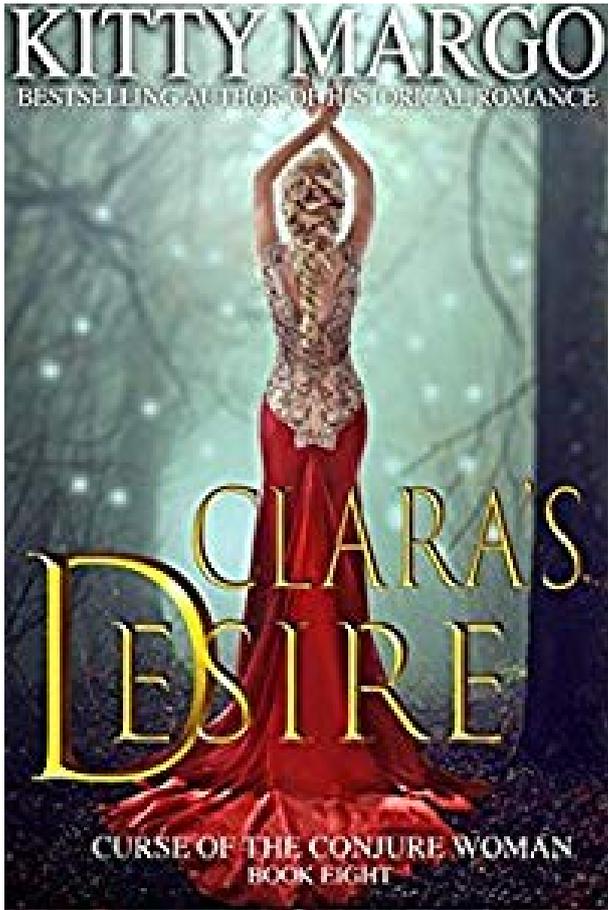


Clara's Desire



Author:	Kitty Margo
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Why must her grandmother keep insisting that Clara is The Seven? It has to be some huge misunderstanding. Her dreams of ever being completely normal disappeared the day the unwanted title was bestowed upon her.

Now she has to make the most important decision of her life. Does she remain in 1862 and be lauded as the queen of all seventh daughters? Or does she time travel to the future where she is normal, and mortal, and where her beloved Travis awaits? Chapter 1 New Orleans, La May 30, 1862 Clara drummed her fingers on the armrests of a plush wingback chair, gazing at her grandmother in stunned disbelief.

This had to be nothing more than a huge misunderstanding, because what she was saying was completely preposterous. True, she was a seventh daughter, but she certainly was not The Seven. Doc had never mentioned a word about any such foolishness, and surely he would have known if his own protégée was the highly touted queen of queens. Uncomfortable with the powers she already had, the thought of them multiplying exponentially sent a shiver racing down her spine that caused her to shudder violently. In Clara's opinion there had to be a reasonable explanation for her grandmother making such a ludicrous proclamation. Evidently it was time to face the cold, hard facts. Esther was almost three hundred years old, therefore, it was a given that someone of her advanced age would have a certain amount of mental confusion. That had to be it.

Her grandmother was showing signs of dementia. Clara was convinced that the 7 tattooed on the bottom of her foot was nothing more than an unusually shaped birthmark. People were born with strange markings on their body every day and the numerical sign on her foot was no exception. Glancing out the window at the pouring rain that puddled on the manicured lawn and turned the street into a rushing stream, she tried to gather her churning thoughts, yet her mind swirled in too many directions to even attempt to focus. “Grandmother, perhaps you are mistaken about me being this ... Seven... that you speak of. Surely there would have been more significant signs than a tiny marking on my foot. Would you not agree that more research needs to be done before placing such a lofty and undesirable title on my head?” Esther smiled patiently at her stubborn grandchild. Why was she being so difficult? “No, my dearest. No more research is needed.

I have witnessed more than enough evidence to convince me of your true position in life and I could not be more proud of you.

Now it is time for you to accept the fact that you are the Chosen One, Clara.” “The Chosen One! Surely you jest! I never wanted any of this!” Clara couldn’t sit still, jumping up to pace around the room. “Honestly, grandmother, do you really expect me to believe that my powers are so much greater than yours? Even greater than Doc’s, the undisputed king of all shamans?” “Yes, that is exactly what I expect you to believe,” Esther answered without hesitation, peering at her granddaughter through eyes that sparkled with excitement. “In all honesty, your powers are greater than both mine and Doc’s combined.”