

Paradox

A Novel by Jenny Hatch for Young Adults

Jenny Hatch [Blog](#)

This book is dedicated to all of the health warriors who have been murdered simply because they were trying to tell the truth about vaccines.

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Chapter One – Abigail chooses to flee

Abigail slipped her hand under the pillow and felt for the wrinkled page from her Grandmother. As she pulled out the package insert, she took a deep breath and started to read the symptoms titled Post Marketing Experience sent from her Gram.

Blood and lymphatic system disorders.

Respiratory, thoracic, and mediastinal disorders.

Gastrointestinal disorders.

General disorders and administration site conditions: Asthenia, chills, *death*...

As her eye scanned the symptoms and stopped on the word death, she exhaled and stood up. Resolved to move ahead with her plans she finished packing her suitcase.

Her Mother had spent hours the night before warning her that she was going to die if she left California, but in her thirteen year old mind, she knew she was right.

Grandmother!

She was the key. As she packed her belongings into a small suitcase, she thought back to the last time she had been with Gram.

Summer.

A Boulder Sky so blue she could not even imagine anything more beautiful. The Flatirons shrouded by mist, floating in the sky above the valley like a castle of strength and protection. She was kicking her bare feet in the cold of Boulder Creek while Grandma read to her the side effects from the HPV vaccine.

Friends immediately came to mind.

Susan who had the full round of shots when she was eleven, now completely bed ridden.

Mel, who had been the star soccer forward on her team, died quietly in her sleep of “unknown causes”. She had the shots the week before her death.

Samantha was still doing seemingly well even after getting the shots, but she had a personality change for the worse and no one could stand to be around her. It was like she was possessed or something. None of her friends could stand to spend any time with her because she was so loopy.

Grandmother was safety, protection...SANITY.

“Not Me! Heck no, not me too”...were the thoughts that rolled into her mind as she pulled on her socks.

“You do realize Abigail Adams Jones that we are going to miss your plane if you do not get into the car this minute!” Mother yelled from the base of the stairs.

She glanced around her room, and noticed the perfectly dressed and stylishly coiffed US Girl doll Mit Mittredge holding court over her belongings. Her Mother had decorated the whole room in a Mit style that was all pastel green, like a hospital from an old 60’s soap opera.

Ew! She remembered how disappointed her Mother was when her obvious lack of enthusiasm spilled over into snark. “Mom, the paint fumes and new carpet smell are giving me a headache, and you expect me to *sleep* in here?”

“I was just trying to make you happy. You seemed to love the doll when I gave her to you on your eighth birthday. I thought you would appreciate a room decorated with all of the Mit décor.

She tried to make the best of it, but in her twelve year old heart she was simply frustrated.

Gram!

Freedom.

As she slowly closed the door to her room, she had a feeling of peace come over her heart. She knew this was the right choice.

As the plane took off from the Oakland airport she thought back to the last year and all of the many things that had happened that brought her to this day.

Chapter Two – Funeral for a Friend

“Mel? Melanie is dead?” She screamed it out as a wall of numbing forgetfulness washed over her twelve year old mind.

The whole 7th grade soccer team had been on the bus singing at the top of their lungs. They had just pulled off another spectacular win against a top rival and there was a lot of joy as they loudly sang the classic “We Will, We Will, ROCK YOU” and then morphed into “We are the champions, my friend, and we’ll keep on fighting to the end”.

The game was tough. Mel had been sick all week and without her jamming on the ball in this key game, they were not certain they would be able to pull it off. But a last minute header by Courtney and the game ended with a 3 to 2 win over the top team in their league. The girls had accidentally bruised Court's face when they dog piled her after the game, but she was grinning as her cheek started to shine, bright and red.

"Melanie? Shut, up will you all just shut up!" yelled Abby as she held her phone closer to her ear. Her friend Sue's voice pierced the din with, "Yes, I am telling you, it just hit Facebook on her cousin Jens wall. Mel is DEAD."

The words sank into her heart. Mel? Gone? Courtney was holding an icepack against her face and noticed Abby's stricken look. "Abs? What's wrong?"

"It's Mel." She frantically clicked over to her Facebook app, then slowly held the phone up over the seat.

Suddenly the bus went quiet. Melly's gorgeous face was featured in a post that had just been loaded onto the web a few minutes before.

As the girls slowly calmed and noticed the horror that was on Abigail's phone – "My cousin Melanie died in her sleep about five minutes ago", a few members of the team began to cry.

When Abby arrived back at the school it was obvious all of the parents were aware of what had happened. The girls quietly exited the bus and located their rides.

Abby's nanny Carla had been tasked with picking her and Courtney up from the school.

“Ab, I am so sorry. Are you OK?” Carla asked as they pulled away from the school.

She did not say anything. What could she say? My best friend just died and you want me to talk about it? I cannot even see because I am so blinded by my tears and you want me to talk? The numbness fell just a tad heavier over her mind and she suddenly felt like she could talk.

“Does my Mom know?”

“I don’t think so, it just happened. She is still on the train coming home to Pleasanton.”

“Do you think our Moms will care if we go over to Mel’s house?” Abby asked Court.

Courtney said she didn’t think it would be a problem. So Carla quickly drove over to Mel’s house.

As they pulled up the driveway where the girls had spent so many happy hours shooting hoops with Melanie and her older brothers, a few more cars pulled into the neighborhood. It was obvious the word was getting out...quickly.

Abigail jumped out of the car and ran over to the house. She could see Jeffrey standing quietly in the living room looking out the window. She knew that he had been waiting for her. As she burst into the house she threw herself into his arms and they both began to shake.

