

Winter 1952

The summer had been long and difficult, filled with negativity and, in it's way, of mystery. I had not been able to come to terms with the idea of another year of school. The very thought of it brought to the surface physical symptoms, anxiety, dizziness, and small seizures.

One afternoon, in the familiar surroundings of the far reaches of the backyard, I felt as though I were being stuck through with pins and needles and began to feel faint. It had been one of those hot California winter days and I knew the temperature was working its debilitating effect upon me. Just as I sat myself down on the picket fence, hoping for a few moments of rest, the sky took on a red glow, beginning as a thin line barely discernible against the familiar blue and growing to a sheet of deep, dark crimson. It was frightening, but I managed to get up from the fence and go back into the comforting familiarity of my private rain forest in the wilds of Inglewood, accompanied by the presence of something making itself felt just within the boundaries of my mind, something telling me it wanted its freedom.

The soft breeze playing across the yard, slightly ruffling the tranquility of the beautiful array of colorful flowers bordering the picket fence, felt good, and went well with the sunlight reflected off the linen sheets hanging from the clothesline. The glare was a little on the bright side and I covered my eyes with my hand, which didn't help at all as the light not only grew in intensity, but also inflated to immense proportions. I could see nothing but the blazing effulgence in which I was encased.

Small fiery spheres shot from what I estimated to be the center of the light, shooting across the span of my vision and hurtling into one another. They exploded upon impact, the explosions creating hundreds of new fireballs in a self-regenerating process. The entire tableaux resembled nothing as much as the gyrations of atoms as their constituent particles collide to produce energy.

The scene firmly held my attention and I found myself standing straight and tall as I watched the cacophony of photonic chaos. The haphazardness of the shapes created by the explosions gave way to a more coherent form as the energies began to group themselves into some sort of object, an object that was coming towards me.

I tried to fix my concentration on this object, to distinguish its form, its nature and, hopefully, its intentions concerning me. I felt myself outside the straightjackets of temporal existence as the form continued to evolve before my eyes. Then, who should come out of that light but my mother, asking me if I had not heard her calling me into the house for lunch. I tried to answer her but words failed me.

“Myron!” I heard her snap. “Answer me!”

I was trying to throw all my energy reserves into the formation of a few words, but I couldn't materialize anything. My mother was just being swallowed up by the light but my frantic entreaties for her return bore positive results. Instantly she was beside me, asking her usual question, “What's wrong?” To which I gave my stand reply, “Nothing.”

During the walk to the house I was dizzy and felt very unsteady, and my vision was blurred on top of it.

The moment I sat down at the table, I knew trouble was coming straight towards me. I felt sick to my stomach and the room began spinning. I tried to hide my physical and mental distress but that charade fell apart when I dropped my glass of milk.

Again, my mother insisted I tell her what the matter was, and as always I said nothing, all was well.

While watching her clean up the milk that had spilled all over the floor, my head was pulled back and I fell to the hard linoleum of the kitchen floor. The moment I made contact with the floor, my consciousness was turned completely inside out and I was oblivious to the home surroundings.

I found myself reclining on the black wings of a gigantic crow gracefully gliding through a beautiful patch of clouds. The cool wind delightfully stroked my face as we soared majestically across the tops of the black mountains surrounding us on all sides. Below us, the valleys and darkened canyons were covered with a red-tinted fog.

Many valleys in the real world are filled with orchards, vineyards, crops of various types, but I could feel, instinctively and definitely, that the chief product of the valleys I was soaring over was fear, and there seemed to be a bumper crop sending its vibrations up to me. With this realization, the crow began a descent towards one of the canyons, turning over and spiraling madly straight toward the ground. The force of the wind was pushing me off the wings and it was all I could do to maintain a death grip upon the creature. The thought that we were inexorable heading into a horrendous crash was terrifying.

I woke up screaming, to find my mother holding me in her arms and desperately trying to pull me out of the pit of terror in which she seemed to know I was held fast. At first I did not recognize her or my environment but I quickly got my bearings. Still dizzy and soaked in perspiration, the mental fog began to lift.

There was, of course, no mention of anything as unacceptable as epilepsy or seizures. She merely asked if I were tired and wanted to get some sleep.

I answered in the affirmative and got ready for bed, more than ready to see the end of this day and looking forward to the wonderful forgetfulness of slumber.