

## The Zone

### The Hospital.

The phone rang.

The voice at the other end of the line said:

"You've got it all wrong."

"What!" I managed, not quite knowing where it was going.

"You don't listen, you just don't bloody listen."

"Who is this?" I said feeling proud at being able to put together a question.

I looked myself in the eye in the mirror above the gas fire.

I put the phone down.

It was peaceful, quiet.

I sat down on the bed.

Out through the window I could see the small park, green and pretty, with the spring sun

Shining on it.

It was all so perfect and then the thoughts came sailing in.

Thoughts that dissected dissection itself.

Like a big amorphous mass of cancerous monsters munching away.

Thick with dust the book stared at me.

I moved towards it, my heart beating heavily in my skull.

Leave me be, I thought.

Words drown me I fear.

Too many ideas explained by too much verbiage.

Trying to decipher it all is much too time consuming and exhausting.

Where do all the discarded thoughts go? I wondered.

Outside on the street in front of my apartment building.....that's where I am now as I begin to pretend to act and walk like everyone else as I move through the streets.

Speech is the normal form of communication and also the most accepted form, to the point of persecution of others that may have to resort to other forms.

The desert surrounds me as I walk down a street lined with office buildings and lawns.

I am floating in deep space as I enter the doctor's office on the 73<sup>rd</sup> floor.

"Good morning Mr. Crawford, would you be kind enough to sit down whilst the nurse brings in your file?"

He sat there observing me like I was some specimen.

I felt like a slab of meat in a butcher's shop with flies hovering over it.

The nurse handed Dr. Lowenstein the file.

He smelled of Colgate and lifebuoy soap as he shuffled a bunch of papers around.

At great length he sighed, put his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair.

"How long have you been having these delusions about energy beings?"

I looked him in the eye; it was like looking into the cold detachment of a camera lens.

"Why do I come here?"

"Because the court has ordered you to or else be sent to a psychiatric hospital."

He was walking around the room.

I got up and walked out.

He was still talking when I quietly closed the door behind me.

I decided to take the consequences and do my own thing.

I got back to the afternoon sunlight in my apartment.

I sat there staring into the void and fell into a light doze.

The phone shocked me back.

"Who is it?" I yelled into the plastic.

"It's Dr. Lowenstein and I've arranged for you to be picked and taken to that hospital I was telling you about."

I put the phone down and yanked the cord out of the wall.

I was soon asleep again.

They came and got me at around 4am. I guess they picked that hour for dramatic effect.

The ride was smooth enough.

At the hospital I was confronted by about a half dozen women who asked me questions and asked me to sign my name to various forms.

I complied.

I was soon in a pair of blue pajamas and white terry cloth robe with stains and holes in it.

Also plastic slippers and white tube socks.

I was led to a small room with a bed and a toilet and washbasin.

I was locked in.

I stood there not knowing what to do.

When the light went out I fell asleep.

### Meeting the gang.

I was shocked out of a deep sleep by a poker-faced man with thin blond hair and blue watery eyes wearing a white orderly's coat.

He was standing over me trickling urine over my face from a urinal bottle.

He was smiling.

I started to jump up and then realized I was in restraints.

"Welcome to the latest in psychotherapy asshole."

He spat the words so that I was sprayed with his spit.

"What you got between your legs? Anything worth chopping off or bruising?"

He stood still and stared at me intently.

"I'll have to think up something special for you."

Just then the door opened and in walked a nurse. She looked angry.

"Why is this man in restraints?" She shot at the orderly.

"Well! He drank his own piss. I caught him red handed. Disgusting filthy pig."

"Get out of here before I throw you out!" She moved threateningly towards him.

His whole demeanor changed.

His chest sagged and his jaw dropped.

"I-I-I-m g-g-g-going!" He stuttered and nervously ran out of the room.

The nurse was a middle-aged woman, plump with short brown hair.

"It's ok Mr.Crawford, I'll undo you, get you cleaned up and take you to the dining room."

She began to undo the restraints.

"Don't worry about Herman. He's a trustee. Just shout at him and he'll run away."

Her name was Mavis and she was a nice person.

She helped clean me up and took me for breakfast.

The breakfast was a choice of bacon or sausage toast and eggs with tea or coffee.

The room was filled with a sorry collection of individuals most of who looked drugged up to the eyes.

The orderlies surrounding us looked big, stupid and menacing.

I realized that I seemed to be under the influence of some drug as I tried to coordinate my body.

Using a knife and fork was an incredible effort of will.

Even my stomach and it's digestive machinery balked at having to do it's job as I slowly and clumsily shoveled fork-fulls of food into my leaking orifice of a mouth.

Why couldn't I be the superman that I was in my head? I thought.

Why am I in this place?

The whole planet seems to be one big sick room. Full of an amnesiac humanity that lives in fear and imagination.

Why can't this body die and let me fly?

Repeated over and over in my head.

I always feel that I am not of this world.

I am in this world of unconscious activity along with the rest of humanity but the one central "I" that I truly am is of another realm.

A realm that cannot be explained by this world.

"It's time for your meds Mr.Crawford."

"It's time for your meds.....Mr.Crawford? Come along now."

Two bright twinkling stars were guiding my attention.

I was flying, soaring over mountains and forests. Doing somersaults and having so much fun with so much ease.

Two bright twinkling stars were now two bright twinkling eyes.

Kindly eyes.

Eyes filled with sunlight.

"Ah! You're back."

Yes I was back.

Back in the outfit that I'm travelling in, the human body.

"Here's your medication Mr.Crawford."

Yes of course the words singing at me are coming from the two bright eyes that I'm drinking from.

There was the nametag 'Mavis,' the friendly nurse.

Of course, as I swallowed two small pink pills followed by a thimble full of water.

"Would you like something to read?"

I tried to nod yes but could only drop my head and look stupid.

"Some TV maybe?"

She motioned for me to get up.

Arm in arm we shuffled across the floor, through a door, down a long velvet cushioned hallway, through another door and into a large musty room filled with bookcases of books.

Men were sitting and staring into space with books open in front of them.

Mavis navigated me through the room and through another door and into a long narrow room filled with smoke.

She led me through the smoke and sat me down in a bright red checked armchair.

The loud sound of a TV echoed off the bare walls.

Through the smoke I could see many faces poking out cigarettes here and there.

All of their gazes turned to the TV screen, a flashing glimmer in the distance.

Mavis was gone, disappeared into the mist.

I was left alone in the fog.

Staring at the ceiling I imagined myself to be flying through the air above the city.

I was a clear, confident being, operating on all cylinders.

Spreading the message of love and forgiveness.

Free from all judgement, from all attachments.

A vehicle of unconditional love.

Filled with wonder and the magic of having no expectations.

I am flying because I am filled with so much light.

There is complexity but no complication.

