



# Cursed Dagger and Dragon: Clarima Syd Jones

*Our ancestor's blood awakens within us.*

Mystery

Supernatural

Adventure



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## Logline

What if you were called on to repel trespassers from another Universe and close the wormhole they opened? The godfather of the Underworld tasks a paranormal investigator who, with her friends, faces foes -- human and otherwise. Can she save humanity and herself?

## Synopsis

Someone or something wants vivacious, paranormal investigator **Clarima "Clari" Jones** dead, and neither she nor the handsome police detective partner, **Detective Henry Morris** can figure it out until Clari seeks the help of **Maestro**, the reported godfather of the Underworld. Maestro maintains three personas as he deals with all earthly and otherworldly beings, including Dragons and humans, and not much in the Universe goes unnoticed by him.

Before Maestro offers Clari the vital clue to finding her stalker in exchange for the promise of a favor at a later date, he pointedly questions if she remembers who she is. Anxious to remove any threat to herself, she pushes his cryptic question aside.

Maestro introduces Clari to a case she suspects is related to a police case Morris is working on involving someone or something stealing and killing livestock. Maestro believes the situation is connected to a terrestrial dispute that caused a breach, or wormhole, in the dimensional barrier at Mystery Ranch.

Clari and others at the Mystery Ranch unknowingly incite a war when Clari uses some of her abilities to close the wormhole the otherworld beings use to come to Earth and poach livestock.

During the epic battle, Clari becomes fatigued and calls for help from the Dragon Realm. Maestro is killed, saving Clari. Maestro's loss overcomes and enrages Clari. Clari sends the otherworld beings back to their homeland and seals the wormhole for good.

Morris has a heart attack and is in the hospital recovering. Knowing Morris is on the mend, Clari attends the World Paranormal Organization's Annual Conference, where someone unseen by human eyes attacks her. Still, Clari knows it's the same creature that's been

## Information



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### Material Type

Book



### Intended Medium

Movie, Web Series



### Language

English



### Location

Las Cruces, New Mexico, United States  
Desert Southwest, Utah, Dragon Realm



### Rating

Parental Guidance Suggested



### Era

Near Future  
The 23rd century and is not too different than now.

stalking her. Clari finds the strength to overpower her enemy and takes the fight to the Dragon Realm. Clari regains her senses and reappears in the crowded conference hall with a handful of black feathers.

CURSED DAGGER AND DRAGON is Book one of a three-book series.

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## 90 Seconds Written Pitch

Clarima Jones is an energy worker certified by the World Paranormal Organization. In her private practice she aids others with their metaphysical and paranormal experiences ranging from ghost removals, all the way up to working on otherworldly territorial disputes. Clari's also on call with the local PD to work with Detective Henry Morris to assist in the heavy caseloads caused by a large influx of paranormal-inspired crimes.

After Clari is shot and left for dead, she thinks that the shooting may be connected to one or more cases she and Morris are working; she just needs to prove it. After the killer was found, Clari finds out that there is someone else interested in her...the Grigori.

Clari is asked to work on a possible dimensional breach in Utah. Clari brings in Morris to help her. Her work in Utah incites a war with some otherworld beings. Clari's clients, friends, and after calling out for help, the dragons, come to fight the beasts exiting the wormholes. After the battle ends, Clari sends the dead beasts back through the wormholes and destroys the wormholes.

Back at home, the Grigori make their move and try to kill Clari. After another attack while Clari was attending a conference, Clari energetically pulls herself and the Grigori to the Dragon Realm where Clari figures out how to kill the Grigori. Clari returns to the crowded conference room holding a handful of black feathers.

## Character Wish List



### Clarima "Clari" Syd Jones

Female / 24 years old

Photo by: Pexels

After losing her father at a young age, she was at the mercy of her mother's contempt for her. Growing up in this environment led her to struggle with personal relationships and trust as an adult. She defied her mother by digging in her heels in to keep her abilities intact which resulted in her being proficient in utilizing her abilities. She possesses a snarky sense of humor; she likes thinking outside of the box; and loves pomegranate juice.



