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# *Far-Sighted:*

*The Legacy of Richard Drake,  
Clairvoyant*

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*(A Murder Mystery)*

by

Robert J. Potter

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# *Dedications*

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*With Gratitude*

Sandee

&

“Mamacita Gómez”

And to all the idealists, the philanthropists, the visionaries, and the unsung heroes who travel the road less travelled, I dedicate this work.



# *Acknowledgements*

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Also, I wish to offer a special “**thank you**” to JaNell, for her work on the cover design, and to “Crazy Sánchez,” for providing the illustrations contained within this work.



# Preface

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First, I should like to thank my friends and family, for without their support, this book would never have been completed. In addition, I should like to give credit to the television programs that not only inspired me to write, but whose information assisted me in my effort to ascertain an accurate account of supernatural investigations... They are the following: *Sightings*, *Paranormal State*, *Ghost Adventures*, and *Ghost Hunters* (American edition). Of course, I did not rely solely upon the information given in the aforementioned programs, but rather, I frequented various libraries to find source materials that are listed in the *Bibliography* at the end of this compilation.

The primary purpose of this work, is to entertain an audience of readers with an interest in mysteries involving supernatural events—namely, hauntings and extrasensory accounts. Furthermore, it is my hope that this book will broaden the minds of all those who read it, and give them an accurate overview of the protocols used in a paranormal investigation.

Even though this story is fictitious, let it be known that most of the cities, schools, restaurants, businesses, and procedural guidelines mentioned herein, are genuine. In fact, many—*but not all*—of the events contained within this work, actually did occur. However, the identities of all characters have been altered, in order to protect the innocent, as well as the guilty.

For the purpose of creating the proper effect, British spellings are used throughout the novel, and in the appropriate passages, British idioms are used as well. I anticipate that this literary choice will not be offensive to my readers, and I sincerely hope that they will find this work to be both enjoyable and informative.





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# Introduction

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Acts 2:17 (*The Holy Bible, KJV*)

***And it shall come to pass in the last days... Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions...***

\*\*\*\*\*

*Thursday, September 16, 1999*

It was a warm, breezy evening, and Richard Drake had just returned to his home, minutes before a thunderstorm ensued. As soon as he walked through the front door, he exclaimed, “This couldn’t be worse! *¡Ay de mí! Soy un gran tonto, un estúpido...* I have certainly made a mess of things.” Oftentimes, Richard spoke Spanish—especially, when he wanted to be emphatic, or in some instances, melodramatic. Also, he had a penchant for archaic English, and from time to time, he used outdated words, such as *thee, ye* and *thou*. Yes, he was somewhat eccentric, though a fiercely loyal friend. But regardless of his personal attributes, Richard was now very tired, confused, and worried about the future. Indeed, he was so distracted that he barely noticed his two beloved felines: Nibbles and Ruffles.

As a man of habit, Richard set the teakettle on the stove, just before he went to his recliner. Then, he sat down and began contemplating all that had occurred during the past year.

*Nothing seemed real.* Nevertheless, after several weeks of gruelling study and intrepid investigation, the Walsh/Freeman case had finally been closed, and the “active” perpetrators were caught.

On the surface, this might seem to be an ideal ending. To Richard, however, it was just the beginning of yet another dark mystery. He knew that he had unfinished business, that something was amiss. Many questions remained unanswered, and a feeling of dread loomed over him.

Bound by his past, Richard had become embroiled in a quandary of treachery and deceit. He looked toward the days that would follow, fearing that his beliefs and understanding of the world were about to be shattered. While lost in quiet reflection, he murmured to himself, “Throughout all my ventures, I have tried to do what was right. Still, I see nothing, but miserable defeat. What have I wrought?” Then, he started to shudder, as if he had been struck by a cold, wintery breeze.

Soon, the teakettle began to whistle, startling him back to reality, at least in part. He rose from his recliner, poured the boiling water into his teacup, and dipped a tea bag into the scalding-hot water.

There Richard stood—frazzled and broken—and he began to review his life, moment by moment, trying to understand how he had arrived at this juncture. He wondered what he had done wrong, so ordering his life, that he found himself drowning in a pit of despair: *fait accompli*.

As an instrument of *Providence*, with a strong sense of duty, Richard had limited options... True, he could make twists and turns along the way, but he was obliged to remain on one, never-ending road. *This is his story.*

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## *33½ Years Earlier*

*(March 1, 1966)*

It was midnight, and the *Summus Sacerdos* (i.e., High Priest) Ferdinand slowly entered the massive, mediæval sanctuary where black-robed figures had gathered—all of them chanting in obscure Latinate: These, the members of the *Cultus Tenebrarum*\* were.