Here I am navigating this body through so many dense energy fields.

Dodging the bullets armed with negative thoughts.

Here I am as I land on top of St.Paul's Cathedral. As I.....

"Time for the doctor Mr.Crawford."

The ceiling talks to me.

"Mr.Crawford.....?"

Yes, here I am in the funny farm.

A long room with a dozen or so beds in it.

Men being dressed by men and women in white suits.

The black woman in white is standing at the bottom of the bed.

She is staring at me.

Next to her is an Indian looking man also wearing white with a stethoscope around his neck.

"Good morning Mr.Crawford and how are we today?"

As I struggled for an answer.....

"Not very responsive, increase the dosage of thorezene? And park him in the day room.....right! Nurse next patient!"

I had part of the answer but it was too late, they were gone.

I wanted to go back to the ceiling but I was pulled out of bed and dressed in a pair of jeans, T-shirt and sneakers.

And guided into what I took to be the day room.

The outer space room was what it felt like.

Every single person in it talked or thought to themselves.

No one communicated with another person.

People talked at each other but there was no interaction.

Maybe this is how it is outside, I thought.

How many of us really communicate and feel communicated with.

It's interesting that I feel so rational and yet cannot get it out to the outside world.

Before they pumped me with drugs there was a chance, but now forget it.

They've put the robot to sleep and there is no way for me to operate it.

It's like being horribly stoned.

All of us in the day room are smashed out of our brains on drugs and encouraged to act crazy.

What an odd idea, I thought.

We are rounded up off the streets or from our homes, or other people's homes and because of some idiosyncratic difference in our perception we are taken to a building pumped full of drugs and let loose in a locked room and expected to act crazy and this is supposed to be healing?

Numbed out and watched.

Interrogated by a doctor periodically who uses head games to probe the robot part of us that is numbed out by the drugs and unable to allow a clear channel of communication to flow forth.

I know what to say but the machine part of me that communicates with you has been put to sleep.

A sane person held captive in an insane world.

Who are they kidding?

If I am not my body then what does it matter?

I will survive this body so good riddance.

The energy waves began to swirl around me as we were all herded together by white clothed sheep dogs and moved to the dining room for our lunch.

I don't even know what country I'm in or for that matter what planet I'm on and it doesn't make a bit of difference.

I poured the food into my machine and fell asleep in the day room.

I dreamed of big shiny snakes.

Snakes about 50 feet long and 6 feet wide all moving together in the day room.

I was covered in slime and moved between them like the helpless human that I am.

Gasping for air.

Being moved around by their slimy bodies.

"It's ok, it's all part of the healing Mr.Crawford."

One of the snakes turned to tell me.

"More thorezene Mr.Crawford?" Another snake asked me. A snake in a turban confronted me.

"What's all this sexual aggression Mr.Crawford?"

It asked me.

I can't get out of my head, I thought as I was awakened by Herman shouting and screaming.

He was on top of the TV cage looking all bruised and bleeding.

"Get me down! Get me down!"

He kept yelling as the nurses struggled standing on chairs to rescue him.

A wiry but strong looking man was being tied into a straight jacket, obviously the aggressor now victim, but he seemed calm enough, not resisting the nurses in the least.

In fact looking quite bored by it all.

I caught his eye.

A deep penetrating gaze.

A strong gaze filled with intelligence and bemusement but also a frightening gaze, filled with a cruelty that made me look away.

They led him calmly away.

Herman was down off the TV and looking more damaged in pride than in body, already hurling threats of revenge towards an empty doorway.

Before I knew it, I was sound asleep again off on another adventure in dreamland.

### The Visitor.

"You have a visitor Mr.Crawford."

Chimed Big Ben, the hands on the face at 12 o'clock.

I watched as the clock disappeared.

"Hello Peter, how are you?"

Sang the voice of what looked like an angel standing before me.

"I'm your social worker and I've come to see how you are settling in?"

She sang again.

She was floating above me with big white wings flapping in slow motion.

Her words turned into a kind of gibberish.

I tried hard to decipher her but found the task impossible.

".....And I've heard from your wife."

I understood that part, wife! I thought hard about that word.

Wife? What wife? Do I have a wife? I asked myself.

"She has consulted her solicitor about the divorce and it's only a question of time now before it is final."

The final curtain, I thought.

Is this some strange opera that I'm an extra in or am I the lead?

The lead without song, without words.

The woman sitting in front of me suddenly stood up, picked up a briefcase and was gone, her heels clip-clopping down the hallway and fading into the distance.

I felt cold and sad and alone and forgotten.

I remembered the great love of my life.

A woman who was in every way my equal but who was someone else's.

Ah yes! I thought, we were so perfect together.

We would get lost in each other's eyes when we talked.

Our beings seemed to merge and expand as one and we would be drunk with each other's energy but she was a wife and mother to some other far away family. Why couldn't it have been me?

What did God have in mind for me? I thought as the light began to fade.

Soon it was dark and I felt so completely and utterly alone.

I wished that my body would expire and set me free from this world.

How could I pretend to be interested in anything, it all seemed so totally hopeless.

I sank into a dark depressing mud. Engulfed and gasping for air.  
"Don't think about the cake when it isn't there to eat."  
Said the voice from the past.  
"Detach and forget about me."  
It continued.  
"Your love will be shared with my family."  
It echoed through the cold, drafty corridors of my being.  
Don't go there! Said my head. Stay out of the past!  
I was falling and falling, down and down.  
Deeper and deeper into the abyss.  
Drowning in the mire and misery of my self-pity.  
No light here.  
Just darkness.  
I lifted my hand but could see nothing. All was pitch black.  
I opened my eyes and there was the man with the frightening gaze.  
Sitting and penetrating me with his laser beam eyes.  
I stared back and started to sob out loud.  
His face turned into a cruel smile and he arose and floated away  
in the wind.  
"Mr.Crawford? You don't seem to be making any improvement."  
What!? I thought as I looked up to see a large turtle in a white  
coat.  
"We are going to change your medication."  
The voice said seductively.  
"Blub!Blub!Blub! I said out loud.  
"Exactly!" The singing turtle concluded and was gone.  
Mavis the nice nurse was holding my hand and soothing me with  
gentle words.  
I wanted to put my head in her lap and fall asleep.  
She helped me up and led me outside and we walked around a small  
garden.  
A nightingale sang hauntingly through the night air.  
It seemed to penetrate my soul.  
It filled my eyes with tears.  
"There there!" Mavis softly sang as she sweetly patted my hand.  
"There there!." She whispered as the tears rolled down my cheeks.  
She continued in this way until all the tears were gone and sleep  
and tiredness overcame me.  
She put me to bed, as a mother would do her child.  
Tucked in, I drifted into a beautiful sunlit garden with bright  
red roses and golden cherubs.