### Detective Henry Morris

Male / 26 years old

Photo by: Pexels

One of the youngest detectives in NM's police department, his career-only focus begins to change as he becomes acquainted with the paranormal and discovers there's more to the world than he realized. He enjoys the challenge of a mystery and likes following the rules...the human rules.



### Maestro

Male / 30 years old

The rumored godfather of the Underworld holds some secrets of his own, one of which is that he has three different personas used to navigate the mundane and paranormal realms. One such alternate persona is a dragon named "M", who is well over 700 years old.

She noticed that wrinkles appeared at the corner of his eyes when he was in a mischievous mood. "You only have one quirk, eh?"

"Oh, I'm sure I have more than one. It's just that some aren't so easy for me to share."

The wrinkles disappeared. "Okay, I'm listening."

"Sasha, my cat, died about three years ago."

Morris squinted his eyes at her. She knew that look...it was the one someone gives you when they think you aren't firing on all cylinders. Without realizing it, Morris took a step back. "What do you mean?"

Resigned, she shared, "Sasha, my blue-eyed Siamese cat died three years ago of old age, only she doesn't realize she's dead. Well, I don't think she realizes she is dead. She comes and goes and sometimes begs for food, but since she's dead, she can't really eat. I just keep recycling the same old dry food." She waited. Was he going to think she was a total loon? And it wasn't quite "full disclosure" yet. She also hadn't mentioned that Sasha wasn't the only unseen-to-others cat with her.

Apparently reaching a decision, Morris sighed. He shrugged his shoulders. "Okay."

She wasn't sure she had heard him correctly. "What? Okay? That's it?"

His spontaneous laughter made her feel light and safe. "You talk to dead people. So what's so bad about talking to a dead cat?"

She was a little shocked that he took the news so easily, but she also felt relieved, like she'd just passed some sort of test. She realized that she felt Morris had just accepted another aspect of her.

With a lighter heart, she told him to go through the cases to see which one they should start with while she made them sandwiches.

Morris lifted a box and opened the lid. "Clari?"

"Mmmm?" Clari mumbled as she smeared mayo on his sandwich.

"How's your head feeling after you did...well, what you do...after we worked on your case? Did you get a bigger headache or did anything else, like a side effect from pushing your ability show up?"

Clari took a moment to tune into her body, and more importantly her head to see how everything felt. "My head is still throbbing, but it hasn't gotten worse and I don't think anything else has happened. I think I'm good to go on."

Morris turned his attention back to the box of files. "Okay, great! But let me know the second you feel there's a problem."

Clari came to the table carrying the two lunch plates. "I'll let you know."

He read to her as they sat and ate. "Jewelry started disappearing. The mother thought it was when her son had friends over, but she wasn't sure exactly when they disappeared since she doesn't wear jewelry every day.

"She keeps the most expensive stuff locked away. The jewelry she left out was the silver with the less expensive semi-precious stones."

Clari closed her eyes to focus inward. "It's her son. He has a substance addiction and is pawning her jewelry to get his fix. He makes sure to snag something when there are others in the house so that it will create confusion and take suspicion away from him."

She opened her eyes and asked enthusiastically, "Don't you guys have that invisible ink stuff that turns purple when someone touches it? We could so catch him that way!"

"Or we could just put in a hidden camera and catch him that way."

"Oh, yeah. But that's not as exciting," she whined. She stood and began to gather her dishes to help clear off the table. As she worked she continued on in a more serious tone. "That was too easy. What gives?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. I guess they are more short-handed than I thought."

"Well, for this case, that's just going to be the first part. Next they have to deal with the stealing as well as his addiction. It is sad really — this kid stealing from his mother. That really sucks."

"Yeah, it's worse when it's someone you know."

