

THE PLACE

Written in 1960 by Karl W. Koenig

Hera UL237 made his way along the beach, closer to the base of the tall, flat plateau he had first seen from a distance. If there were any survivors perhaps he might be able to see them from the top of this plateau. As he neared the based he wondered why he was spared. Was it fate?or luck?

It didn't take long; the war was over in less than an hour. While the missiles had killed millions of people, it was the earthquakes throughout the world that had the most devastating effect on human lives.

His only information about his environment, his world, was from the communications he had heard. The last communiqué had been transmitted from a United Hemisphere command plane just before a laser guided missile destroyed it. Satellite pictures from space had shown that catastrophic movement of the earth's geotectonic places and land surface had reshaped the continents. South America was once again drifting toward Africa. The West Coast of the United States was no longer there, having tilted seaward. The Pacific Ocean had come rushing in and now found its shoreline as far East as the Colorado River. The Grand Canyon was but a geological memory for that mile deep chasm was now filled with sea water.

Hera UL237's jumpsuit uniform was badly soiled and torn in a number of places; a tear on his right leg, a rip on the left shoulder and yet another small tear on his chest, but, his Sunstar emblem still was visible and his ranking as a Psychiatrist 1st. Class in mental medicine could still be seen displayed on his right shoulder. There were lacerations on his forehead one inch above his eyes. Also, on his air openings, below the eyes, was a deep cut. A cut on his lower lip made his gums show. As a child he had often heard the stories about the Ancients and their odd physiognomies. Authority has it that they had sharp heinous protrusions growing from their gums called 'teeth.' How strange! He could never imagine what they were used for. Their appearance to him was very grotesque. He had read that the Ancients used these 'teeth' for a ceremony called 'eating.' This he could not comprehend. His body nourishment came, as that of all humans did, from the addition of the Life Force given to all at birth. It took care of all body building functions that 'eating' had and only once did one need this added nutrition, all the rest of his life the Life Force came from the Sun.

Carefully, fitting his two fingers and thumb into his gloves, he began to climb toward the top of the plateau. It was a difficult climb to the top, the way up hampered by the results of the earthquake. The climbing was slow, but Hera UL237 finally reached the top.

Everywhere he looked a greenish smoke was visible winding its way slowly upward. He could see the savage result of powerful ground movement caused by the series of tumultuous earthquakes that shook and vent asunder this part of the planet. The new landscape had an appearance of a primeval forest. On the top of the plateau the greenish smoke whirled around majestic trees and huge ferns whose rank, lush growth were bent toward an invisible center. He had heard about certain places on the earth where strange effects caused by magnetic fields

created unusual powers never understood by man. Such places were given the name of a Vortex. He was sure this was such a place. He wondered what effect the earthquake had on the power of a Vortex.

Hera UL237 ascended one of the tallest trees to perceive the area below. He could discern the area below from his vantage point for miles in all directions. Below, he distinguished ruins of a town by the river, a river that no longer had a direction. Searching the horizon, no life could be seen. No man, no birds,nothing,nothing moving or alive.

He climbed down and began walking around the plateau observing and trying to either justify or understand the magnitude of what had occurred. He saw a small opening in some rocks and entered it just as his Geiger counter began bleeping....radioactivity heading his way.....Just in time....He had to get under cover. The crack became a passage way that proceeded to enlarge. He followed further into the center and came to a number of tunnels, exiting from a main beginning, a large area which had to be the heart of the plateau. He would be safe here. He could survive. After the radioactive nuclear explosion cloud passed he could again begin to search for food and water and attempt to recreate a resemblance of an ordered, logical existence. With no sun to gain nourishment he must find some other source.

Wandering around the top of the plateau he came upon a small body of water. Surprisingly it was fresh, remarkably fit to drink....His mind quickly shifted to his next problem. With the sun blocked out for a time that he did not know he would need food. No time to meditate on anything, there would be time for many things, later, but now his mind must be concentrating on securing some food source.

He contemplated - could there be anything still alive to hunt or fish? The lake....was there fish in it? Hera UL237 had nothing but time. Telling himself to be patient, he eventually felt the life-pulling tug on his line... A fish. What seemed like an eternity was really but a few minutes. It only seemed like an eternity when one had to think that one's survival was equated upon his ability to find fish in the lake. He knew he could descend the plateau and fish in the ocean, and some time later, much later, he would do this, but his best chance to survive was water and food in one place, a place he could stay and call home...THE PLACE....where he could always return to.

How would he spend the rest of his life? Surely after catching enough fish and having an ample supply of drinking water, his time would be spent in attempting to communicate with any survivors of the catastrophe. The plateau was the ideal place to try and reach anyone alive for it provided him with an excellent panoramic vista. If anyone or anything was alive and moving out there - he would be able to see it from here.

As he thought, he found himself wandering around the top of the plateau. It was indeed a very strange appearing place. All the trees and growth bending toward an invisible center, the green smoke looking like an earthly aurora borealis. Then there was the strange large stones arranged in a circle around the invisible center point of the plateau. He imagined that the results of the earthquake had made the land much like it was at the beginning of the birth of the

earth. His thoughts drifted to the idea if his present level of human civilization was just one of a series of earthly civilizations, a new one beginning even before the old one died off and was buried beneath the crust of the earth beneath his feet. Perhaps this was the ending of his and the beginning of a new civilization - man being given yet another chance to re-create a heaven on earth and not to create a hell on earth. Man had lasted nearly 5000 years, 3000 years since the birth of Tatum, the Son of God, born of the Star Virgo, in the West. Was he (HeraUL237) the new Adam?

CHAPTER I

(Virtuous People are usually thought to be Immune from Possession by Spirits and are said to be only obsessed from Without, Not Within)

St. Anthony

"Doc, Is Anne possessed or is she a schizophrenic?"

(I thought that finding the answer to this question was the key to finding a solution to my present situation. If this doctor could help me find the answer to that question, then I believed that Anne could be helped. I mused, "Is there really a possibility that a person could be possessed? Is possession a control of the mind by a spirit? Or is it just a mind that is out of synchronization? Can all the spiritual and supernatural things that have happened to me be explained by reason, and an intelligent, scholarly examination of the facts?"

"Pri, I'll have to know much more about Anne, her complete life, her values and present attitudes toward life. I can tell you this. I have never been able to prove the existence of a spirit worlds, and I...(his words failed him as Pri interrupted)

"Doc," I said, "I realize that you are trying to put me at ease, but, believe me, I've been through a lot and saying things to put me at ease just simply won't work. My response to your last statement would be - "No one has ever proven to anyone but themselves that there is a God or a devil, nevertheless, a lot of people believe that there is."

"Okay Doc., here goes....."

Prelude

"It's been ten years since the mysterious events with **Joiner Hill House**. To say that my past experiences have not affected my present life would not be true. If anything, it has converted me into having a more spiritual, soul-searching attitude toward life. The person I was then is a ghost in the mists of time. That person is a being that I can never be again. It was an experience that I would like to forget although I know that I will always remember the people and the spirits of Joiner Hill House. They are imprinted on my mind forever.

I have remained a very sensitive person, a person to whom one could come and relate one's troubles. After hearing my story I think that even you, Doctor, even if you are a strong willed person as you seem to be have established a faith in God and life - will either be strengthened or it may cause you to doubt your religion as well as your sanity. But remember, I have tried to prepare you to have your faith tested to its ultimate. My story is a tale of spirits, terror, death, life, hate and finally, love.

CHAPTER II

The first time I saw the Jointer Hill House as an ever permanent image firmly imprinted on my mind, a picture within my psyche that will withstand the passage of time and death. I have tried to evaluate how and why I came to find Jointer Hill House that early September evening. It seems as if fate or perhaps a strong mental magnet drew me to the streets. That unseen force drew me into my car and then guiding it, directed it to the house. Earlier that summer I had a psychic experience that perhaps opened the door, mentally speaking, and directed by energy toward the house. I did not realize this experience to the house until much later.....Now I believe that it was the beginning of a strange, seemingly unreal power that was beginning to seize me psychically and my fate was to be tragic, my soul and spirit tottering on the brink of insanity.

I had just finished playing a gig at a nightclub in a small, coastal town in Maryland. Having played for about three and a half hours with my jazz trio, I was very tired. After having closed the lid on the piano, I retrieved my light trench coat; put it on, and, bidding 'goodnight' to Gene, the bartender and Kim the cocktail waitress, and the few night owls still haunting the lounge. Just as I was closing the door I remembered that I had left my pipe on the piano. It took only a few seconds to return to the bandstand and get it. Being a jazz musician one has to be very sensitive to one's inner mind facilitate the creation of perform, them instantly. Not all people are endured with this sensitivity. Playing jazz demands a heightened consciousness unnecessary to the rather mechanical demands of most occupations. Any artist is a highly diffused, very sensitive person. As James McNeill Whistler noted, "An artist's career always begins tomorrow." Music however is an art to which times rhythmic flow is inconsequential. You see, doctor, music has the ever present timelessness of the universe now.

As I drove away from the club, a vortex of jazz ideas whirled melodiously in my head and somewhat out of me almost as if my double, my psychic double was somehow still sitting there at the piano instead of behind the wheel. You know how a person day dreams? Well, I began to think that I could have my piano in the car and the keys would be on the dashboard. Then when I turned the wheel the motion would form a certain chord. Joyfully I discovered that I could use my voice in accompanying and improvising on those chords the wheel created.

I am narrating this story to enable you to grasp the idea that my mind was fantasizing. It was almost an out of the body physical experience. My mind a vivid, dancing flame outside the confines of my tired body. My attention was on the road, but my mind sub-consciously was playing a great chorus on some real cool chords. I suppose, doctor, that as I am telling you this I am also affirming to myself that everyone does this sort of day dreaming. Some people dream of things that can never be classified as being reality, others lose themselves in reverie just of an experience or event that they want to experience, for instance maybe spending a night with a beautiful woman. With me that night, I was still engaged with playing jazz, but, I was just improvising while going from one place to another, with my mind deep in concentration and creating ideas, sort of like whistling to oneself. It was as though I was 'jamming' with the noise and steady rhythm of the car; the car was like a percussion section of a band while the driving was secondary, the car almost driving itself through the foggy canyon. As I passed through the disquietude, murky canyon I began to conceive that indeed either my inner mind was driving the car or something else was the guiding force, the only reality within the theatre of my mind was the rhythmic flow of music. My reverie was the fog coming in through the open window with its cool, moist feeling that finally awoke me to reality. I was in the middle of the canyon drive, gliding through fog so thick that it was impossible to see more than ten feet ahead. Quickly braking the car, I maneuvered to keep it straight on the right side. Not only was it nearly impossible for me to see, but for some unexplained reason, the car began steering to the left. At first only slightly, but as the car progressed down the road, it became increasingly difficult to steer straight. The car seemingly had a mind of its own and guided itself to the left in spite of my efforts - the more I pulled the wheel to the right, the more the car steering wheel fought me maintaining its own course. Between the pull of the car and the fog, I found myself driving down the left side of the road, and most of the time on the shoulder of the road on the left, fearful of the consequences. I pulled hard quickly, stomped down on the gas pedal in a last ditch effort to regain the right side of the road. Suddenly, the gas pedal stuck, and the vehicle forcibly snapped to the left, within a fraction of a second the car was once again on the left shoulder, sliding through the sand. Before I could react I heard a roar. Coming around the bend ahead, on the extreme right of the road was a bulky, gray car, approaching at a speed that I judged to be much faster than the speed limit and the safety limit in a foggy atmosphere present in the canyon. I thought to myself, 'what a crazy driver, driving that fast on such a foggy night, and at that speed. How could he see and what was he doing on the right side of the road....my side of the road!

It was then I realized what was occurring. If I had been on the right side of the road going around the bend I would have been instantly killed in my small fiat. The Fiat had never been difficult to maneuver before the bizarre events of that singular evening. Consciously I began to question whether it was coincidence of fate, fact or fantasy. Turning, I distantly perceived a gray car disappeared down the foggy canyon drive. Was the driver drunk? Demented? How could that belated soul stay on the road in that ghostly fog? At that precipitous speed? Bewildered, I sat there for a few minutes thinking about the experience, musing

over the fog and my car. I composed myself, started the car and drove onto the road again, very slowly and carefully. To my amazement the fog had lifted and I could see the road ahead very clearly with the full moon shining, making the night a much lighted one. I wondered how such a thick fog could disappear so rapidly. Driving to the mouth of the canyon I pulled into the gas station/restaurant for a cup of coffee and to calm down after my experience of a few minutes before. I thought of asking the mechanic to check the car steering, but as it was now working I just remarked 'I guess there's nothing to check as it would be useless now, but I did talk to him and remark, 'I guess that thick fog in the canyon has slowed everybody down?' Puzzled, he glanced at me replying, 'No sir; said the man, ' cars have been coming' very regular. No fog tonight! Moon's shining bright! Nope, no fog....not that anybody said! Can't see any! Can you?'

I entered the coffee shop, sat down and ordered a cup of coffee. While sipping the coffee I kept asking myself a number of questions: How did the fog get into the canyon? What happened to the steering on my car? How could a car drive over 50 miles an hour in the thick fog? What made the fog disappear so quickly? Why didn't other drivers mention the fog? Too many questions....and so few logical answers to these puzzling events. Whew, I'm tired. Hopefully tomorrow morning this will seem like a dream. I'll forget most everything about it.

Swirling the coffee around in the cup I quickly slurped the last mouthful, reluctantly, not wishing to continue the last two miles which could see me home. As I drove the distance I felt the sweetness of the night air. The mind....the fog....I recalled the fog, not in dreaded way but pictured the fog as, the soft cushiony fog, its memory now fantasized within my own mind, I felt it was a friend.

After a rather sleepless night, I finally fell asleep, not awakening until the alarms incessant chattering at 11:00 the next morning. Rolling over I glanced out the window which overlooked the canyon adjacent to the house. Hanging precipitously on a granite ledge, the house, overlooking this vast, verdant canyon was cleverly oriented so that the view was especially beautiful the hours before dawn and at dusk but when the sun was shining and the day was clear it was a magnificent view of the canyon and valley below. It was a very calming, tranquil place to live. I got up, entered the kitchen for a cup of coffee, stepped through the front door unto the porch, taking a deep breath to exhale I turned toward the right of the porch and the driveway. It was then that I noticed the car. I blinked and then rubbed my eyes. I thought to myself, 'am I still dreaming?' Perhaps it's the sun's reflection on the car. As I walked cautiously in the direction of the car I stared with amazement. The car, yesterday a bright red, was now more of an oxidized dark brown. What had happened to the paint? The chrome on the car was rusted, the body of the car covered with a rusted brown crust. I thought first to look at the motor and opened the hood. The motor also showed evidence of being corroded. I had the keys to the car in my pants' pocket and opened the door, got in noting the cringe of the door hinges, and inserted the key into the ignition and tried to start the car. As I turned the key I heard a spine-tingling, rasping sound of metal grinding upon metal. It was no use, the motor was done for. I got out and tried to turn the fan. Hopeless, it wouldn't move. It was hopeless! The motor had

rusted bad enough to be good only for junk. I relit my pipe and walked to the big rock near the top of the canyon. More questions.....How? Why? What? At first I thought, 'now what?' I had just gotten married. What do I do for a car? I tried to concentrate on practical matters but my mind kept wondering what was happening. They say when you are drowning your whole life passes before your eyes. I imagined that I was experiencing the same type of feeling now as I reconstructed the strange events of last night and this morning; was there something in my past that brought on this dilemma? My first thoughts were of my religious beliefs. Not that I was overly religious. When strange things happen one thinks of God and/or the devil. But I couldn't think of anything special in my past that would cause either God or the devil to single me out and charge through me any supernatural phenomenon. Why Me? I then thought: "What about something in my present situation?" Mistakenly, I suppose I had thought that in a man's life there were only a few major decisions that one must make as he becomes a man. First, in importance and when I thought of the fact that I had the power of life and death in my hands was when I was granted my first driver's license, but there was nothing there that would have the slightest effect on the present situation.

Next, the first experience with the opposite gender was with a lady named Jeanne. I hadn't thought of Jeanne in years. I fondly remembered our first romantic tryst. No matter how old I would become that night would be indelibly etched forever within my memory. Since then I had seen and talked to Jeanne a number of times. The relationship, though, didn't develop past young love. After that first time, a time that just happened, we never were together again socially. At that time I would see Jeanne almost every week since she worked at her parents' store. My seeing her was almost unavoidable since I frequently did my marketing there. But perhaps because it passed without any consequence we drifted apart, me going with girls from school and Jeanne dating other men. (Jeanne was several years older than I and had been out of school a few years.) Jeanne had really broken up the affair, showing wisdom that the relationship was not right from the start....Nothing here.

The other was marriage. As I reflected on my marriage my mind began reminiscing of how I had met my wife. I thought of Anne as I saw her that day, years ago, outside the convent. She was not dressed in a nun's habit. I had gotten up early Saturday morning and was walking, enjoying the dazzling foliage, the vernal canopy, the golden and crimson colors of the oak and elm trees. Lost in the contemplations of nature's beauty, with only my thoughts as companion, I was unaware of the direction in which I was wandering. I was oblivious to everything except nature's intrinsic beauty - mysterious and overwhelming. It was just the right setting for the beautiful girl that appeared on the park bench reading a book. I was momentarily startled, not expecting to find another person in my Garden of Eden. I shuttered as I spoke, still being somewhat unbelieving, someone else being in my dream world.

"Good morning, may I ask you what book you are reading?"

The girl was apprehensive at first, but upon seeing my smile, she composed herself, smiling she replied, "It is called the Aquarian Gospels."

"That's a coincidence, I have wanted to get a copy of that book, may I ask where you purchased it," I said.

As she glanced up at me and I gazed into her eyes, bright pools of green, she replied, "I didn't buy it, it came from our library."

"From your library?" I questioned? "I've tried to secure it from the town library but it wasn't in their collection." "Not in the town library, sir, the library over there," motioning toward her right to a group of older buildings. "See, over there. The library is the tall building on the left of the others," she quickly stated.

"I had wondered about that group of buildings." I told her. "What are they, a college? It looks like sort of institution doesn't it?"

"No, not at all, it is St. Michael's Convent."

I swallowed and replied in a quivering voice, "A nunnery?" "You're a Nun?" hoping the answer would be negative, for this girl was quite strikingly beautiful. I already had begun to sense chemistry between us. Standing, she was about 5-2, not heavily built but had a nice shape. As I appraised her qualifications, I felt guilty for thinking about her feminine charms. I had not talked to a Nun since I was in the 3rd grade in St. James Catholic School. I couldn't help but notice how shapely she was....the innocence of her pleasant and friendly face. She was what I would call cute.

She gazed at me, smiled warmly and walked to the gate of the wall surrounding the building, pausing momentarily, she disappeared from view. As I think about this incident when I first saw Anne I meditated on the fortuitousness of life. How the chance meeting of two people can change their lives from that moment onward. (One could not call this a monumental meeting but a meeting nevertheless, a meeting that would transform both Anne's and my life and would become the joining of the events that were to become a living nightmare for me and threaten the very life and sanity of Anne.

It was my daily routine to walk after duty alone the river. I was stationed in this town while I was a member of the U. S. Air Force Band. After today's experience, I hesitated to return to the spot where I had met Anne. My inner feelings told me that I would like to meet her again but my consciousness told me to forget everything about her. She was going to be a nun - you don't encourage an affair with a nun. I told myself, "Just forget everything that happened yesterday - but, I was attracted to her, my heart told me that. I told myself that I understood that there couldn't be anything between Anne and I, but....I rationalized - I just wanted to ask her about the book she was reading. I really did want a copy of it.

