

WINDOW IN TIME

Book One

Sarah

A True Story of Reincarnation

By

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For the past seventeen years, a question has echoed in my mind. *Where do I begin?* I sigh and feel as though I will never come to a resolve. Then words fall into my thoughts.

I seek to refrain from the anatomy of my departure.

I think about their meaning and realize that I can no longer shield my heart from the truth.

Through my own desire for metamorphosis, I must gaze into evil. Through the recollection of another life some fifty years prior, I touch, feel, and cannot escape its images and lingering emotions. This evil cups my heart in its hands. It strokes and caresses my inner being, my sanctity.

Yet, with these words I begin:

Winds of hope that whisper within

Beseech my freedom to soar

Again

WINDOWS IN TIME

“In order to be spiritually free, you must step outside of time”

INTRODUCTION

Each of us has a story to tell: where we were born, where we went to school, our first fight, our best friend, our first long kiss. Our stories matter.

My own story is no different. My memories are attached to me like breath: undercurrent to my actions and life sustaining. Moreover, my experiences probably hold greater fascination to me than they do anyone else.

A few of the events I am about to unfold may come close, perhaps in circumstance, to your own experiences and for others they may be as diverse as midnight is to morning. Lessons learned and ones not yet learned, wisdom gained and insight clouded, grief, compassion and confusion reveal threads common in all of our embroidered memories.

As a young adult, I sometimes pondered over the possibility of recalling a previous life, or lives. Who was I? Where did I live? What about all the knowledge once gained, now forgotten? Could I reclaim that knowledge? As I pondered this once again, a vision beckoned me...

I enter a dimly lit attic. There is an old chair to my right in a blanket of dust. I shudder at the thought of touching it. I see a hat and coat rack. Some of the pegs are broken off and it stands tilted on a loose leg. Cardboard boxes, in disarray, are stacked up against the attic walls on both sides. There are many different types of boxes: a few brownish

with flaps folded in for secure cover, some made for packing and others are old, tied up gift boxes.

My right foot knocks over an object that makes a loud thud and sends up a billowing cloud of dust. I try not to breathe for a moment and then look down; it is a large, old book. I don't want to touch it either.

A beam of sunlight laden with these newly disturbed particles emanates through a small rectangular-shaped windowpane at the end of the attic. My eyes follow the beam. It alights a curious wooden box off in the corner that sits upon a child's chair. Like a small treasure box, it has an arched lid, appears heavy and on its front is an ornate brass latch glistening in the light.

I now stand in front of the box and wonder, should I touch it? I turn, and as my eyes peruse the attic, I decide that this box alone peaks my curiosity. I reach down and attempt to lift the lid but can't open it. Instinctively, I look to its underside when a strip of brittle yellowed tape breaks apart and a skeleton key falls to the floor, but not out of sight. I pick it up, put it into the keyhole and turn. Before I can lift the lid, I hear thunder from inside the box and step back. I stare transfixed. The box quivers on top of the chair. Air bursts. Pop! The lid flies open and I gasp in fright.

Swirling up, forming amidst the light beams of fluttering dust, loom haunting images from another life—ghostly figures suddenly unleashed, flying round and around before me. I quickly close the lid but before I can turn, before I can run, these images enter and penetrate the core of my being, becoming part of who I am.

Too late. It's too late. Now I encase all of it! All of the unbridled emotions that launched this fright; I know their power. I know that they will inexorably dictate the course of my life.

Like the first mortal woman in Greek Mythology, Pandora¹, out of curiosity I too opened a box. Ripping through the tightly woven tapestry of my present life, a new life began as I stepped through a window in time.

¹ Pandora: In Greek mythology, Pandora (meaning "all gifted") was the first woman on Earth, created by Zeus to plague mankind. The gods bestowed on her such gifts as beauty and charm but also gave her great curiosity. Zeus, seeking to punish man for accepting the gift of fire that Prometheus stole from heaven, gave Pandora a box containing all of the troubles and diseases that the world now knows. She was warned not to open the box, but her curiosity overcame her. Only Hope remained inside the box as she quickly closed the lid again.