In addition to the ghoulish and Dadaistic paintings that covered the age-worn walls within, the ambience felt oppressive, dreary, formidable, and the air smelled of mold, mildew, and burning incense: everything suitable for the *Dark Mass* in session... It was truly a place of pure evil, not for the innocent.

As soon as Ferdinand approached the pulpit, the order of members stopped chanting while they waited impatiently for their leader to speak. In the background, the sound of hushed whispers gradually began to fade. Momentarily, Ferdinand addressed his followers...

*My fellows, I come bearing news of great import to our cause. I have had a vision! Within five years' time, a very special child will arrive—an American-born descendant of the Anglo Isle—and he will possess a power greater than the world has ever known, save that of one precedent: the **Christus**. This boy is destined to be the **Vates**, or rather, the long-awaited clairvoyant, and he will not only be able to see the past and the future, but he will also possess the power of*

*redoing... With this, he can change what has been, what is, and what is yet to be. Therefore, we must mold him to our purpose, lest he be a threat to our very existence. However, this task may prove to be quite difficult, for he will be inclined to serve the side of good, truth and justice.*

After this lengthy statement, Ferdinand paused briefly, cleared his throat, and looked around the room, as if to seek counsel from his followers.

Barely fourteen years old, yet already highly ambitious, the youngest male member, Deacon Priatus spoke: "What are we to do, your Excellency? We shall all accede to your wishes." Then, once again, there was absolute silence.

Being in a position of great authority and power, Ferdinand could not afford to make mistakes. Scattered across the United States alone, there were over thirty-five thousand members who fell under his leadership. That meant that he had to shoulder their burdens, and prepare for all eventualities: *It was no easy task.*

Finally, after painstaking deliberation, Ferdinand readdressed his followers...

*As soon as I have pinpointed the exact location and identity of the foreseen boychild, we must use every resource at our disposal, in order to lure him over to the side of darkness. Perhaps, one of our female members might be up to the task.*

*On that note, I should also mention that within seven years' time, another child—a very beautiful, albeit depraved, girl—will be born... This, I have foreseen as well! It would be prudent to win her over to our cause, for this girl will come into the world, devoid of a soul: she, the very emissary of "Old*

*Scratch," himself. Without a conscience or any scruples, this girl will be resistant to the Vates' spiritual influence, and therefore, the perfect candidate to seduce him, both in body and mind.*

*For the intervening time, however, we must all focus on our purpose, and should one of you envision a plan that will secure our goals, then let him speak at such time. That is all for now.*

The *Summus Sacerdos* had finished apprising his apostles of the impending threat, but before exiting the building, he blessed all three hundred attendees in Latin, saying, "*O Marchio Tenebrarum, te invocamus! Cum animabus nostris, tibi servitatem in tenebris offerimus. Amen!*" while anointing their heads, one by one, with the blood of the sacrament: ***the blood of a slain jackal.***

\*(Please note: The *Cultus Tenebrarum*, which is mentioned in this story, has nothing to do with the Christian *Tenebrae Service*, and I wish **not** to offend any reader who might celebrate, or preside over this event, during the Easter holiday. In advance, I thank you for your tolerance, concerning this matter. Robert J. Potter)

# Chapter 1

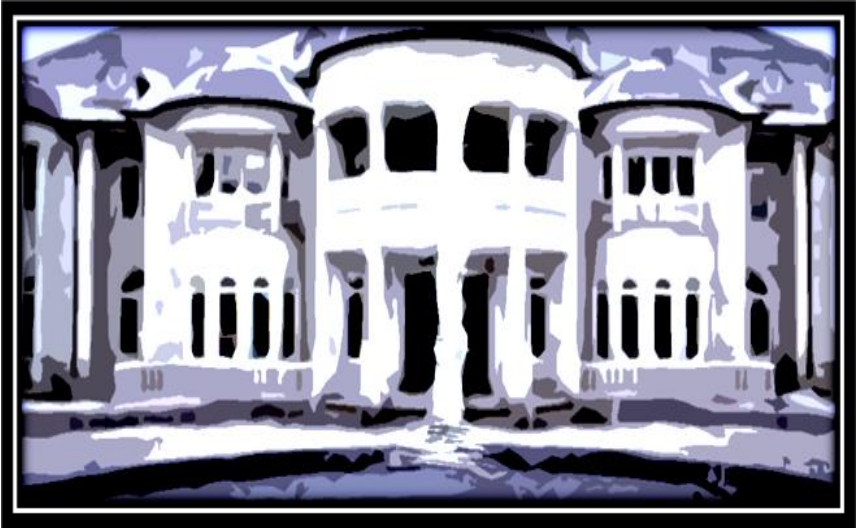
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## *The Vates, Once Foretold, Is Born*

Richard Ambrose Drake—the epitome of what some people refer to as a white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant—was born to Charles and Elise Drake on Friday, the 5<sup>th</sup> of March, 1971, in Cleveland, Ohio, as documented by the Cuyahoga County Courthouse. With the advent of his birth, the Drake family totalled five: Charles, Elise, and now, three children—one of them, a baby. Yes, Richard was *that* baby, and therefore, the youngest.