After my regular duty was completed I changed to civilian clothes and went to the river banks, at first just to sit quietly observe nature's beauty and meditate on it. Eventually my thoughts turned to the girl, the girl that would become my wife Anne. I thought how very pretty she was and how she appeared and disappeared so mysteriously. Suddenly, there she was. She appeared as if in answer to my thoughts. She appeared as if energized out of my psychic, like an apparition.

Smiling, I greeted her, "hello."

"Hello," she echoed. As she said that she began walking and talking to me. Gesturing with her hands, she began: "I often look out my window in the hall and

gaze at the river. It won't be there long you know....a dam, up stream. A dam is going to be built and it will become a small stream, one without its present excitement and life."

"No, I didn't know. I'm not from around here. Oh, pardon me, my name is Pri. I'm stationed at the airbase near town. I often come to the river after duty to look and be with nature. I'm from a big city and have never seen so many things growing in one place. I feel that I am surrounded by more beauty than I have ever seen in one place. I couldn't help looking at her when I said that. I stuttered again, embarrassed, I really didn't mean to try and flatter a nun. I meant the scenery,....I mean,you are very pretty...I mean....you're a nun,I just meant....." "That's alright Pri, I know what you meant." Anne responded.

"My name is Anne and I am not a nun, but I am in the novitiate and I am still studying to become a nun, that is until a month ago."

As she said this I looked into her eyes and they met mine. I said to myself, "Pull back, Pri, she is going to be a nun." My mind didn't hear the words Anne just spoke - until a month ago. I began to say good-bye and turned to leave. She quickly proposed, "Please don't go. You don't have to be sorry. You haven't done or said anything wrong."

"But, aren't you a nun, or at least training to be a nun?" Stammering, I continued, "I mean, you shouldn't be seen with a ...with a man, should you? What will the Sister Superior say and what will everyone else say?"

"Pri, Sister Mary knows that I am here and that I am talking to you. Don't turn around now, but I can see her there by the window watching."

"Then it is okay that we talk and I can be seen with you?"

"Of course it's alright. Taking a package from her tote, she sat on the bench, taking my arm gently, motioning me to sit with her she said, "Pri, if you promise to return it you can borrow the book you wanted for a Few days. Meet me here the day after tomorrow."

Rising from the bench she remarked, "Now I really must go." Without further hesitation she pivoted and quickly walked away. I watched her again disappeared through the gate. I warmly gripped the book tenderly as if it was her hand. How silly I thought, I'm sounding like a poet. I then thought, 'to be a poet one must be in love.'

I returned to the base for my evening meal. After dinner I left the mess hall and returned to my quarters anxious to begin reading the borrowed book. As was my habit, I read until the wee hours, needing only about 5 hours of sleep a night. My favorite hours were the early morning hours. From about 2:00 to 5:00. I don't know what time it was when I finally finished the book. It wasn't a very big book, just 157 pages. I remembered drifting to sleep as I began the book's last page. Usually, when one reads a book of that metaphysical magnitude, one remains within the book after the last page is finished, entering the world of the book for a number of meditative moments. (My meditative moments came in my dreams but as dreams are, the realities of the book became mingled with the girl who had loaned it to me. The next morning when I awoke I just stayed in bed, not being able to rationalize whether I was actually awake or perhaps still dreaming. I

lay flat on my back with my arms on my chest, still deep in my thoughts. It was several moments before I opened my eyes and thought of moving. I deliberated to myself, 'I must re-read the book. A book with such a profound meaning must be read more than once.

I anxiously waited for work to end that day. Right after dinner I went straight to my room, got out the book and began reading. As my eyes moved from page to page I felt as if Anne was next to me, silently reading. Half way through the book I began to think of Anne. It was all I could do to discipline myself and return my thoughts to the book. Mastering my emotions I finally managed to finish the book before drifting off to sleep. I dreamt that night, not of the book but of Anne. Fixated, my only conscious thoughts were of Anne. Her every movement was a ballet of infinite grace. There were comforting dreams, pleasant and friendly, not romantic or lustful. My thoughts were austere, profound, natural thoughts - the kind when one thinks of something that is special and something one wants to protect, and yet maintain a dominion over.

The day would be interminably long, hours until the evening would come and we would again meet and share our time together. As I had read and attentively studied the book its return to Anne would be a great loss. I would have liked to keep the book so that I could further study its lessons. I have always been fascinated by explanations of mysteries and the hereto unanswered questions about the movements and activities of Jesus while on earth. Certain period of Jesus' life on earth remain a mystery. There is a great deal of his life that remains un-chronicled by his disciples. The scriptures give many clues, but few tangibles. Reading a book on theories of this empty period of Jesus' life was exciting.

I went directly to the river park for our rendezvous and waited for what seemed an eternity but in reality as I look at my watch was but 5 minutes. Anne didn't come. It was a full 15 minutes before I managed to get my nerve up as I slowly moved to the door of the convent, hesitating as I approached the gate, and then on to the door of the main building that was just inside the gate.

I knocked and waited. About a minute passed. As I started to knock for the second time, the massive oak gate sprung open. The wizened face of an elderly woman motioned, bidding me to enter and have a seat in the lobby of the building. Moments later, a stern looking nun came through a door on the far side of the lobby and approached me. Introducing herself as Sister Mary I was entreated to follow her. Passing through the door from which she had just entered, we walked along a corridor lined with paintings and statues, all possessing a religious subject. It was an ambiance of pious reflection. Although I quickly adopted a properly pious mien, I feared that my thoughts contradicted my countenance. My discomfiture increased as my eyes witnessed a guilty feeling, a fear of not wishing to intrude into what is a woman's domain and being a man I think, led to my feelings just expressed.

We passed through a massive door into an office. The nun seated behind a large oak desk and requested that I sit down in a chair facing to the left of the desk facing her. Her opening statement, strange in its intent, startled me.

"Do you love Anne?" Her words were delivered with blunt candor. It was not the nature of the question which made me sit up rigidly, making my eyes open

as wide as possible. Admittedly, I could only discuss questions of that nature with very few people.....a nun was not one of them. I repeated her question: "Do I love Anne?" I hesitated but as her question demanded an honest response, I answered, "I only talked to her twice and she lent me this book." (I held up the book for the nun to see. "That's why I came this morning....to return the book." (I wasn't really lying. I did come to return the book if only as a guide to see Anne again.)

Empathetic, as if she were psychically attuned to my mental state, the nun smiled. Her hidden warmth, hardly what I'd expect from a Mother Superior, soothed me in a rather maternal way. She spared me the added embarrassment of asking the question again.

"Sister," I said, rather defiantly, "I've only seen Anne twice. I approached her the first time because I noticed the title of the book she was reading....the Aquarian Gospels. I had tried to acquire a copy but there were no copies either at the library or the bookstores in town. I admit Sister, Anne is a very attractive woman. She did act rather strange at our first meeting. At the second meeting, however, she seemed more at ease.

She smiled obligingly. I thought, "She didn't want me to answer the question. She just wanted to check my reaction. This is a game of wits and it's what I don't say that will be important. But why did she want to get my reaction? And - who was Anne? What is she all about? The nun fired another question at me before I had the time to collect my thoughts. "Do you think Anne is desirable?"

My mind was working hard to find out what this question really meant. How could I diplomatically answer her? Hesitating, I reasoned that in an intellectual conversation I might hold my own but not against such a formidable foe as this wise old nun. Well, let's just dive right in and see who comes out ahead....It' worth it, isn't it, what do I have to lose? When it deals with women and sex I was not a man of the world. Hmmm! How much sex can an old nun really know? No, no need to panic. I'll just calmly....perhaps I should turn the tables and treat the old gal to her own shock therapy. We'll see how she takes the shock.

"Sister, I announced, "Anne liked me and I intend to see her again," I snapped defiantly, "I would like to do it with your approval." That should set the old gal on her habit. I just tried to make a date with one nun and asked permission from another, her Mother Superior.

"Okay - better ease up Pri," I thought.

"Mr. King, said the old nun, "Anne really does admire you. She wishes very much to see you again. I want you to know that her desires have my full support.

"Touché!" the black, somber uniform belied this old gal's remarks. I was startled and couldn't believe my ears.

I was now relaxed and was ready to really go at it with her but decided to put all my cards on the table.

"Sister, I must be frank with you. I met Anne three days ago. I liked her; Yes, I would like to see her again but since she's a novitiate training to become a

nun, why, why she should hardly get involved with a man at this time? Don't you think I could handle a relationship, however innocent, with a nun?"

"Please answer my question, Mr. King, Would tomorrow night at 7:00 be a convenient time, here in the reception room?"

That did it. Totally losing my composure I began stuttering, my facade of emotional maturity and worldly savoir-faire, all aspects broke down. Now what? She's made her move. Trumped me!

"I could only manage - tomorrow night at 7:00 - here? In the reception room? Yes...yes...I'll be here. 7:00 tomorrow night. I fidgeted nervously arising, absent-mindedly flipping the book in my moist hands. Mother Superior rose from her chair, thanked me' escorted me back down the corridor, to the door of the convent and bid me good-bye.

Once again I found myself outside the old building, walking through the gate, still stunned by the events of moments ago. My body was outside the gates but my mind still dwelled inside the convent. Physically I was going down the path away from the convent. Mentally I was still engaged in the conversation with the nun.

I began thinking of how the events would sound if I told anyone about them. How was I ever going to go back to the base and tell my buddies about what had happened? Tell them about the comments of the Mother Superior of the convent near the river park and how she 'fixed' me up with a date with one of the young nuns. I had better not tell anyone, I'll just keep it to myself. I had some dates while stationed at the airbase but I didn't want to get serious with any of them as I only had a few months left in the service and then it would be back to Maryland and on to college. With so little time, I didn't want to start an affair with a girl and then move away. There were lots of girls at home, not anyone in particular but getting dates would just have to wait until I get a discharge and return home. Even then there were 4 years of college ahead in the future. Sure I wanted female companionship. I planned to have the usual kind of dates mostly on the weekends but I was young and eager to get involved in college. I had told myself that I would not waste my college like my best friend had. He had just played around in 3 years at college, ran around with girls neglecting his studies and having a good time. My college wouldn't be paid for like his. I would have the G. I. Bill but it won't be much. But living at home should help me keep within my budget so that I wouldn't have to take a job. Without realizing it, I was already backing at the base. My mind - so preoccupied with the future and yet aware of recent events, was totally unaware of my physical being. As I approached my room in the barracks I realized that tomorrow would be Friday - I would have the week-end off. Walking down the hall to my room I met some of the guys. True to my promise to myself, I did not say anything.

The day passed quickly. After morning rehearsal (I was in the band) and lunch, the afternoon was free and I tried not to think of how anxious I was for evening to come. Wouldn't 7:00 ever come? I could hardly control my anticipation. I remember the old nun's firm command to be there promptly at 7:00.

It was exactly 7:00 when I arrived at the convent gate. This time I barely knocked once. The door opened. The same woman showed me into the reception

room. As I sat there I tried to understand my feeling at coming to date a nun. How did I feel? Hesitant? Yes. Excited? Yes. I hadn't the slightest understanding what my true feelings were at the moment, for I was neither in command of my physical feelings nor of my emotional state. I didn't have to wait for long as the old nun appeared on the stairway with Anne, very conservatively outfitted in a blue dress.

"Mr. King, May I introduce you to Anne Lawson," the old nun smilingly stated.

I smiled, nodded my head and said, "Hello, Miss Lawson."

Anne gave a little smile, nodded her head and came toward me.

"Mr. King, you will be allowed to take Anne to the concert and then to escort her back to the convent," the Mother Superior noted.

"The concert?" I answered hesitantly wondering what she had in mind. I then thought, "Oh yes, the string quartet from the college." There's a concert scheduled on the base tonight. Yes, that must be it. Attendance is restricted to military personal and their guests. Anne wished to attend the concert. But my mind said, "No dummy, why would a nun set up a date for you just so that you would take a novitiate to a concert? The concert was really that important an event - and besides the same group will be playing in the town convention center tomorrow night. No, that's not it."

The old nun remarked, "I expect you back by 10:00."

Acquiescing, I nodded my head affirmatively. Anne and I silently walked towards the front door. Before departing, I turned to her, stating, "Thank you Sister. I'll make a point of having Miss Lawson back by 10:00."

Anne and I quickly agreed to walk to the concert as the base was only a few blocks away. Anne kept very quiet, answering with concise answers to my attempts at conversation and what probably were mundane questions. She didn't volunteer any information. Her reserved way so complete that I learned very little during our walk from the convent. She was shy. Arriving at the concert only minutes before it was scheduled to begin, we quickly entered. We found our seats just as the Major was introducing the quartet. I noticed a number of my friends among the audience. Some of my friends in the band were giving Anne some interesting but curious looks. I had neither told them that I had a date that night nor that I had met a new girl. What should I tell them after I take Anne back to the convent and return to the base? Well, I'll think about that later. Now, I'm going to enjoy the concert. I had wanted to go to the concert before the old nun had asked me to take Anne. I had heard about the concert three weeks before and had planned on going with some of the guys from the band, but when the Mother Superior requested that I take Anne out, I had forgotten about it. I remembered then that they were going to play the 3rd string quartet by Bartok, as well as works by Beethoven and Brahms. I couldn't tell if Anne was enjoying the concert - she was very still and silent, saying nothing except in answer to some more mundane questions I asked.

The concert ended at 9:15. I asked Anne, "Shall we go for a cup of coffee at the "Place?"

"The Place" No Mr. King," she questioned.

"Please call me Pri, Anne," I said.

"Pri," said Anne, "I don't think Sister Mary would approve."

"Approve?" I replied, "Nothing can happen there. What could happen that Sister Mary wouldn't approve of?"

"Pri, it's not that. It's just that, well, this is the first time.....the first date I've ever had." With that admission Anne began to relax. She appeared more open, less restricted. While she didn't tell me anything about her past life she did talk about books she had read, about how she enjoyed music and how she was interested in trying some day to write short stories. She was surprised to hear that I had won a short story contest two years ago while I was stationed at the airbase up in Mass. It was a total spur of the moment decision, my entering the service wide short story contest. I had never written anything before, but while talking about it at the service club I took a dare and wrote a science fiction story and entered it and to my surprise I won first prize (\$50.00). Anne expressed a desire to read it. I told her I'd have to find it. It's somewhere in my foot locker. I haven't read it in the two years since I first wrote it.

The end of the conversation about writing brought us to the front gate of the convent. My next problem in this relationship with a nun - Do you kiss a nun goodnight and say it was fun or what? Anne turned as we approached the door. She spoke "Sister Mary said if I wanted you to - and you would like to - we could go out tomorrow morning. You can pick me up at 10:30 and.

"Anne," I began to say, "I don't understand what....."

Suddenly, before I could finish, Anne balancing her nymph like body on her toes, kissed me. Pivoting to the left she glided through the opened door. She turned, her eyes gleaming in the dim light said, "Goodnight, Pri, I like you," and closed the door. Her eyes were like twin beacons, flashing a puzzled desiring glimpse of passion.

I stood there for a few seconds as puzzled as ever, then turned and in a state of exotic confused ecstasy, began floated home as if in a hazy unclear dream. Nothing would surprise me about Anne from now on. Now I knew that she was, or is, totally unpredictable and lovely.

I still felt the warmth of Anne's lips as I entered my room, being as quiet as possible not to wake any of the guys. I didn't want to answer any of the questions I knew would be coming my way. I thought - I wouldn't have had to worry about whether I should kiss a nun goodnight - she kissed me. The guys will never believe this, and, I didn't really want to tell them.

I knew that most of the guys would be sleeping in Saturday morning from being out late Friday night. I was used to getting up early each morning and especially this morning. I got up at 7:30, with the others still asleep, I shaved very quietly, each stroke of the blade seemingly making noise like the chopping of a tree, but, no one woke up.

I choose a turtleneck shirt, cream colored to go with a dark brown pants and a boxed print sport jacket. I had begun to secure an all brown wardrobe. I saw a movie about this minister, "A Man Called Peter," and I really liked the clothes they choose for him in the movie, all blue. So to go with my brown eyes, I began

purchasing all brown clothes. This is my habit I don't own any other color clothes, nothing but all colors and shades of brown.

I drove off base to the restaurant where I usually ate Saturday breakfast. I bought a newspaper, ordered the usual Spanish omelet with ham and relaxed while eating and reading. I even had time for a pipe smoke before it was time to pick up Anne. I kept thinking of her and the vents of the last three days. Events that seemed unreal yet leaving me with tingling feelings with joy, restraint with hesitation, bewilderment with hope, and just plain excitement. Anne was a strange girl - very quiet and withdrawn into herself. It also seemed to me that I had spent the last three days asking myself so many questions and receiving very few answers. I thought its okay to talk to yourself; you're only in trouble when you start answering. I left the restaurant around 10:15, jumped into my little sports car. It was an early model convertible, a little dented but it got good gas mileage. Even though my sparse budget demanded economy, driving that car was always pure pleasure for me. It was almost 10:30 when I approached the convent door. I rapped on the door. It was quickly opened. Anne stood there quietly. She was dressed in a purple and white blouse that was indeed appropriate for the warmth of the morning sun. I thought, "Wow, good for warm weather but not appropriate for a nun."

How do you train your eyes and heart not to look at a pretty girl whose attractive figure invited appraising glances? The blouse was tight enough to reveal the silhouette of a fully matured woman. The garment revealed open neck flesh from the chin down to a small crevice between two small but desirable breasts.

It was Anne that spoke first: "Pri, I hope you didn't misunderstand that kiss last night?"

I answered, "Misunderstood? I..."She interrupted, "You are the first man I have kissed. I felt so comfortable with you....I felt near to you and without even thinking I was kissing you. I'm not that kind of a girl, I"

It was my turn to interrupt: "Anne, It's okay, I understand, because I wanted to kiss you, and hesitated only because you're a nun. Anne, would you please tell me what is going on? "Pri," she said, "I am also a woman." That remark didn't answer my question and only made me desire Anne even more. It was like being with a time bomb, triggered and ready to go off in any direction. Instead of asking the question again I decided to play out my hand. I sardonically remarked, "What have you and Sister Mary decided for me today?"

"Well, I would like to go and get in your sports car, take a drive and then....let's see, why don't we visit the zoo," Anne summarized the mornings activities. "My sports car? I didn't mention anything about having a sports car either to Anne, or to Sister Mary. Where I had left the car this morning no one could see it from the convent...yet....another question to be answered."

We began walking carefree down the walkway, past the wall and gate toward the car. Anne took my hand in hers and began skipping towards the car, waving our arms back and forth. She was laughing and remarked, "How beautiful a day it is today, Pri. God made a lovely day today, didn't he?" We got into the car and Anne bubbling over with enthusiasm for life, her joy was infectious. I, too, was happy. As I looked at her I thought that God had never made a more

beautiful, enchanting creature than Anne. We drove through some wooded area, around a lake and all the time Anne kept talking, asking question after question about everything.

We drove for about an hour and I had taken the road that would take us to our destination, the zoo. After we parked and almost ran to the first animals, the rest of the day was spent with a woman who became more and more like a young child. Anne's eyes lit up upon approaching each animal. Each animal received the same amazed reaction: "Pri, look, that's a real elephant." or "Pri, come quick look, here' a real lion." and "Oh Pri, look at the cute baby bear." And each time her excitement was genuine and so was mine. Seeing her this way was as exciting to me as she was about the animals. We walked, ...no ran...around the zoo for hours, Anne running to see each new animal, starring for minutes, then running to see the next intriguing animal.

