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Jasmine watched as Urma's final procession was held unable to believe what was happening. 1

She slowly walked to where Urma lay and her hand trembled as she gently touched the wood.

"No but she was fine." Jasmine said. "She was fine when I left. She was okay."

The funeral procession ignored her and carried on with their burial rites.

The tears gathered in her eyes .

How long was she going to suffer?

How long was she going to lose people the moment she grasped them.

"She was okay." Jasmine said reaching Urma and holding her.

She began to shake her. "Wake up Urma. Wake up. You are not dead."

And then Ned quickly grabbed her because the people holding the funeral procession were begin to get upset.

"Let me go." Jasmine said the tears flowing down her eyes. "Let me go."

And she finally managed to stop fighting.

She simply let the tears spill.

She watched as they resumed the funeral procession.

The death of a healer was held in a very private manner.

A group of people wearing white appeared from nowhere and performed the rights before finally taking away the body of the healer.

No one was allowed to witness the later occasion when the healer was taken away.

They simply left.

There were some rumors that a finally ritual would be held and then the powers and knowledge the healer had learned would go into the earth to be given to someone else.

But no one really knew.

Jasmine managed to stand up straight .

"What happened?" She asked Ned. "She was fine when I left her."

"She was fine too." Ned said. "We were just

staying together and practicing the healing together when I found her dead."

Jasmine frowned picking sudden interest in beta he had to say. "She did not slump or anything? You just came in and found her dead?"

"I only left her for a minute." He said. "We were working on some medicine when someone knocked at the door and came in. She sent me to get some special herbs. So I left. I returned and seemed troubled. The person who had come to see her was already gone, I asked her what the issue was, but she shook it off."

"Eventually I was sent to get something else. It was only for a minute and when I came back she was already dead."

Jasmine's mind began to race with a tunnel of thought.

"Wait. Wait. Wait. Someone came in? Who are you speaking of" She asked him. "What did he look like?"

Ned shrugged. "I barely even looked at the person. I am not sure if it was a woman or a man. He was well covered. Only the eyes showed. Urma seemed very uncomfortable. It was like the person had arrived and she had

turned into an entirely different person."

Jasmine massaged her forehead.

Urma did not give a damn about anyone.

So why would she be fidgeting over a supposed visitor.

She pulled him aside out of the room and together they stood in a dark corner.

"So she got a visitor and she sent you away. And when you returned he or she was gone yes?" She asked him.

He nodded. "Yes."

"And she seemed worried. Her demeanor had changed?" Jasmine asked.

"Yes." He nodded. "I tried to ask her what the issue was, but she insisted nothing was wrong. I had been walking back to the room when I passed the visitor in the hallway."

"And she did not say anything specific about it? Or anything at all?" She asked him.

Ned shook his head. "No not at all."

"I don't think Urma just died." Jasmine said . "Something is wrong here."

"I checked her. There is no sign of foul play to

indicate that someone did something to her." He said and he added. "But u still believe that someone did something to her." 1

Jasmine sighed in heavy glad to know that she was not the only one 6

She then sighed in. 1

"Ned please I need you to try and remember anything out of the ordinary. Anything that seemed unique." She pressed on.

He began to shake his head to indicate that he knew nothing.

"Anything at all." She said to him.

"No i-

And then he stopped short.

"What is it?" She asked him.

He shook his head. "No I don't think it's any relevance really."

She grabbed his hands and held them tight forcing him to look up at her.

"Ned whatever you think is off. Even if it is the tiniest thing." She commented. "It could be the most important thing right now."

He sighed and put his hands on his waist.

"Okay, i don't think it will make any much difference or change." He said. "But she seemed to have something pressed to her hand."

Jasmine frowned.

"I told you it was irrelevant." He said.

"What hand was she holding firmly," she asked him.

He shrugged. "Is it really important?"

Sge nodded hastily. "Of the most importance."

"Her right hand." He said.

"Urma is a left handed woman." She said. "She hated using her right hand.

She only did that if she had zero options.

"She was pressing on her right hand only and it all happened when I returned. After the visitor had left."

Jasmine snapped her fingers. "What if he gave her something."

Ned shrugged. "But if he did, then that should mean that it fell when she fell or she dropped it somewhere."

"Or it's still in her hand right now." She said.

They looked at each other and opened the

door.

Urma was already being carried out by the burial procession.

"Please wait." She begged. "It's my mother."

The procession gave it thought and left her.

She pretended to hug Urma one last time and she reached for both hands to see if she had anything inside.

She felt a small glass vial in Urma's hand she she grabbed it and said someone words to Urma and stepped away.

JASMINE'S RETURN/ NEW B... ›