Chapter 1 - Today, I am thirty-eight. Fifty years ago, I was twelve.**Friday, January 3, 1941**

With my eyes shut, I can smell damp buffalo skin draping the frame of my teepee. The rain tapping on the taut hide sounds like drumming in the distance. I imagine colorful feathered headdresses bowing back and forth to the resonant beat, and the low hum of men in their dance...

With my eyes shut, I can see crimson bougainvillea framing the uncovered window, clouds of dawn cracking open, sending bright orange beams onto the wide glistening sea below my Moroccan villa. Slowly, I breathe in moist, salty air...

With my eyes shut, I am in the city teeming with morning traffic, horns honking, mothers yelling for their sons to watch out, children running and laughing on their way to school. Now, I can no longer keep my eyes shut.

Now, with my eyes open, I see black-barred windows set high in the wall of my tiny room. I see the sun vanish behind a thick sheet of gray and rain tapping hard on the dingy panes. I used to like the smell of rain, but not here. Here, the air harbors odors of unwashed, bed-ridden bodies that the rain, no matter how hard it showers, cannot wash away.

Of all the places in this vast world, of all the places to wake up to, why do I wake up in this locked room, awaiting sounds of shuffling feet in the hall, demanding voices and the morning bell? I wish that I could close my eyes once more, and the vision I set before me would be my new reality. I wish I could be like the sun and vanish behind a thick cloud, and people would just wonder, "Where has she gone?"

A loud, determined sound, “Pound, pound, pound!” slammed at my door, startling me. A moment later, it opened.

I pulled the rough brown blanket up over my head. *Not today, please not today.*

“Get up Sarah,” shouted a gruff voice. “The doctor wants to see you now!”

I knew exactly who it was. Without even looking, I pictured him standing there waiting for me to get out of bed. He was just plain ugly.

He had large hairy arms that always propped out away from his fat body. Privately, I gave him an appropriate name, ‘Ape-man’, but apes seemed much more respectable. His cheeks sagged. His large lips were always open, and wet, as if he was getting ready to eat an ice cream on a hot day. Maybe if I didn’t move a muscle, he’d think me dead and go away.

But I remember everything.

Hans jerked my blanket back, sending it to the floor. Instinctively, I pulled my knees up under my gown and held them tightly to my chest.

“Get up, I said!” he demanded with his coarse German accent.

I scooted up slowly, trying to keep my legs secure, and slid my back against the cold wall.

He grabbed my ankles, “There will be no time for that now,” and yanked on them hard to straighten out my legs in front of me. “Dr. Cox will be here in a few minutes to see you.”

Slowly, he bent down close to me, almost in my face. I stopped breathing, attempting to avoid the putrid smell from his unwashed teeth. The corners of his mouth turned up slyly and his groping hand came at me. I crossed my arms over my chest and

decided that if his hand got any closer I would bite it hard. The door opened. Hans quickly pulled away—acted completely innocent—and ran to hold the door open for Dr. Cox.

I don't want to see him. I don't want to be here. I want to go home. Please, I just want to go home!

Dr. Cox turned to Ape-man; casually directing him, "Go get the cart I prepared. It's at the nurses station."

The doctor did not look at me, not yet anyway. He stood near the door, flipping through papers on his clipboard, hardly moving. I thought it peculiar how Dr. Cox—who stood much shorter than Hans did—seemed bigger and even more frightening. I did not like him at all, even when he tried to sound nice. He's ugly too, but in a different way than Hans. Out walked Ape-man and in slithered Snake-man. I enjoyed my silent joke, but only for a moment. Then, the word *impenetrable* popped into my head. Yes, *he is that*.

