

Raven-Wolf's next project will take her on a photographer's journey to an Indian reservation. As she snaps pictures, the areas where individuals should be are solely occupied by shadows.



Native American reservation resort.

Sitting in the old castle her parents left her, Raven-wolf adds wood to the fireplace and prepares for a tranquil night.

As night falls, she sits and watches the air become chilly and the clouds shift from fluffy blue to haunting purple.

Suddenly, the phone began to ring, making me feel a slight chill down my spine. My boss inquired if I could document a Native American reservation resort by taking pictures and writing an article.

With the fire extinguished and a warm blanket in hand, I prepared myself for an early morning wake-up and a lengthy drive. Sleep disappointed me when I was ready to drift off.

Sleep disappointed me when I was ready to drift off. I found myself amid of a hazy smoke, which was quickly replaced by a chilling draft, and now I see looming shadows ahead.

I covered myself with blankets, not showing fear, but attempting to comprehend why I am now encountering unknown spirits.

At that very moment, I was preparing to move over to my blanket. As the fog vanished, a spirit caught my attention, and I found myself seated in the darkness.

Eventually, I answered the call of Rem sleep and peacefully drifted into a sound slumber, until my alarm interrupted my restful state.

As I get ready for a long journey, I'm excluding the fireplace from my morning routine and make planned arrangements for my job reservation.



Native Skin-walkers.

While looking into a Native American reservation resort, I found evidence of supernatural activities and couldn't disregard the rumors about skin walkers.

I'm gathering my notes and preparing for my long adventure. Just as I was enjoying the music and driving, the radio suddenly became static. I understand now that I was venturing into forbidden territory.

After navigating a dirt road and finally reaching my destination, I was preparing to park my car when a personal attendant suddenly appeared.

It's so calming and fascinating to be in this friendly and tranquil environment. During the process of receiving my key and being escorted to my room, there was a brief conversation about locating the chief.

After placing my bags down and settling in for a rest from the lengthy journey, I was abruptly captivated by a pleasant breeze.

While I was fixing up my notes and research papers, my phone rang and it was my boss on the line.

Right when I was about to hang up, an unexpected interruption happened and a cloud of smoke suddenly appeared, causing me to feel nervous and startled.



Relax Sage.

Once I organized my paperwork and settled my nerves, a sheet of paper was discreetly pushed under my door. Upon reaching for it, I was startled by a familiar noise, which sent chills down my spine since I was aware of my solitude.

The fact is, I had been here before, at a particular time, but what does this indicate? The moment I opened it, I couldn't shake off the feeling that this place was just like in my dreams. The fact is, I had been here before, at a particular time, but what does this specify?

Temporarily setting that aside, I'm feeling hungry and ready to go. I'm also curious to find out what people are doing for excitement. I was greeted by a guest relations manager when I answered the knock at my door.

The guest relations clarified that I requested that I join him in meeting the Chief, and he clarified that he expected me to agree.

During our discussion, we were interrupted by an urgent matter after being offered food and drinks, leading to additional conversation.

Yet another instance of suspicious activity occurred. There was something about this one that stood out, with more unanswered questions, and in that moment, the Chief called upon me for help.

As I marveled at the Chief's stunning teepee, his voice broke through my admiration. He acknowledged the rumors that had sparked the investigation and explained his reason for involving my boss.



This task has captured my attention. Honestly, I've always been drawn to supernatural activities and the mysteries they hold. Saying that, the chief finished and guided his team to a remote area.



Sacred Area.

The thought that filled my mind was one of exquisite beauty and peace. Right then, the chief interrupted my thoughts and asked about my current emotions in this location.

The clouds swiftly appeared, interrupting us, and then a flash of lightning occurred. I thought there was no way to escape as a storm approached, but then something happened. After the chief raised his arms, we found ourselves back at the hotel.

I'm attempting to make sense of what just transpired. The boss realized it was a lucky incident, emphasizing how much your expertise is needed.

Back in my room, I took some time to gather my thoughts. Under my door, yet another piece of paper appeared. Right as I was about to read, a powerful gust of wind caught me off guard and caused a disturbance in my head.

Something fishy is going on. Why are people leaving paper notes with clues, and why are there so many inconsistencies in the rumors?

With a chuckle, I readied myself for bed as sleep beckoned.

When I finally fell asleep and entered the realm of REM sleep, dreams started flooding in from all directions. But it was one particular dream that provided the necessary clues for me to solve the investigation.

I am the source of inspiration, but I should wake up and embrace it.

I had a sudden realization and immediately gathered my camera, notebook, and water in a backpack early in the morning.

I'm amazed by how incredibly beautiful this location is in the first nations, and are the rumors actually true?

While at the midpoint of my photography session, a nagging sensation prompted me to grab my notebook and pen.

Just then, something blew towards me. In a state of perplexity, I photographed an intangible object and simultaneously documented my thoughts.

By now, it had to be mid-afternoon as my hunger grew and the sun was moving towards evening. I've finished wrapping it and now I'm headed to the hotel.

On the way, I spotted a roadrunner, paused, looked at me, and I couldn't resist taking a photo.



Roadrunner

After reaching the hotel, being greeted by the door attendant, I immediately went to the dining area and took a seat.

A stranger approached me while I was finishing dinner and caught me off guard by asking about my employer; in an attempt to be courteous, I said, "I'm on vacation!"

Once the stranger revealed himself as the culprit behind the clues under my room door, he explained that there was a supernatural element at play in this resort.



Also, he questioned whether I could join him behind the chief's teepee after dinner and cleanup to witness the supernatural activity.

Our arrival at a sacred place was greeted by a swirling fog and enigmatic colors that defied any verbal explanation.

It has been confirmed by two reporters that there is supernatural activity involved, and skin-walkers are real, as rumored.

<https://science.howstuffworks.com/science-vs-myth/strange-creatures/skinwalker>.

<https://youtu.be/3ZwaG4MwUQg?feature=shared>

Following my research on the supernatural, I presented pictures and notes to the chief, who asked me to remain for a bit longer. I went to the room, dropped off my things, and contacted my boss for an impartial update thus far.

After a series of events, Raven-Wolf encountered a character named Raistlin and ended up at a Native American reservation resort after getting lost while driving.