Apple trees with large plump red apples fell and thudded on the soft grass as I moved by them. Butterflies landed on my clothes and fluttered their wings at me and flew away.

This must be heaven, I thought.

Soon I was fast asleep.

The sleep of contentment.

The sleep of innocent childhood.

### Nightmare.

I was awakened by a loud piercing scream.

I forced myself into a sitting position and peered into the darkness.

Another blood curdling scream rang out.

At the end of the row of beds the man with the penetrating gaze was standing on his bed, throwing his arms around and screaming.

The bright lights came on and a half dozen white coats were flying around him.

They managed to grab him, stick a hypodermic needle into him and put him into a straight jacket.

They dragged him off away to the isolation cell, his screams faded away into the distance.

The drama was over, the lights went out and an eerie silence descended over the ward.

I lay in my bed as the morning light began to filter through into the ward.

I began to remember the last time Mary and I were together.

It seemed that everything was so perfect.

I thought that we would find a way to be together forever, that all the problems of her marriage and children would somehow magically evaporate into thin air.

Why did life deal me such a cruel blow?

Why did God connect me with her?

Why did she pursue me?

What did she want from me?

She drew me in and then panicked when we got too close.

I felt like she had played with fire when she had decided to fuck with my head and heart.

She went back to her family and dropped me like a piece of trash.

I felt betrayed, cheated, lied to and used.

I guess I was some kind of game that got too much for her when her feelings got involved.

It put me over the edge.

It was my last attempt at love and relationships.

I just didn't give a shit anymore.

I was sick of people and their unconsciousness. Didn't anyone take any responsibility for their actions I thought?

We just grope around in the dark, bumping into each other.  
Trashing each other's lives.  
I felt all the hurt surface in me again.  
Hurt and anger!  
I began to want her again.  
My stomach started to knot up and my head began to ache.  
Oh shit!  
Why was it all so complicated?  
I never heard from her again.  
How could she be so cold?  
I thought as I lay there in the crazy house, seemingly lost to oblivion.  
I remember reading somewhere that Jesus couldn't heal those souls that were stripped naked by oblivion.  
Was I one of those souls?  
Souls that were trapped in matter but unable to communicate anything anymore.  
I couldn't seem to turn my head off from the sadness of it all.  
I tried to pray but nothing happened except that I expected something to happen.  
Oh God! Please help me to transcend all of this?  
Help me to become strong and enthusiastic about life again?  
Help me to experience joy and happiness?  
I lay there feeling self-pity.  
It had gone way past that though.  
Way past self-pity.  
Like Humpty Dumpty I could not put all the pieces together again.  
All the King's horses and all the King's men in their white coats couldn't either.  
There they all are, I thought as they wheeled me into a small cubicle and placed electrodes on either side of my head. MARY! MARY! I screamed inside my head as the painful surge of electricity shot through my skull.  
Frying my brain and destroying all of my memories.  
Comatose and blank, they wheeled me back to my bed.  
I lay there in that state for what seemed like centuries.  
Maybe months passed.  
I don't know exactly.  
But some time certainly passed because I became aware of the change in the seasons.  
I noticed snow on the ground; in fact I noticed heavy snow falling past the window.  
I wasn't sure who I was or what my name was.  
People called me Mr.Crawford, so I guess that was my name.

There were no thoughts anymore.  
No sadness, joy, anger or any other emotion.  
I had very faint memories of some other life.  
Some past but it was so faint that it could have been a story on  
TV for all I knew.

I was an object, surrounded by objects.  
All of us moving through space together.

**Mavis.**

Mavis sat by my bed quite often and read to me.

She read stories about people, who had emotions, who had lives filled with dramas.

Eventually through time I began to relearn about life through the stories that she read to me.

I began to claim these stories as my own memories. In fact maybe some of them were my memories, I don't know for sure but slowly and surely I began to regain my life with her help.

She had for some reason decided to help me.

A kindred spirit

We took walks together around the small garden and she told me stories about her life.

About her husband and her children.

I became happy for her and her family.

I laughed when she laughed, cried at her disappointments, got excited when she was excited. Soon I was feeling good about life, my life.

Soon I was waking up and dressing myself with an enthusiasm for life.

Eager to be up, dressed and out the door with a book to take out into the garden and read all by myself.

Six months had gone by and I felt happy

## Freedom?

The day finally arrived. Mavis came in and told me that it was time for me to be released into the world.

At first I felt sad at the thought of leaving this place that I had grown used to.

This place that had become my home, but after the initial shock I grew excited about life beyond the walls.

I was eager to venture out into the world and start my new life.

I was afraid and yet the unknown had a fascination for me.

How would I survive out there beyond the walls? I thought.

The social worker that had been assigned to my case arrived at the hospital to pick me up and take me to the halfway house where I was to live.

He seemed nice enough.

Quiet and polite.

He took me in his car.

It was a mixture of sadness and excitement that I felt as the car pulled away from the hospital.

I watched as it disappeared in the distance behind me.

We pulled up in front of a large red brick building.

George, the social worker who had been pretty silent for most of the trip got out of the car with me and carried my bag as we climbed the short steps and entered through the large front doorway.

A small smiling, middle-aged woman came to greet us.

"Mr. Crawford, my name is June and it's really nice to meet you."

She said as she shook my hand.

"I hope you will be very happy here."

There was a twinkle in her eye.

She led the way as George said his good-byes and left.

I was shown into a small, clean, furnished room. There was a desk and chair, an armchair, a bed with a night table next to it and a small clothes closet.

I put my bag down next to the closet.

June told me I could take my time to settle in. She told me where the toilet, shower and dining rooms were and left me there alone in my new home.

It felt strange, I felt strange.  
For a split second I felt a bit of a panic attack coming on.  
I almost wanted to be back in the hospital.  
I missed Mavis and her nurturing.  
Would I fit in? Maybe people wouldn't like me.  
What kind of a job will I be doing?  
I felt the urge to run. Sweat began to break out on the back of my neck and face.

I sat down on the bed and took in some deep breaths. Slowly I began to calm down. Come on now Peter, I told myself.

Get a grip boy.  
I lay down and put my feet up on the bed and closed my eyes.  
I began to fall into a light doze.  
I dreamed that I was on a raft in the middle of the ocean surrounded by a heavy mist.  
It was hot and sticky. I felt afraid and alone. Lost at sea.  
Sharks began to circle me.  
Drawing closer and closer.  
I woke with a start.  
It was getting dark.  
I could hear a gentle tapping sound that seemed to grow louder and louder.  
Then I heard a voice.  
"Peter! Peter! Are you awake?"  
I got to my feet and opened the door, it was June.  
"Hi, I've come to show you to the dining room.  
It's dinner time."  
"Oh thanks, I managed to say."  
I followed her down the hallway and into a smallish room filled with about 7 tables with chairs around them.  
Here there were men and women in the midst of eating.