“Where is your Mom?” Abby finally asked Jeff.

“She is upstairs talking to a policeman.” He replied.

“What happened?” She looked at him nervously, not really wanting to hear details, but knowing that it was important for her to hear.

“We are not quite sure. I mean, she was ill all week and home in bed, you knew that, but when I arrived home from school I felt this sickly feeling and just knew something was wrong. I heard my Mom yelling as I walked in the door. She told me to call 911 because Mel wasn’t breathing. So I called and they arrived a few minutes later. I think she was already gone before they arrived but, Ug! There is my Dad.”

Abby looked out the window and could see Jeff and Mel’s Father storming across the yard.

The look on his face caused her to suddenly fall, Jeff caught her as she fainted into his arms.

Chapter Three - Safety

“Gram, could I have a second pancake?” she asked as her Grandmother bustled around the kitchen putting her lunch together.

“Sure lovey”. “Do you have your dance bag all packed for after school?” Gram asked as she slipped a hotcake on her plate.

“Yep, and I finished my report for Brit Lit. You ever read Emma by Jane Austen Gram?”

“Several times Abby, it is a slog to read that whole book, but the story is a classic.”

“Well, I think that Emma is a busybody, and I said so in my report. I don’t care if she is the main character. I had a friend just like her back in California, always trying to line this guy up with that girl. Freaking annoying, hey have you heard yet when Dad will arrive from his fishing trip?”

“He should be home by the time I pick you up from Ballet. He was planning to pack his cooler with fresh trout, but we’ll just have to

wait and see. The weather today will be cold, so make sure you pack an extra layer for PE.” Gram was getting her coat on to run Abby to school as she finished up her breakfast.

A warm gush of love overwhelmed Abby as she watched her Grandmother slowly pull on her rain boots. It did not rain often in Boulder, but these fall storms sometimes turned into snow and Gram was always so careful to bundle up before she went outdoors. It hit her once again that she was safe in this place. And she was so glad for her good health and a chance to spend this time with her Grandmother.

“Have you decided who to invite for Thanksgiving yet?” Abby asked as they loaded into Grams car. “I really think Mother will come if you invite her.”

“Your Dad is feeling out of sorts on that topic, so I have adopted a wait and see attitude. We will for sure have a few neighbors join us at the table, but we are waiting to decide on your Mom. She is still so angry, we are not sure if it is a good idea to have her here.” Gram pulled out of the garage carefully and backed down the driveway.

Her little cottage up at Chautauqua had been her home for all of her sixty eight years and now it housed Abby, her Father (when he was home) and Gram. Grams parents had built it when they arrived in Boulder as newlyweds. She had been offered unbelievable amounts of money over the years to sell it to investors and developers, but she always politely declined and kept living her quiet life on the mountain. She had quite a large backyard space, and it was this space that was coveted by the developers.

“Gram, tell me again the story about Dad when he was in 8th grade?” Abby asked as they drove down the winding road towards her school. Abby loved to hear these stories. Her parents had divorced

when she was seven and she had not heard the stories of her Dads life. When they were driving alone in the car, Gram had been filling her in on her family history.

Gram began...

“Your Father, he was smartest, nicest, and most well behaved 13 year old I had personally ever met. And all of the girls in his class seemed to think so too. He loved to joke around and was notorious for his pranks on the teachers. When he was in choir he loved to grab the teacher’s cowbell and act out that old SNL skit while dancing around the room Will Ferrell style. I had more than one call from his exasperated counselor yapping about him disrupting class...again.”

She continued, “Something changed when he was 13 though. He had experienced quite a bit of rejection from his peers for being too studious and he wanted to convey the image that he was just one of the gang, but he never really fit in. He was so smart. He could memorize a poem, a history lesson, or the next element on the periodic chart without even trying. His whole life changed the day he made the decision to stop goofing around and became really serious about preparing for high school. He had set the goal to be the valedictorian, as his Grams was, and he knew he had to work hard and stop goofing off.”

“By the end of his first semester of 8th grade, we knew he was really getting some results because we had no more calls from the counselors and his teachers all mentioned a shift in focus at parent teacher conferences. Whenever he was home he had his nose in a book, and the only thing he made time for was running on his cross country team. During the summers we would head up to our cabin in Estes and spend a couple weeks fishing on the lake, but the rest of the time he was absolutely focused on academics.”

“Did he have a girlfriend?” Abby asked as she absentmindedly opened her planner to double check that she had finished all of her homework.

“No. Not anyone in particular. He dated a little bit in high school. Went to a few of the dances, but mostly he went running or climbing with his team mates or went skiing with Gramps on the weekends.”

“So you honestly think that the reason Dad became a Pediatrician was because he was so smart?”

“Of course, he was the brightest boy in his class. When he finished up his time at Fairview, he scored perfectly on his ACT and SAT tests and then was offered all sorts of opportunities. He had full ride scholarships from Stanford to Columbia and everything in between.”

“When did he meet my Mom?”

Gram paused. “Hon, we are almost to the school, I think we should leave that story for another day.”

Abby said, “Sounds good, but I just want to say that I think it is amazing that after all of those years of being in school, he just walked away from medicine without so much as a backward glance.”

Gram smiled at her and said, “Well, I made it awfully easy for him to do so, and after what happened to you when you were a baby, he just couldn’t stand to be a part of it anymore.”

“OK, I will see you after school. The Nutcracker is this Friday, you have not forgotten?” Abby asked as she unbuckled her seat belt.

“I will be the one on the front row, applauding the loudest. And your Dad will be there too. He said he made a new “friend” and plans to

bring her along as well.” Gram looked at Abby with a wicked grin on her face and winked.