A creative, yet solemn boy, Richard grew up on the family estate... It was a 7,000-acre farm, located just a few miles east of Cleveland, where the Drakes produced world-famous, thoroughbred horses—specifically, white Arabians and chestnut-brown Clydesdales. But the horses were not the only thing of note at this site: *far from it!* Majestic by design, the estate was a work of art, starting with the manor house.





*Drake Manor*

A structure of stone and marble, the stately homestead had five regal pillars in front of the main entryway, a full-sized basement, 2½ main floors, and a top-level, lookout tower with a 360-degree, panoramic view of the stars at night, or by day, a magnificent view of the sprawling terrain. In the backyard, there was an enormous swimming pool—partially enclosed and heated for use during the colder months of the year.

Adjacent to the mansion, there stood a roomy, stone guesthouse, and its location granted visitors easy access to the main house. Also, for those employees who chose to live on the property, the family provided housing in a beautiful, brick building—complete with its own, indoor swimming pool and exercise room.

Of course, there were climate-controlled stables for the horses, as well as a ten-car garage that housed a Bentley, a Rolls-Royce, a 1949-classic Buick Roadmaster, a Mercedes-Benz

limousine, and a Chevrolet Suburban—used mainly for travelling along rugged terrains. The other five parking spaces were reserved for guests. Last, there was a landing pad for helicopters, as well as a carport for employee parking.

In addition to buildings and fields and pastures, Lake Elise was at the centre of the property, and *she* was absolutely breathtaking. However, this lake did not always exist... On their 1<sup>st</sup> wedding anniversary, to surprise his wife Elise, Charles had commissioned a group of geological engineers to build a 500-acre lake, named for her.

Upon its completion, Charles hired landscapers, horticulturists and marine biologists to add some finishing touches. *The end result was a masterpiece!* Lake Elise was stocked well with many kinds of fish—including bluegill, bass, catfish, sunfish, and crappie—and surrounded by oak, maple and cherry trees, not to mention a wide variety of manicured flowers and shrubs. Here and there were strategically placed birdbaths and cast-iron benches, as well as four pavilions—one for each direction. Down to the last detail, Lake Elise offered the perfect setting for any kind of outdoor recreation, including barbeques, lazy summer days, and parties.

Based outside of the city limits, the family business was ideally located because the Drakes were able to grow oats and other grains, as well as an assortment of vegetables, to feed their award-winning horses. Here, at the home base, the horses could roam freely and graze across miles of meadowlands—thereby, affording them plenty of fresh air and exercise.



*The Meadowlands at the Break of Dawn*

Besides having acres and acres of fenced-in pasture, the Drakes had another advantage... Dr. Charles Drake, Richard's father, was a veterinarian, and that made caring for the horses considerably more affordable and convenient. No outsiders were ever brought in, or permitted to administer any medical treatments that the horses might require. *It was Charles' job.*

As a young child, Richard loved exploring the vast territory and communing with nature, especially when it came to visiting the horses or playing with the family dog, Camille... She was a beautiful, friendly Rough Collie with long, sandy and white fur.

On a typical day, Richard would greet Camille with a smile and say, "Hey, girl, would you like to play fetch?" or, "How would you like to walk with me and go see the horses?"

Whatever the question, Camille would either respond with a bark, meaning, “Yes, that sounds like fun!” *or* she would sigh and whimper, meaning, “I’d rather not. Let’s do something else.”

But it really did not matter what they did together... The two of them were pals, like “Timmy and Lassie,” and they enjoyed each other’s company. The sad part was that Camille may have been the only one to show Richard any *true* love, outside of Aunt Clara, “Uncle” Matt, and the horses. His immediate family were somewhat cold and unwelcoming, though not technically abusive.

The issue of familial love notwithstanding, verbal communication between Richard and Camille became unnecessary: Each always knew what the other was thinking. Still, whenever possible, Richard made every effort to tell Camille, “I love you,” and, “You’re my best friend,” further demonstrating his love for her, even though she already knew how he felt. Their special bond, however, would not remain a secret...

One Sunday afternoon, quite by accident, Richard’s nonverbal communication with Camille became evident to everybody. It was the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1976, and the Drake family were gathered outside, celebrating Independence Day with an “all-American” cookout.