We entered the snake house at a pace that neared a 60 yard dash time. Anne asked, "Is that a serpent?" She was looking at a giant python.

"Yes, I said." "I don't know if that was the kind in the Garden of Eden." As she moved around in the snake house, each new attraction brought on the same exciting behavior I was going over in my mind the days since I had met Anne. This was the 5th day. The first day was when I saw her in the park. I was thinking in terms of the first day, the fifth day, when my mind thought of the Bible and Genesis, Chapter One. The first day God created the heaven and the earth, and I met Anne. On the 2nd day...I stopped and thought that it was like making my own history of Genesis. The more I thought about Genesis the more curious I became about the exact wording of each day.

"Anne, I said, interrupting her flight to the other side of the snake house, "Wasn't it the fifth day, in Genesis, that God created the creatures and the fowls?"

She thought for a moment and then answered, "Yes, God created them on the fifth day." She began quoting, "And God said, let the waters ring forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

We now were outside the snake house and on our way, running of course, to the bird sanctuary. We entered the building, her eyes following the birds in their feathered flights; while my eyes followed Anne's every movement and her excited face. I thought we had seen the snakes, and now the fowls, what next. What on the sixth day, said almost jokingly but once said, a curiosity began to set in. What did God do on the 6th day" Anne interrupted my thoughts asking, "Can we go next to the aquarium?"

"Of course, Anne, It's just across town. It only takes about 15 minutes to drive there. Taking her hand in mine, we walked toward the exit to the parking lot.

"What time do I have to get you back today, Anne?" I said.

"No particular time, anytime you want."

I got a feeling of total happiness, upon hearing her answer. It wasn't what she said but how she said it - her voice letting escape the warmth and love from within her. I couldn't resist anything she asked for. Anne remained as excited and joyous as we persuade the unseen energy exploding inside of Anne as she

observed all the fish at each glass opening of the aquarium. After an exciting day with Anne I knew from that moment that I was falling in love with her. As I looked at her she was still as fresh, ebulliently energetic as she had been earlier that morning.

"Well, what's next?" I offered.

"Let's get something to eat, I'm really hungry," she chirped.

As I sat across from Anne in a booth in a little Italian restaurant close to the aquarium, my curiosity about Anne's past continued to haunt me. Who was this impetuous, attractive young woman? Was she a nun? Was she vowed to God through her celibacy? Paradoxically she was not only a nun but a woman, a sensuous woman at that, yet so innocent in her unbeguiled sensuality. Just who was the young woman whose naive questions about even the most common of matters, something even a child was acquainted with - coming from a cloistered existence. She was La Gioconde - enigmatic enchanting and ever so naive, far from those tender lips came forth no hint of her past. I ordered my favorite, spaghetti and dark beer. Anne ordered spaghetti with milk. I thought I must get her to talk about herself, I am just so curious and I want to get to know her.

It was now about 8:00 and Anne, upon finishing her desert of cheese cake asked, "Pri, what can we do now?"

"Well," I suggested, "We can go to a movie or a dance -there's one at the base tonight. (Could I dare bring her to the dance on the base with all the guys going to be there? I'll have to answer so many questions. I usually was scheduled to play piano at the dance every Saturday night. For some reason I was not put on the roster to play this particular Saturday.

"Let's go to the dance, Pri," Anne excitedly shouted.

By now, nothing surprised me about her, anything Anne wanted to do I would do joyfully for her very presence was a blessing to my life.

We could hear the soft strains of a romantic ballad drifting through the stillness of the evening air as we approached the dance. Taking her hand as we entered the dance, I guided her directly to the already crowded dance floor. After a few seconds of holding her in my arms while dancing I experienced a peaceful calmness as our bodies were fused into a oneness as we flowed with the music. It was as if we had held each other close a time before and by the end of the first dance neither one of us wanted to let each other go. I thought, God help us. I am being seduced by a nun and loving every minute of it. I had known Anne only five days but I knew that I was in love with her. Well, almost six days as the next time I looked at my watch it was 12:00. The band began playing a song which I knew signaled the final dance. Anne and I were holding each other as if we had known each other for years. I took her hand and led her off the dance floor. We returned to the car. I cautioned her, "Sister Mary is going to be angry at me for keeping you out this late Anne. I better get you back."

"No Pri, we don't have to get back - not now, not yet..."

My mind seized the impact of her words. As that time in my life, being raised Catholic and taking my religion very serious, I quickly countered, "Oh yes we do. I've been stretching my luck already by taking out a nun, but, spending the night with a nun? I'm not about to have an affair with a nun. (I had had one affair

with Jeanne and felt very bad about that and vowed that not until I was married would I have entered into another affair.)

"No, no, Anne, I must bring you back, I like you. I like you very much Anne, in fact, I think I even love you.....but in no way am I going to keep you out any longer tonight. If we mean anything to each other I must get you back. It's time you and I had a very serious talk. I shouldn't have let our relationship go this far but it just seemed to happen. I was out of my control. I'm sorry not for having such a great time - for taking advantage of your being with me, I mean, you are a nun and everything."

"Pri, don't say anything else, please take me back to the convent," Anne said, softly and with much emotion in her voice.

Little was said until we reached the convent door. Anne turned around, put her arms around my neck and pulled her body close against mine. "I love you Pri," saying it not only with her voice but with her whole body as I felt her warm body and she gave a little yip as her thighs pressed tightly against me. She kissed me, quickly released her hold on me, turned and ran into the convent, closing the door readily behind her. Again I was stunned.

There I was, outside of a convent door! Just having been passionately kissed by a nun, who, without any explanation, was now gone. Was I an experiment or what? I was almost in a state of shock when I got into my car, puzzled by the events, again, of the Last few moments and now totally confused by the events of the last six days.

I was still bewildered as I sat down behind the church organ, my customary place every Sunday morning at the base chapel. My emotions, as well as my life, were in a state of confusion. I thought nothing could be more confusing than what had happened to me. I knew that mentally I could support no more shocks or surprises. I felt guilty and really wanted to talk to Father Harridan, the base Chaplain about my relations with a nun. I was still setting bewildered behind the organ as Father Harridan began the morning sermon. The whole congregation turned around when they heard the effect of my elbow hitting the organ keyboard in a cacophony of sound as Father Harridan announced the topic of the sermon - Genesis. His words hit me hard as he read 'and on the sixth day, God said, let us make man in our image, after his likeness. And the rib, which the Lord had taken from man, made him a woman and brought her unto the man.'

It then hit me, Anne was living Genesis through me. What a coincidence, Father Harridan taking on Genesis...or was it? What was going on in my life? What was happening? I must see Father H. after mass.....someone has got to have some answers. Anne had been so shy at first but at the convent door, she was clothed but unashamed and actually showed her sensuous side to me without seemingly being a harlot. I shouldn't have gone as far as I have with Anne.

Mass ended as I finished the processional. I was handed a note to see Father Harridan after mass.

Father Harridan was seated at his desk as I entered the room. He stood up as I entered and warmly greeted me, "come in Pri, I've been expecting you. I've wanted to talk to you earlier this week but I was called out of town on an urgent church matter. I tried to get in touch with you by phone all day yesterday."

"Oh God, I thought, he knows I'm seeing a nun. I'm going to be excommunicated. He knows, here it comes. Hold on Pri," I thought.

"Pri, please sit down, he continued. Pri, (he hesitated choosing his words carefully). You are a good Catholic boy and would have talked to you sooner. I felt that I didn't have to because I had much faith in your morals. I know you have a lot of questions to be answered but before I answer yours I shall begin by trying to explain what has happened the last few days and shall first ask for your forgiveness in not telling you sooner about things. We shall talk and I think I can explain the things that have been happening to you."

I just sat there, not knowing whether to be relieved. Was this sudden feeling one of wonderment and the mysteries about to be explained to me would make me understand what had been happening. He began...

"Pri, I had a phone call from Sister Mary at the convent several days ago. She inquired about an airman named Pri King. She asked me your religious preference. If Catholic she wished to know if you were moral, of course. Knowing you as I do, both in and out of the confessional, I could assure her that you were of good character and could be trusted to practice what a good Catholic man should. When I told her you were our organist and I could very easily state that, yes indeed, you were a very good Catholic and that your moral character and actions were very outstanding, she told me of her plan. By now I was just too excited and shocked to say anything and I just sat there starring at Father H, listening to every detailed word he said.

"Pri, Anne is not going to be a nun."

What stopped me from jumping up and shouting a human hallelujah was amazing in its own right. "But, Father, I saw her in a nun's habit the first time at the river park. She lives in the convent."

Father H. stopped me and said, "Pri, she didn't take her vows. She was to take them in another month but she is not going to take them or enter the order. She is terminating her novitiate."

"Oh God, what have I done. I've prevented a nun from taking her vows, how can I ever be forgiven for that, Father?"

"No, Pri, it is not your fault, the decision was made before she met you. That is why Sister Mary wanted her to go out with you. To begin to slowly enter the outside world of people with a different environment than Anne has ever known before. Anne grew up in the Convent, Pri, and has seldom left it since she was first brought to the convent many years ago as a baby girl. She has known only a religious life, and looks at life through the eyes of the church. After Anne saw you she later spent many hours conferring with Sister Mary. She wanted to know how to act, to react when she was with you. Anne had so many questions to ask about the outside world, too many even for Sister Mary to answer. You see, Pri, Sister Mary wanted Anne to experience them for herself and knowing that you were a good man, Sister Mary called me to see if you would be suitable to accompany Anne in her venture into the outside world, the world outside of the cloisters.

"Now, Pri, before you ask any more questions, permit me to ask one of you. Now that you have met Anne and know a little about her, do you..., that is, would you want to see her again?"

Answering quickly, not needing to review his feeling toward Anne, Pri responded - "Yes, Father, I even believe I love her! It felt good to come right out and say what I had been feeling. Yes, I believe I love Anne. She is not going to be a nun. What a feeling I had inside - indescribable. That's all.

"Okay, Pri, and now I would advise you to go and talk to Sister Mary, before I say any more, before you ask any more questions. And most of all, before you see Anne again. If you don't have anything to do now, Sister Mary is quite anxious to talk to you. She can see you right away, that is, as soon as you leave here. She wishes to explain the rest of the story to you. Perhaps then she'll be able to answer all your questions. She's a very wise, old nun. Pri, please heed her advice.

"And you are also very nice Father! Thank you, I shall go right away.

"Pri, one other thing. This reminds me of an old Irish saying, and I quote, "Women are wiser than men because they know less and understand more." Go see her Pri and listen to her advice. She'll help you understand; for if you choose to continue to see Anne, Sister Mary told me you'll need all the understanding you can acquire."

I thanked Father Harridan, left the rectory and decided to walk to the convent rather than driving the car. The quiet moments of reflections during the walk would give me time to think, time to calm down. I wanted to comfort my emotions. Seeing Anne for the first time, knowing that she could know, act and react like a woman; and I like a man. It took me about 20 minutes to walk the distance and while I was still very anxious to be with Anne and having my talk with Sister Mary over with so we could be together I arrived at the convent much more controlled but still excited.

"Good afternoon Mr. King, please come in. Father Harridan called and I am pleased to have heard you had an opportunity to talk to him. I would have been very surprised if you had not for I was counting on you to just that. I know you have many questions and they shall all be answered in due time."

Sister Mary continued without hesitation. "First, Mr. King, do you wish to see Anne again?" I answered without a moment's hesitation, "I do. Yes, Ma'm I do very much."

Sister Mary nodded, and then said, "I have rented a room in town for Anne, Mr. King. I would hope that you will continue to see her, at least until she becomes more accustomed to the outside world. She needs help in adjusting and, knowing your character I feel that I can trust her to your care. You see, Mr. King, you must not only befriend her but must protect her from the many vices that can pry on an innocent woman.

I assured Sister Mary, that I cared for Anne and would have seen to her safety even if I hadn't been asked to do so. This sentiment made Sister Mary smile. I could see that her mind was once again at ease. She confessed, "I have known Anne since she was first sent to us. I am going to tell you a great deal about her background and some things even Anne herself does not now about

herself. Details I might add, that she should never know. I know that I can trust you Mr. King; I hope I have judged you correctly.

"You have Sister; I have grown quite fond of Anne these six days. I strangely feel that I have known her for a much longer time," I admitted.

Sister Mary continued: "In my position of responsibility I must trust someone. I feel that you can be trusted to see that Anne's adjustment goes smoothly. I will pray, both for you and Anne so that things go right." Sister Mary paused, then began to relate Anne's story: When she was four years old Anne was brought to this convent. An only child, she was the daughter of a man who died an alcoholic and a waitress mother. Anne knows nothing about her background and heritage. She doesn't need to know. Her well being depends on her ignorance of these facts. So please promise me that you'll treat my words with the confidentiality which they must, won't you" Her understanding is limited to the fate that she does know that she is an orphan. She appeared at our door when we answered a knock and found her alone. She was crying and shouting historically, "No, Daddy, don't hurt Mom or Lisa. No! No!" We granted the young child shelter and tried to find out who her parents were. We were able to find them only when we found Lisa. Her father had died since we first found Anne and the mother had disappeared forever it appeared and vanished without a trace. Lisa had given us some facts which enabled us to piece the reasons for Anne's troubled mind. Anne's parents had lived in a three room house - a kitchen, bath and one bedroom. Modest rather limited lodging for a family of three people. The father, a chronic alcoholic was always drunk and often absent. During his prolonged weekend alcoholic adventures, Anne's mother tried to find solace and companionship in entertaining a collection of rather disreputable men. Anne shared her parent's bedroom, her bed faced her parents. Needless to say, the young Anne was neglected by her parents. She witnessed much that a young girl should not have seen. When her parents were out - as they often were - they did have her watched by the young girl that lived across from them. Lisa, the baby sitter, was only 14 when she was surprised one night caring for Anne. The father tied her to the bed and brutally raped her before Anne's startled eyes. Anne's only memory is of the baby sitter screaming. Apparently no other neighbors heard the screams and cry for help.

Anne saw her father beat her mother many times. She was not spared this brutal punishment. The beatings were regular and frequent. The mother was physically threatened and molested by her husband whenever she refused her husband's sexual advances. (Anne could not even talk to a man until just last year. Even Father Harridan could not hear her confession. Even a photograph of a man would release her fears creating an uncontrollable hysterical state. I have been talking to Anne since she became a woman. God bless Father Harridan. He has been of great assistance with Anne. She has progressed remarkably well, don't you think? You've been God send, Mr. King. For all these years I've wondered how in heaven name I was ever going to discharge my responsibility to Anne.

My burden has been very heavy. You see...."She scratched her forehead reflectively.... I knew that Anne would probably leave the convent sometime.

When she was a child I never really thought that she'd even consider entering the order. So....well.....when she choose to become a novitiate...we.....

interrupting - "Sorry Mr. King, but we all love Anne and wanted her to be safe and make a normal transition to the outer world. After your first meeting, which was by chance, she reacted very well. She was too scared of you. I thank God you were soft spoken and kind. I called Father Harridan and inquired about you after Anne first mentioned your name to me. I was by the window and saw her talking to you. Anne knows how to love. Her entire life has been a devotional love. I have tried to explain about God's love and man's love but had to warn her after she told me of the kiss on your second time seeing her. She didn't know. She liked you and just felt like letting you know. I told her she shouldn't go around kissing every man she meets.

Father Harridan told me about your question about Genesis, and the comparison you made. Anne has been instructed in the Bible and didn't realize that it was a long time ago, she sometimes slips into a sort of trance and has a hard time separating reality from fiction or stories she has been told. She had never seen any animals or fish and remembered the chapter in Genesis. I think she would have continued living a live Genesis if you had not stopped her. I was counting on your Christian ethics not to stray beyond a certain point.

After listening to both Father Harridan and Sister Mary's explanation my curiosity had become somewhat salted after listening to both Father Hannigan and Sister Mary's dialogue - not that I still didn't have questions about Anne but within the past hour I'd learned too much. My mind, overwhelmed, by these latest disclosures of Anne's past...her fears....her loves.... I needed time to process all of these facts....time....there'd be plenty of time later. Anne could explain it all to me. Yes...but .after.... There'd be plenty of time later. So...She's really not a nun...Hmm!

Returning to reality after my meditation on how I met Anne and what happened to the car, it was Anne's voice that brought me out of it. She came out of the backdoor toward my saying, "Pri, I was calling for you. Oh Pri, I was scared when you didn't answer. I thought that you were still in bed, Anne said, running to me and hugging me. I hugged her back and told her I was sorry she hadn't known I was up. I didn't know how to tell her about what happened last night. I didn't know how to explain it myself and didn't say anything as we walked together into the kitchen for breakfast which Anne prepared for me.

Anne never asked about the car and I never told her. I went down and began payments on another used car. I forgot about the experience and it wasn't until years later would I finally find out the reason for this weird experience and what caused things to happen as they did.

The marriage, from the beginning was one of some uncertainty in regard to Anne's stability - and of her ability to lead a normal marital life. Sister Mary had told Pri that problems may arise out of the change of life style of Anne and that he had to be very understanding in many early days of their marriage for unusual reactions or circumstances. Anne was new to her wifely duties. Anne's attitude was never too aggressive and far too shallow for Pri's intellect, and her character had not developed beyond her early personality. While in the convent

she lived a sheltered life within a sheltered place. In the outside world she had a tendency to treat their house in a similar way as the convent. She seldom left the house. Anne would have nightmares and at times would see shapes in the shadows of the closets or doorways. In such instance: I was at my night job when I received a phone call from Anne. She could hardly speak without going into hysterics. I told her that I would be right home; I called the next door neighbor and asked her to go over and see if she could do anything to help out Anne until I got there. It took me 20 minutes to arrive home from the location of my job. The front door was open and Anne was lying there on the floor unconscious. I lifted her and carried her to the living room couch. I tried to revive her. The neighbor came rushing in with some smelling salts. "I found her this way and went back to my house to get some salts. She'd fainted." The acrid, long wrenching aroma of the ammonia salts quickly brought her to a conscious state.

"Oh God...help me...help me, Pri," she pleaded.

I tried to assure her that I was there and that nothing could possibly happen to her now. It took quite a while to calm her down and dispel her fears. After a great deal of effort I finally succeeded in getting her to relax. I'm sure that the tumbler of warm brandy didn't hurt. As she momentarily drifted off, I lifted her limp body - carried her into the bedroom and laid her to rest on the bed. This was not the first time that such irregular behavior would manifest itself in the person of Anne. Many times before Anne would have these dreams and would react in a similar way. Her nerves were very bad, creating tension not only in herself but between her and me. I knew this behavior was from the many things she had had to adjust to from the convent life of solitude to the crowded world and from living the cloistered nun's celebrate existence to that of a life of shared pleasure - with a man.

That night, because of the importance of a first time experience will never be forgotten. It was that night that I fully realized the implications of the burden I had assumed upon my marriage to Anne. Anne was beautiful, both inside and out. She was truly a good person. She was exciting to be with, each new experience and new discovery was accompanied by a spirit of exuberance and excitement that made being with her a joy. She was perceptive; alert mentally and quick to adapt new ideas. But, I had the feeling that the good Sister Mary had not told me or had not known all about Anne's early life.

It snowed the day of the wedding, which was a Catholic wedding conducted by my boyhood friend, Bob Flatly, who became a parish priest. I later found out that Father flatly was the first one to do an exorcism on a boy that lived a few blocks away from me and had been in my class in high school. He was possessed by an evil spirit. I well known book was written about this affair and later made into a movie.

We had not made any definite plans for the honeymoon except to share our thought, our times, and our bodies.

We drove the afternoon to a nice cozy spot, it now being dusk.