Dr. Cox began scratching down words on the clipboard, looking at his watch, and making loud taps with his pen, like placing a period at the end of a very important sentence. I studied his face for a moment. I didn't think he shaved this morning. His face sprouted gray stubbles, looking rough and wrinkly. He wore a white cap tightly on his head and the strings lay loose and untied in back, as if he put it on in a hurry, was ready to take it off, or didn't care what it looked like. The word *impenetrable* passed through my thoughts again.

I was staring at his cap when his head tilted up ever so slightly. The two tiny black dots suggesting eyes surrounded by steel gray looked right *into* me, as if he knew all

along I was staring at him, and creepy, as if I took pleasure in what I saw. I didn't like him at all.

He peered at me, speaking slowly, oddly, "How are we today?"

I could almost see a forked tongue slip from his mouth as he spoke. Chills ran down my spine. I promised myself that this time I was not going to answer his questions.

"Still having those nightmares?"

No matter my wish, the nightly images and panic flooded in: *A steep, dark stairwell. I'm falling and falling. Red is everywhere.* I quickly answered with a cracked voice, "No-o-o."

"Are you sure?" he asked more deliberate than before.

I closed my eyes trying to get away from it all, but the evil touched me. It almost catches me as I try to run away, but my body is too heavy. I can't. I can't.

His deep voice startled me, "I know you see it Sarah."

Oh, God, I didn't want to tell him again no matter what. I kept my eyes shut tight even though that dream replayed like a movie in my head, repeatedly.

"Why don't you want to tell me? Why are you afraid?"

It's an evil monster! I know it. It's behind me, licking my neck. Why is it licking my neck? Why doesn't it go away? I can feel its wet tongue, sliding. No!

"It's you isn't it, Sarah? You can tell me. Why did you do it?"

No. No, it's a monster! I began sobbing.

Now that I was crying, he stopped asking me questions. He was satisfied. I just knew it. I kept my eyes shut for several minutes and slowly began to control my grief. I

could feel Dr. Cox's presence near me. I could hear his breath and the scratching of his fountain pen.

Then, the door opened abruptly with a thud. I wiped my eyes and saw Nurse Blanchard enter. I took one look at her repugnant face and wondered why everyone here looked ugly.

Nurse Blanchard was tall, unlike Dr. Cox. Each time I saw her she had a stern look with piercing lips. Her face reminded me of something, but I wasn't sure what. She looked at Dr. Cox a moment, then motioned impatiently with her long fingers opening and closing rapidly for me to come with her.

I didn't move.

"Sarah!" she ordered loudly, "Let's go and relieve ourselves."

I looked at Dr. Cox. He nodded.

Just when I slipped off the cot and onto the cold floor, Hans barged back in, frightening me. He almost ran over my feet with a silver cart. I watched him stop and position the cart next to Dr. Cox. As I stared at the cart, trying to figure out what it was, Nurse Blanchard grabbed me by pulling my arm, and hurried my small footsteps down the long hall to the bathroom.

There was no privacy in this large square room at the end of the hall. It was damp and cold, with white tiles blanketing the floor and four walls. All that stood before me were the open toilets, Nurse Blanchard, and the squawking echo of her voice. *I don't like being here.*

"Hurry up, Sarah. I'm not going to stand here all day."

I tried to imagine my Moroccan home by the sea, my teepee in a field blanketed with wild flowers, or being back home, anything but being here. I wanted her to go away and I didn't want to go back to where Dr. Cox coiled.

I looked up at her, hoping she would be kind enough to turn away. She didn't. She just stood there, with a blank face, dressed in her stark white uniform. Both her hat and uniform were so stiff with starch that they looked as though when she took them off they could stand on their own in a corner. Her arms, stationed squarely on her hips, rather reminded me of an army tank I once saw on a magazine cover. Then, as I was staring at her, I finally realized what she reminded me of, a vulture.