I sat at a table with three other people, one woman and two men.  
The men almost looked like brothers, large bald headed, glasses and both dressed in grey sports jackets and flannel trousers.  
The woman was very small with a drooping nose. There was something very bird-like about her.  
Even the way in which she ate was like a bird.

An elderly man in an apron put a plate of salad in front of me.  
He looked at the floor and never looked me in the eye.  
My companions all ate in silence and never looked at each other or uttered anything for the entire meal.

At the end they all got up one after the other and left the table.

It felt quite cold and lonely.

Is this what it's like out here? I thought.

I felt like I'd made a mistake, leaving the hospital so soon, maybe too soon.

I went to bed after dinner feeling a little down.

I wouldn't say that I was depressed exactly but I certainly felt down in the dumps.

I lay there and drifted into a light sleep.

I dreamed that I was riding a black stallion across a golden beach.

The sun shone brightly and I felt free and happy.

### Halfway House.

The next morning I felt good and rested.

When I went to go to the dining room for breakfast George was coming through the front door.

"Hi, Peter. I've come to take you to breakfast and to meet your future employer." He said with a friendly enthusiasm.

We drove about a mile down the road to a small café where he treated me to a hearty breakfast.

When we got in the car to go meet my employer, he must have picked up my nervousness because he turned and said smiling,

"Hey look Peter, it's ok. You have a week before you start work so don't worry. And it's going to be a low key job."

We pulled up in front of a small office building. Across the door there was a sign that read. 'Biblio-Research Centre.' I wondered what that meant. Having no idea of what kind of job was waiting for me.

Inside the building there were about a half dozen people at desks in front of computers.

A small bald headed man approached us.

He held out his hand to me.

"Hi Peter. I'm Mr. Turner but just call me Joe."

He and George exchanged pleasantries and then Joe showed me to an empty desk with a computer terminal and telephone on it.

"This will be your desk." He said.

"All you have to do, is answer the phone and research the answers to questions. This is a public research centre. People will call you for information on all kinds of subjects from sports to famous films to philosophy. You name it! We have an extensive data bank plus you've got the Internet at your disposal."

I relaxed at the thought of doing such work.

It all seemed too good to be true.

He must have read my reaction because he said.

"Hey! I know it sounds all too easy. And you're probably wondering how can we provide such a service? Well, the truth is that most of the people here provide legal advice and help people to understand their rights. But your dept., or your part of the service is the fun side of things."

He put his arm on my shoulder in a caring warm way.

"Eventually if you decide to stay here and it all works out for you. You can expand your knowledge and move up to provide the

same service as the others and then some other fellow can take your place."

He smiled a broad friendly smile.

"Thankyou." I said, not knowing what else to say.

"OK then. Next week come in on Monday morning at 10am and get started."

We said our good-byes and George and I left and drove back to the halfway house

### The Walk.

Once inside my room I felt slightly tired and lay down on the bed to take a nap.

I wasn't used to meeting people and it was a bit draining for me.

I felt OK. Just tired.

I slept for maybe about an hour. I don't think I dreamed.

I woke up feeling refreshed.

I got up and decided to take a walk. It would be the first time in a long while that I had been out alone.

I walked out of the building without encountering anyone and walked down the street in the direction of the café that we went to for breakfast since I didn't know my way around and wanted to stick to familiar territory.

I came upon a small park and decided to go inside. It was pleasant enough.

People walking their dogs. Children playing with balls etc.

I sat down on a bench and took in the scenery and the activities around me.

It all seemed like something out of a post card.

It was all perfect, maybe too perfect.

At the back of my mind there was a strange feeling. I felt like I'd been there before in less happier times but it was such a vague feeling.

Something about it all didn't feel right but I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

Even though I kept telling myself that everything was fine it troubled me.

I got up and decided to head back to the house for lunch and all the way back there was this nagging feeling of unease.

I started to whistle to shrug it off but it just wouldn't go away.

Back at the house everything was calm and quiet. Only two people in the dining room.

Two middle-aged women eating together at a table in the corner of the room.

I sat down alone and the man in the apron placed a plate with a sandwich and potato chips on it and a glass of juice in front of me.

He was still looking at the floor.

I ate the sandwich and drank the juice quickly and practically ran back to my room.

I thought I would sit at the desk but I soon felt uncomfortable, not knowing what to do there.

I lay down on the bed. I thought about the job.

It seemed like a good job.

I wished I were already there.

I was bored and the feeling of discomfort was still with me.

I didn't know how to shake it off.

I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed of being surrounded by dragons that breathed fire at me.

I tried to hide from the flames but found the heat so intense that I had to retreat into a cave.

I stayed there for hours until the heat died down. When I emerged the dragons were gone.

When I awoke it was midnight.

Where could I go now at this time of night?

I thought.

I got up to use the toilet.

And came back to my room.

The feeling of impending doom was still with me.

I looked through my pockets as though I was looking for something in particular, but I didn't find it whatever it was.

I got undressed and climbed into bed and tried to get back to sleep but I only managed to toss and turn.

I got up and looked out of the window. Nothing but an empty street.

Not even a car.

I got back into bed and just lay there with my eyes open and stared at the ceiling.

I started to think about the hospital.

Why was I in there in the first place?

I couldn't remember.

I couldn't even remember arriving at the hospital. What the circumstances were that lead up to me going in there.

I must have had a breakdown I thought.

But why did they give me electric shock treatment. I felt frustrated at not being able to remember anything.

I felt like I was a phony.

I had been altered.

I was not me.

But who was I?

Maybe the real me was dead.

Had died years ago.

Maybe I was someone else in this body.

What did that mean?

The only real memory that I had was more of a feeling.

A feeling of sadness from a past that belonged to someone else.

I knew that in my heart or someone's heart there was goodness.

I felt that life had somehow mixed up my head and caused me a lot of pain in the past.

I wanted to have friends but I didn't know how.

I had difficulty in talking to people.

I wanted the conversation to be intense but people responded to me by backing away from me, except Mavis.

I missed her.

She had been my friend.

Maybe I could go and visit her.

I suddenly felt a sense of relief at being able to visit her.

I remembered that I could go anywhere I wanted to. I was a free man.

I felt more relaxed and drifted into a reverie about the times I had spent with Mavis.

I fell asleep remembering one of the stories she had told me about her children with their sense for the dramatic.

Dressing up and putting on shows in her living room.

### The Dream.

I drifted into a dream where I was sitting on the floor of an empty swimming pool.

I was naked and I had my knees up to my chin with my arms wrapped around them.

I was cold and shivering.

Above me standing on the diving board was the man in the apron that serves the food in the dining room where I live.

He was holding out a big steaming bowl of spaghetti with his eyes fixed straight down to the floor.

He never looked me in the eye.