I shall try and reconstruct and describe the events that night, the atmosphere, our attitudes and the sexual experiences of two people very inexperienced in love making, and experiencing each other for the first time.

We stopped at a guest lodge, quaint and cozy; our room was the perfect retreat for newlyweds. The warmth of the fireplace quickly made us forget the evenings chill. It now was raining and the time was around 6:00. While I had enjoyed the drive I was anxious to stop, anxious to be lying next to her, caressing her close, touching her....being with her. I wanted Anne to share these feelings with me. I admit that I eagerly wanted to make love to Anne, to express my love through physical sex.

I registered, took the key to our lodge room and unlocked the door. The car was parked right in front of the door. I took an armful of suitcases and clothes. As I sat the cases in the room and the clothes in the closet, Anne also entered the room and sat down in the chair provided in the room. I went to Anne, raised her from the chair and gave her a kiss before I could say anything Anne spoke:

""Pri, don't you think we could get something to eat now? You know there's really nothing else other than the lodge's restaurant. If we don't eat now, we will have to wait until morning. Pri" While I didn't want to share her with anyone at this time, I knew she was right. I gave Anne a hug, opened the door and we walked down to the restaurant. When we finished dinner we went up to the motel and to make a long night short – nothing happened.

Without saying much to each other, we packed the car and drove into the town where I located a doctor. All the way into town my mind kept asking questions - Was it something I did or didn't do that caused her reaction of the honeymoon? I was really torn between trying to understand Anne's feelings.

I found the doctor's street and soon we were entering the parking lot. Anne entered the doctor's office as I sat in the waiting room. After about 25 minutes the doctor came out and asked me to step inside to his office.

After assuring the doctor that Anne did love me, he continued, "I couldn't find anything physically wrong with your wife. I spoke up - The doctor interrupted me, "Mr. King your wife was not a virgin."

With astonishment and completely bewildered, and somewhat resentful and with some guilt in my voice I gasped and spoke, "Not a virgin? Oh no, Doctor, you're wrong. Anne has been in a convent since she was 4 studying to be a nun. She never knew another man - even to talk to one before she talked to me outside the convent the first day we met."

"Mr. King, your wife has had sexual intercourse before last night, although it was a number of years ago. Evidence point to the fact that your wife very definitely engaged in sexual intercourse prior to last night. I'm sorry, but that is the truth - the evidence is present."

"No, No, Doc., you must be wrong. Anne?....Anne has been in a convent. She, she (stuttering)...she has to be a virgin...she must be a virgin. I,..I,.. (My voice faded away) "Another thing, Mr. King, there is one other answer to the problem between you and your wife. There is a chance that your wife may be frigid."

I know the doctor was trying to be honest and helpful but I couldn't accept what he was trying to tell me. Anne chose this moment to come out of the examination room. She walked over to me and grabbed my hand. I thanked the doctor and Anne and I left. When we got to the car I kissed Anne on the Cheek

and told her not to worry. She began crying and softly said, "I love you Pri, I don't understand why or what's the matter with me. I just don't know."

I loved Anne. If there were problems loving each other I thought we can work them out. We'll get counseling as soon as we return home and I'll take the week-end and go to see Sister Mary. Perhaps she can tell me something that might help. She has some explaining to do also.

We returned home without saying much to each other. I immediately made appointments with both a counselor and Sister Mary. I also made an appointment with the Catholic priest who had married us. I spent a very lonely night lying alone side of Anne. Very little was said again between us and I was feeling a little sorry for myself; lying next to a woman who was my wife and it was just like before I married. I knew that it must be hard for Anne and I tried to discipline myself to forget my feelings on the matter for awhile and try to put myself in her shoes (in her place). She did love me and wanted to please me but something must be stopping her. I leaned over, kissed her with a tender kiss and lay back down with my hand holding hers. I could try again but decided that I would wait until I knew a little more about the situation and hear what Sister Mary had to say. I didn't ask Anne about her past experience with a man, I thought it best to wait. After all there would be a life time together so a few days would not matter.

The next morning I was awakened by noises in the kitchen. Anne had gotten up and must be preparing breakfast in the kitchen. She kissed me as I entered the kitchen and told me she loved me. I decided then to definitely keep the appointment with the psychiatrist.

Dr. Baker was a man around 55 years old and was recommended by the parish priest as he was a Catholic. I told him of Anne's history and our problems in marriage. While he said he couldn't give me a definite answer until he talked to Anne, he did cite what he thought it might be, and suggested that I definitely go see Sister Mary. His theory - 'Your wife has a definite psychological problem.

I dropped Anne off at our apartment, and had to go to the base for my final discharge papers. I planned to see Sister Mary after that. I didn't know how to begin to tell a nun about our problems but I needed to find out so I began telling the old nun about our marriage troubles and finally got to the part when the doctor told me Anne was not a virgin. I told her I didn't believe the first doctor and still cannot figure out how a young girl living in a convent since she was 4 or 5 could not be a virgin.

Sister Mary bent her head down, took her face in her hands and remained in that position for a few moments. When she composed herself, from the shock of what I had just said, she sat straight and began to talk: "First I shall begin with an apology. I'm sorry Pri. I didn't know. I'm sorry for Anne and I'm sorry for you. Never once did I even have the slightest notion anything had happened. When she returned after her only visit to the outside, she was in a state of nervous tension and I know that something had happened but I didn't suspect she had been molested. That has to be it, she was never outside again, as I could never get her to go on a visit again or even outside the walls for years.

"When she came back? Came back from where?" I quickly, excitedly said.

"I didn't think that it mattered so I didn't go into it with you. Anne left here when she was 14. Her mother came for her and we had no legal hold. We couldn't prove anything about her mother and she was very nice, was well dressed and seemed like she really wanted and loved Anne. She had wanted to go with her mother and see what she was like. She remembered very little of what it was like when she was a child and I thought she should get the change to know her mother. All I know is that she was away only one week and the police brought her back in hysteria. And Anne ever said was that she didn't want to ever leave again. Anytime a man would come into the convent to deliver food, repair equipment, etc., Anne would never want to be alone with him. She was under the care of a doctor and the Convent Father confessor and in time returned to a more normal existence. Anne studied hard, really too hard, and was a bright student, especially in languages and English (Literature and poetry). Anne was praying all the time, and, when one saw Anne she was either praying or reading. She worked too hard to be a perfect nun and a few years ago suffered a nervous breakdown. It was at that time that I began to think that the life of a nun was really not best for Anne. Only a month before you met Anne, her and I sat down and talked. We decided that it was really better that she did not become a nun. My advice, Pri, is to get Anne back in the care of a good Psychologist. She has had more than enough tension in her brief life. Pri, I tried my best to prepare you for difficulties with Anne, and knowing that you are a kind and gentle, understanding man you would be best for Anne. Anne needed someone. I think there are still things in her past that need to be discovered. A good psychologist should be able to help you both. No marriage can stand the stress and tension that you have had from the beginning. I hope that Anne does not begin blaming you for any of her troubles. I hope that Anne does not begin blaming you for any of her troubles. I think a doctor can find out what happened that week she was with her mother. I feel that finding out that is very important."

"Thank you sister, I'm sorry I doubted your sincerity but I have had so much trouble lately I just didn't know where to turn or what would happen next. I'll take your advice and seek out a good doctor and see that Anne gets the help we both need."

CHAPTER III

JERA

"What did they do? They wanted to kill me just because I did it a better way; quicker and more efficient. Why are they so superstitious? I must keep running. I can't let them catch me. I have to hide. Where?.....'In the Holy Place!' They are afraid to go there. I'll go to the 'Holy Place.' "

Jera had broken an old tribal tradition. He now moves through the forest to the shore, along by the beach, until he came to the forbidden place, the 'Holy Place,' only a short distance from the beach. Even though the tribe is close behind chasing him, Jera slowly goes up the rugged side of the plateau to the Holy Place. Even now, half way up, one can see the greenish smoke, whirling from the top of

the plateau. There is fear and apprehension in his heart but he must continue to the top. He nears the top of the high plateau, his breathing comes hard, and the smell of the air and its density filled with smoke make his every step difficult. He could smell Sulphur and copper. He need not worry about any dangerous animals, there would be none on the top, only large ferns and tall trees could live on the top of the plateau. No man had ever seen the top; it was the sacred Holy Place where the Gods lived. Jera had the choice of facing the tribe and certain death or - face the Gods. Either choice might mean his destruction but, if he had to die it might as well be by the Gods, and, besides he wanted to see what they looked like.

It began to happen just as he reached the top of the plateau. The ground began moving. An up and down movement made walking straight up impossible. He was down on his knees, trying to find a place of safety. These Gods were indeed powerful and must be mad at Jera and to show their power they shook the very ground Jera stood on. He must have angered the Gods when he climbed to their Holy Place.

The shaking stopped and Jera stood up and his eyes searched the area. The smoke was very thick on the top and he stumbled forward. He found himself on the banks of a small lake. Breathing was easier near the lake and he found he could breathe without the difficulty experienced on the way to the top of the plateau. He still felt apprehensive but the Gods had not made their presence felt since the ground stopped shaking. Below, in his cave, he had felt the ground shake before, a number of times before. After the shakes nothing ever happened that caused any damage, only that from the shaking itself. Perhaps nothing would happen here on top now that the shaking had stopped. He began to feel safe. He knew the tribe would not follow him up the plateau. But, he must find food. There were fish in the ocean below he thought, there should be fish in this lake. He tasted the water; it was fresh not salt water. There were fish in the fresh water lakes below and there must be fish in this one. Quickly he stepped into the shallow water and in no time he noticed a large number of fish swimming in the water. With every moment he gained self assurance and confidence in his new existence. He looked up, turned completely around looking at his strange new home. The trees along the shore of the lake, completely in a circle around the lake, all seemed to bend toward the center of the lake.

He came out of the water and decided to climb one of the taller trees and look around. From the top he could see that it wasn't a large area at the top of the plateau but indeed a strange looking one. He estimated the area to be about an hour's walk each way. From the top he could see that the green smoke did not float straight up but whirled and floated parallel to the ground drifting toward the center of the lake. Turning his eyes toward the smoke's destination he noticed the small whirlpool in the very center of the lake. If he ever went into the lake he must be very careful not to go too far from its banks. He feared being caught in the strong tide pulling toward the center.

The day was coming to an end and Jera, knowing the technique to begin fire, worked on beginning one until his success near nightfall. He would keep this fire going, needing it for warmth and cooking. The flame of the fire was like the smoke, green. He sat down near the fire and relaxed for the first time and took

inventory of his new home. It was a weird home but he had survived. The Gods had not appeared and he was alive. He didn't question why.

Jera lived there years in safety and seclusion. Sometimes an animal would try to reach the top but none survived or could manage the climb. He would venture down, mostly to secure fresh meat as a diet of fish had to be changed every so often. The ground shook from time to time but Jera got use to that. Never did he see any of the tribe. He was still careful when he went down but never any evidence of his old tribe. He would still run once he caught fish or killed an animal and still had fears of being caught when he was below but once on the top he felt very secure from danger. He wondered if the plateau was still taboo to the tribe and wondered about some of the members of the tribe, his parents, his brother and sister, they must be old and parents themselves...he wondered if his folks were still alive. The feelings continued but as the years passed his thoughts gradually drifted from thinking of them. It was a new generation of tribal members now, after 15 years on the plateau. Would the "Holy Place" still be sacred? He wondered if the tribe had ever changed. Did other young people express their feeling differently as he had tried to do? He still practiced the things that got him turned out of the tribe but it was harder to use them. To use them he needed people or another person. What good was using words if there was no one to talk to? Why give names to tools and things if he didn't have anyone to talk to about them. Jera remembered how he gave names to the tribe members and to objects like digging tools. It was when he gave a name to the 'Holy Place' that the trouble began and it was for that name the tribe voted to kill him.

While alone, Jera learned to make noises through a small reed he found growing on the shores of the lake. He could make low and high sounds. He would sit hours and blow through the reed and make sound that vibrated through the green smoke until the sound disappeared in the dark sky of the night. Since he was young he had a different look to him. He was considered a freak by his tribe because he had 5 fingers on his hands and because of these 5 fingers he did things easier than the others. But when Jera worshipped the Holy Place he, being in ecstasy one time called the Holy Place by a name, 'Eden.' He immediately was judged and was lucky to escape before final judgment out of the tribe's cave and before they could capture him he had climbed up the "Holy Place.'

It was early one morning, as the dawn illuminated the silent drifting of the early floating clouds while he was fishing in the endless ocean that Jera noticed an object on the left of the jettied pointing peninsula. A long flat object came closer into view. Something alive was lying on top. He swam over to it and pushed it to the shore. It was a large log flat on top. On it was an odd looking figure. He bent over and lifted 'her' and carried her, up to a group of trees so he would be hidden by them and tried to revive the frail looking woman. Her hair was long and light growing from her smooth lightly colored head. Wearing a torn cloth just covering part of her body, which was clear of hair, not like the members of the opposite sex of his old tribe but was white and smooth? What tribe was she from? He had never seen such a person. Where did she come from? While her appearance was strikingly strange, he liked it. He was different and as he took her arms into his to lift her, he noticed that she also had 5 fingers.

CHAPTER IV

The psychiatrist, after two appointments with Anne was using hypnotics. He had tried to find out information from Anne but couldn't read her with conventional means. Anne couldn't remember what happened during that week. The first try at getting information under hypnotics:

"Anne, can you hear me?" the doctor said.

"Yes, I can hear you doctor," replied Anne.

The doctor continued, "We are going back now Anne, to when you were a very little girl."

"A little girl," repeated Anne.

Anne immediately began to shake and a feared expression came on her face. She shouted, "No Daddy, don't hit mommy again, please don't."

She then described how her father had caught his wife with another man and he threw the other guy out and started hitting his wife and molesting her. After she told Anne, "Child, never trust a man. You can get what you want from any man. Use them, baby, get what you want. They'll give you what you want; all you have to do is use your body to catch them. The mother was in a very vindictive rage and Anne was again crying.

The doctor stopped questioning Anne and turned to calming her down. After a time the interview was over.

(It was then that Anne was brought to the convent and left there.)

The doctor entered addressing Anne and said, "Okay Anne, relax....Now let's go back to when your mother came for you at the convent. You were about 14. Then what happened?"

Anne spoke, "She took me to her house and put me in school - she and Arnie."

The doctor asked, "Who is Arnie?"

"Arnie is my new Uncle," said Anne. "He lived with my mother. It was a small two bedroom house. Mom worked and Arnie did something. I'm not sure. He was there a lot and always when I came home from school with my friend Lisa."

At this point, I interrupted as I recognized the name of Lisa, and told the doc I knew the name of Lisa.

Anne continued, "I came home from school one day with Lisa, who was going to stay with me that night and we were going to spend the week-end together. We entered the house; Arnie was there, watching television. Arnie always talked to me, he liked me and upon seeing Lisa he liked her too. Arnie stayed around us all afternoon, talking and showing us much attention. Lisa and I, after dinner, went into my bedroom and were talking. Arnie had been drinking most of the day came into the bedroom. My mother still was not home. He approached us and had a strange look in his eye. He then molested Lisa."

The doctor could see the stress on Anne and stopped, sat back having a hard time composing himself after such a startling story, but Anne didn't stop.

She continued, "I ran from the house, and didn't stop until some police picked me up. I told them to take me to the convent."

The doctor leaned toward Anne and said, "That's okay Anne just...Anne interrupted. She stopped and drifted off staring into space.

Then suddenly she started talking again, "It's here, it's all here in the book."

The doctor continued and asked Anne, "What book Anne?"

"The book from the library," said Anne.

"What's the name of the book Anne?" said the doctor.

"It's called "The History of the church in the Renaissance." It's all there. That's the book that I found out why. It's all there. It told me anything about what my mother called talked to me about."

I thought, "What would a book be doing in a convent library dealing with men and women?"

The doctor then asked Anne, "What is the book about?" "It's a ceremony in the book," said Anne. "It says when a person wanted to retain the safety of the church, but whose ineffectual prayers drove them to seek other means. It's a Mass...I can see a priest in black, with others around him. He is standing in front...Oh no!

"What Anne, what is the matter," said the doctor?

Anne continued, "He's standing in front of a woman who is lying down. Just like my mother. She is holding two black candles in each of her hands. There is a funny looking design behind her. Now the priest is holding a big wafer up and saying something. He approaches the woman and puts the wafer upon her, saying something. He then removes the wafer and breaks it into pieces which he gives to those surrounding the altar."

Anne screams and remarks, "I'm that woman. The priest is approaching me and begins to loosen his robe."

Anne says no more and suddenly faints.

I was very bothered by what I heard and the doctor was also feeling bothered. He said to me, "Anne seems to be describing some kind of evil ceremony. I'm sure it was not part of any service in a Christian religion. I'm sure if you talk to a priest about the ceremony he will be able to tell you about it."

Anne was now awake but didn't remember any of what she said.

"Anne, I want you to go home and rest and try to stay calm. I'm giving Pri a prescription for some tranquilizers, take them and we'll see you next week," the doctor told Anne.

"Pri" the doctor said as Anne left the room, "We have a serious problem with her. She needs a lot of understanding and I don't advise having any activities with her in her present state of mind."

I took Anne home and put her into bed. On the way home I had stopped at the drug store to pick up the medicine that the doctor had told me to get. I then called Father Hannigan and I went over to his home.

"Pri," said Father Hannigan, "you just described the Black Mass – a satanic ritual. It began in the 17th century when the church was somewhat corrupt. A woman, Catherine Deshayes, known as La Vosisin, staged the first Black Mass.

It's ironic that Anne should find her first written knowledge of what sex was, from a book on the Black Mass. There were priest that performed the Black Mass during the 17th century. Many men became priests because it was the only thing that could insure a man from an upper class family to get an intellectual education. An inquiring, well-developed mind could often be dangerously skeptical and subsequently, irreverent. Thus there was always a supply of depraved priests ready and willing to celebrate satanic rites. History has, in fact, produced entire sects and monastic orders that fell into humanistic and iconoclastic fever. The 17th century priests who celebrated the Black Mass need not have been intrinsically evil; heretical, most certainly; perverse, definitely; but harmfully evil, probably not. From this lad La Vosisin was given the 17th century church what it needed – a real honest – to Satan Black Mass. The church needed a foe to fight and La Vosisin gave them that, but, also gave others far more potent, power than the spells and concoctions she made for her clients, she gave them an idea.

My next thought was, “Was the convent Anne was a member a member of those satanic sects?”

“No Pri,” said Father Hannigan, “Anne’s convent does not practice satanic rites. It’s a very holy convent. No, Pri, Anne’s ideas and impressions came strictly from that book. With her experiences when she was little and the time she went back to her mother briefly, only added and influenced the direction her mind has taken. It was really very bad that she learned about that rite and that she assumed that type of action was normal. She must have been afraid to become a nun thinking that she would be mode to do the things that she read about in that book. There is a thin line between make believe and reality in a young uninformed mind. My concern now is how much else did she assume that she feels is the normal direction.”

“Father, there is more?” Pri said.

“Pri, there is a large group of these rituals then just the Black Mass. We must find out what books in the convent library Anne has read and then find out what she really believes is true,”

After leaving Father Harrigan, I spent a sleepless night before waking up and making a trip to the convent. I was to take Anne to the doctors for further investigation and arrived at the convent in early morning. I went straight to the library with Sister Mary and finally found the particular book that Anne had talked about. Sister Mary was very bothered and worried about Anne. She felt very responsible for what had happened. She said she noticed a change in Anne after she returned from seeing her mother but thought it was due to her experiences while away from the convent. Anne studied a great deal after her return and spent a lot of time in the library. Upon reading that book she must have begun believing what she read s fact, coming to believe that the rituals she read about were religious in nature and she would be expected to perform them as part of her being a nun. No wonder she had a nervous breakdown in the convent. No wonder she wanted to leave. What I thoughts was shyness and complacency was pure terror of when she would be asked to perform the ceremony at the altar.