I had difficulty urinating with her hovering above me and decided to give up. We exited the relieving room and went back down the hall. The closer we got to my room, the more anxious I became and I closed my eyes to pray. *Please God; don't let anything happen to me today.* I began flicking my fingers nervously, making a clicking sound with my nails.

Vulturewoman peered down at me with her eyes squinting. "Stop that."

We passed other women patients who, like caged animals in this zoo, gawked in terror while a few stared pitifully, as if knowing and sympathizing with my fate, while some paid no attention at all. I wondered if anyone noticed her and her long skinny fingers with long painted nails wrapped around my forearm. Did they see them as talons as I do?

When we entered my room, she escorted me to my cot and ordered me to sit on the edge of it. Doctor Cox and Ape-man stood by. The doctor nonchalantly turned to Hans and queried, "All set?"

“Yes,” he answered.

Hans handed a large syringe to Dr. Cox, who then turned towards me.

I took one look at that needle and pleaded, “I don’t really want anything today. I’ll be good.”

“I want you to be cooperative, Sarah. Now then, give me your arm,” Dr. Cox said sternly.

I put my arm behind my back. Hans quickly grabbed it and with a vice-like grip held it still. I wanted to yank it away, but flashed back to a few weeks ago when I woke up in a different room. I cried there. It was dark, I was alone, and I didn’t know where I was. A nurse with red hair, not mean like Vulturewoman, came in to bring me warm soup. She told me I put up a big fight with the doctors when I first arrived here and that was part of the reason I ended up in the dark room. I didn’t know the other part. She also told me I had been in there for four days. Four days I didn’t remember. However, my body ached and had bruises on both of my arms and face.

“Ouch,” I cried, when he jabbed in the needle. My head felt light and I lay back on my cot. Quietly, I began slipping away, distanced from what was happening around me, floating in and out of a dream.

Two orderlies transferred my now limp body onto a gurney and wheeled out me of the room. I tried very hard to keep my eyes open; to see where we were going, but it was so hard. We rolled down the long hall past other rooms, past other patients, until we came to some double doors. Beyond the doors was a dimly lit square hall. They wheeled me around a corner and pushed through some more double doors. It was

bright. My head fell to one side. We were in a long passageway with small pane, windowed walls. Through them, I saw green, green grass glistening wet.

Slowly down the passageway we rolled, creating rhythmic sounds of wheels echoing, "Click-clunk, click-clunk, click-clunk," on the tiled floor. I wanted to keep open my eyes, but a sweet dream surrounded me.

I see my Grandmother's face. She's leaning on her cane at the bottom of the stairs staring straight up at me. I smile.

"Click-clunk!" bumped the wheels, jolting me abruptly out of the vision. Again, through the slits of my heavy lids, I saw green and glints of rain on the many panes and a gray-masked sky. I tried staying alert but my eyes against my will fell shut. Each time they closed, the slow, metronomic sounds transported me to the same vision that beckoned me. Each time they closed, I traveled further and further away, down a different hall, until I stepped through a window in time.

"Sarah, Sarah," calls my grandmother. "Sarah? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Grandmother, I'm coming," I shout, bounding down the stairs.

At the bottom stands Grandmother chiding me with her polished cane.

"It's about time. You know-."

"Yes, Grandmother," I interrupt. "When dinner is served I should not have to be yelled for."

"Precisely. How many times do I have to tell you this?"

“Oh, about five hundred, I imagine.”

“Well then,” she begins, acting as if she were counting on her finger tips, “according to my figures, I will only have to remind you two more times and you will remember it for the rest of your life.”

“Oh, Grandmother.”

I help her into her chair at one end of the dining room table and sit beside her. While I fold the napkin properly on my lap, I glance at Grandmother and notice a faint smile forming underneath her pursed lips.

Our dinners are always formal. Nan prepares all of our meals, and eats with us, but only when we are not having guests. If we are, between serving us each course, she eats in the kitchen. Even though Nan is like a second mother to me, and the house can't run smoothly without her, Grandmother insists upon this.