“Have you met this “friend”?” Abby asked.

“Not yet, but your Dad seemed pretty excited when he called last night”.

“Hmmm”, Abigail stepped out of the car and made her way carefully past the puddles in the road while she quickly walked up the sidewalk to her school.

Chapter Four – Sherrie’s House

As Abby made her way down the hall to her locker after school she sighed with relief when she noticed Sherrie flying in her direction with a crowd of young men whirling around her like a flock of Canadian geese.

“Honk, honk, honkety honk”, she mocked in her head as they strolled up to her.

“You ready for dress rehearsal?” Sherrie asked as she tapped Henry on the shoulder indicating he was standing a little too close. He did not take the hint, so she shoved him with her elbow.

“Of Course, we are going to be the most beautiful soldiers on the stage. Gram packed my costume in tissue paper after ironing it last night.” Abigail slammed her locker shut while Joe pretended to get his hand stuck in it. He yelled in mock pain and then held up his perfect finger to Sherrie’s lips indicating he wanted her to kiss his boo-boo. She glared at him and then grabbed Abby by the arm as they started down the hall together.

“Any chance you could lose the posse?” Abby queried as they made their way to Sherrie’s house. “No, they just

stalk me everywhere I go, ignore...now spill, what did your Dad say? Can you come up to our cabin for the weekend?"

"He said no. With Nutcracker on Friday, he did not want to clutter up his schedule by having to drive me down to your house and pick me up when we get home. I also think that there is more going on because Gram said he is bringing a "Friend" to the show tonight."

"Friend? As in female friend?"

"Yes, Gram was quite mysterious about it."

"Hmmm. Well, let's go. Mom put this amazing curry in the crock pot this morning before I left for school and it should be just about perfect when we get home." The girls walked quickly up the street to Sherrie's house as the boys continued to jostle each other for placement next to her side.

Abby met Sherrie the first day she showed up for ballet a few weeks before. As she was putting on her leg warmers and ballet shoes she noticed this gorgeous creature flying across the floor, her curly brown tresses falling out of her bun as she spun and spun around. She was giggling as she stopped and carefully wrapped her hair back up into the knot on top of her head. She had noticed Abby staring at her and waved, then, she walked over and asked her who she was.

"You are new around here...what is your name?" Sherrie asked as she took a swig from her water bottle. "Abby. Just moved into town and I will be attending 8th grade at Mountain Dusk." "Really? That's my school."

After a few days Abby knew that meeting Sherrie outside of school was the biggest score of her life. She had an immediate circle of friends,

both male and female, who were fun to hang out with. Sherrie was the nicest person she had ever known and did not seem to notice how all of the boys stopped breathing when she entered a room.

“Mother, we are home! Any chance we can have some of that soup before we head out to rehearsal?” Sherrie yelled up the stairs to her Moms room.

“Sure love, I am just changing Bobby’s diaper. I cooked up some rice in the cooker and the naan is in a pan on the stove. Eat up!” Abby had never met anyone like Sherries Mother. She was such a dedicated home maker, what Mother would term a “hippy”, but spent so much time in her kitchen cooking and taking care of Sherrie’s little brother, Abby had never met anyone like her before. She had a thing for musical theatre and was always singing about dreams, rain, and bringing someone home.

As the girls sat down to eat Abby noticed a load of cloth diapers neatly flapping in the wind on the clothesline out back, and the scent of Lavender was always floating into the air from a diffuser in the kitchen. The girls ate the yummy food and then lazed about the living room as Sherries Mother breastfed her brother.

“How was school?” she asked as Bobby sat up and yawned, then switched sides.

“OK, I turned in my Brit Lit paper today. You were right Mrs. Lakota, that Emma was a busy body. I cheated a little and watched the ending of the BBC version of Emma with Gram last night just to see how it all turned out. I could not finish the book in time. I tried, but it was just so long.”

“Well, hopefully, you will still get an A on the paper, even if you did not finish the book. Austen’s books are funny, and she gets relationships. Have you read those Catherine Marshall books I told you about yet? Christy and Julie?” Mrs. Lakota slowly positioned Bobby for burping as she tucked him against her shoulder.

“No, have not had time, but Gram told me they were her favorites years ago when they were first published. I will read them over Christmas break and then let you know what I think.”

“I just loved how she wove those stories together. The characters were so real. She based the Christy character on her own Mother’s life story, so she had some great material to work with that was based on a loved one. I have found that those books are the best to read.” Sherrie’s mom asked if they had enough to eat and when they nodded affirmation she asked the girls to go grab the cloth diapers off the line as the 4:00 pm Boulder rain shower was about to hit.

The girls quickly yanked the diapers off the line and folded them neatly in the basket. Abby asked Sherrie, “Why don’t you use disposable diapers for Bobby, isn’t it a ton of work washing the diapers every day?” “No, we don’t wash them every day, just twice a week and it’s not that big of a deal. I try to help out when I am home. My parents are really dedicated to living a simple lifestyle so no bottles, baby formula, or plastic diapers for us.

The girls took the diapers up to the nursery and placed the diapers in a home crocheted diaper stacker that had a green frog embroidered on it. This was the first time that Abby had been upstairs and she was surprised to see a large bed set up next to Bobby’s dresser and no crib. “Who sleeps in here?” she asked.

“Mom usually nurses him to sleep in what is called a “family bed”, but she and Dad also have a second bed in their bedroom.

Abby had never heard of such a thing, but she thought it was cool that the baby did not sleep in a crib. She could not understand why this felt so comforting to her.