He dropped the bowl and the food fell to the floor at which point water began to pour into the pool. The water crept towards me and I stood up in a panic and ran to the ladder to get out but standing at the top of the ladder was Herman the trustee from the hospital and he was spitting at me. Everytime I tried to climb up he showered me with spit.

The water began to rise very quickly and was soon up to my chest.

I climbed the ladder one more time and pushed him out of the way and ran out of the building.

Once outside I was in the middle of a pine forest. It was completely still and quiet.

There was an eerie feeling about it all.

I sensed a presence but there was no one to be seen anywhere.

I felt afraid and began to walk quickly through the trees.

The light began to fade.

I walked faster and faster.

I wanted to get out of the forest before it grew completely dark.

I woke up in a cold sweat.

I looked at the clock, it was 4am.

I lay there calming myself down until I fell asleep again.

I slept until 8 o'clock and very slowly got up to shower and get my breakfast.

Mary.

It was quite a responsibility to be part of society.

To have to have the motivation to go out there and mix with the rest of the world, humanity, one's brothers and sisters.

I found it hard to constantly keep convincing myself that it was worth it.

I wanted to run away but I didn't know how.

I was able to imagine the whole thing from beginning to end.

The scenario being played out in my head.

I couldn't run away from myself, wherever I'd go, there I'd be, right there or here.

Here I am! Over here next to rest of the insanity. I thought as I stood there staring at the shadows and brilliance playing through the curtains.

Where is God? I wondered.

I did believe deep in me, that there was a divine principle at work in all this stuff.

As I stood there the sun worked its way so that the sunlight hit my eyes.

It was orgasmic.

I felt instantly elated, filled with God.

I was transfixed.

God was lighting me up, expanding within me.

I was vibrating and so alight that I thought I would burst into flames.

A knock at the door.

The door opened and it was Mary.

I was instantly brought down a mile long black, dark, chimney at one hundred miles an hour by something very powerful, strong and insane.

I was now instantly aware of everything that my memory had kept from me.

I was mortified.

Frozen in some kind of horror from realizing who I really am.

This woman standing in front of me is from my past. She has to do with my insanity.

"Peter! It's me."

"It's Mary!"

I must have obviously looked frightened because she looked sad and unhappy.

"I'm sorry Peter."

"I didn't mean to hurt you my darling."

I felt hurt. Big hurt all over. I was wrapped in hurt.

"I had to think about my family."

She said as she looked deep into my eyes painfully.

"Mary, is that you?" I mumbled.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

June was standing in the doorway.

She looked a little puzzled.

"Who's Mary?"

She said quizzically.

I had a strange prickly sensation on the back of my neck and I was sweating.

"Are you ok Peter?" She asked.

Was I ok? Yes, was I ok?

The question seemed very difficult to answer. I was insane, yeah, sure.

"I'm fine June." I answered a little too loud and a little too slow.

Now she definitely had a strange look in her eye.

"OK! Peter we'll see you later dear." And she crept back from the doorway and quietly closed the door but didn't lock it.

That seemed significant.

I realized that somehow about 7 hours had passed and I had been standing in the same spot.

I tried to move but both my legs were asleep.

My hands were fists.

My whole body was soaked in sweat.

I felt like the light in me had somehow blown a circuit.

I was suddenly hit by the chill as it enveloped my body.

I was shaking with the cold and my teeth were chattering.

I was surrounded by darkness but up above, there was the moon.

Cold and eerie I thought as I looked up through the ceiling at it.

I'll just sit here on this bench and rest my legs in between standing, I thought out loud.

Maybe too loud.

Then the pack of wolves arrived and encircled me. Their fangs white and flashing and all growling at me.

I began to run with them in pursuit.

I ran so fast that I began to leave the ground.

I was soon climbing higher and higher way above the ground.

Mary? I stopped climbing. Mary? I began the descent. I was falling like a stone. Mary? As I hit the ground.

That was the first haunting of me by Mary and many more were to follow.

## Escape.

The days seemed to roll into a blur.

Showering, eating, going for walks.

I lost track of time. But soon it was time to go to work.

I was nervous about working in such a regulated way with a group of people, under a microscope as it were.

The more I projected about the job the more afraid I became.

It wasn't bad when it was always in the future but now it was here, I was nervous.

The fear became so extreme that I decided not to go.

I got dressed and packed my suitcase and sneaked out of the house just as it was getting light. Every floorboard creaked as I stealthily escaped from the house.

I had no idea where I would go.

My fear propelled me out into the world.

Further and further away from familiarity.

I must have walked for miles without realizing because the sun was high in the sky and my surroundings were now rural.

I stopped and put my suitcase down.

It was so quiet and all I could hear were the birds singing.

Their song seemed to be telling me to keep going further and further out of my mind.

Away from all reasonableness, away from this so-called sanity that was disguised as normality.

A truck with a farmer stopped to ask me if I wanted a ride.

"Yes." I said as I climbed into his world.

"Where to?" The large faced man asked me.

"I smiled for the first time in a while.

"Anywhere." I said "Anywhere at all."

And off we went on the road to who knows where.

## The Road.

After some time of travelling around and working for food and lodging, sleeping rough and just surviving I got used to the way of life.

I was in my head most of the time, dealing with the demons and the angels within me.

I could never go back to the life of so called sanity or normality.

I was free now. No one came looking for me.

I was just another drifter. Romantic and tragic but free.

Many nights I slept under the stars or rain.

But I felt no pain, I became pain, I was pain itself.

I felt strong inside but yet my heart was torn open. God had broken me.

I was no longer the virgin of sadness and self-pity.

I was all of life, the ugliness and beauty, the joy and tragedy; all was manifest through my being.

I was no longer fragmented.

I embraced everything equally and it gave me strength.

I had no lies to tell. No secrets.

Nothing mattered.

Everything about my life was manifest for all to behold, no one questioning me.

No one doubting or believing in me.

I wore my pain, joy and ecstasy on my sleeve for all to see.

I lived this way for what seemed like forever and then something changed.

I had the strong urge to father a spiritual being not of the flesh.

It would be thought of as insanity by the rest of society.

It was something that I was destined to experience. I felt driven by unknown forces to make it possible.

### The Haunting.

Mary appeared to me more and more and by some act of God I knew she was going to have my child even though Mary was a ghost, spirit and not of the flesh.

She never spoke to me anymore.

She appeared and seemed to merge into me.

As though I was carrying her around inside of me. Once in a while she would materialize outside of me and be back inside again.

Her thoughts were my thoughts.

There was no separation.

We were the one.

I knew that I was perfectly sane in an insane way.

I also knew that my life with her was not real to other people but to me it was totally real.

I felt that the only secret that I carried was one that no one believed.

I was driven by a desire now.

A desire that I didn't understand.

When the desire manifested I was suddenly having a powerful spiritual sensual experience that came from within.