I borrowed the book and read it with the thought in mind of what Anne might have thought as she was reading it. Did she believe in what she had read? Did she believe in the devil and spirits? I wondered what went through her mind as she read the satanic rites and then lie there at night thinking about what she had read. Did she think that along with the regular ceremonies of the church that there were secret ceremonies that someday she would be asked to take part in? She was told that as a nun she would have to give up outside pleasures that woman took part in. She didn't understand about the chastity required when being a nun. After reading the book there was a question about what would be required of her as a nun. Her mind began to wonder about the difference. Then she reads in this about certain ceremonies that she might have to take part in.

I then walked back and met Sister Mary and told her about some of the things Anne had read and how she was reacting. Sister Mary, upon hearing about the ceremonies got a disturbing look on her face and remarked.

"Pri, I remember an incident at high mass that you should know about. It was about a week after Anne had returned from visiting her mother. During the latter part of the Mass the priest had gone to the side of the altar to change vestments for the next part. As he was removing his vestment suddenly Anne shouted – "No, No." She became hysterical and ran from the church. I'm sure now, that she thought she was seeing a reenactment of what she had read about in that book. Poor child, she is so mixed up."

I said goodbye to Sister Mary after asking if I could borrow the book to show the doctor. I didn't want to leave Anne too long alone so I hurried away from the convent after a very short stay. I thought as I drove to the doctors to pick her up that she must have associated all men with the actions of the priest in the ceremony.

Upon arriving home I asked Anne about how the doctor's appointment went.

"Okay," she said. He would like to see you when I go back tomorrow."

I didn't tell Anne anything about what Sister Mary and I had talked about or that I had borrowed the book that she had read while at the convent library.

We arrived at the doctors about 9:30 the next morning. He led Anne to an outer office, sat her down and said, "Anne will you wait here for a few minutes I would like to talk to Pri."

As we entered his office he began immediately; "Pri, your wife is a very sick, troubled person and will need your help if she is ever going to win her battle against her past. She has a lot she should forget and it is going to be a long hard battle, taking a number of years."

"A number of years Doc, is it going to take that long?"

"It could take a very long time April. One can never really know exactly how long. I've just take a conservative guess. It may take a lifetime. Anne is not only having trouble relating to normal family situations with a husband but she is having some very odd dreams. You know, I am sure that Anne is very open to impressions and a mind troubled like hers can be influenced and create many fantasias."

"Just what do you mean - creating fantasias?"

Pri, I mean that she is very sensitive to situations and may have a split personality that either can take the shape of another distinct personality and with her impressions of the satanic rites could be possessed by some of the influences that those rites are said to conjugate.”

“You mean that Anne could develop another personality like those stories of Eve and Sybil?”

“Not exactly like that Pri. Anne has to know whether what happens to her is the correct environment and action. Right now she is having trouble seeing that sex is what God made man and woman different and is normal. Her past experiences have been mostly bad and it will take some time for her to accept the good about men. She must be shown that her past associations and experiences with men have been more like fantasies and her past experiences are not normal. We must continue to get to the bottom of Anne’s problems before they get out of control. I can see evidence that that is happening already. Anne cannot straighten out fact from fantasy. Some people have relived what they think is reality but to a normal mind it is pure fantasy.

“Doc, are you saying Anne could be possessed by spirits?”

“No, Pri, I don’t believe in people being possessed by spirits from another world or time. Anne pictures herself in those satanic rituals. She has had a strange, unusual concept of the purpose of marriage. It will take both you and me working together and in many sessions to clear her mind of those past experiences and thoughts. We must replace them with real, pleasant, loving ones. We cannot really erase those early memories but we can try to make her realize that they were in the past and they were mostly false impressions and abnormal experiences. She must be made to realize the difference between what she thinks she did and what she actually did.

Now Pri, listen carefully and then try and follow what I am telling you. First keep your head and patience and show Anne that you really love her. Any indication of admiration of her body will be interrupted as that. Do not be aggression in your actions in loving her – don’t start or make any overtures of a sexual nature for awhile.

I would also stay away from discussing anything about religion. If you want to, go to church but I think it best that Anne not attend any religious services for awhile. Leave her with someone or tell her to work around the house while you are gone. I’m afraid that the honeymoon night and the last few days have again brought back a number of bad experiences from her past. I know she loves you but in her state of mind she can’t divide facts from fantasy. Pri, how long have you been married?”

“It’s now about 6 weeks, Doc,”

The doctor continued, “Now, the next thing I want to talk about is to make sure you take care of how you treat her because of the baby.”

“Baby, Baby, what baby Doc?”

“You didn’t know Anne is pregnant, Pri,” said the doctor?

“No Doc, That’s almost impossible.”

“I mention it because Anne doesn’t know it either. She has no idea about babies.” The subject probably never came up in the convent. Of course, she will have to be told but not just yet. I am not sure what her reaction will be. It would be a great shock when she does find out. So we must be careful.”
 I t would take me some time to adjust to everything also.

* * * * *

The red tape finally finished its holdups and my discharge was ready. I was registering at the local college and to help with finances I got a job playing piano on the weekends at a small club in town. I was to find out later that I had to add some other nights playing as the medical bills began to pile up. Three times a week at the psychologist and pills added up to many dollars per week. Anne was staying at home. She had wanted to get a job but I didn’t want my wife working, but I also didn’t like her staying at home alone. She seemed happy but I caught her many times just starring in the air. At times during the night I saw her waking up screaming and saying she saw something or someone in the doorway or closet. When I left the house for college or work more often than not I would receive a phone call from Anne to come home. It became difficult holding a job being called home frequently and my grades suffered at college because I missed some important class time of being called home.

Anne was becoming large and she remarked one day that she was getting fat. I told her not to eat so much. I called the new doctor we were going to in Maryland and told him that we couldn’t go on much further without telling Anne about the baby.

It was on a Friday night when it happened. Around 2:00 in the night I heard Anne scream, screams so sinister, especially in the quiet night. Suddenly, in the dark silence Anne screamed. She turned to me and shouted, “There’s a devil in my stomach. It’s moving trying to get out.”

I was near panic. What do I do? How should I handle this? What do I tell her? How can I calm her down? I began: “Anne, listen to me. It is not a devil and it isn’t trying to get out. :

She was in hysterics and I suddenly slapped her and she stopped creaming and looked at me. I said, “I’m sorry Anne but that’s the only thing I could think of to calm you down. Now stay here until I get you a moist cloth of warm water for your forehead and get you some juice to drink.”

I hurried out of the room and ran back with the juice and cloth. Anne was still there just starring at the ceiling.

“At least she isn’t screaming, I thought.” Here Anne, drink this. I put the cloth on her forehead holding it there while she sipped the orange juice, with a bit of vodka to calm her. Now Anne, listen very carefully. You know the doctor has been telling you about babies? Well, most women, after they get married have babies, right? Okay, now, it’s natural and human to have a baby. When you and I got married the next thing is to have a baby. That baby is yours and mine.”

Anne didn’t say much, her expression on her face was motionless. All she said was, “Pri, do all married people have babies?”

I answered, "Most of them do. It's normal."

I told Anne that she would make a very good mother, not like her own mother but that the baby would be treated very kindly and it would be a happy baby. It was going to be up to her to make the baby happy and take good care of it.

Anne smiled and both her and I laid down, she putting her head on my shoulder and took my hand and said, "See if you can feel the baby, Pri." With that we fell asleep.

A baby – that's what Anne needed I thought. Her attitude improved the moment she understood about babies and felt it move once she was over the initial shock. At night she would sleep the complete night. Her attitude was bright and she smiled a lot and our marriage improved. Being with child there was no conflict during the pregnancy. I didn't receive anymore phone calls to come home from work or school and my grades improved.

The one phone call that I wanted to get came on a Tuesday night.

"Pri, it's time, the baby is coming." phoned Anne.

I quickly told Anne that I would be right home, hung up the phone, saw the boss and was on my way within a matter of minutes. When I arrived at home, Anne was ready to go, packed and all. She had called the doctor and so she was waiting for me on the porch and we got into the car and were off to the hospital. I was excited and Anne was calm, quite a difference than usual. Anne entered the hospital at 10:30. She went right into the labor room. The doctor arrived within minutes of us. I waited for about a half an hour when the doctor came through the swinging doors of the room toward me. He looked worried and spoke quickly, "Pri, Anne will be here for awhile. She has started labor but the water has not broken. I think it best if you go home and wait for me to call. It should be sometime tonight."

I didn't want to go but the doctor insisted. He said that everything would be fine and that I could do nothing here. He would call me as soon as something happened and I could get to the hospital long before Anne woke up after the delivery.

I drove home that night, nervous as one would expect from a father-to-be and happy that the baby would soon be here. After months of patient understanding and tension, I thought that now I can have a happy marriage. I arrived at home and opened a cold beer and just set there for the first time in many months totally relaxed. I thought - had it all been worth it? Anne seemed happy now and the baby would make her even happier and give her something to do during the day while I was away. I put on the TV, set down again drinking the beer. I drifted off to sleep and awoke the next morning about 7:30. I jumped up and realized that the doctor had not phoned. I quickly phoned the hospital and asked for the doctor.

"Pri, this is the doctor. I was just going to call you. The baby still has not come. I am going to induce labor. I need your permission. It is the best thing to do. There is little danger and some danger if we don't. I've given Anne some pain medication and she is resting comfortably. I told the doctor to go ahead and that I was on my way to the hospital.

I arrived at the hospital around 8:45. Anne still had not had the baby. I signed the papers and the doctor proceeded to induce labor. It was around 9:30 when the baby arrived. The doctor came out and said to me, "Pri, you're the father of a beautiful baby girl."

I went to Anne's hospital and saw her with the baby. We were going to name her Robin. The baby was doing well but Anne was very weak.

It was back to work but the real work I found out was at home taking care of the baby. It was I who got up during the night to give Robin a bottle. In the months ahead it would be a normal activity to see me with a book in one hand and little Robin in the other with a bottle of milk in her little mouth, sipping away in the middle of the night. Robin cried a lot. WE finally found out that she was allergic to regular milk and I ended up making a solution that mostly contained goat's milk Anne didn't care about taking care of the baby. That surprised me. Those months for me were more hectic than before and new strains began to appear in our marriage.

For some reason Anne began to dislike the baby. She began to reject the baby and what I had hoped to be a return to a normal life. Anne was still taking psychosocial help. I had a feeling that my life and experience in early marriage, especially Anne's change for the worse, would take all the religious and patience that I could muster.

I still loved Anne and I continued to try and keep our marriage together. I felt so sorry for her. How it was possible for one person to have so many difficulties and how was she ever going to straighten out her mind and her thinking? To calm her down the doctor was continually writing prescriptions for various pills and the medicine cabinet looked like a drug store. Anne seemed to be doped up most of the time that it was hard for me to tell whether it was Anne I was talking to or other unfamiliar person. She was having a very hard time coping with life and those drugs were beginning to control her life and personality. And, she was learning to depend on them. I talked to the doctors but they said that she needed them at this time and that some day she could stop them.

I never knew what was going on in her mind and her actions began to be very hard to predict. I loved her very much and that made it that much worse. The only thing that helped me was the understanding that someday things might be better. I was still calling on my strong religious background and faith. I had continued to go to church but Anne, since our marriage, had not entered a church. I could not even get her to drive past a church much less go in one.

I would have talks with the doctor after Anne's sessions. My knowledge about a woman's frigidity was limited. The doctor was helping me understand how best to act when I was with Anne and how to handle difficult situations. He told me that Anne feared physical love. She has many unconscious thoughts. Consciously Anne wants to achieve real closeness to you. She wants to be intimate with you but she doesn't have the capacity to receive this as joy. It will take a lot of work with a psychiatrist to correct this problem. Her relationship with her mother has confused her mind and many things her mother told her are still engrained within her subconscious mind and this affects her actions. One such feeling is the guilt that a woman was made to feel since early times during the 19th

century. Being physical gives her an abnormal feeling. Anne has had large amounts of misinformation about life.

“Pri,” said the doctor,” You can help by being fully informed of the nature of the problem and discovering the most helpful role you can play during Anne’s recovery. It is a complicated and profound problem involving many factors and as you have discovered, they can have very profound consequences. First do not think you are at fault. You are not responsible for her problem. Her problem can only be solved by understanding it. Anne’s early life greatly affected her personality. She has had this conflict between her mother and her training in the convent.

Anne’s early life greatly affected her personality. She has had this conflict between her mother (who was a prostitute) and had been exposed to her mother’s improprieties. She can’t separate her mother’s actions and her inner feelings. I’m afraid that those satanic rituals did a great deal of harm to her understanding and her current feelings for you. Anne is have a hard time in separating reality from fantasy. When Anne is without the drugs we have given her she is capable of very depressed feelings and I can’t predict what her reactions will be without them. We have a very serious problem here and Anne is near another nervous breakdown. I think all her actions and problems are connected and if we can discover the direction to take we can cure her physical fears. It can cause her personality to react in abnormal ways; it will hurt the child’s upbringing and of course destroy your marriage. In has been ingrained in her not to trust any man, even you, Pri. When she met you her life had been a difficult, painful, frantic one. She felt responsible for everything that happened to herself. To help this problem Anne escaped within herself and outwardly she might seem tranquil, even serene, but inside she was becoming more troubled and this became part of her psychic character. At time she seemed to be taking a different direction for similar actions. This has led her to a psychic turn in her personality and she seems to be two different persons. In time we might be able to develop within her and we can show her the miracle of her body with the birth of the child.

We also have to think of the psychological effects of all this on you Pri. We must consul you as much as Anne as we don’t want you to withdraw and gradually lose any will for progress and survival of your circumstances. It would be easy; for you to just give up all your problems and leave.

What we have in Anne is a very mixed up mind causing various emotional alternatives. A mind that is mixing up past influences with present situations and at the same time is attracted to new influence that might or might not justify her past ones. Only time will tell Pri. So you must be patient and try to have understanding. Make sure she knows you love her and want to protect her but do not be aggressive in your actions.

This session was one of many during the next few years of life with Anne. Many of the things the doctor said at my first session had indeed come true and the last few years were very difficult. The most difficult was trying to cope with the various moods of Anne’s. She could go from being extremely happy, laughing and joking to suddenly changing becoming very depressed and fearsome – from very cold to lukewarm.

I did have relations with Anne one night and at a later date she told me she was pregnant again. This happened twice within the next four years and we now had 4 children. Her idea was to torture herself with child birth and not having to be physically active with me. But it was only extremely frequent that we would have contact and she continued to live within herself and exclude me.

While at work on night I received a phone call from Robin. (She was now 10 years old) Robin was very excited and urged me to come home right away. Her mother was very sick. Upon arriving home I found Anne unconscious in her bed. She had taken too many pills while drinking the white wine she had begun to consume lately. She was in a coma and the doctor had to be called. This experience was to be repeated enough so that we learned the antidote and handled it ourselves after this first time. We would hold her up and walk her. (this becoming more difficult with her gaining so much weight as she was just lying around all day reading Gothic horror tales, eating and drinking diet sodas and wine). We feed her black coffee and the pills to counter the reaction of the mixture of drugs and alcohol. She did little housework, leaving it mostly to the older children. She became even more unpredictable and moody. She continued seeing shadows and figures in the closets and doorways. She was becoming a mixture of different moods and personalities. It became a very bizarre household situation. The doctors helped some but in the next 10 years things got worse. Anne, after these 10 years of psychiatrists she was not better but seemed worse. Anne had had a nervous breakdown and I had to send her to the hospital where they put her in the mental ward. While there she saw demons and often one could not recognize the person that I first knew. It was then that after the 4th child I made very sure that another one would not be born. I felt very lucky that the 4 kids were not mentally disturbed and I had a fear that a 5th child might not be a good idea.

The children – Robin-12, Greg, 11, Amy 9 and Kevin 8 were living in a household that to them was normal as they didn't know any other life. Robin did all the housework and made the dinners. Greg helped me with the outside work and upkeep of the house. Kevin, being the youngest was taken care of by Amy, who spent her young life watching Kevin, not being able to play or be with other children. As Kevin got older he helped Greg with the work assigned to them. It was tight money wise. I had finished college, quit my night job and was only playing piano with my trio on the weekends to earn enough money to pay the bills plus the medical bills coming regularly from the doctor appointments and drugs.

I took a job as a band director at a nearby Junior high school and really liked teaching. The children suspected that their lives were not normal when they went over to friends houses and saw how they lived. It was hard to answer their many questions about their mother and her actions and I just tried to tell them that their mother was sick and needed our help and love.

It became apparent that the small house we now lived in meant that we needed a larger house. One night at the dinner table I suggested that we start looking for a larger house. We had equity in this house and if we sold it we could use the money as a down payment for a larger house.

Each Sunday I would take the 4 kids and go to church, leaving their mother at home still refusing to go to a church. The drugs had become habit forming and I found out that she was getting them from 5 different doctors. The only time she seemed okay was when she would go out once a week to the doctors. I didn't really keep up with the doctors as I did in the past. One day I noticed the pills in the bathroom cabinet and decided to re-arrange them. There were some empty pill bottles. I read the writing and found valium prescribed by 5 different doctors. This was just after an incident with Kevin.

When Kevin was 1 and a half years old Anne was suppose to be watching him during the day. This day she had taken too many pills, had fallen asleep on the couch while Kevin was still roaming around the front room by himself. He had tried to climb on the coffee table and fell and cut his lip very badly. He began crying and this woke Anne. She had enough of her mind to phone me and I rushed home and took him to the hospital where he had stitches and plastic surgery. HE still has the scar today. There probably were many times that he was exposed to this situation that I probably didn't know about.

Anne had changed so much from the beautiful person I first met. While we all change with years, most of us change gradually and without knowing it. Her mind had continued to be troubled. Her personal appearance had also changed. She had changed from the small 5-2' brunette of 105 lbs. to a very heavy woman of 165 lbs. and eventually changed her hair to red, or blond and finally black. She was also uncontrollable if she didn't get her way. Along with the Gothic horror tale she was reading, she began to read about the religions of the world including the occult. I still couldn't get her to go to church. She was now wearing long loose fitting dresses to hide the weight she was gaining.

I was quite busy during the late spring as that was the time for spring concerts and band festivals. My band that year was a really good one, the best I had had and we were invited to more than the usual amount of yearly band festivals. The band students had worked hard and I felt that they deserved the chance to be heard by more people. So I put off finding a larger house until after school was almost over for the year. There would be just another month before summer vacation. We were planning, for the first time, a family vacation that would give the whole family a chance to get out together on a trip. We rode through the James River Plantation country in Virginia, a suggestion of Anne who wanted to see some of the mansions she had read about in the Gothic tales she read. The mansions there were very old and very beautiful with their elegance and they were extremely impressive. Anne enjoyed the trip and didn't really want to leave there. We had stayed at a motel, one of the first Holiday Inns in America. I was holding my breath on the trip and didn't know how Anne would act; only one incident occurred and while strange, I didn't think anything of it at the moment it happened. The family was swimming in the motel pool and I was just leaving the pool side to get a coke in our room that was next to the pool. Robin suddenly yelled, "Dad, Greg is drowning." I turned quickly around, first noticing Anne just sitting there looking at Greg struggling in the deep end of the pool and not moving or showing any emotion or excitement or concern. I quickly ran and jumped into the pool and carried Greg to the side. He would have drowned if I

had not reached him in time. I just through after Greg was safe that Anne must have froze with dear and couldn't help. My next thought was how I noticed that she really never liked or loved the two boys and didn't really care if Greg drowned.