“Come on. We should get going, class is going to begin in twenty minutes and we need to have time to change into our costumes for dress rehearsal.” Sherrie indicated it was time to leave and her Mother loaded Bobby into his car seat as the girls bustled into the back seat.

Chapter Five – Mama reacts to the wedding

“You did not tell me that he is married!” Mother yelled as she held the phone away from her ear. Abby was talking to her mother on Christmas Day and had just told her Mom that Monica was now her step mother.

“We did not think you would care. The wedding was really small anyway, the day after Thanksgiving, with just me, Dad, Gram, and Monica’s brother.” Abby explained as her Mother burst into tears.

“I would have liked to have been there.” She wailed.

“At the wedding, you wanted to attend Dad’s wedding?” Abby was confused by this statement, her Mother had only spoken about her Father in a negative way the whole five years she lived alone with her.

“Yes. I would have liked to know this was all happening instead of taking place behind my back. I don’t know anything about this woman, where she comes from, who her family is. And now she is going to be MY DAUGHTERS step mother?” Abby was confused by how emotional her always well behaved mother was being.

“Tell me about her.” Abby could feel that her Mother was making an effort to calm down and she casually said, “Well, I have never seen Dad looking so happy.”

Her Mother started to cry again and she knew this statement alone had just stabbed her Mom in the heart. What do I say? How to say it? “Uh, Mom, she has a big butt and never brushes her hair.” Her Mom stopped crying and said, “tell me more”. “Well, ummm, she was really wild in her 20’s and she was arrested once for demonstrating against the government.” “Did she go to jail?” Mom slyly asked. “Yes, her brother had to bail her out. She was accused of assaulting the lobbyist of a Pharma Company and they made her pay a bail of \$200,000!”

“What did she assault him with?” Mom asked.

Abby paused. Could she say it? “She had created a paper mache syringe the size of giraffe and had made menacing motions towards him as he walked into Congress. Because she had used one of those fake light sabers that light up to be the needle, the Lobbyist accused her of trying to assault him. But she said it was not that sharp, just plastic, a kids toy. They made her do community service for three hundred hours!!!”

“HmMMM, yes that sounds about like the type of broad your Dad would be comfortable with.” Mother said that she needed to run.

Abby did not mention that Monica was kindness personified, funny, and the life of the party when they were all together.

“Well, good talking to you. I will call again on your birthday. It is hard for me to believe you are going to be fourteen. Did you decide yet what sort of a gift you wanted?” Mother was winding down the conversation in her typical fashion, talking about *stuff*.

“No, I will let you know after I decide”

“Still happy living with your Dad and Gram?”

“Yes”.

“I honestly thought you would be home by now, willing to get the HPV shot and back at school with all of your friends. Soccer season will be starting soon, are you sure you don’t want to come home to play?”

“Then I will have to get the shot.”

“It’s not that big of a deal. Don’t you miss your friends just a little?”

“Yes, I miss all of them, especially Courtney. But I have a new friend here named Sherrie. We dance together, remember? I am really into dance now.”

“Right. OK, well, let me know soon what you want for your birthday present and I will order it off Amazon.”

“OK Mom. Mom, I love you.”

“Love you too Abs.”

Book Two – Birth Stories

Chapter Six – Big Brother Josiah

Abby woke up with a slight headache, too many cinnamon rolls at the Valentines party last night at the Lakotas.

Sherries dad was at the party and they invited Abby and her Dad and step mother to join them. It was the first time they had all been together and Abby was surprised at how well everyone got along. All of the parties at her home growing up were catered and had live music with

a small orchestra or a band. The house would be overflowing with hired help and everyone would be talking loudly and eating and drinking without really connecting in any meaningful way.

She had never been to a party with babies before. Monica had announced her pregnancy a few weeks before, and at the party she was thrilled to be with little Bobby who was just starting to crawl. She kept picking him up and singing to him.

Abbigail had asked Monica in the car driving to the party if she had felt the baby kick yet, and she said no, she was only a few weeks along, but soon, she would be able to feel her little brother or sister kick. Her dad was really quiet as they talked about the baby. She wanted to know how he felt about being a father again.

“Terrified”, was the quiet answer.

“But Dad, you are a Pediatrician, you should know better than anyone how this whole thing works”, Abby insisted as they walked up to Sherrie’s house for the party.

The door opened before he had a chance to respond and Abby was determined to discover why her Dad was so nervous about the baby.

At the party Sherri’s Dad was so funny, he kept everyone laughing as he told the story of Roberts birth...

“So there I was standing in the kitchen making breakfast and Sherrie comes waltzing in saying that Mom was in labor, I dropped the pan of potatoes I was cooking and ran upstairs to see what she needed. We had gone to couples yoga that morning and were both hungry and ready to eat, but no, she decides to have the baby first. Sherrie was the one who gathered everything up, blankets, diapers, a pan to collect the placenta. I was paralyzed and quite overwhelmed.”

“All of a sudden she called that the baby was crowning and I felt this peace fall down upon my head. It rolled through my body and I felt this indescribable wave of love wash over my heart. As Bobby was being born I reached out and caught him in one big gush and Sherrie helped me hand him up to his Mama who was standing by the bed.”

“Wait. You had the baby at home? Alone?” Abby’s Dad asked.

“Yes, it was a planned Family Birth.” Sherrie’s Mom replied with a wink toward her husband. “We had a home birth with Sherrie and realized too late that the midwife, doula, grandparents, and all of our friends made it feel a little overwhelming as she made her way into our arms. We decided to welcome our son alone, with just our little family standing by to help.”