We drink wine—I add water to mine—bottled from our own vineyards. Grandmother always blesses our meal and proposes a different toast to begin each meal, unless a friend is ill. Then we would wish them well each day of their sickness. Each toast is short, wise and to the point.

Poised, both Nan and I wait for Grandmother's cue. I look across the table at her patiently awaiting the salutation. Her thoughtful face and white hair glimmer in the soft light of the candles. She wears her favorite freshly pressed navy blue linen dress with white piping. She is ready; she looks at me, then Nan and smiles.

“May the future be now,” she says, lifting her glass to meet our glasses simultaneously.

“Clink. Clink.”

A callused thumb lifted up one of my eyelids suddenly interrupting me from the memory of that bitter, yet pleasing flavor under my tongue. *Why is this man staring at me so?*

He walked away and disappeared into a room across the hall. Just before the door shut, I heard him speak.

“Doctor Cox. She’s not awake quite yet.”

I gazed down a long hallway and noticed two doors at the end. I was confused. At first, I thought that I was outside of my own bedroom at home. Then it hit me; I was in the hospital, in a different hall, and not at home. *How long have I been asleep? What happened?*

A lumbering shape pushed open the dark red door and came out of the same room across the hall. It was a man. He looked familiar. I realized it was Ape-man. I shut my eyes, fearing the worst and hoping again he would ignore me and go away, but my gurney began to move. As it rolled again down the hall, I remembered. Dr. Cox wanted to do something but why here? What was going to happen to me or did something happen already and I can’t remember?

I peeked through a slit in my eye and saw we were heading for the red door. I could hear many voices inside, speaking all at once, blurring into an indistinct din. I shut my

eyes again. The moment I was wheeled in all became silent. I was too afraid to look and could feel that the many voices had many eyes, and they were now all upon me.

Even though I felt cold fingers put something around my head and then strap my wrists and feet down, I kept my eyes shut. I wanted again to shake my head out of the fog it was in, but didn't dare. I decided that they mustn't know I could hear them, that I might learn what they were not telling me. I tried very hard to wake up fully, to not feel numb from that stupid injection, but I drifted in and out of consciousness.

When I awoke, my mind raced in fear. I saw people all around me, talking. I quickly shut my eyes and stayed as still as I could.

The voices, once stifled by my presence, were now alive in conversation. Slowly and inconspicuously, I opened my eyes to a slit and peered around the room. There were several men standing about talking. No one seemed to be looking at me or notice that I was looking. I could hear Dr. Cox just to my left. Another voice sounded familiar. My head throbbed as I turned, ever so slightly.

Who was that man near Dr. Cox in the brown suit, holding his hat? I felt like I should know him, but I didn't remember. I noticed that another man in a white coat was walking towards me and I quickly—but slowly—closed my eyes. A callused thumb lifted up my eyelid, and I pretended to be asleep.

"Not quite ready," said the man.

My thoughts reeled in confusion. *Ready? Ready for what? Should I say something? Should I tell these men I shouldn't be here?* Fear spread through me, yet I couldn't run. I couldn't show my hatred or anger for I knew that would be a worse fate. All I could do was pretend I was asleep.

Time seemed to stop. My soul begged to scream, to turn to someone for help. I knew however, that a worse fate was certain if I did that. I took in a slow, shaky breath. There was nothing I could except wait.

“Dr. Brown,” asked Dr. Cox impatiently, “would you check her again? We’re all set to go.”

Again, the callused thumb pressed open my right eye. I was staring into the face of a doctor I had never seen before. He seemed too young to be wearing a doctor’s smock and, unlike Dr. Cox, had a kind face that assured comfort. I didn’t want him to notice I was awake, and as soon as he released his thumb, I shut my eye.

“Sarah,” he said softly, “Sarah, are you awake?”

I kept my body still.

“Dr. Cox,” he began, “she’s not ready just yet.”