Clari could feel the blood as it drained from her face. She was vaguely aware of Morris cleaning up his spot at the table. Clari fell back into the chair with a thud.

“Clari?”

She whispered, “What did you say?”

He frowned. “What? I said it is worse when it’s someone you know.”

She felt a weird numbing effect crawling up her body.

*Oh. My. God.*

She could feel all of the little snippets of information – the puzzle pieces – begin to click in place. Her mind whirled in a chaotic way, but she knew better than to get excited. She also knew to just sit still while her brain worked to reorganize the information. She stilled, except for that one thought that had escaped the whirlwind. That one that kept repeating in her mind.

*Oh. My. God.*

Morris stood still. He recognized the look on her face. He called it the “magic moment”. It was the moment when everything began to come together...to solidify. It was also known as the “eureka moment”. It was the truth gathering and preparing to reveal itself. The pieces needed to finish coming together before anyone spoke or moved. It was like trying to remember a dream...if you got distracted by the physical world, the dream was lost.

“I don’t understand why,” whispered a dazed Clari.

Her phone rang. She absentmindedly picked it up and answered before she realized she had her phone in her hand. “We traced the iron box to your neck of the woods, Clarima,” the familiar voice of Maestro informed her.

“Um, okay,” she stammered.

“It never left your town. Someone local has it, though we’ve not been able to narrow it down to an individual yet.”

“It’s okay, Maestro. I’ll take it from here. I think I know who has it. And thank you.”

“You are welcome, Clarima. I heard about the shooting. How are you feeling since your incident?”

“The physical is healing quite well, thank you, but I’ll have to get back to you on the emotional part. Thanks again, Maestro.”

“Again, you are welcome. I will seek payment another day.” He disconnected the call.

She looked over at Morris. “We need to talk. And I need your help.”

They moved into the living room.

Clari sat cross-legged on the couch, hugged a pillow, took a deep breath and released it. “I think I need to fill you in on what else has been going on because I’m beginning to see that they are all interconnected, or at least some of it is. And need to give you some more background so you’ll know where I’m coming from with all of this.”

His silence encouraged her to continue.

“You know how we talked about the different levels in the WPO pamphlet?” Morris nodded. “Well, there are more levels, levels that are normally not public knowledge, and I need to talk about those for a bit.”

She struggled with sharing. The fear and indecision showed on her face. Morris nodded, but didn’t say anything, which made the space feel safe to Clari.

“To help differentiate these from the public levels they are labeled with the Roman numerals.” She began pointing to her fingers as she made her way through the list. “There’s Level C. The Readers in this level are ‘wild’. Wild is what the WPO calls the untested, uncertified, unregistered, and probably untrained Readers.

“There is a Level D. These are certified Readers, but the details are deemed ‘classified’ by WPO. All we have are speculations, and even those who are regularly certified don’t know what this level means.

“There is a Level M. This means that their certification, or renewal, is pending. This is usually due to an investigation being done on that individual. Once they’re cleared, they’re reclassified and put back into service. If they aren’t cleared, their certification is revoked.

“And finally, as far as I know, there’s the last level...Level X. These abilities, and therefore the individuals with these abilities, are designated — I think — as dangerous, deadly, or uncontrollable. These people usually disappear, never to be seen or heard from again. Ever. You with me so far?”

He crossed his legs. “Yep.”

She took a deep breath. “Next, I want to share a theory with you. Well, a theory as far as the rest of the human population is concerned. Through my observations of physical patterns and energetic patterns, coupled with information my Team has provided...well, this is what I’ve come up with and ask you to keep an open mind. Please?”

Morris leaned forward. “You helped me develop an open mind, which I promise to keep, at least until I’ve heard all you have to say.”

“Thank you.” Clari went on to explain her theory. “I believe that paranormals were prevalent in the days of old, but the hunting and killing of the predatory paranormals — like the different kinds of shapeshifters and vampires — had severely reduced their numbers. Human fear of the predatory paranormals leaked over to other paranormal species, and eventually dangerously reduced their numbers as well.”