I thought Anne had improved and her attitude seemed to be getting better and then something like this happened. I wondered if I ever would live a normal life again and whether death was the only cure for Anne and her only hope for peace from a tormented mind. My religion forbids divorce, although I had thought of that a number of times. I think I still loved Anne but I wasn't sure that Anne could love anyone. My life had become a regular routine after the years passed that most of the time I didn't think of the possibility that I could get out of the relationship. I really didn't know what a normal home married life was like or what the reaction that Anne would act. And what of the kids?

Upon returning home I was sitting on the porch one early morning, day dreaming a strong feeling came over me. I must look for that house. I thought a new house might help our situation.

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His name was Zera and he was the tribal medicine man. He had great knowledge of herbs and special cures. He had great respect and love from his tribe. He was old and possessed great wisdom. It was he that made the mountain plateau the sacred place of the dead and of his Gods. And, it was he that had to go to the top and perform the sacred ceremony of the tribe, a ceremony that was seldom performed. The Chief had been possessed by some evil spirit and had become another person, a person that did not act like the Chief everyone knew and had respected. He was like a child; his actions were beginning to disgrace his tribe and caused much concern among the other warriors.

Zera had had a dream that told him to take the Chief to the sacred place and perform the seldom used, very old ceremony of the ancients. He had sedated the Chief and had begun the trip to the top of the plateau in the early morning. It was now past noon and he was now at the top of the plateau. No other member of the tribe had ever scaled the plateau and Zera was more than hesitant to be the first. What would he find at the top? Could he secure a cure for the Chief? He must secure a cure or he would be sacrificed to the Gods in return for a cure from these Gods. So, up went Zera to the top to try or to die.

Just as he began the climb with the Chief the ground had began to move. Was this a good sign or a bad sign? The ancients put a symbolic action on everything that happened that was the least unusual. Zera would take this sign as a test of his bravery. If he could overcome the mountain and climb to the top and still be alive he was sure the Gods would consider his worthy. The Gods were testing him with this omen. It was a good sign and he only had to show courage.

The Chief was groggy but Zera lead him upward through the green smoke to a big rock, resembling an altar. Moss and fern type plants had grown over most of this big stone and he took some time to clear it off. Just as he finished a very strong tremor shook the place, knocking him and the chief off their feet. Slowly

Zera gained his feet and noticed that the Chief had not risen. He tried to awaken the Chief but he had hit his head he thought or he had breathed the green smoke too much as it was harder to breath than normal. But, he was still alive and Zera began setting up for the ceremony that would make the evil spirit exit the Chief's mind. It was an ancient ceremony in w which the medicine man offered himself to take in the spirit inhabiting the Chief and then through spiritual thoughts make the evil spirit leave his body.

Zera sang the old chants and said the ancient verses and used the required herbs/drugs to put his mind in the correct mood. After much singing and chanting the verses, the Chief began to awake. Zera noticed the difference in the Chief. The ceremony had worked, the ancients had been right. It was late into the night, the full moon giving light that Zera noticed what the sacred place was like. The stone was in the center of the plateau and green smoke was everywhere. He became very fearful of this sacred place, indeed it was the home of the Gods. He must go before he angered the Gods. The Chief and he quickly moved down the plateau and returned to their village since that night the full moon would be the sign for a thanking ceremony for the return of the good spirit in the mind of his Chief. And in the future, the sacred place was left to the spirits that lived there.

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It was now late August and I had been looking for our larger house. I still had not found a suitable place. School was about to start and I was busy looking at new scores for the coming year. The next few weeks were taken up in score searching and getting the band room ready for the school year. So it was well into the second week of school before I even thought about another house.

It happened late one afternoon on my way home from school. It was getting late and I was coming from a late band rehearsal I had scheduled after school. It had been a very tiring day with a heavy schedule and I was just relaxing driving home. I thought why not take another way home tonight. It seemed like driving to and from school was one of the least tensioned filling times and I looked forward to those trips each day. I had not planned to be as late as I was but the band needed more rehearsal on the Holst Band suite we were working one. I had finished rehearsing the last movement rather than wait to do so the next day. When I had finished it was near 5:00. Usually I took the freeway home but that afternoon, for some reason, I just didn't turn onto the freeway but continued and took the regular roads home. I was totally realized, not having any responsibilities of school, the kids or Anne. This life was creating a new person in me. I was no longer the carefree, fun loving teenager but a very serious, responsible, busy adult. It had been almost 12 years now since I first met Anne and married her. I would find myself meditating while I was driving. I thought of the incident many years ago with the fog in the canyon.

Continuing to meditate I soon found myself lost. I must have missed the turn off and found myself on a street that I had never driven down. I found myself driving on a road that was parallel to the New Canyon Road I had had the fog experience on. It was with a great deal of apprehension, and I might say some

fear, that I noticed a light mist falling and patches of fog around me. The air was always nippy in early September in this part of the East. As I turned down a road named Berwyn Road, I could not help but notice the car I was driving (A Ford station wagon) began to be a little hard to steer and this turn to the right seemed to have been executed by something beside my own strength and direction. I tried to turn right again but the car didn't want to turn right, instead it steered left and it was then I noticed the house on a plateau. I had noticed this small plateau on my many trips through the canyon on my way to the club I played for but never thought about it or that there might be a house that would interest me.

The house was silhouetted against the twilight sky and there was a mystifying green light coming from the top. It was so striking a view that I stopped the car and was almost hypnotized by the view. With the mist and the fog swirling around the house and at the top of the plateau. It was an eerie sight.

I returned to the car and almost let the car go where it wanted, but deep down I knew I was headed toward this house on the next turn off. It was a large house, a style that is called a center colonial with four white pillars holding up a small porch. The house rose three stories and the top was an attic which was very far from the ground. I must have stopped and stared at the house a long time and its appearance and the surrounding area created a picture in my mind that was clear to almost every detail presented before my eyes. This first impression of the house and the area was so vivid as if I had a concrete picture of it on my mind. The sides of the house were covered with a grayish colored singles and white shutters framed each window. I could see a side porch and a bay window on the other. There were reddish brown shingles on the roof and I could see parts of a winding driveway up to the house from the road I was on. There were no other houses near. There was a new housing development on the other side of the plateau but the house remained a soul entity on the top of the hill. The windows were made of small window panes used in early American buildings and through them I noticed a greenish hue throughout the house. I thought that the house must be over a hundred years old. On the left of the house, but connected to it was an addition that I imagined was not part of the original house as it didn't seem to fit in the architecture of the main house. I don't know if it was the house itself, the setting at twilight or what, but it seemed to have a certain personality to it. There was the strange green glow the house was engulfed in. It was a loud crack of thunder that brought me out of a sort of trance and I turned and found the steering okay now. I drove back down the road and found a cut off to the New Canyon Road and soon was once again on my way home. But I couldn't get the house out of my mind.

It was dark when I finally arrived home. Robin had gotten dinner with some help from her mother and the rest of the family was already eating. I took my suit coat off, rolled up my sleeves and entered the bathroom to wash my hands. I did so quickly so I didn't keep the family waiting for me and was soon seated at the crowded table. Anne spoke first "Pri, when are you going to find us a house?" I sensed a bit of arrogance in her voice. I answered with the tale of the house I saw and how it seemed to have a strange power over me. The kids were always ready for me to sit down and tell them a story and I took the house tale as

a scary story for them. They liked to be a little bit scared, but didn't believe what I told them was really true. It was like when I was young and I saw the Frankenstein movies. I was scared even though I knew it was not a true story. The kids had a lot of questions about the house and the strange glowing of the green light. It was unusual to have Anne at dinner as she often took her dinner on a tray in the bedroom. Anne listened to the tale and didn't say another word. It was up to the kids and me to clean up and do the dishes.

As we were cleaning the table Amy said, "Dad, when are you going to find a house. It's so crowded here." After finishing the dishes we went into the front room, sat on the couch and began to look through the papers for a house. This was the year 1960 and the price of houses was not as high as today. I had paid \$11,500 for our rambler so I first looked at houses around that price. I thought I could handle that price range with my teacher's salary and the money I got playing piano on the weekends.

About half way down in the second column Amy spotted an ad for a large house. It looked very interesting.

"Wow," said Greg, "It's got 14 rooms." "We can each have a room for ourselves," said Amy.

I said, "Let's not get too excited, let's read the rest of the advertisement." It read, "Large 14 room house, on 1 acre of land, near shopping center and school. Price \$12,000. 745-3465.

Kevin, who seldom talks said, "I could have my own room too. I'm tired of having Greg in the same room."

Greg started to react but I talked first. I quickly said, "I'll go call on this right away. You guys stay here. I'll go tell your mother as I make the call. I left them talking excitedly, like we already had the house and expressed their hope to have a room of their own. Young minds are always so excitable and they make their minds up so quickly.

I went to Anne in the bedroom and told her about the adv. and used the phone in the bedroom to call about it. I dialed the number with a bit of hesitation for even in 1960 such a large house with 14 rooms would usually sell for twice the amount mentioned in the paper. I thought maybe the paper had made a mistake in the price of the house. I spoke to a lady by the name of Longley and she said that I could come and see the house tomorrow afternoon and said that the price was correct. It was \$12,000 and for course the closing costs. Everyone was very excited and of course wanted to come with me but I didn't want to have all the kids along. I couldn't watch them too closely. Besides, I told them, by the time I got home from work, picked them up and returned to the house, it would be dark. I wanted to see the house in the light.

After school the next day, I drove to the vicinity of the advertised house. After asking directions I discovered the house was in the same direction that I had taken the day before. Somehow, as I drove nearer I had a premonition that I knew just where this house was. Somehow I was not surprised as I turned on to a road I recognized as being the same one that I had driven down the night before. It was no great surprise when the advertised house turned out to be on a small hill plateau overlooking the Canyon Road, and before me was that very house that

was so hypnotized by the night before. I took the road all the way to the top this time and approached the house with awe, and some apprehension. Call it ESP or fate or whatever, I knew that it was the house that I would be living in. With a bit of hesitation I turned into the circular driveway that led up to the house. Driving up to the house it appeared larger than it looked like from a distance. During the day it didn't look so sinister and it looked real cozy silhouetted against the blue sky. I got out of the car and looked up. The house was huge, not like a big mansion or castle but for a family house. I thought there sure will be plenty of room for each of the kids to have a room of their own plus each of them probably could even have their own play room. And I could have a den/music room also.

I walked slowly up to the house with my head looking up to see its grand heights. I cautiously approached the front door and knocked, half wondering what would come of all this. Before I finished knocking the door opened and a voice said, "Come in, you must be Mr. King?"

"Yes, I said, my name is Pri King."

I will never forget the sight that greeted my eyes. I was momentarily stunned and couldn't move. I had entered a room containing a soft green light shining from a lamp on a table and saw green lights also coming from a portion of the ceiling containing a ruminant light. It made the room look like a disco or something like the inside of a space ship. It took a little time for my eyes to adjust to the lighting and the green lighting gave off strong rays of light to some places of the room but other areas were dark and there were shadows created by it. That was scary enough but as my eyes adjusted I looked up and noticed the person that had let me in. A very strange and startling sight greeted my eyes. The voice came from a woman. She had a very strange appearance. She had long black hair, straight as if it were ironed and surrounded a face that can only be described as ghostly white. She was dressed in a light white top that exposed her bare arms showing that the color of her face was also as the rest of her body. I thought of the story I told the kids the night before. Although it was not anything like what was happening I did become more hesitant about being in the house and being alone in this house even though I made up a scary story about the house for the kids. I couldn't have imagined anything like what I was now going through. I finally managed to say, "I came to look at the house. I have a large family, 4 kids and me and my wife, and we need a large house and this house is sure large enough." I said this feeling rather dumb as I spoke. She just sort of smiled and told me to follow her around and she would show me the rest of the house. It was with growing apprehension that I followed her as she began to leave the room I had entered. This room was on the left side of the house and was the dining room. It was a large room that I noticed had once contained a fire place but was now refurnished. We past though a doorway that was about 9 feet high into what was the center hallway of the house. The front door was on my right and I could see the tall pillars through the glass of the front door. There was a stairway to my left to the upper floors and on its right was a hallway leading to the back of the house. It was filled with a very large painting, leaning against the wall. It must have been 20 feet long and about 7 feet high. We entered another doorway into what was the large front room. I was amazed at this room. It was the full length of the house, a

very large room, directly across from the doorway I had entered was a bay window with three sides of windows present, extending upward to the ceiling. I estimated the length of the room was about 60 feet and it must have been 35 feet wide. The ceiling was very high - I would say about 16 feet. To the left of the bay window about 5 feet was an old fashioned fireplace, with a huge piece of wood for a mantle. Continuing to the left of the fireplace was a window and turning to the other wall was a window from the floor to the ceiling which could be opened up to a back porch. We turned to the wall adjacent to the fireplace opposite where we had entered- there was the same type doorway. I turned and saw another window that would be on the front side of the house. That left only the inner wall, opposite the fireplace. I noticed that it needed painting and I could see where a very large picture had hung on the wall. There was a crack in the wallpaper that I felt could be covered up. With the right curtains and furniture I felt this room would be a very livable and cozy room. I could picture a couch in front of a roaring fire with a nice leather chair to the right of the fireplace. I really liked the spaciousness of the room. The floor was made of very small sections of wood carefully laid alongside one another. Mrs. Longley spoke up, "that is the original floor of the house. They are very well preserved. They use to put oil on the floor each time they were cleaned and this preserved the wood and gave it this beautiful brown color."

I noticed how cheerful the room looked with the sunlight coming through one of the windows.

Mrs. Longley motioned me to follow her out the other door on the far side of the room from where we entered. We were passing the center hallway again and there was a closet under the steps going to the top floors. I was interested in art and asked Mrs. Longley about the large painting in the hall. Mrs. Longley told me that her husband had been stationed overseas in France and purchased the painting at an auction in a small town in Southern France. She put the light on in the hallway and I saw the painting. In the center was a nun kneeling before three robed men I took as priests. Behind them was a background of an old medieval town with its citizens looking out windows and open doorways at the nun and priests. At the top of the painting was a figure who could have been royalty by their clothes and another figure was holding 3 thunderbolts to the left of the center. Coming from the nun's lips were figures, grotesque in appearance and looked like demons. This was not a cheerful painting and I felt a little fearful of its subject. I thanked Mrs. Longley for showing me the painting. We continued into what was the kitchen a very large kitchen. It was as large as the dining room and had cupboards lining three walls and a lot of counter space. The kitchen included a modern stove, refrigerator and even a dishwasher. There was a very interesting light hanging from the ceiling, an antique I was sure. Through another door I could see the dining room and we had completed a circle of the downstairs rooms. The kitchen was so large that a table could easily be put in the center of the room and still there would be room left to work and walk around. We proceeded into a much smaller room that contained a washer and dryer and a deep freeze. This was a nice handy place for the utility room, next to the kitchen. This room was about 5 feet wide and about 20 feet long. We then went through a small

hallway, on the right and there was a bath. The hallway opened into a room that as soon as I saw it I decided it would make the greatest den/music room. It had an outside entrance, and had a big window on one side that was about 8 feet tall and about 12 feet wide. The view outside was of a small wooded hillside. By the outside door was a stairway up to a very large room that ran not only the size of the den but continued to the distance that would cover also the length of the kitchen. This would make an ideal guest room I thought. As I looked out the window of the 'guest room' I thought that this must be the same height and level as the second floor of the main house. This part of the house was the addition I had seen from the outside and it didn't have the same type windows as the older part of the house nor the same type floor. It had a charming set of double windows facing the back of the house overlooking the new development which I wished was not there. I knew the house was large but inside it seemed even larger, and we still had not seen the upper floors. I noticed, as we passed through the den again that there was a room on top of the porch where I had entered. Its walls were lined with windows.

While my main interest was in seeing the house I could not help notice that in every room we went into there was that same strange green light. My eyes had gotten use to it. It was a quiet soft green but still gave me an eerie feeling. Mrs. Longley was a good housekeeper and she enjoyed showing me the house. She didn't say much, just pointed out certain features that I was glad to hear about as I couldn't possibly take in all there was to see in this large interesting house. I loved the house and wondered why they could possibly be selling it and for such a cheap price.

We were now on our way to the upstairs, having passed through the kitchen, dining room and up the stairway in the center hallway. Immediately at the top of the stairs was a large bathroom that was the biggest surprise of the house. It was set above the back porch and it was huge. It seemed to have been built after the main walls of the house were built. It was very modern like the kitchen and had a beautiful green rug and towels. The whole room was decorated in green and had very modern looking fixtures, but it was the sunken bath tub that caught my fancy. It was a large tub, about 5 feet wide, 7 feet long and 2 feet deep. But the startling feature was that it was sunken so that the top edge of the tub was at floor level. I could see that I would spend many very comfortable moments just soaking in the tub. The bathroom was really just pure luxury.

The house was an interesting mixture of very old and very new. I thought of the den I had passed through and envisioned a room like the one I saw in a movie called the "time Machine" decorated in old English paneling. I could picture my big desk being placed by the window with bookcases lining the other two walls, the remaining wall space done in mahogany panels. I was brought back to reality as Mrs. Longley, who must have thought I was crazy in my day-dreaming, shook my arm and said, "Please let's continue to the bedrooms. We went into the first of the 5 bedrooms. All five were about the same size but each contained its own charm and its own little differences; one contained more shelves, and a larger walk-in closet, two of them opened into a hallway, and one

had ;windows on two of the walls. The one with the windows was the room I had seen that was above the porch I had entered. We passed one room that had the door closed and when I tried to open it was stuck and Mrs. Longley spoke up, "This bedroom is the main bedroom and motioned me quickly to it. I turned and entered the main bedroom and I knew it was above the front room as it too had a bay window in it. What a great place for a king size bed I thought. The windows in the bay reached the high ceiling and the room had a walk-in closet the length of one side. I know now why the Longley had the large, huge furniture in each room. I never had seen furniture with so much wood in them. One of the beds had posts that must have been a foot in diameter. We would need a lot more furniture to fill this house than we presently had.

Mrs. Longley said to me, "The only place we have not seen Mr. King is the attic. The stairway up was rather steep so she told me to go up while she waited. There was no light switch and only the last rays of the day were available for me to see the attic. I felt like I had entered a great hall. The attic was the full size of the house. One could stand upon it, until you came to the edge of the floor and the roof was at an angle to the floor and the eaves were all surrounded by doors. I opened one and saw that there was a large area for storage all around the entire outer edges of the attic. There were only two windows, one at each side facing I think east and west as the sun's rays were coming in from the window on my left as I had entered the attic. I looked out the other window and couldn't believe how high we were. From that window I could see for miles around the area.

I came down the steep stairs of the attic and Mrs. Longely directed me to follow her down the stairs to the main floor. As we went down the stairs we passed two young girls about 10 and 13. I was a little startled for both had the same whitish skin as their mother and both had long black hair. Mrs. Longley said hello to them. I took them to be her daughters. They said hello, were very friendly and continued up the stairs I guess to their bedrooms. Mrs. Longely asked me if I would like a cup of coffee which I gladly accepted and we sat down at the dining room table. It was a big picnic table. I told Mrs. Longley that I really liked the house and asked her what kind of a deal they were asking. She said that it would take \$1500 down plus closing costs. I could swing that easily I thought for we had a buyer for our rambler that was going to put \$2000 down.