Throughout the event, Steven—the eldest sibling—had been relentlessly mocking and taunting his brother Richard. To top off his remarks, Steven shouted, “Hey, you little shrimp! Guess what? Everyone knows you’re a freak.”

With near-hatred in his eyes, Richard stared at his brother, yet he did not speak. Rather, he just stood there, gathering momentum, like a volcano about to erupt.

Once again, Steven opened his mouth... “What? You don’t like it when I call you a freak? Go ahead, chicken! Take a swing at me! *I dare you!* Well? *Do something!* I guess you’re too scared... Huh, chicken? Ah, it looks like Mama’s little baby’s gonna cry!”

While making these vicious, unprovoked remarks, Steven ignited one firecracker after another, only inches away from Richard. Yes, at times, Steven could be quite cruel, and on this occasion, he was worse than usual.

Little by little, Richard was being pushed to his breaking point. And when he could no longer tolerate the name-calling and fireworks in his wake, he pled with Steven: “Will you please leave me alone? I’m sick of your stupid quips. And stop setting off firecrackers in my face! *You’re nothing but a jerk!*”

Curtly, Steven replied, “What’s the matter, freak? Does the sound frighten you? *Huh...?* Well, that’s too bad. You need to stand on your own two feet, and take it like a man!”

After that retort, Richard had nothing more to say, but for a brief moment, he made a wish: “If only Camille would bite Steven for me, then that would make me happy!”

As soon as Richard had finished the thought, Camille lunged at Steven and bit him on his left ankle. Everyone was astounded, being that Camille had never shown any signs of aggression towards anybody, no matter what the circumstances.

Meanwhile, Richard waited in fearful anticipation, for he did not know what to expect from his parents. Yes, he was pleased that his bully-for-a-brother had been served his just deserts, but he was also concerned that the family might punish Camille for her attack. *And the very thought of losing Camille, was unbearable.*

Surprisingly, Elise only directed her attention towards Steven, her bratty son, and she exclaimed, “See what happens when you misbehave...? *You got exactly what you deserve!*”

At that precise moment, Richard knew that Camille was not in peril, and he muttered, “Whew! What a relief!” Then, he let out a sigh. *All was well.*

What was most astonishing, Elise had stood up for Richard—and Camille—albeit indirectly. Normally, she would have sided with Steven, and/or Anna, had Anna been involved. *This time was different.*

Regardless of the particulars, the impromptu attack revealed to everyone, that Richard and Camille were bonded—both profoundly and psychically. Now, their closely guarded secret was out in the open. *Under the circumstances, it was not the best news to make known.*

Soon after that skirmish, Richard started to develop a nonverbal rapport with the horses, as he had done with Camille. In fact, whenever he entered the stables, the horses would nicker with excitement because they knew that he loved them, and that he would probably treat them to carrots, or simply talk to them. All the while, Camille would be at his side—thereby, offering her undying devotion and protection. *Who could ask for more?*

Yes, beyond the difficulties he had with his family, Richard’s childhood appeared to be idyllic... The animals adored him, and when it came to material goods, one might say that he lived a privileged life: expensive clothes, the best schools, and every luxury that anyone could ever want—all at his fingertips. *Yet there was a major problem...* When Richard was little more than two years old, Elise and Charles started to have concerns for, *and about,* him.

The first “incident” took place on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of May, 1973. About 9:00 a.m. in the morning, young Richard excitedly ran to Elise, who was conversing with Charles in the parlour. Without hesitation, Richard interrupted... “Mama, is Aunt Beatrice here, yet?”

A bit baffled, Elise answered, “No, dear. My sister and Uncle Benjamin (Beatrice’s husband) are exploring ancestral homes in England, and they’re not returning to the States until next week or later. Besides, I wasn’t expecting them to visit us upon their return.”

“But I saw them! I know they’ll be here,” protested Richard.

Just as Elise was preparing to tell him that he was mistaken, the doorbell rang. As usual, Charles volunteered: “I’ll get the door.”

A few moments later, Charles reentered the parlour, along with some surprise guests, and he said, “Guess who’s coming to dinner!” in an attempt at irony. *But no one laughed...* Exactly as Richard had foretold, Aunt Beatrice and Uncle Benjamin stopped in for a friendly visit.

Elise’s jaw dropped before she inquired, “But I don’t understand... Weren’t you supposed to return on the 10<sup>th</sup> or later?”

“Yes, but our plans changed, and we thought this would be a good time to visit relatives. I’ve missed you, Sis’!” explained Beatrice.

Needless to say, Elise and Charles were taken aback by Richard’s perceptiveness—or rather, his *power*. From that day forward, he started to frighten them.