I would light up like a light bulb and there within me is Mary experiencing the same thing.

We were sharing our deep love and our pain within our one heart.

I felt driven by the urge to find the solution to my inability to consummate with her in the physical realm, where my body moved to and fro.

### The Void.

I got a job in a little railroad station in Idaho.  
I opened and closed a gate so the trains could go through.  
I had an office that I sat in between trains.  
I just sat and went within for long periods of time.

There were only a handful of farmers in the area and they went back and forth a lot at different times to tend their farms.

I only saw men.

I don't think any women lived there.

Widowers mostly.

Some men just looked too ornery to have anything to do with women.

They were windswept and lined by the weather. Beaten down by fierce Idaho winds.

And scorched by the stifling Idaho summers.

This was a place that was at the edge of the world. A place where you can see the great void and live in awe of it.

But...It was time to move on.

LA.

On the way once more.

Just couldn't stand that place for too long.

As the summer began to wind down and the sweltering heat began to subside I felt a restlessness taking hold of me.

Mary was urging me to make her pregnant.

I wasn't sure how it would or could happen.

I headed south to California.

To LA.

City of everything imaginable.

In LA walking in the city of Santa Monica.

I've been here before, I thought.

OH yeah! Many times.

I had lived there maybe five different stretches, some were pretty long and some were short but it was a place of things happening.

Lots going on everywhere.

I must have wandered around for days in a kind of stupor.

Totally entertained by so much activity.

I found myself at one of the missions standing in line for food.

We were all looking tired, some of us drunk and some of us pumped full of drugs but all of us hungry.

I took my seat at a long table of faces that looked sad and dejected.

We all ate in silence as though we were in prison.

The people working there looked just like us except they were a little cleaner and healthier.....maybe!

They looked like they had seen life the hard way too.

A lot of people clean up and decide to maintain their better life style by helping out at places like this.

Maybe it's a reminder of what it was like out on the street.

Like living at the end of the world and looking into the great void of a different nature.

I ate my food slowly.

Savouring it.

It was the first meal I'd had in days.

I found my way to a free bed and as soon as my head hit the pillow I was out.

I stayed there for about three weeks.

Rested up, belly full, clothes all clean and a haircut and shave.

I felt pretty good.

I became caught up in the basic things. Sleep food and interacting with people on a surface level.

It was all very grounding but it began to bore me. I decided to move on.

I packed my things and was on my way out of the door when a total stranger walked up to me pulled out a gun, pointed it at my head and shot me at point blank range.

## The Change.

I found myself being shot out of a cannon at a 100 miles an hour. Every bit of me was being torn apart and blasted in every direction at once.

Mary was there still and beautiful.

She was praying over me in some sort of Aramaic or Hebraic language.

She was dressed like mother Mary. There was a bright, electric, golden, yellow glow around her. Her words were like lightning bolts that were being hurled through me at tremendous speeds.

Each one set me afire.

Burned away my flesh.

Spun me further into the void, the great big wonderful, terrifying void.

The next thing I knew I was in a hospital bed in an intensive care unit.

I was hooked up to all kinds of machines and respirators.

They all had distinctly different sounds.

I felt like I was flying high, at least high on the morphine that was being pumped into my body to numb the pain that was hurting in my head.

The pain was being converted into a kind of horror. I was unable to move or feel any part of my body. All these tubes going up my nose, down my throat, in my veins, down my penis, up my ass.

I suddenly felt mischievous, like playing pranks.

I was giggling inside and maybe even outside for all I knew.

It felt like the bullet must have gone through the front left side of my head.

I could still see with both eyes.

I thought.

That's something.

But I definitely couldn't move a muscle. "Paralyzed!" A voice jeered at me from inside. "You're paralyzed." I yelled again.

A hand was gently holding mine.

"Mary! Oh there you are," I said with relief.

She squeezed my hand and looked at me with love.

I felt safe now.

Now I'm in good hands I sighed.

I closed my eyes to fight back the tears.

"Peter! Are you alright?"

Mary where have you gone?  
I screamed in my head.

Mavis was holding my hand.  
She had a look of loving concern on her face.  
I was off the machinery now.  
Just lying in bed with nothing going into or out of my body.  
"How long?" I muttered.  
"Two weeks." Said Mavis.  
"I've missed you Mavis." I said through uncontrollable sobs.  
"There there!"  
"There there!"

As she soothed me by rubbing my hands.  
I drifted off to the land of morphine induced horror dreams.  
Lots of ugly distortions of just about everything imaginable.

So extreme that there is a grotesque 'Punch and Judy,' cruel  
humour running through everything. I wanted to be punch, running  
around hitting people over the head with a rubber truncheon.

"Shhh!" Said Mary as she watched through my eyes at the outside  
world.

"We will watch together." She said with interest in her voice.

Yes! I thought, we will watch together.

### Into the Abyss.

I never thought that I would have survived the shooting but I did.

I didn't have total coordination in my body.

But it was returning slowly.

All I had was a scar over my left eye.

I was lucky.

Mary said it was because I was being spared in order to fertilize the egg.

How do I get to this egg? I thought.

Is this some sort of spiritual fertilization process that I am about to be initiated into?

Of course it is.

Mary is obviously the guide to all this.

I just had to keep following her.

When I got shot I had started to turn my back on her.

Shut her out.

Turning off her voice.

Getting caught up in a material sleep.

Hanging out with the guys.

And then bang!

Yes God does strip away what comes between you and God.

I had Mary and Mavis.

I felt like Jesus.

Immaculate Conception?

Mavis the nurturer and Mary the High Priestess, Mother and soul wife.

I waited for the voice to command me.

The days passed by whilst my body healed.

The experience taught me to deepen my love.

To expand it.

To embrace the pain I was in and rejoice!

Almost a hallelujah!

It was a slow painful process, recovering.

I had to learn to walk and talk all over again. Things would get jumbled up in my head and my legs would collapse under me.

But slowly I recovered. Six months, maybe seven, that's what it took.

I felt like a different person.

Older. Stronger. Weirder.

Didn't care what anyone thought.

Felt maniacal but in control.

Instantly able to feel deep love and able to walk in a crowd and not be noticed.

I was just about ready to hit the road.

### The Road.

Mary was also ready to leave.

While my body was healing she was busy somewhere preparing the way for the child to be born.

I didn't understand how this was going to all take place but since the accident things seemed very different.

I felt like I had acquired certain knowledge that before was inaccessible to me.

I couldn't tell you what that knowledge was; it was just there.

Built in.

programmed newly into my being.

The few times that I did see Mary manifest in the physical she looked as though she was with child.

I had a very strong paternal urge rise up when I saw her.

I couldn't tell you how we consummated our love but I knew deep inside me that we had.

I think it happened as I lay dying.

I had a memory of our passion that surpassed all passion.