Abby’s father was incredulous. “I have never heard of such a thing.”

As they left the party Abby’s father kept talking to himself, “birthed a baby, at home, alone? Unbelievable.”

As they drove Abby insisted that they finish the conversation that had begun in the car on the way to the party. “Dad, why are you so nervous about Monica having a baby?”

Her dad answered that he had his reasons.

“No, tell me, I really want to understand. Please Dad, I feel like my whole life you and Mom have been keeping something from me and I want to know what it is.”

“Well, I guess now that you are fourteen, you are old enough to know.”

“What? What happened?” Abby was nervous but excited to understand more about her family.

“You had an older brother.” Abby’s father started to cry and Monica leaned over to touch his shoulder.

“I have a brother?”

“No, I mean, yes, well, he died a few days after he was born.” Her father was weeping loudly now and Abby had never witnessed him showing this sort of emotion.

“Now it all makes sense.” Abby said as she thoughtfully twisted her hair into a knot.

“What?” her Dad asked as he wiped his nose with his handkerchief.

“I was messing around in the attic one day and found a box with a few little things in it. A baby blanket and a stuffed animal, etc.. Mom found me up there and told me to mind my own business. I asked her if those were my things and she just started to cry and told me to go to my room.”

Abby had the feeling she was just about to discover the mystery of her family’s life together.

Her Dad paused and then quietly said that her brother was named Josiah and he was perfect. Healthy. Eight pound boy born after a six hour labor. Her mother had to have a c-section because of fetal distress, but he was fine. Her Mom almost died though because of excessive bleeding after the birth. While she recovered from the birth her Dad stayed with Josiah in the nursery and marveled that he was so big.

“How did he die Dad?”

“Damn Vaccines.”

“What?” Abby felt her head spinning.

“Your Mother insisted he get all of his shots right at birth. I had read some things about waiting and administering them one by one to see how he handled them, but she was the pharma rep, she knew all about drugs. And she insisted we not leave the hospital until he had everything. I suspect it was the Hep B that did him in.” Her Father pounded the steering wheel as he yelled, “she just wouldn’t listen.”

Chapter Seven – Confrontation

Monica was singing out in the backyard as she weeded her herb garden. Abby woke up with the sunshine splashing on her face. She was so excited because she and Sherrie were going up to Chataqua park for a picnic with Bobby and to play on the swings and slide. As she dressed she looked out the window and saw Monica gently rubbing her tummy.

“Abby, your Mom is on the phone.” Gram called from downstairs.

A wave of cold fear washed over her and shaking, she went down to talk to her mother on Grams old fashioned phone. It actually had a cord attached to the wall! As she picked up the phone, she knew she had to confront her mother. This had been building for months, but she had to do it.

“Hi Abigail, how are things?”

Abby took a deep breath and said, “I am doing well. We have been busy gardening and Dad is up in the mountains fishing today. I helped Monica make some sour dough bread.”

Her Mother replied, “How Nice. I was hoping you might decide to come visit me for the summer. I have a couple weeks off and we could have a great time together. I thought maybe we could take a trip to visit my parents in Michigan and spend a few days up in the UP enjoying Mackinac Island.”

Abby paused a moment. It had been so long since she had visited her Grandparents in Bloomfield Hills. She loved spending time with them, riding horses and water skiing at their estate on the lake. She said, “Are we having a family reunion again, or would it just be us? It has been so long since I saw my cousins.”

Mom said, “I think it will just be us, my Sister is taking her children on a cruise to Europe for vacation and my Dad is getting to old to travel.”

“Mom, I have something I need to ask, but I am not quite sure how to say it.”

“Just say it Abigail, we have never had any secrets between us.”

“Mom, why did you never tell me I had a brother, an older brother named Josiah? An older brother who died just after his birth? And who was probably killed by the vaccines you insisted that he get?”

Abby heard her Mother take a quick breath in, then a soft cry as she heard the phone quietly click as her mother hung up on her.

Chapter Eight – You were my Dream

The august sun was beating down on her head as she helped her father pick the zucchinis and yellow squash. “Dad, did you know this was going to happen when we planted all these vegetables in the spring?” “Well, Gram warned me that we were planting too many

seeds, but I figured we could freeze it, or make zucchini bread, or share it with the neighbors.”

“I am so sick of eating squash, I don’t know how much more I can take.” Abby wished that she could just head down to Boulder to get a big cheeseburger on Pearl Street Mall, but during the summer Dad and Monica had this thing about “living off the land”. So Dad fished and Monica baked and Gram made salads and they all ate the fruits of their labors.

“Did you ever talk to your Mom about Josiah’s death?” he asked.

“I tried at the beginning of the summer, but she hung up on me.” Abby pulled hard on the overgrown squash that had been hidden under the huge green leaves. It was as big as small dog and heavy, too big to eat. “Hey, maybe we could use this zucchini for a door stop or something?”

“Funny”. “Why don’t you just kick it apart and add it to the compost heap? If we carry that thing in to Gram she will faint, it is so big.”

“OK, but I have a question first. Did you and Mom ever talk about Josiah’s death? And how many years was it before I was born?”

Her Dad cleared his throat and said, “Josiah was born our first year in medical school. He was not planned. We were hoping to wait until after my residency before we had him. We wanted to have a house and a thriving medical practice before we had kids.”

“So, it was a long time before I was born?” Abby was rubbing her dirty hands on her jeans and trying to scrape the dirt off her knees as she followed up with, “You had him when you were in your early 20’s?”

“Yes, I was 22 and your Mother was just starting her job as a drug rep. She had been through the athletic training program in college and was so health conscious. The drug company recruiter just swooped in and offered her the job that would safely see us through medical school. We knew that we were going to have the healthiest babies ever.”