Her hands helped to weave the story. “The paranormal survivors had quietly co-mingled and bred with humans, significantly weakening the paranormal species bloodlines and abilities until the paranormals were nothing more than ancient scary or mystical stories.”

Her fingers found her earring and began fidgeting with it. She had that far-away look and it sounded to Morris that she was thinking out loud. “I don’t think that it’s just the paranormal traits that are surfacing. The traits of mythical beings are showing up as well, but, so far as I can tell, they’re only in the overlays.”

She looked up and focused on Morris. “Throughout history, an occasional throwback was born, but never with the full paranormal abilities of their ancestors, only some with enough abilities to perform an extraordinary feat or two.

“Today, so far, there aren’t any ‘real’ vampires, shape shifters, and fae or other mythological and mystical beings in our dimension, but some of their attributes, or abilities, are showing up in the physical world.

“My theory is that the energy shifts that began in force in the year twenty-twelve had begun to activate the previously dormant paranormal and mythical attributes in DNA and began bringing them back.

“Our ancestor’s blood awakens within us,” she finished.

Morris paled. “So does that mean we are going to have shape shifters shredding people and vampires draining people of their blood?”

“Oh, gods no, Morris. The paranormal and mythical *attributes* are showing up, and those who have paranormal DNA are probably unaware of it. They aren’t going to be the actual creatures or beings. It just means that some aspects, like increased speed, heightened senses, and an increase in abilities, are going to surface. We’re not going to need silver bullets or wooden stakes. Not in our lifetime, anyway.

“Those who have wolf shifter DNA may have the stockier appearance of their shifter animal and show traits of extreme spouse or mate protectiveness or jealousy as well as protecting those under their care or considered to be part of their pack. They may also exhibit an increased sense of smell, enhanced hearing, or extra-human strength. Lieutenant Avery, for example, is one, and he is very protective of ‘his’. You know, those who work for him?”

“Like you and me?”

She flinched. “You, yes. Me, not so much.”

Morris interrupted her thought flow. “Isn’t a wolf shifter the same thing as a werewolf? And what about vampires?”

“A wolf shifter is not a werewolf. The werewolves of horror shows only have a single thought of hunting to kill. Wolves, and other shifters, are more like the wild version of their animals, and the wild animals try to avoid contact with humans.”

She continued, reabsorbed in sharing her thoughts. “Vampiric attributes could show in the ability to drain another’s energy. Some have become energy vampires as opposed to physical bloodsucking

vampires. Like the wolf shifter traits, the vampire traits may show up in increased speed, a heightened sense of hearing and smell and increased strength.

“And the humans whose overlays are angelic-like beings may start exhibiting a noticeable calming effect on those around them, or perhaps have healing abilities show up.

“For those whose attributes are earth-connected, you may find some that have a green thumb on steroids, or someone who has animals following them around.”

She took another deep breath and blew it out. “Those with fae attributes will have a variety of abilities. I’m also able to See a lot of those attributes in some people’s energy overlays.”

Morris held up his hand. “I feel like I’m in school. What is an overlay?”

“Okay, let’s say you are showing a home movie on a blank screen or wall. You see the images on the surface it is being projected on. What happens if someone stands up in between the projector and the wall? The images are now projected, at least in part, on the person’s body. You can see both the person’s body — the physical world — and a see-through scene being shown on this person — the overlay.

“I can see both the person and the see-through scene, or picture, at the same time. The overlay is the see-through projection associated with that particular person or place. Understand?”

He nodded. “Yeah, I think so. So, do I have an overlay? What does it look like?”

“I don’t know. I’ve not been able to See one with, or on you.” Her fingers fidgeted with her earring again. “Morris, no one, except you, knows that I can do this and I’m scared of being labeled Level X if anyone ever found out.”

“I’m honored you shared that with me, Clari. Your secret is safe with me.”