We had somehow spiritually, sexually created this being from our great love.

If all is spiritual and all is physical at the same time then this is not so unusual an occurrence as one may think.

We are all physical manifestations of energy and this in the physical sense can mean any shape or form from any invisible energy source.

## Birth.

We started out Mary and I on the road to Heaven just after first light.

I had some money from a crime fund given to me and I was the only physical body to feed but I had suddenly the appetite of a horse.

I was eating for three.

Mary pointed me in the direction to go in, we took the greyhound bus for two days to the Arizona desert arriving at our destination in the early hours of the morning.

We then got off the bus in the middle of nowhere.

I walked, sang and told tales of wonder to Mary until it began to get dark again and then we bedded down for the night in my sleeping bag out under the night sky.

It was a beautiful night.

You could see the Milky Way going off into the distance.

Shooting stars buzzed around.

It was a high-energy field.

It was magic.

I buzzed and rattled all night in a sleep charged with excitement.

Mary and child sound asleep within me.

This is life I thought.

Real life.

Out here in this wonderful, expansive, charged up place.

The child was close to being born.

My dreams that night was a meandering of carefully woven tapestries.

Filled with images of dark forests and wolves.

Farm scenes.

Men and women in loving embrace.

Ships at sea and all manner of things depicted in an array of rich, bright, exotic colours.

The desert winds were gentle and warm.

All was well with the world.

### The Boy.

I was to stay there in the desert for several months until the child was born.

I had some food that I brought with me but that would soon run out and I feared for the lack of nourishment.

Especially for the family.

Mary assured me that spiritual sustenance was all that was needed and that I could fast for the entire period.

She told me that God would feed me and for me to pray and have faith.

She said that I would grow in strength from my spiritual contact with God.

I believed her and I believed in God.

And as the days passed by I grew in strength.

The only food I imbibed was water from a fresh spring that Mary had revealed to me.

I felt myself growing larger as though I were pregnant.

My stomach grew but so did everything else.

I must have grown to at least 8 feet.

I was a giant alien looking being.

At least that's what some people thought that happened to be dune-bugging nearby.

As soon as they encountered me they were frozen in terror and immediately set off in their buggies as fast as they could go.

I felt like Frankenstein's monster.

My whole facial structure was changing.

My forehead bulging.

My cheeks standing out.

My vision changing.

Seeing things that are new to me.

All around me had changed in form and colour.

It was like being on some strong hallucinogenic that lasted and lasted and deepened and became rooted.

I was changing into a very different being, that's for sure.

Maybe I was horrific to the rest of humanity but I felt like I've never felt in my life before.

I felt so clear and all of my senses were ultra sharp and enhanced.

I had the strength of ten men and the capacity to love as deep as the ocean.

I saw things that I was never able to see before. Other objects and people that were of different worlds or dimensions, all existing together but unknowing of each other's existence.

My whole experience had become multi-dimensional. My skin had turned to an olive coloured, hard, leathery consistency.

I was a giant being from another world living in multiple existences.

Existence was busy.

Creation was busy.

Nothing is ever completed.

Creation continues.....

In the desert I felt protected somewhat from the inquisitive eyes of my fellow man.

I hid when strangers approached.

I was nourished by the Sun fed by the spring and energized by the brightly burning dynamo inside of me.

Mary and the boy were all part of this new being.

We were all different voices of the same force given expression through my body.

Our body.

The body.

Whatever!

It was what it was.

My voice, which had been a weary voice, had changed with the physical change.

I was the body voice.

Mary the guide voice bringing me to the splendour of God.

The boy's voice was the innocence and sweetness of childhood. But not a needy voice.

We co-existed in a space like no other.

I had to hide from the world of man for fear of being destroyed by him.

Even in the remote Arizona desert there is mans' presence.

You feel the energy from afar and sometimes close by. One visitor in the ocean of desert sends out a ripple that can be felt.

### The Three.

The day arrived for the next phase of my newfound existence.

The existence of the three.

In a blaze of what seemed like lights and trumpets we were now three distinctly different physical beings.

My flesh and blood had somehow separated itself into three people.

Mary the boy and I.

Mary was a slight and beautiful woman; she radiated a wild energy that at first encounter of her I was thrown back from her.

From a distance she looked plain but as I approached her closely I saw how beautiful she was. I was drawn into her magic instantly.

I could not turn away.

I was spellbound.

A wonderful feeling washed over me, a thrilling feeling.

All was ablaze with God!

In the distance was the boy.

Already a man in a boy's body.

He looked like a small boy but there was something about him that was ancient.

An old man but a strong man.

This boy who looked me in the eye with a penetrating look that sent chills down my back.

Who was he?

What is his mission?

No gentle Jesus in those eyes.

I feared him.

I feared that someday he would be the destruction of me.

Mary protected him and talked to him in a tongue that was not of this world.

I was excluded from their world.

I was curious about it but I feared it.

I did what was needed to do, my job was done.

My appearance had returned more or less once more to its former state I say more or less because my hair was white, my eyes were almost white and my skin was pallid.

I had no facial hair.

I felt like I'd been electrocuted, had fought my way through some powerful electrical storm.

I would certainly be unrecognizable to anyone who had known me before.

It was almost time for the three of us to leave the desert and venture into the cities of man once more.

There was a job to do and the time to do it was getting near.

I knew what that job was intuitively but I couldn't have written it on paper.

I followed the guidance of Mary, who didn't say very much of anything but communicated in a mighty powerful way.

I knew what she was saying with her mind.

The boy didn't ever say anything to me.

I felt ridicule coming from him towards me.

His energy was frightening, disconcerting and intensely powerful.

Maybe he saw me as a means to an end.

That's how it felt at any rate.

I believed in my mission to bear this child and offer him to the world.

I was directed in this by a greater being than I was, that much I knew.

I knew nothing of his purpose, that had not been revealed to me. Perhaps it would have proved too much for me to know.

I was lost at sea and was rescued.

The warm hand of God picked me out of the ocean and blasted me with energy.

I was saved Hallelujah!

This part of my journey I was led as a blind man over treacherous terrain.

I was no longer Peter the man recovering from a nervous breakdown.

I had metamorphosed into some other being altogether.

I still felt very strong but I felt a feeling of being controlled.

A force was at work controlling my mind. It didn't feel like God's force.

Some angel had materialized through the boy. Perhaps not a bad Angel.

But a powerful angel caught up in his own power. Carried away by it.

I didn't really know for sure.

The boy was controlling me and causing me to doubt myself.

I suddenly felt as though I had been burnt out.

All the energy was gone, drained from my body. Zapped!  
I turned my head. The boy was staring at me.

## Invisible.

Mary was gone for long periods of time.

I don't know where she went.

She would leave looking tired and return looking refreshed.

She seemed very preoccupied.

I felt like I was the invisible one now.