I had to ask Mrs. Longely the one question that still bothered me so I asked her, "Mrs. Longely why are you selling this large house for only \$12,000?"

"Mr. King, there are a number of reasons. First, my husband is getting transferred to Virginia and this would be too far to drive each morning. Next, we have found a place in Virginia that is like a miniature castle. We fell in love with it and must close the deal by Saturday. Next, as you surely noticed there is a development going in across the street. We had bought this house because it was by itself with no houses near. The suburbs are closing in. And then there are the kids. I almost sure you noticed that we have a skin disease that runs in my family and we are allergic to the sun's rays. If we would stand in the sun too long it would kill us. The kids have had to get a ride to school and their ride will end this year. They cannot walk to school. We can get a ride to school in Virginia with

friends. There are other reasons but those are the main reasons. We wanted a quick sale. Are you interested in buying the house?" "Yes," I said, "Yes I am." I would like to bring the family tomorrow (Saturday) in the morning just to make sure they like it. I am sure they will like it also and we can sign the papers then." Inside I told myself that they better like it for it was just what we needed and at that price I wanted to say yes right away. Mrs. Longley said that if we came in the morning she would be sure to give us first choice among the people that were interested in buying the house. I got up, thanked her and assured her that bright and early tomorrow morning I would be there with the family.

AS I left I knew that I would be returning and that a strange awareness I had that made me know that I would be buying the house. It was like the house chose me. I drove down the winding road with my eyes in the rear view mirror looking at the house then on the road taking every chance I could to get another glance of the house before it disappeared in the lower bushes and trees. As I turned into the paved road I had a sudden feeling of freedom. I had found a house for the family and I only had to put my name on a piece of paper and the house was ours.

I had a feeling like *déjà vous*, but I knew it was because I had taken the same way home yesterday. I could hardly wait until I got home and told everyone about the house. We could be moved within a week. It felt so good knowing that we all would have enough room now to live a normal life. I was sure that a move would help Anne. Not having the kids around so close would ease her mind and she could feel freer and not always be so close to all the activity that 4 kids bring into a house. And it would be a new environment, maybe she would begin to come out of her routine and the house would bring her new life and new enthusiasm.

When I arrived at home Kevin was waiting for me in the driveway. "Dad, how was the house?" By the time I had closed the car door the rest of the clan was there all talking at once and asking about the house. They were so anxious to move being so tired of sharing a small bedroom with each other and everyone sharing the front room, kitchen and one bathroom. It was so difficult to get work done there, with the TV going, the record player in the same room with 06 people present.

I playfully teased them, first asking them as we entered the house, to get my slippers, then the paper and finally a cup of coffee and my pipe. They ran to do those things as I walked into the bedroom and took off my coat. Anne was lying in the bed. I said to her. "I'm home honey." I entered the front room; my slippers, paper, coffee and pipe were in the hands of the 4 children as Greg filled my pipe with tobacco. Anne came into the room in her robe and sat down on the chair by the frame window. I teased the kids a little more by saying that I had forgotten my briefcase in the car. Greg ran to get it, making me promise not to say a word about the house until he returned which took all of 13 seconds. I lit my pipe and sat back, took a sip of coffee noticing the patiently waiting faces starring at me. I said, "Well, I saw the house." I then paused and took a puff on my pipe; they sat there with their mouths open ready to hear every word I said. "I liked the house and we can get it if you all like it when we go there tomorrow morning," I

said. A yell went up from the kids, jumping up and down and shouting. Anne had little or no reaction at the news. I was not sure if Anne liked the idea of moving but I thought it would be good for her. I thought she would want to get out of this small place with its bad memories of shapes and shadows in the closets.

I didn't know how to begin to tell them about the house. There was so much to tell them. I laid my coffee cup down and just began:

"It's a great house; large with room enough for each of you kids to have a bedroom." When I said that they all cheered again, a reaction I had expected. Anne looked happy and even smiled at the kid's reaction. I proceeded to tell them about all the rooms of the house and then said, "If we like it we can have it." Once again they cheered and jumped up and down. I looked at Anne and again she seemed happy but controlled her emotions so well that I really couldn't tell what she was thinking now or whenever. The rest of the night I spent in repeated my description of the house to each one of the kids but I told them that their mother would have to like the house also. I warned them about fighting for their various rooms and that I would decide if the boys started fighting over a room. I doubted if any of them would get any sleep tonight. When I told them we were going to the house early next morning they were so excited that they would have gone that very moment even though it was dark and they wouldn't have been able to see anything.

After the kids were in bed Anne and I sat in the front room and discussed other details of the house and the move. I told her about the nice modern large kitchen and about the luxurious bathroom. She was pleased that I like the house. She thought it was nice that there was a large bedroom with lots of windows. She said she would welcome a change and that it sounded like a nice house. Anne never got excited about anything. She was becoming more of a recluse every day, seldom leaving the house except for her doctor's appointments. I would pick up the groceries on my way home from school and it was I who would take the kids to church on Sundays or to school activities. I tried to get her to go out to a movie or a concert but she never wanted to go. She just wanted to stay home, watch TV soap operas and read. She took little interest in the kids or the house and I hoped that having a new house would help her to try and do things and get outside. She was making little progress from her visits to the doctor and still was taking pills with her moods changing from quiet, tranquil moments to almost violent tantrums to deep depressive moods. She had fainted on different occasions and I had to come home from school a number of times. Her hair was always messed up and she seldom fixed up her face and she always was wearing those Hawaiian dresses. When I look back at those early years I don't understand how I ever made it, not only from a non-fulfillment but just years full of emotional unsteadiness. I had stayed married but year by year I wondered why I did not separate from Anne and I wondered how much love was left after so many years of frustration. Now, for the first time in years, I looked forward to a change, not only in the place where we lived but a change in the emotional tension in the family. A new environment and atmosphere would be welcomed.

Anne continued to read books on various religions – some of them I had never heard of. The doctor said to let her read at least it keeps her busy. I doubted

if I could have stopped her. Whenever we disagreed on something it was useless to try and argue with her as she would go into a rage and at times had even thrown dishes and things at me and the kids. At other times when the kids did something wrong, she would have them stand in front of her and then slap them in the face many times. They would try and put their hands up but she shouted for them to drop their hands. Her attitude toward them was very strange and she had no patience with them. Often she would blame them for something that couldn't be their fault. Many times it was her fault. Finally I had to step in and physically stop her when she began to really hurt them. From that one time that I knew Kevin had not done what she said he had, I held her hand from hitting him and she realized that I was stronger and from then on she paid little attention to what they did as long as they did her work around the house. She didn't do anything around the house but sit and listen to TV, read and eat. Robin continued to do the housework. Greg and Kevin did the outside work and Amy helping Robin with the housework and meals. The doctor could do little to help me change the situation.

The doctor talked to me about putting Anne in a sanitarium and even told me I should leave her. Being a good Catholic I couldn't divorce her. And then there were the kids. With a new house I hoped that things would improve. If they didn't then I could think about what to do in the future.

There was a nip in the air in early morning during the autumn I the east. It was about 7:30 and all of the kids were up. I had gotten up earlier as I usually did on a Saturday morning. It was a time I cherished. I always got up early on the weekend, fixed a cup of coffee and took a walk by the small lake and into the woods nearby. I liked the quietness and serenity of the early mornings and the quiet woods. With my hectic life it was the only time I could really be alone and think and meditate. Whenever I felt bad I would take a walk through the small woods by the house. I was within sight of the house as I returned and Greg came out and saw me and ran to meet me.

“Dad, everybody is ready to go.”

Everybody except Anne. She said she didn't feel like coming and that if I and the kids liked the house it was okay by her to buy it.

It took only about 20 minutes to get to the house but it seemed much longer with 4 excited kids in the car. I stopped the car at the bottom of the winding driveway and lectured the kids on how to act. We all got out of the car to take a look at the house from the road. The sun was shining on the old frame windows and a thousand little rainbows were coming from each window. The gray sliding in the early morning gave the house a tranquil appearance and the white pillars and porch gave it a very classic colonial look. All in all it was a magnificent sight.

Noticing the surrounding area of woods and hills I knew that I would enjoy my Saturday morning walks through the woods and hills around the house. It was a beautiful fall morning and one could hear the birds whistling and the cool morning air was blowing a slight breeze through the trees.

The kids decided to walk up to the house so I got back in the car and drove up to the house, arriving ahead of the kids. I got out and watched them climbing up the hill the house sat on. They were having a great time and were not even

winded when they finally arrived at the top by the car. The house felt different in the early morning then it did in the late, dismal, rainy evening that presented itself the first time I saw the house. It seemed like a majestic, friendly castle looking down and guarding the beautiful colorful autumn woods and rolling hills. The kids and I strolled around the complete house before we went up to the front door and knocked. We looked up and saw how high the house was. Greg remarked how high a window appeared to be from the ground. This was the attic window. I was a little bit hesitant of the high attic windows because of the kids and I thought I should put some kind of protection on them to prevent anyone falling out. To the right of the house was a beautiful large oak tree and we stopped for a few seconds to watch the squirrels playing in its broad branches. One of the limbs extended over the roof, about three feet above it. The ground we stood on was firm and the bushes and surrounding shrubs presented a mirage of autumn colored foliage.

We had circled the house and passed cement square outside the kitchen window and continued to the steps of the porch. The front entrance had an arch type roof that was supported by white pillars. The Longleys must have heard us for the front door opened as we were walking up the step to the door. Mr. and Mrs. Longley stood before us. I had told the kids about the appearance of Mrs. Longley and I was curious to see what Mr. Longley looked like. I was relieved to find his appearance was normal. He was a stocky built man, about 5, 10' with a ruddy complexion and a short butch type hair style. I introduced myself and the kids to the Longleys. After exchanging pleasantries, Mr. Longley invited us in and knowing how anxious the kids were to see the house, he immediately began to show us around. It wasn't too long before the kids had separated from Mr. Longley and me, and on their own, began exploring the different parts of the house. I looked around again and as I passed through the front room it looked even more inviting then it did last night. The other room that pleased me was the room I thought could be made into a den. WE began to climb the stairs to look at the second floor and I could hear the kids talking as we reached the top of the stairs. They were in the bedrooms. I could hear Robin saying to Amy that she wanted this room and Amy could have the other and that way they could be right next to each other. As we entered the room Robin came up to me and said, "Dad, Amy and I would like these two rooms. I can have this one and Amy the one right next to me."

I walked to the other room Robin had mentioned, followed by Amy who said to me, "Dad, I do like this one." The room Robin wanted was just above the dining room and Amy's was the room with all the windows and its only entrance was through Robin's room. This was okay as they were together a lot and if left the other two smaller bedrooms for Greg and Kevin with the big bedroom, with its bay window for Anne and me.

I left 'Robin's' room and left the two girls talking about how they would set up their rooms and where the various pieces of furniture would go and continued to the main bedroom, the one with the bay window. This room was on top of the front room and I pictured our king size bed being directly in the bay window catching the morning sun. It was by far the largest of the bedrooms and I could see where our bedroom furniture could be placed and there would still be a

lot of room left. We could have a big rug at the foot of the bed. When I opened the closets I was very pleased at the amount of room it contained.

As I was inspecting the room Greg came in and stayed with me. We walked out of the room into the hallway and started to open the door of the next room, which would be one of the boy's rooms. I was about to open the door to the room when Greg said, "Dad, come over here. This is the room I want." The room was directly opposite to the one I had begun to go into. I looked in and said to Greg, "Okay Greg, now let's go and see what Kevin's room is like. So far the girls have rooms and you do so I hope that this will be okay for Kevin."

I reached to open the door when Mrs. Longley quickly began to talk, "Let me show you the other part of the house now.

I started to go but Greg stopped me and said, "Dad, Kevin is in that room."

I went back to the door of the room, turning abruptly from the top of the stairs and tried the door. It wouldn't open. I shouted, "Kevin, are you in there?" There was no answer. I turned to Greg and said, "I guess Kevin must have gone some other place."

"No Dad," Greg said, "I saw him go in there and close the door and I don't think he left. I heard the door close after I saw him go in. He has to be still in there."

I turned the door knob again as I shouted, "Kevin, are you in there?" Kevin still didn't answer. I asked Mrs. Longley if she could unlock the door for me.

"I don't keep it locked," was her reply. "It has always remained unlocked. WE don't use this room for anything, what with so many other rooms, but I never locked it. It sticks sometimes."

I tried the door again this time turning the door knob and pushing with more force and even shook the door. "Well," I said, "It's either locked or really stuck." I put my ear to the door and listened. There was definitely someone in there. I put my shoulder to the door and pushed. Greg put his weight to help me and with one big push the door suddenly burst open and we stumbled into the room. The windows were open and in the center of the room a rocking chair was moving and on the floor, next to the chair was Kevin's hat. As I approached the chair I realized how warm it was in the room. I remarked about the heat and continued to look around the room for Kevin, first in the closet and searched all the walls with my eyes. Mr. Longley went and closed the window and said, "We have never used this room. It usually gets the morning sun and is very hot. Your boy must have been here but I don't know where he is now. He must have opened the window when he was in here and had to have slipped out past your other son and is now some other place in the house. I figured that is what happened also and turned to Greg to tell him that we were going to the other part of the house but Greg had disappeared. He couldn't have gone past me to the door. I again looked around the room and couldn't find Greg. At this time the girls came into the room and I asked them if they had seen Kevin and Greg? Amy answered, "No Dad, if they had come out of any room they would have had to pass us as we were sitting on the top of the stairs waiting for you."

I wasn't really worried too much over them. They would turn up somewhere in the house. After all what danger can come to them in this house? We went downstairs, leaving the two girls at the top of the stairs still talking about their room. I told them to stay there a few minutes in case Greg or Kevin showed up. Mr. Longely and I entered the other part of the house through the kitchen into the room that I thought would be my den. We heard footsteps above us. The girls were upstairs and we had past Mrs. Longely and her two girls in the hallway. The footsteps had to be Greg and Kevin's. I quickly climbed the stairs and my actions showed that I was a little bit worried about the two boys. They could get into more difficulties than anybody I ever knew. Not bad boys but always wanting to explore some place or thing. When I got to the top of the stairs I spotted Greg. I was a little angry at him and with a little bit of anger I said to him. "Where did you disappear to?"

"Sorry Dad," Greg said, "I was looking to see how Kevin could have gotten out of the room without me seeing him. I stepped into the closet and turned a piece of board on the wall and the back of the wall opened and I found myself in this room. Mr. Longely was amazed. He didn't know anything about the passage from one room to the other. So there was a way to get from the main upstairs of the house to the room above the den. I was relieved to find Greg, but, where was Kevin?"

"Mr. Longely," I said, "Have we seen all the rooms of the house?" Greg butted in, "Dad, the attic."

We all headed toward the stairway to the attic. Slowing climbing the steep stairs of the attic, one at a time up the narrow stairs we went. Reaching the top of the stairs I yelled, "Kevin, Kevin."

"Over here Dad," came a voice from far back on my left under the eaves. I was relieved that I had found Kevin but as with Greg a little angry. "Come here Kevin," I said sternly. Kevin came out slowly until he could stand up and then came over toward me.

"Kevin, we have been looking for you all over the house. How did you get up here and what are you doing back there under the eaves?"

"Gee Dad;" said Kevin, "Greg and I went upstairs together with the girls behind us. The girls went to the room at the end of the stairs and Greg and I went into the room on the left. Greg said he would like it as his room. I went to the girls and heard them planning what furniture would fit against each wall of the rooms they were in. I wanted a room too. I knew the big bedroom had to be yours and moms. That only left the room across from Greg's. I left the girl's room and opened the door to the last room left. As I entered the room I noticed that it was very hot. I noticed the rocking chair in the middle of the room was rocking. I began looking around the room and it began to really get hot so I opened the window. After opening the window I sat down in the rocker and just began thinking about how I would fix up my room. I began rocking. Funny Dad, but I could almost feel the rocker moving by itself and I imagined the rocker was going faster and faster and I wasn't rocking it. Suddenly the door closed by itself. I got up and ran to the door and tried to open it I couldn't. I yelled but nobody came. The room really began to get hot. I thought I would suffocate. I was going to take

the screen off the window but decided against that as it was too far down even if I did get the screen off. I looked around the room, and in the closet I noticed an air vent on the top of the closet. I took the grill off after climbing up and saw there was a ladder attached to the side of a big opening of the vent. I climbed the ladder and found it led to a passage way all over the house. I climbed around in it, came to another grill and tried to get it off and couldn't. It opened to the room above the kitchen. I crawled back and climbed the ladder going up higher and found myself in the attic. Dad, I don't want that room across from Greg's. Please let me have the room above the den? It connects with Greg's. Please Dad, please. I'm afraid to be in that room."

I could see that Kevin was very upset about the room and his experience. I, without really thinking said yes to his request. I then asked him. "Why did you stay so long in the attic?"

I don't know Dad. I just felt good in the attic. I felt safe."

The Longleys acted very surprised and had no explanation about the door or the room. He said, "We never used that room and just don't know what to make of what happened. Maybe the furnace is up too high and the thermostat got stuck.

I could accept those explanations. Doors are always sticking and Kevin was known for making up stories. I wasn't surprised that Greg and Kevin had found the passages. They were always discovering new weird things. Kevin seemed to have a second sense about finding things other people never could. If anyone had ESP it was Kevin. He was easily hurt emotionally and was very sensitive to other people's troubles. He just didn't talk too much.

I gathered the kids together and asked about what they thought of the house. "Should we get the house or not?" I asked. Everyone excitedly agreed, but Kevin said, "It's okay as long as I don't have to have 'that' room as mine."

I told Kevin he did not have to have that room and he quickly agreed that he would like to get the house. It was settled. I told the Longleys that we would buy the house and then signed the papers. They would take the next week to pack and move out. We would be moving in about two weeks. I wanted to repaint a lot of the inside, put up curtains, fix up other parts of the house and get it the way that we wanted it.

We all got in the car after saying goodbye to the Longleys. It was hard to keep the kids quiet and once we reached the bottom of the hill it was just a car of noisy excited kids the rest of the way home.

* * * * *

It is the year A.D. 1400. It is an almost conquered Wales. The fight begins with a private quarrel between Owen Glentower and Lord Graymount. A message entrusted to Lord Gregmount for Glentower is not delivered. Glentower is branded a traitor by the King of England. In mid-September of 1400 Glentower is planning revenge. He attacks Lord Greyhound's city of Ruthin. A message is sent to the King, and news flies over the channel to Welsh mercenaries. They desert

their armies and rush to Wales to help Glentower. A far smaller army of Welsh is no match for the armies of King Henry IV. Glentower dismisses his army and vanishes. He appears again for renewed warfare, this time the Welsh archers in the English army suddenly turn their bows on the English. So terrible is the slaughter that for days no one dare approach the battle field where the corpses of the English soldiers lie by the thousands. Glentower now is one of the officials of the new Welsh parliament.

The English King applies more pressure, with still larger armies and addresses the grievances of the peasants and changes his laws to be more tolerant and fair to them. Glentower continues the fight but his dreams of fairness and freedom for the people of Wales is beginning to be realized and he loses more and more support of the peasants who are tired of fighting and just want to farm. Glentower becomes a man alone and deserts the fight. He is now a man who sacrificed everything to dream, a man who led a small nation against a very large one and whose ideals were beyond the comprehension of the selfish and illiterate laboring classes.

Owen Glentower's end is one of the mysteries of history. He wandered in solitude with only a few supporters, hiding in the mountain country of Wales assuming disguises.