Clari released a breath she hadn’t realized she held. She next shared with him about the dagger experience and the vague warnings she had received from her Other-World friends. “So with all of that, along with me getting shot, and what you said about it being hard with it being someone you know...it kind of made things click into place for me. For example, my shields only alert me if someone I don’t know crosses them. The shields are programmed to ignore the people I consider friends and to ignore those energy signatures. That means...”

Morris interrupted her, “That whoever shot you was someone you consider a friend. Since Sebastian gave you that dagger, I think he’s the one who is trying to kill you.”

Tickled by his assumption, she teased, “You *really* don’t like Sebastian, do you?”

His eyes flashed. “No, I don’t.”

“As much delight as it would provide you, I assure you it’s not Sebastian. But, I think I know who, and need your help to prove it.”

He jumped at the request. “I’m in.”

## Chapter Nine

*Reader Level V — Most of all the Levels plus: able to trace the weaker energy manipulation signatures. Usually Vs work at WPO as investigators, researchers, or instructors or they police WPO certified members. ~ World Paranormal Organization (WPO) Information Pamphlet*

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Clari and Josie watched as the caterers bustled in. The office lobby had been transformed — it now had long buffet tables along the walls. The caterers set up tapas for Clari's guests. The tapas ranged from cucumber finger sandwiches and classic bruschetta, to charcuterie platters, as well as an offering of sliced fruits and potato salads. Another table had been set up for non-alcoholic drinks. A banner proudly displayed the reason for the party, "Congratulations on your 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary!"

"Josie, you look awesome!"

Josie, dressed in an off-the-shoulder with an overlapping soft beige neckline and color blocked with a black skirt, swirled, "I know," she giggled. "And look at you in your fancy black three piece pant suit with a black and white geometric shapes duster. Pretty!"

Clari looked away, embarrassed by the praise, and then looked back at Josie. "Thanks for all the work you've done on this, Josie. I couldn't have pulled it off. Thank you for handling it."

Josie grabbed and hugged Clari. "You're welcome. I'm just glad you're feeling better. But, are you sure this is safe for you? We still don't know who tried to kill you."

Clari stood up a bit taller. "I'm not letting that stop me from living my life. So, shall we enjoy our celebration tonight?"

Josie did a little dance. "Bring on the party!"

The guests began arriving as the caterers finished up. One of the first to arrive was Mrs. Benton with Miz Cozy. Clari felt it was appropriate that her first client was one of the first to arrive. Mrs. Benton, Clari's first ever client, grabbed Clari in a warm hug. "Thank you so much, Clari," she whispered in her ear as they hugged. Mrs. Benton and Miz Cozy, whose tail was wagging, took off to walk the room to meet others at the party. The room soon filled with the guests.

Client Jerry, in his blue jeans and cowboy hat, stood holding his soda and looking like he felt out of place. Clari went over to him. "Jerry, thank you so much for coming tonight. I really appreciate it."

A smile lit up his face. "Yes, ma'am. Least I could do for all your help."

"So everything's still good at home? No problems?"

Standing taller and looking more self-assured, he replied, "No problems at all, and that's the way I like it."

Clari was happy to hear that. "Good! Please help yourself to the food, Jerry. And thank you again for coming."

Jerry nodded and walked off towards the food tables.

As Clari turned, she saw that Mr. Hightower had joined the party. He was wearing a tweed jacket and had his nose in the air. He strutted with his Grand Champion Yorkshire, Ernest, on leash. Clari chuckled as she watched them work the room as though they were on the AKC show floor.

Her breath caught as she saw Morris enter. He was dressed in dark dress pants and a long sleeve oxford shirt. These clothes were a lot nicer than his work clothes. She watched his confident approach, which was occasionally halted by someone stopping him to chat. She noticed that he kept an eye on her no matter where he was in the room.

Her eyes softened as he finally made it to her. He placed his hand on her lower back, leaned into her and asked, "You look amazing. How are you doing? Nervous?"