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# The Lone Swimmer of Henry County, Virginia

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RAY A. YOUNG BEAR

*The Lone Swimmer of Henry County, Virginia*

*ESP? We're not discounting anything at this stage.*

—Undersheriff Earl Tassel, *The Roanoke Messenger*

Undersheriff: On a belated experimental basis, after missing persons investigations have stalled, like the Anna Goodchild case of Vallejo, California, or the high school cheerleaders' dual internment in acrylic in Washington state, I reluctantly proffer my observations to authorities. Typically, from the four images, several factors will coincide with the crime scene evidence. Some departments reply, while others, I believe, simply take. So, investigations, like American poetry, if I may opine, can become political for clairvoyants and poets alike. While Western civilization pegs Native Americans as superstitious, there's nevertheless an illustrious history of ESP. Ironically, in Black Eagle Child society, any claim "to see things" that others can't is considered inapplicable because this practice was apparently misplaced as a gift. However, Shamanism, to use a quirky noun, isn't earned through religious teachings per se; it simply dwells in the psyche until harnessed with revelations, depending on one's receptivity. With nay adieu, the lead vehicle, at least for me, is a La-Z-Boy recliner. Regarding Juniper Court and her murdered grandparents, enclosed are thoughts the chair provided on her whereabouts. But first, there's torment because her uncle who reportedly failed to take this eight-year-old girl fishing is like me. Often too self-centered perhaps, a child's wish is neglected:

Monday, August 26th, 2002

*After touching an Internet-posted photograph of Juniper on the computer monitor, I sit blindfolded in the basement filled with cedar smoke. The chair cradles me, rocking me as Grandmother once did. Supported with prayer, the sacred tobacco has been placed beside a tree for guidance. The notepad meets my pencil in the cool darkness. As the first impressions collect I gradually discern:*

- 1. An old-time telephone with separate mouth and ear pieces that also transposes as an old phonograph, a record player, the kind with a cone-shaped speaker minus the listening-dog logo. This dualistic apparatus exudes a vortex force capable of attracting human and non-human substance, going beyond RCA purpose.*
- 2. Glock model pistol, caliber unknown.*
- 3. A bemused chicken, literally, with a high-powered telescope, either about to look into a viewfinder or withdrawing after a view.*
- 4. The name Clifford Murdoch or Murdock, followed by 4311 and then EXY.*

Tuesday, August 27th

- 5. Initially, a lone woman submerged in semi-translucent water, stationary at first, and then she's diving at an eight*

*o'clock angle into a river's stone-walled  
and bubbling depth. Wearing a light colored  
rubber cap with an early '50s one-piece  
swimsuit, the woman's body propels  
itself like a torpedo.*

*6. A lone woman swimmer reappears, only  
this time she's on the surface, swimming  
rapidly. She soon dissolves and is replaced  
with a cartoon-like rabbit whose face and ears  
are stretched back and distorted due,  
apparently, to high rate of speed.*

*7. From high above the swimmer's perspective,  
there's an orange train on a bridge; it resembles  
a passenger-type bearing the graphic 401.  
Unsure, though, if it's speeding, since  
the markings are clear.*

*8. Out of her previous element, the nameless  
woman kneels beside the foam-edged river,  
presumably below the railroad trestle, and she's  
lifting a small lifeless bird from the debris  
lapping rhythmically on the rocky beach.*

*Wednesday, August 28th*

*9. An image of a shower-in-progress, by itself.  
Then view pans to shower drain holes. Before  
a tangent of an aircraft intercedes, a question  
arises: could a bullet shell casing squeeze  
through the drain?*

*10. A baseball batter in a nearly completed  
swing reminds me of an old trading card*

*that's been color-enhanced. Later, the number 22 is seen on the posed batter's short-brimmed cap.*

*11. A shiny helicopter propeller in motion.*

*12. A sitting person who is unable to walk, but it's unclear if individual is female or male and even what age.*

Note: That night I dreamt of lily white hands held as if in Christian prayer. Like a sculpture, they're crafted from soft fabric. Are there landmarks of such in vicinity? Also, I should mention a Glock pistol can be fitted with a .22 caliber barrel; and the chicken, as a voyeur, could've made an obscene telephone call to the courts as the media reported, qualifying to an extent the non-ordinary RCA speaker.

*Thursday, August 29th*

*13. An oversized gorilla holding a female who's attired in a white dress with loud red flowers. Said creature dips her delicately into the religious water, with the focus shifting to his cupped hands.*

*14. Walford.*

*15. 1606 Walford Avenue.*

Saturday, October 5th synopsis—*after* the discovery of Juniper’s remains in Booneville, North Carolina. When I faxed the first images with numbers to your office and after haphazard cartographic research, I thought a body was wedged in the Hillpott Reservoir turbines or in the tunnels under Martinsdale. In retrospect, had I Internet-searched “4311” for North Carolina instead of Virginia, Highway 311 might have emerged, which was 411 historically. This is the road that passes through Lockingham County, near where she was found and close to the prehistoric rock-lined fish dams. Of the female swimmer—could this be the famous college swimmer known simply as Princess? Is she still alive? And “EXY” backward signifies the Saskatoon Airport. This is the direction a suspect allegedly fled on his way to the Yukon Territory. Right? And “1606” may pertain to early American settlers. This area resonates with impassioned secrecy. Sadly, there are times when I, too, as actress Annette Benning once script-recited, “need an interpreter.” It’s interesting how my children are unusually vociferous today about fishing. They’re banging gear upstairs, while their mother is making a shore lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and Kool-Aid. Into a small plastic jar I carefully pour sacred tobacco which the Underwater Deities will receive from each child before the bait is cast. Sir, from the hinterlands and in Juniper’s memory, I politely take leave for an overdue parental obligation. If this case is ever solved in our lifetimes, could you please let me and the La-Z-Boy know? Signed—  
Edgar Bearchild.