“That’s strange. Are you sure?”

“Yes,” said Dr. Brown.

“Well, I’ll speak to our guests in just a minute then.”

I heard shuffling of papers and slowly opened one of my eyes to a very tiny slit. At the other end of the small room was a group of men in dark suits. One wore a big mustache and had a camera slung around his neck. In his hand rested a silver dish. I realized there was a bulb in it and it must be a flash for the camera. Two other men busily scribbled on note pads. One of them had bushy sideburns, a big mustache and a large, round belly. His hat, tilted back on his head, had a card stuck in the brim. Maybe he’s a reporter and the other is his photographer. Dr. Cox was to my left, flipping through some papers on his clipboard. A few doctors and nurses were behind him.

Just to his right was that man in the brown suit, turning his hat in his hands. He had a slender build; jet-black hair and his white face wore a sad or concerned expression. I felt like I should know him. He didn't have a note pad, he didn't appear to be any kind of doctor and his look of sincerity didn't match an uneasiness I sensed.

Through the slit in my eyes, I watched Nurse Blanchard come to me with a white towel in her hands. She rolled it up and placed it under the small of my back. She yanked the thick brown leather straps on my wrists and ankles even tighter. They hurt. Dr. Cox turned to the group of men and began to talk.

"For over a year, this child was suffering from depression. However, the violent death of her grandmother, who raised her, by-the-way, sent her into a much deeper emotional state."

What? My grandmother is not dead! He must be talking about someone else. The more he spoke, the more confused I became. It seemed as if he were speaking of me, but I was sure it must be someone else. I knew that my grandmother was not dead! What did they do to her?

The reporter interrupted Dr. Cox, "Why, Doctor, would this death cause such trauma, I mean, people die every day?"

"Well, Sarah's emotional problems prior to the accident were severe enough that she was on a leave from her schooling for quite some time. When her grandmother's broken body was discovered at the bottom of their stairwell alongside her overturned wheelchair, Sarah was found next to her in the corner, in a fetal position and couldn't speak."

My head pounded. My stomach churned. He's lying. I just know it. It can't be true!

“Dr. Cox.” blurted out the reporter. “Why would the grandmother attempt to come down the stairs in a wheelchair?” Before Dr. Cox could answer he fired more questions, “Or, was Sarah violent? Do you think she was somehow responsible for her Grandmother’s fall?”

The brown-suited man quickly interrupted, “Dr. Cox, I don’t think it necessary to-.”

“Yes, yes,” responded Dr. Cox quickly, “I’ll go on. I cannot go into any more of the circumstances surrounding this patient, as you well know, but I can tell you what conditions necessitate this type of treatment.”

I was certain that Dr. Cox was making all this up. They didn’t know what they were saying. I wanted to scream, to spit in their faces, to run away faster than they could ever catch me but they strapped me like a wild beast. I knew that no one would believe me and that if I tried to get away Dr. Cox or Hans would certainly punish me later when the men in suits were not around. I remained frozen in fear and listened.

“Would you classify her as a paranoid schizophrenic,” asked one of the men with a notepad, “the type we often hear about?”

“Well,” began the doctor, “being catatonic is a syndrome of schizophrenia. The patient will go in and out of that state. However, even a person with schizophrenia can seem perfectly normal.”

“You mean to say,” blurted the reporter as he looked around the room, “that anyone of us could be nuts?”

“Yes, it’s true that a person with paranoia can have a personality that appears normal. Let me ask you,” Dr. Cox peered at the reporter’s nametag, “Mr. Blake, have you ever been afraid of heights or closed-in places?”

“Oh, I get it, like when you get the willies and there’s nothing there?” affirmed Mr. Blake.

“For some it’s just the willies, as you say, but for others it can preoccupy their mind constantly until it begins to dominate all their activities. The difference is that with someone like Sarah, her paranoia has altered her personality. Her emotions have detached from her thought processes causing disorientation. When she first arrived, she was violent and aggressive, thinking that everyone was out to hurt her, which is a form of paranoia. She truly believes that we are a threat to her, that everyone is.”