I became paler and frailer.

My hair began to fall out and my teeth were loose. And I was getting lighter and seemed to glide from place to place, feet not touching the ground.

I was the one becoming invisible now.

The boy had taken all of my energy and sucked it right out of me, slowly over time.

Perhaps he sucked the matter right out of me.

Bits of me disappearing until all was gone and I was no more.

At least not in the recognized sense of identifying each other as beings of matter.

I was but I wasn't.

Mary seemed to be frail also but the boy grew fiercely.

He was already a young man.

He looked like an ancient warrior prince, fierce and beautiful.

I loved him and yet I feared him.

I had given him my life and he had taken it wholeheartedly.

He had also taken Mary's life also.

Drained her dry.

We were both inside the boy now.

### The Journey Inside The Boy.

It was a strange turn of events to be trapped inside the boy with Mary.

Watching life through his eyes.

Mary continued to communicate with him in their own language.

She still guided him.

And he continued to accept her wishes.

I was unclear about my role in all this.

I had no way to leave this situation.

Or at least that's what I was given to understand from Mary.

I trusted her completely but I wasn't so sure about the boy.

Feeling his energy from inside of him was intensely frightening.

I was totally controlled by him.

Forced to be kept as a viewer only.

I was unable to escape.

I felt that I was kept alive for one more task to perform and then I feared that my days would come to an end.

At least this life as I know it.

Mary was filled with only love but I know in some way she was also being used but was unaware of it. I tried to communicate this to her but my lines of communication were being jammed by the all-powerful energy of the boy.

I wanted to warn her but I was helpless to do so.

I needed someone or something to release me and help me to combat the boy for I felt him to be a threat to the very survival of all.

The boy sensed this in me and worked hard to exercise his control over me.

But somehow I knew that I would find a way to be free of him, it was just a question of how and when.

My mission became one of finding a way to stop the boy from wreaking havoc on the world.

If only Mary could see the impending doom she might at least be able to communicate in the boy's language but would he listen?

Probably not.

He was hell bent on completing his mission whatever that was. But in my gut I knew that it wasn't a healthy one.

The boy was walking the main highway towards the nearest town.

I had an uneasy feeling.

I knew something was going to happen and I knew it wasn't going to be good.

### The Path of Destruction

Our arrival in the small, sleepy, desert town was at night.

After hiking and hitching we were now entering the local bar that was filled with tough looking drunken men in their cowboy hats and boots.

As we entered the bar everyone turned and stared at the boy, who by now was a young man.

A dirty longhaired young man.

A man not easily tolerated in this red-necked community.

There was violence in the air.

Jeers and ridicule were directed towards the boy.

I felt the anger and indignance rise up in him.

Now there was going to be trouble and it wasn't going to be him that would be the one getting hurt.

His power and strength were enormous.

He directed his energy at a large man who seemed to be the ringleader of the group.

The man clutched at his throat and fell to his knees.

He was clearly having great difficulty in breathing and soon was doubled up on the floor in agony.

His friends were in a panic and unable to help him. I felt the boy's satisfaction as he turned about and stepped out of the bar and into the street.

This is the beginning, I thought.

I knew that I had to stop him but the way to do so wasn't clear to me.

In time I would defeat him.

With help from some power greater than us all.

When the boy was wrapped up in his own selfish state of being, it was easy for me to think undetected.

His own narcissism will be his downfall, I thought.

Help is on its way; I knew it but didn't know from where.

## Dio.

Help comes from the strangest places and this was no exception.

The being or person that I expected to meet turned-out not to be in human form but in animal form.

A black Labrador that turned up one day and decided to hang out with us as a permanent fixture.

I just thought he was like any other dog but this dog was no ordinary dog.

As soon as he showed up I could feel him scanning my thoughts.

When I felt him scanning me I also felt a lot of love and warmth coming from him.

"Peter, I know you are in there." I heard his mind say to me.

"I know you are trapped, I'm here to help you Peter." He said.

The amazing thing is that the boy didn't detect him at all.

"I'm Dio." He said.

"The boy can't detect me because I'm jamming his thoughts." He said.

"Just listen and don't think about anything I say because the boy can still read you.

"If we wait until he's lost in his ego again, you can talk to me then and I'll tell you how to start to become free."

He continued.

"You have to build up your strength first before you can begin to challenge his power."

I felt the boy getting slightly uneasy. It was hard in my present state of weakness to resist anything from him and he could break open my thoughts and scan them without any difficulty.

Dio moved away and busied himself with cleaning his fur.

I thought of neutral things to throw the boy off the scent. The boy sensed what was happening. He picked up a rock and hit me over the head. I didn't have time to react.

The explosion plunged me into blackness.

### The Return.

I dreamed I was swimming out into the cold dark sea. The sky was black and ominous. I was afraid and felt my body becoming exhausted and heavy. I began to go under.

I panicked as I started to drown.

I opened my eyes and looked at the rain hitting the window.

I was back in the hospital bed in the ward.

Had it all been some terrible dream?

I looked around at the patients in their beds everyone looked the same as though nothing had happened and yet it all seemed alien in some way.

The Doctor who's office I had walked out of, at the beginning of my story was doing his rounds.

"Good morning Mr.Crawford! Are we feeling any better this morning?"

Are we back from our trip in the desert yet?" He said as he looked at his notes.

"Anymore visions of this boy or Mary?"

He asked.

I just stared at him. I was in shock.

I began to feel myself overheating and I felt panic begin to sweep over me.

It must have all been some vision or hallucination.

The doctor glided away.

I looked up and there standing at the bottom of my bed was the boy. He was dressed in hospital whites.

He looked at me with a menacing glare.

"You might think that you've escaped me but it's almost time for your shock treatment." He said with a note of cruelty in his voice.

I was having cold sweats.

He faded away and was gone.

I wasn't sure what to think.

Was he really there?

Maybe it's all just an illusion.

I was confused and I started to sink into a feeling of hopelessness.

"Cheer up! It will be time for your spin around the garden soon." Sang a soothing song from my friend nurse Mavis.

Ah! I thought I am safe.

" I will be back in about an hour" she sang as she flew away.

I looked out the window at the garden. The rain had stopped and everything looked wet and glistening.

In the distance, standing at the edge of the lawn I saw a woman who looked like Mary. She was standing next to a dog. The dog looked like Dio. When I looked closer I saw that the woman was blind and the dog was a Seeing Eye dog.

Perhaps I had mixed everything up in my head and projected these people and the dog into my dreams and illusions.

I felt comforted by the thought that it wasn't real after all. No Boy. No Mary.

All of the stress and fear left me. Drained out of me. I was relaxed for the first time in a long time. I felt thoroughly alive.

The sun was streaming through the clouds, filling the room with gold.

Feeling happier I dressed and felt excited about the day ahead.

**THE END**