Abby gulped and asked why they waited so long to have her.

Her dad looked at her funny, and then just said, “We tried and tried to get pregnant. For years, we had everything ready to go. The house, the jobs, the desire, but you wouldn’t come. We finally put in the papers to adopt when your Mom found out she was expecting you.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about Josiah?” Abby looked at her Dad with just a glint of anger in her eye.

“We did not want to spoil the happiness we were feeling with you, it just felt wrong to dwell on the past when all of our dreams were coming true.”

“I was your dream?” Abby’s heart melted into mush as she looked at her Dad.

“I thought about you constantly. Every time I worked in the ER on a sick child, I thought about being a parent. Every time I thought about how I wanted to live out my days as an old man, I knew I wanted to be a father, a grandfather, someone who spent all of their leisure time growing oversized vegetables and composting them in the sun.”

Abby giggled as her father pulled aside a second set of huge leaves to expose the biggest squash she had ever seen in her life. “Now, this one we will not smash alone, Monica will never forgive me if I leave her out of the fun.”

Chapter Nine – Matthew decides to join the Family

Abby woke up with the rain pelting on her bedroom roof. She heard a low moaning sound and quickly sat up in bed. Was Monica in pain? She ran to her Dads bedroom and listened outside the door.

She knocked gently and asked if Monica was all right. “She’s doing great” was her Father’s reply. Then she heard him say, “One more push and I think he will be here.” She heard a grunting sound and then, her brother arrived.

All of a sudden she heard a baby mewling and she knew her little brother was born.

“Dad, can I do anything to help?”

“Sure love, just go make Monica a cup of raspberry leaf tea and put some extra honey in it.” Her Dad sounded excited.

Abby ran downstairs to find Gram working in the kitchen making breakfast. She put the tea kettle on and asked if Gram knew the baby was here. “Sure Abby, I heard her in the bathroom taking a shower in the middle of the night. I have not seen the baby yet though, why don’t we go up and meet him together?”

It felt like a dream, but she had felt the baby kick in Monica’s huge belly just the night before as she sang to him and they all celebrated Grams August birthday.

“I feel like I could eat several large pizzas by myself” Monica mused as she wrapped her arms around Abby and Gram. Dad was standing holding his son against his naked chest as he looked into his eyes.

“Is he really a boy?” Abby asked as she reached out her hand to touch her brother on the head.

“Yes, and he has already peed on me twice!” Dad gently relaxed on the bed with the baby on his chest while Gram put the breakfast tray down on the bed.

“You two eat up and we will be back to have some quiet time with this new little bundle of joy.” She carefully pulled Abby by the hand and asked her to leave with her.

“Why can’t I stay?” Abby implored.

“It is good for a baby to bond with his mother and father first, and then the rest of the family.” Gram quietly said as they walked down the stairs.

Chapter Ten – Will You Talk to Me?

“Mom, we need to talk. Please don’t hang up on me.” Abby said as she heard her mother say hello.

There was a long pause, and then Abby quietly asked, “will you talk to me?”

“OK” but only if you don’t mention your brother again.

“But Mom, he is what I NEED to talk to you about.” Abby wondered if this would be the end of her phone call.

“What do you need?” her mother asked.

Abby cleared her throat and said, “I need to tell you about Matthew.”

“A Boy? Do you have a boyfriend? I would love to hear all about him.” Mom gushed as she held the phone closer to her ear.

“Yes. He is a boy, but he is not a boyfriend, he is my brother.”

“What?” Mother sounded just a bit off.

“Monica gave birth to a baby boy two months ago. We wanted to tell you but you wouldn’t answer the phone. Now that Thanksgiving is coming up, we want you to come out for a visit. Will you come?” Abby sat quietly musing while time slowly passed.

“I will have to think about it.” Then she heard the familiar click and her mother was gone.

Book Three - Reconciliation

Chapter Eleven – Life on the Mountain

Sherrie stood at the bottom of the slide built into the mountain at Chataqua Park waiting for five year old Bobby to slide into her arms. Abby ran up the stairs with Matty to the top of the hill so they could slide down together when they both heard Abby’s Dad calling to them. “Sherrie, Abby, boys...time to go”

Dad was waiting in the van out on the circular drive when they came running up. “Sorry to cut things short, but I have to get the boys home in time for soccer practice, and you two have hours of work ahead getting ready for Homecoming.”

“Dad, you are impossible. We only need a few minutes to get dressed before our dates arrive to pick us up.” Abby shook her head as he opened the door and buckled the boys into their seats.

The girls were excited for the planned outing to Flagstaff Restaurant followed by the dance at the best hotel in Boulder. They had planned for hours how to fix their hair and bought dresses that fit

perfectly. Abby had never been on a real date before and she was so excited to spend the evening with her friends.

Monica stood up with baby Carrie in her sling as they all walked into the house. “I thought I was going to have to come find you. The boys will have to hurry and get their shin guards and cleats on, soccer is in ten minutes.”

Sherrie headed out into the kitchen where she asked Gram if she could snatch a couple of muffins. “Sure.” Gram went back to bottling her famous salsa and Sherrie munched on the muffins while she asked if Abby wanted to get ready here or over at her house. The young men who were escorting them to the dance were planning to pick them up in an Uber Select car and take them up Flagstaff Mountain to the restaurant at six.

Abby responded, “I think I would like to just get ready in my own bathroom. Why don’t we meet up at your house at five?”

“Sounds good”, Sherrie replied as she ran out and jumped on her bike for the ride home.