“But why this type of treatment?” asked Mr. Blake. “It doesn’t appear to me that she would feel very safe right here, right now. I know I wouldn’t!” He laughed nervously, glancing around the room, seeking the agreement of others, but no one else joined in.

“This is exactly why you are here today, Mr. Blake,” began Dr. Cox. “I wanted other noted doctors and a reporter like yourself to see what state this patient is in prior to this therapy and to see for yourself how it is very successful for this type of disorder. I want the public to understand that our hospitals are not Bedlam, that they are a place where there is hope for a cure.”

“But so drastic a measure?”

“Yes, exactly Mr. Blake, a drastic measure for a drastic condition. Would you like to see this beautiful young girl able to function normally again?” Dr. Cox asked Mr. Blake, who just nodded. “Well, this is our hope too.”

“But she appears quite calm and harmless,” commented Mr. Blake.

“Let me reiterate that she has been violent, severely depressed and unresponsive to any other treatment,” explained Dr. Cox, exasperated. “She was sedated after all, but its affects are temporary. Now then, let us continue before-.”

“Can’t you just talk to her and find out what’s bothering the poor child?” he interrupted.

All the eyes in the room glared at the reporter as if he would be the next.

“I’m sorry, Doctor. Silly question... Please, go on.”

“Thank you. I shall. The patient will receive a treatment just about every other day, depending on her recovery, for six weeks. After that we will begin psychotherapy.”

I was confused and tried to comprehend what he was saying when I heard a soft voice behind me.

“Sarah?”

Before I knew what I was doing, I turned, opened my eyes and found myself staring at Dr. Brown. When he noticed I was awake, he smiled. It was such a big, warm smile that I couldn’t help but smile back.

Dr. Brown’s large hand rested gently upon my forehead and he spoke, “Don’t worry, little one. You’ll feel better soon enough.”

I wanted to say, *I’m fine, I’m fine*, but uselessness caged my words.

He turned to Dr. Cox and said, “Okay, she’s ready doctor.”

“Alright then,” Dr. Cox began, as he turned to the others in the room, “we will now commence.”

Hesitantly this time, Mr. Blake spoke up, “Um, can you tell me how much electricity is going into her?”

Electricity... What does he mean? What are they going to do to me? Are they going to kill me?

“It is fed at 120 volts and only 900 milliamperes from this portable machine right here. She won’t feel a thing and she won’t remember anything about it. In fact, it should completely bring her out of the state she’s been in, slowly after some time, of course. And, Mr. Blake, I do hope you will come back and see for yourself?”

“I will. Believe me, I will.”

“It will stop automatically at four-tenths of a second.” Dr. Cox smiled and patted his hand on a black box with dials and gauges and wires coming out of it. “ This is the latest technology.”

As Dr. Cox continued to talk, I was too frightened to listen anymore. My mind went in and out of a blank state. Can’t someone stop this? Can’t the reporter see how horrible this is or maybe the doctor with the kind face? Maybe he...where is he?

Suddenly, the nurse stuffed something hard and black in my mouth. I wanted to cry, no, no! But I couldn’t. I looked around the room. My eyes shrieked in terror.

“Now!” shouted Dr. Cox.

“Ah h a h a h a h a h a h a h a h!”

Screeching, screeching, pain of thunder
raging through this heart of mine.
Cinched my body, screaming torrents,
thrashing moments out of time.

Beyond the pain, beyond all hope,

I slip into abyss.

My soul cries out, I snap and jerk,

destroying what was this.

I cry not

for what was once

can be whole no more.

My soul's misplaced, my heart is stolen

death itself is borne.

Stillness

Sudden breath

Sudden breath

deep breath

S p a c e

floating away

floating away

darkness.