to the surface, stinging, scratching, clawing their way out. He studied his face in the mirror, almost daring himself to betray some sign of emotion. He kept his mind on his job as he washed, thinking about vandals instead of Charlotte carrying out the last two suitcases, deliberately tuning out the final click of the front door, stubbornly refusing to let regret get the best of him as he heard her car leaving the driveway for the last time. Charlotte was right about one thing. He was better off alone. The sharp scent of ozone and the quickly darkening sky threatened one of the thunderstorms so common in southern Colorado during the heat of the summer. Out here in the back of beyond, Mother Nature could unleash the fury of hell. But he hesitated only a moment before deciding to keep going. Shifting his heavy backpack, he cast a glance over his shoulder to make sure the Jeep was hidden from view, uncapped his canteen, and rinsed his mouth with tepid water. The wind, unceasing here on the top of the mesa, seemed to carry the voices of the Anasazi, nearly silent

whispers urging him forward. Far below, the lights of Cortez twinkled in the evening sky. But with his personal life in shambles, he welcomed the discomfort and held on with both hands to the chance to keep himself busy. A few more days, he reasoned, and the memory of Charlotte leaving would begin to fade. Robbing a protected site was a federal offense, but even more it felt like sacrilege to Kurt. The Anasazi had made their homes on this land for nearly a thousand years. And then, without explanation, their civilization had disappeared around the year 1300. Unfortunately, so many artifacts had already disappeared, carted off during the late 1800s when white men first discovered the ruins, it was difficult to piece information together. Black Mesa seemed to be a frequent target for looters, not only because it was a remarkable site, but because of the old legend about a city of gold hidden in its mysterious labyrinth of canyons. Unbelievably, there were still people who believed and came looking. But Kurt refused to sit by while selfish, greedy people pillaged the few remaining scattered remnants of the ancient culture. There was nothing left to distract him. He should be glad. He loved this land. Something in it spoke to him and kept him here in spite of its remote location and sparse population. This evening, as the sun dipped onto the western horizon and painted the sky every color from fiery orange to deep indigo, the voices on the wind seemed louder than usual. He took another drink from his canteen and turned toward the spring at the head of the canyon, knowing he should replenish his supply of fresh water before darkness fell and the storm hit. As the sun sank, the wind grew cooler and traced an icy finger along his spine. If the looters were out there, a fire would give him away. Shifting his pack again, he started his descent carefully, moving slowly and keeping his eyes trained on the path for rocks and roots breaking the ground. Even with the man-made paths leading to the ruins, the steep descent was treacherous. A man could lie hidden in the network of canyons forever while search parties passed him by. He froze in place, held his breath, and listened, but the silence around him seemed complete. The sun had slipped low and disappeared now. The sky had faded to deep gray-black. A sprinkling of stars gave him some light but clouds covered the rising moon and made him wary of moving too quickly. Again, the sound came. A brush of boot-shod foot against soft rock. They might be perfectly harmless—members of the nearby Navajo nation, lovers seeking solitude, children searching for adventure. If the voices were innocent, the last thing he wanted to do was leap onto the path brandishing a weapon like the Lone Ranger. He listened, trying to identify which direction the voices were coming from. One minute it sounded as if they were in front of him; the next, behind or to one side. The wind gusted, drowning out the sounds one moment, magnifying them the next. The whisper, coming from directly behind him, nearly cost Kurt his footing. He grasped a low-hanging branch to keep him upright and held his breath while he searched the gathering darkness. An icy shiver raced up his spine along with another gust of wind. Dirt swirled in front of him and the clouds seemed to close in on him. No, not a voice. It sounded like crying.

### Chapter 7 : Whispers Through Time Chapter 1, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

*The Whispers Willow Revery is a genre of dreams, musings, single thoughts locked in time, free form expressions that can be either overtly logical or cryptically puzzling, extravagant or plain, proselike or rhythmical.*

### Chapter 8 : Whispers Through Time: Communication Through the Ages and Stages of Childhood by L.R. Knost

*Sweet, Funny, Insightful: Whispers Through Time by L.R. Knost is destined to be a dog-eared favorite, passed down from generation to generation.*

### Chapter 9 : Whispers Through Time by Sherry Lewis - FictionDB

*Whispers through Time, choreographed by Natalie Terry and 7th period Dance 1.*