Right after she left, Abby’s phone rang. She did not recognize the number on the phone. She almost did not pick up, but something inside of her said to answer the phone.

“Abigail?” her Mother asked as she hit the button.

“Mom? How did you get my cell number?” Abby asked.

“I called your Gram and she gave it to me.” Her Mother sounded nervous.

“How long has it been since we talked?” Abby tried to remember, but she could not.

“Four years, darling. You called me when your little brother was two months old, remember? He must be about four now.”

“Yes, he is, and Monica gave birth to a little girl last spring. Her name is Carrie.”

“Oh, I didn’t know.” Mom started to get louder as she talked and a few seconds elapsed as she paused. “Abby, I want to talk to you about your brother Josiah. And I need to explain a few things to you as well.”

“OK Mom, what do you want to say?” Abby waited for a few seconds while her mother took a deep breath and began.

“When Josiah was born, it was the happiest day of my life. I thought we were going to be the perfect family. We both had perfect jobs, and had worked so hard in college to get into the best medical school. I supported your Dad while he studied and we dreamed about living on the coast in California and setting up a perfect practice of healing.”

“Your Dad did not want to vaccinate Josiah at all those first few months. He had been reading some information on line after getting into a fight with his Mother and she had convinced him to do some serious research before Josiah was born. I figured it was none of her business and was upset that he was even spending the time away from his studies to read all of that nonsense on the web.”

“But Mom, the information on the web is true, you know that Melanie died after getting the HPV shot.” Abby tried to interject, but her Mother did not seem to hear her.

“I knew what was right. He was MY BABY and I was not going to let some hippie mother in law in Boulder tell me how to raise my child. So when the pediatrician came into my room and asked if he could

administer the Hep B shot, I said, “certainly”. I also requested that he be circumcised and your Father was livid with me for that. We had not quite decided what to do, and he was angry that I had it done without telling him. He had class right after the birth and was not able to stay at the hospital for very long. After a few days, we went home and I began to heal from my surgery.”

“Mom, what did he look like?” Abby quietly asked.

She heard her Mother gulp and then say, “He was perfect.”

Then the phone disconnected and went dead.

Chapter Twelve - Christmas

Matthew was up at three in the morning yelling about Santa Claus. Abby groaned and tried to go back to sleep, but he ran into her room and started jumping on the bed. “Abby, let’s go see what Santa put in our stockings!!!” “Ug, Matthew, I am so tired, don’t you understand what it takes to play Clara in the Nutcracker? I Need SLEEP!”

Abby had been up late at the cast party. The show closed on Christmas Eve and now she was free to just relax for a week before school started up in January.

“Matty!” Dad called from his room, “come in here right now. I told you we would wait until five to get everyone up, and it is only three.”

“I know Dad, but I just couldn’t wait. Do you think Santa bought me the snowboard I wanted?”

“Maybe, but you will have to wait until five to see.”

“Aw, Dad, please...can’t we just go down now?” His chubby face was more than Abby’s father could take and he said, “OK, everyone up and at em. We have presents to open.”

“Weeeeeee!” Yelled Matt as he ran into Abby’s room and demanded that she get up NOW!

Abby slowly put on her robe, her toes were aching, and her lower back was all kinked up. She needed to sleep. But Christmas morning through Matthew’s five year old eyes was more fun than anything she had yet experienced, so she decided to go along and not complain.

Carrie stayed asleep in Monica’s sling through the whole three am revelry. She explained that the baby had awoken at two am to nurse and had just fallen asleep when Matty came bounding into the room wide awake.

Later in the day Abby’s phone rang and she noticed it was her Mother. She debated answering it out of concern for what had happened last time. They were having so much family fun together and planned to go out caroling to a few neighbors when it was dark.

Thinking of her Mom alone in California compelled her to pick up the phone and answer it.

“Mom? Is that you? I was hoping you would come to my show last night. Did you get the tickets we sent?” Abby asked.

“Yes, they arrived and I seriously thought about flying out to see you star in the Nutcracker, but I just couldn’t do it.” Her mother sounded different. Slurred speech and weird pauses were coming over the phone.

“Mom, what’s wrong?” Abby asked as her Mom quietly stopped talking.

“I have been ill. But I am feeling better today and wanted to talk to you. Do you realize I have not seen you in over five years?”

“Yes. It has been a long time.” Abby wondered what was wrong with her mother’s voice. She sounded so strange.

“Abby, I am dying, I have only a few days left. The doctors have told me I could go at any time. Is there any chance you could come visit me?” Abby’s mother began to cry.

Abby’s heart skipped a beat and she said, “yes, I will come. Hang on Mom, I will be there in a few hours.”

Chapter Thirteen – I Will Go With Her

“No, I won’t allow it. You are not flying to California alone. I am coming with you.”

Abby’s father stormed out of the kitchen and up the stairs to his room.

“Dad, you cannot come, Mom is sick and she only wants me to come. She said she only has a few days left and then she is going to die. I want to be with her when she goes. I think if you come, it will upset her.”

“Did she say what illness she has? Maybe the doctors are wrong and she is not that bad.”

“She sounded terrible on the phone, I think she is really sick.” Abby wondered how she was going to manage him if he traveled with her to be with her Mother.

“I will go with her.” Gram spoke up. Both Abby and her father looked up and they knew this was the answer. Abby’s Dad said he would book the flights and drive them to the airport and Gram walked into her room to pack her bags.

Chapter Fourteen – Josiah shows up

“Breast Cancer, stage four and it has metastasized into her brain and liver.” The doctor informed Abby and her Grandmother as they discussed her mother’s case. “She is near death right now, but you can go in and talk to her. Please do not upset her, she has been hallucinating and keeps talking about Josiah. Do you know who this Josiah is?”

“My brother, he died before I was born.” Abby absentmindedly said as she walked into her mother’s hospice suite. She was surprised to find Melanie’s mother in the room with her mom.

“Hi Abby, how are you doing?” asked Mel’s Mom.

“I am OK, how are you?” Abby said as she slowly walked up to her mom’s bedside. She could not believe how thin and wasted her mother looked and she was bald with sores all over her face.

“I heard how sick your mother was and I wanted to visit, but I did not know you were coming.”

“Can she talk? Can she hear us?” Abby asked as she took her mother’s hand and slowly raised it to her lips.

“I think so. We were just talking about when you and Mel were little and all you cared about was soccer and basketball. Those were fun times.” Melanie’s Mom stepped out of the room so Abby and Gram could have some alone time with her Mother.

“Mom, can you hear me?” Abby asked.

“Yes, darling, I am so glad you came.” Abby’s Mom looked across the room and for a moment she paused and then was talking to someone who was not there. “Josiah? Did you come for me? Are you going to help me into heaven?” Abby looked across the room and said nothing, saw nothing. Who was her Mother talking to?

“Mama, Daddy, do you know Josiah?” Abigail thought of her wonderful Grandparents who had died while she lived with her Father. Did her Mom really see them with Josiah?

All of a sudden her Mother began to speak clearly and forcefully.

“Abby, I want you to know that I understand why you left me. I understand why you had to go. When you were a baby I insisted on you being vaccinated with everything, but at your fathers request we spaced out the shots and watched carefully to see how you did with them. On one very awful day, you had the MMR vaccine and by the time we arrived home, you were running a fever, and then screamed all night long. Your father was beside himself with terror and we called Gram and asked her what we could do. She said to give you flaxseed oil baths and massage and fed you some baby formula with flax oil in it. After a few hours you stopped screaming and seemed better.”

After that night your Dad was never the same. He was angry that I wanted to continue working and hired a nanny to take care of you. He was angry that I did not breastfeed you. He was angry that you had such a bad reaction to the shot, and he hated me because I did not ever want to talk about Josiah and how he died. I even insisted we never tell you about him.”

“Shhhh, Mom, don’t talk, none of that stuff matters anymore.” We are here to be with you. We love you.” Abby started to cry as her gram reached over to hug her.

“Josiah? Josiah? You came for me? You want me? You want to take me home? Mama? Dad?” Her mother whispered quietly.

As Abby looked on her mother's face, all of the worry and fear disappeared and she started to glow. Then all of a sudden she gasped one final last breath and she was gone...

Chapter Fifteen - Funeral

"I am so glad you and Monica and the kids flew over for the funeral Dad." Abby hugged her father as they walked over to the grave together. She placed a huge bouquet of white roses on the dirt mound over her mother's casket.

"I wish we would have known so that we could have done more to ease her final weeks. But she was always so private and unwilling to insert herself into other people's stuff, I knew she would not want us interfering in her health issues." Her Dad looked glum as he considered what he could have done differently.

"Do you really think that Josiah and Mom's parents were in that room when she died?" Abby queried. "I mean, do you think he is still alive somewhere? And maybe we will be able to meet him and spend time together at some point?" Abby started to shake as she considered what it would mean to her to have an older brother.

"Perhaps, I don't know much about spiritual things, but it is nice to think about seeing my oldest son and my oldest daughter together." He snuggled Abby into his arms and hugged her tight.

Abby shyly asked one final question.

"Dad, why did you leave Mom, why did you stop being a doctor? Why did you run away from us? From me? I needed you."

"I know. I never should have abandoned you or your mother. It was cowardly and selfish and I will always regret leaving."

Her Dad continued, “On one very awful day, I was in the Emergency Room and a newborn boy was brought in. I was the doctor on call and they asked me to come in and help. He was not breathing and had just started turning blue when I walked in. I worked on him for a time and then realized that nothing in my training had prepared me to help or heal this little boy. He was gone and there was nothing I could do about it. As I talked to his parents afterwards they were stunned that he was dead. He had been given a few shots early that morning and during the day had developed a fever and then he was found not breathing while he was napping.”

“I walked out of that hospital, I walked out of my life, I walked away from you, your mother, and my sheer terror at what I had been party to for all those years. I vowed that I would never again do anything that was against my better judgement.”

“I came home to my parents and tried to reconcile everything in my heart. Then you showed up and I met Monica and I quickly realized that I was being given a second chance at life.”

“I love you Abby. I will always be there for you and Matthew and Carrie. Monica and I want to do everything we can to help keep you safe and have a healthy and successful life.”

“I love you too Dad.”

Afterword by Jenny Hatch

The quiet vaccine war has been murdering innocents since the early part of the 20th century as naïve citizens around the world have rolled up their sleeves and allowed conspiring men to ruin their lives and their health.

We are now well into the 21st century and it is time for a new generation of truth seekers to rise up and demand accountability for the damage that has been wrought on the families of the earth.

This book was written for adolescents because they know every time a friend goes insane or drops dead after a shot or a sibling melts down into autism, the quiet war has taken another life and squashed it flat.

I challenge anyone who has read this book to join the Vaccine Liberation Army and begin now to educate yourself and your friends. Stand up, speak out, refuse the shots, and work at the local and national level for the policy changes in the laws that will set all of us free and hold the drug companies accountable for their many lies and the broken lives that have resulted.

Jenny Hatch

Longmont, Colorado 2017