Feeling discouraged and losing faith in his cause and his religion he turns to the influence in Pembrokeshire of the Druids. While the Druids were not as strong during the invasion of the Romans they still practiced their rites. Both he and the Druids were persecuted for their beliefs and he decides to leave Wales. Years before the Norseman had landed in Wales and many of them were descendents of those early travelers and they decided to sail to lands beyond the horizons. The Druids were noted for their ESP ability and were sure that a land existed beyond the horizon.

The small party, having traveled a long time landed on a beach near noon. They had come a long way and their appearance bore this out. A hunting party was immediately sent out for both meat and water. The others made a camp on the beach. It was no past midday. The leader was tall, almost seven feet. Glentower could have been the most powerful man of Medieval times. He was just born 100 years too soon, but he was in a new world. The year was 1417.

The hunting party did find meat but no water. They had scouted for miles around but no water. The party needed fresh water. There must be water somewhere. That hill a little to the south of the camp – it's the highest ground around. Climb it and look around the area. Gradually the small party made their way to the top of the hill. The party included 23 men and 15 women. They noticed that they were on a small plateau, primitive in appearance, green smoke coming from the ground but, most important, there was a well in the center of the clearing at the top of the hill. It was fresh water and they now had what they needed for survival. They made their new camp on the top of this plateau. To the south they could see a river and a series of small hills and then, flat ground. It seemed like a good place to eventually build a town.

That night the first consecration of the plateau as a special holy place by the Druids. They would remember this night and this high mountain. They would

put a taboo on this place, a curse as it was, so that no one would venture up the mountain except their new covenant, the Welsh Covenant, the first in this new unexplored country some 4000 miles from Wales.

The consecration ceremony was a simple one. The chief Druid began drawing a small circle about 8 feet across. (The inner circle called a bred was where all things have their source.) He then drew a larger circle around the inner one (the center circle called Gewneved – the circle of consummate bliss.) Then finally the outer circle (called Keugant – where God alone holds sway.)

The Druids entered the inner circle; the others stand around him in the center circle. While the ceremony was in progress, no one could step outside without going through the outer circle. If one tried he would be consumed in flames or the earth would open. (The Druids worshiped the 5 elements: earth, water, air, heat and light.) The chief Druid controlled these elements Through God, and could call upon God to create and make changes within the elements. The chief Druid raised his hand and called upon the Devine spirit to combine their souls and bodies with the elements to produce a happy life and to protect them in this new land, and to thank him for his protection in their long voyage.

After a night's sleep the next days were spent to collecting the necessary stones for the outer edges of the third circle. It would soon be the fall equinox and that was one of four big days in the Druid worship year.

* * * * *

If there is one thing worse than packing to move, it is having to put up new curtain rods in a new house. The house had 37 windows which meant 37 curtain rods which equals hours of hard work and misery. Everyone was working hard and even Anne got the feeling of it and helped, more than she had done in the last few years. She picked the beautiful yellow curtains for the front room and the wall paper for the dining room. I had to replace some of the window panes with new ones, wall papered a number of the rooms including the dining room.

Greg and Kevin were the outside painters and did a nice job with the white paint, doing all the shutters and pillars in the front of the house and the rest of the woodwork around the outside of the house. I put up a 4 inch railing half-way up the wall in the dining room to give it a colonial look and used off yellow paint in the front room to go with the drapes. I noticed the wall opposite the fireplace had a crack in it and made sure that when I finished painting and wallpapering no crack would be seen. It took us over two weeks to finish everything on both the outside and inside. Anne, Robin and Amy washed down the walls, especially in the kitchen and I built a few little shelves in the closets. I even paneled the room that I called the den. Each of the kids chose his own color paint or wallpaper and worked on his own room. Nobody wanted to do anything with the 'hot room' so I decided to leave it and we could do something with it after we moved in. I put up louvered French doors in the two entrances to the front room that opened into the center hallway and painted the bricks of the fireplace white. I also built a storage-seat in the bay window. All in all, the house was transformed into a miniature mansion.

My next project was to build a screen porch on the side entrance to the house. After building things in the house I had come to the conclusion that there were no square angles in the house and I remember having a very hard time hanging the French doors and fitting some cabinets throughout the house. But, it was really great to sit down in the front room once it was finished. It became a very cheerful room and we built a fire our first night in the house ;after completing our redecorating and spent many restful hours appreciating the fire and our handy work fixing up the house. It was a beautiful, neat, friendly house now. I wanted to do something about the gray shingles on the outside but it would be much too expensive to take on a job like that at this time, with all the repairs and fixing up bills so it would have to wait. I found out the harvest job was to fix the inner wall of the front room. Not only was the wallpaper torn but it seemed to be cracked (the plaster) from the floor to the ceiling. I finally managed to fill in the crack and put some wallpaper over it. The inner wall was the only wall in the front room that used wallpaper. I chose a tan to go with the yellow of the curtains and other walls. We planned to move on the week-end. Most of our things were packed and all there was left to do was to put them in a truck and drive it over and then put them inside the house. There were no incidents during the moving; only a few things got broken. It was Sunday night around 6:30 that the last of our things were at last inside the house. It would take another few days to unpack everything but at least we were in the house and we could begin to appreciate having a large home. I know it would be a few weeks before we could put everything in its place and anything left over we would store ;in the attic.

By day, with the sunlight streaming through the windows, the house was very cheerful and bright. Along with the laughter and love of young children, with the bright colors of the walls and curtains, it seemed to have an almost festive look and feeling. But, at dusk, as it began to get dark, it seemed like the house began to die and it acquired a rather sinister foreboding appearance and feeling. Maybe it was the gray shingles and roof against the dark sky, or maybe the odd shapes the fireplace reflected on the inner wall accompanied by the cracking of the fire – along with the complete silence of the surrounding area of the house. Then the total area that the house encompassed; the large rooms, the tall ceilings, the many empty areas that we hadn't filled with furniture. All of these things helped make it seem rather big and cold. And, there was the tall tress all pointing seemingly toward an invisible center and the odd shape large stones that dotted the area, especially the large block of stone that was the stone porch outside the kitchen window.

Most of the nights I would be in the front room reading or listening to a record or watching TV, sitting in my easy chair, being kept company by the sparkling fire and the designs it made on the walls. I enjoyed those nights and looked forward to them.

The rest of the family also loved the house and each had their favorite spot. The girls were always found in their rooms together talking about the things young girls always talk about. Greg was always in my den with his low little place, a small room under the stairway leading to Kevin's room. Anne, when not in the kitchen was usually in the large bedroom upstairs reading and resting. And

Kevin – his place was the attic. The attic had no regular light fixtures so when anyone wanted to play there they would take the extension cord, plug it in by the bottom of the stairs up and carry a lamp up the stairs to the attic and set it on the floor for light. I would try and fix a light fixture one day but there were so many things to do in this large house. The attic was a very large room and even with all the ‘junk’ we put up there, there was still a lot of open space, enough to ride a bicycle around on the floor. There was, then, a lot of room for Kevin to play in. He said it was fun up there with all the many hiding places under the eaves. At dusk I thought it was rather spooky and dismal (or sinister). Kevin, had been ‘loner’ most of his young life and I did wish he would play with his brother and sisters more and with the other kids he was now meeting in the new school they attended. Many times when he was in his room I would find him just sitting on the bed staring into what I called eternity. I did talk with him about his pre-occupation and advised him to try and make some friends. He would sincerely try and he would be seen with other kids but said he would really like to be by himself. I did talk to a doctor about it when Kevin had told me he had seen a Monk in brown robes. In fact, he mentioned seeing him a number of times. This monk would appear to Kevin in a different colored robe, depending whether it was to be a happy day, a hard working, day, etc. The doctor said Kevin would grow out of this fantasy and we should not really worry about it.

We had been living in the house for almost two weeks and while sitting in the front room in front of the fire I thought about each member of the family. Kevin had not changed. He still stayed alone most of the time in the attic. Greg was still the same, hanging around me or in his little workroom under the stairs. The girls were helping their mother more than usually but stayed together and did things. None of the kids seemed to want to make too many friends as there were no houses close to us. I began to think of Anne and how, over the years, she had begun to change from the person I first married. I know that I too must have changed, as most people do as they get older, but, Anne had changed so much more drastically than any of us. She was once very quiet, and tranquil. When I would suggest something she would just say okay. Very seldom did she speak up. There were times that she would almost become someone I didn’t know, and her personality seemed to be the direct opposite from quiet and tranquil to becoming more aggressive and outspoken. It was as if there were two Anne’s. She was very seldom passionate – nothing new there.

But in the new house her passion changed and she became a different person in physical matters. During our affairs her voice seemed to change and become lower in pitch and seemed to talk in a different language or tongue. She was becoming a very passionate wife; more of a fanatic would be a better way of saying it.

After a night of passion I awoke the next morning. Anne was not in bed. I heard her down in the kitchen fixing breakfast for me. This was very unusual.

Anne didn’t say much during breakfast and was very quiet. She said nothing of last night’s activities. I mentioned about how great the experience was but she looked at me with a puzzled look on her face as if she didn’t know what I was talking about.

In the new house, upon returning home I would usually find Kevin was up in the attic. The routine upon arriving home was: I would arrive home and shout to everyone that I was home. The girls would yell hello, Greg would come out usually to greet me as I walked up the stairs to the porch. Anne would be either in the kitchen or in bed. If she was in bed the girls were in the kitchen getting supper ready. Kevin would always be up in the attic. I then would take off my coat and put down my attaché case, get the paper and a cup of coffee bringing it up to the bedroom to say hello to Anne or into the front room if Anne was there, reading one of her Gothic novels. When supper was ready either Anne or the girls would call and say that supper was ready. The family would then converge on the dining room and begin to eat. Also usual was that I would have to call for Kevin from the bottom of the stairs to come down to supper. Supper was a nice time in the house, with a lot of laughing, joking and conversation. At the dinner table, a big harvest table, with a deacon's bench on one side with the two girls and Kevin, Greg in a chair at the end with me on the long side of the table facing the girls and Anne on my left, on the long side of the table facing Greg and nearest the kitchen. Most of the conversation would center on things that happened in school that day with the two girls and Greg talking the most. Anne would talk only if she was asked a question and then would usually give a very short answer. She didn't like being asked what she had done during the day. While we were in the other house Anne did some light house work, watched TV and read her Gothic novels and ate. I had noticed how much weight Anne had put on. While she was not what one would call fat, she did weigh about 15 lbs. more than when we had married. Anne while at the old house would enter the conversation more and speak of a few things that happened during her day. The difference of Anne's personality and attitude began to change upon moving into the new house, the "*Jointer House*."

Anne began to resent any questions on how she spent her day and seemed to be on the defense about questioning her. Her reply, after being asked question about her day would be: "Why are you asking me that? Are you checking upon me? Or: "It's my business how I spend my day." Or: "I can do what I want during the day."

I would get very frustrated, not willingly putting her on the hot seat, but just making conversation or showing I cared about if her day was pleasant and if she enjoyed herself, but she would take any question as a reprimand or think I didn't trust her. I tried to tell her that it wasn't like that at all. I said: "I love you and care about you and I'm just showing my concern that your day was a happy one." Then she would say, "It was okay" and that was it. She would then not say anything the rest of the meal.p0-

Greg, however, at dinner time, would ramble on and on, and most of the time I had to butt in and ask a question to him or someone else to stop him. He was studying the history of the State of Maryland and its cities at school. While Greg was talking I glanced at Anne. She seemed to be in a trance and was not hearing anything anyone else was saying. I tried to ask her if she heard what Greg had asked her and had to ask her several times. More and more Anne seemed to

be going into a shell and taking less and less part in family life, leaving the family decisions and activities to me.

During dinner, Kevin never would talk. To get him to say anything you would have to ask him a direct question and then the answers were always one or two words long. The girls would talk to each other and laugh at Greg's rambling. They learned to talk to each other and to me but seldom asked their mother a question. It was almost as if they were afraid to talk to her because she would, many times, jump on them and scold them for simple things like: "When you hang up the clothes make sure the hangers are all in the same direction." Or, "Make sure when you put the dishes away that the spoons are all separated in the same direction.

After dinner the two girls began the dishes and Greg would collect the dishes and put them in the sink. Once in a while Anne would put the leftover food away, if not, Robin would. Anne would, most of the time, leave the table, telling the girls what to do. Kevin would somehow get out of the work and sneak out and go up to the attic.

While we were cleaning the table one night Greg said to me, "Dad, I don't see how Kevin stays up in that attic. It scares me, and, being all by himself!"

Greg shrugged his shoulders and didn't finish his sentence. Greg went into his workshop and began to work on a model car.

After dinner and a cup of coffee and the news on TV I called the family together to see a TV movie we had wanted to see. Even Anne came down and joined us. During the commercial we talked and everyone expressed their likeness for the new house. When it was over I sent the kids to bed and Anne and I went up to our bedroom. When I expressed the good feeling I felt about last night Anne said: "What about last night?" After that we both just lay down and went to sleep.

The next day at school was a very tiring one, having trouble with a couple of boys not knowing their trombone positions in a passage that they were to have practiced the night before. I was glad to arrive home that night. Upon arriving home I went upstairs and changed immediately into some comfortable clothes. In those days teachers had to wear a suit and tie and it was always relaxing to change into some older looser clothes, the kind that you wear around the house having had them for years but they being too comfortable to throw away. Thinking about school again I remembered one year my annual evaluation was conducted by my principal. He graded me down because I wasn't wearing my tie tight. I had loosened it during rehearsal. He said when you wear a tie you wear it the way it should be worn and that it made me look sloppy. The evaluation didn't have anything bad to say about my teaching or anything else, just about my tie being loose.

Tonight I was going to fix something on the back porch and I had to get to the furnace as it was not performing the way it should and it would be winter before I knew it. I didn't know what I could do with the furnace but I promised I would take a look at it. It was beginning to get cold at night. I tried to light the pilot but just couldn't seem to make it work. The filter looked like it hadn't been changed in years. I would stop and get a new one tomorrow afternoon and then Greg and I would try again tomorrow night. It would take two of us to do it, one

to hold the filter and one to light the furnace. I climbed the stairs to the top bathroom to clean up before dinner. I passed the way to the attic and heard Kevin talking in the attic. I called to him at the bottom of the stairway and said, "Kevin, what are you doing?"

"I'm playing with my friends, Dad," he said.

What a pleasant surprise. Finally Kevin had brought home some friends. I continued to the bathroom to get rid of the soot and dirt I had picked up working on the furnace. I went to the bedroom and changed my shirt and pants and went into the den to work on a new band arrangement I was writing. I liked writing for the school band, a Junior High Concert Band. It wasn't taking long to write the score but it would take me days to copy all the individual parts. When I get rich, I thought, I'm going to hire a copyist to do all the copying of the parts.

It was now the first week in November and it was beginning to get a little cold at dusk. After working at copying some of the parts of the arrangement I was interrupted by one of the girls and told it was time for dinner, "Mom said to go and get Kevin in the attic and come to dinner.

I climbed the stairs up to the attic and called to Kevin, "Kevin, tell your friends goodbye and come to dinner."

Kevin yelled back, "Okay Dad, I'll be down right away."

I went into the bedroom to get a book I had left on the table. I had just found an old soprano sax at a secondhand store and wanted to write a part for it and this book told the range and key of all the instruments. I hadn't written for a soprano sax and I wanted to look up its key and range. It was an instrument that was popular in the 20's and 30's but was seldom used in school bands during this period. I got the book and continued down to the dining room. Everyone else had come and had sat down, and being the last I said grace and everyone began eating the Teriyaki chicken and wild rice. Everyone was really hungry that night and the food was quickly eaten with little talk, perhaps because it was a bit cold as the furnace was not working yet. I was the last one finished and went to the kitchen to get my cup of coffee. Then I proceeded to the bedroom where I found Anne fast asleep. I got into bed and fell quickly asleep.

The next day at school I played the arrangement and it sounded okay and the kids seemed to like it. That made me feel very good and I came home with a great feeling of satisfaction. Anne had called the furnace man and the house was very warm and pleasant. I took off my coat and hung it over the door and decided to put on my light smoking jacket. I took off my tie as I climbed the stairs to the bedroom and heard Kevin in the Attic.

"Kevin, Dad's home," I shouted.

"Hi dad, how was school today? Did you play your arrangement?"

I answered quickly and said it went fine but I was astonished to hear Kevin say more than two words and even ask a question. As I was putting on my smoking jacket Kevin came into the room. "Hey dad, we're going to have stuffed pork chops for dinner, and I went and got some cranberry sauce to have with it. Sure sound good hey? Well, back to my friend's dad. I'll see you at dinner."

I went to the bathroom as I buttoned my smoking jacket and just took my hands and splashed some cold water on my face and put some water on my hair and combed it. It made me feel fresh and as I looked in the mirror combing my hair I thought of Kevin and what seemed to be a new attitude. I finished and went downstairs and ran into Greg who had finished the model car he was working on. I thought some day that boy will be an auto mechanic.

At dinner, Kevin kept up his attitude transformation and talked and talked. Usually Greg would do a lot of talking but tonight he couldn't get a word in for Kevin monopolized the conversation.

"Dad," Kevin continued, "Did you know that Maryland was on both sides during the War Between the States?"

I answered, "Well, sort of Kevin. I think you'll find that it was each individual in the state that was either for the south or the north during the war and the number was evenly divided. But, Kevin, why did you ask that and how did you know that? Are you studying that in school?"

Kevin answered, "I know a lot Dad...Dad, did you know something else" We had a little battle on Mary's Hill over there, (pointing out the window to a large hill, lying across from our house. Twenty soldiers were killed there. Dad, can we go up there and look around? There might be some interesting things buried or lying around from that battle."

"Sure Kevin," I said, "we can go sometime but, I didn't know you were interested in the Civil War?"

"No Dad, not the Civil War, the war between the states. That's the correct name, and. I 'm not studying the war in school. Well, goodbye everybody, have to run...got things to do and find out in my room."

Kevin left us with each of us looking at each other with amazed looks, not believing what we had just heard. Kevin never talked and surely he wasn't the scholarly son we had just heard from. He was never interested in school or the Civil War. What a change. We looked at each other with the same thing on our minds, "What has happened to Kevin to make him talk that much and why did he suddenly become interested in the Civil War and how did he know these things?"

Greg was the first to say something, "And for years we thought he couldn't talk and never knew anything. He's like a walking encyclopedia, the Bruce Catton of the bubble gum set," said Robin. Anne said nothing, and seemed in another world, not hearing anything the rest of us said.

After dinner the kids watched some TV and did some homework and then were off to bed. That night Anne had a very rare feeling and she approached me and we made love.

I woke up the next morning feeling relaxed and well rested and as I shaved I looked in the mirror and wondered whether the experience was a dream or was it real. I dressed quietly and went down to breakfast, meeting Greg on the way down where I found the other kids eating breakfast.

On my way to school I decided to stop at the library on the way home and get a book on the Civil War. I was always very interested in the Civil

War and upon entering College I had decided to be a history teacher. Upon finding out that I could take tests in music for credit that would equal a year of college work. I changed my major to music. Because of my experience in the field of music I was able to pass these tests and receive credit for a full year of college work. Being married to Anne and having two children, I was in a rush to complete college and become a teacher. I was working at night playing music to augment our income and those 3 years were very, very hard on me and my family. I still retained my interest in history and eventually got my Master degree in music history. The Civil War was always an interest of mine and it continued to be, especially since I had a history course in college with Bruce Catton's son. I did my master's thesis on the history of the March. So I was history orientated and was an amateur historian on the Civil War. What Kevin said had surprised me for I didn't know of any battle around this area during the Civil War.

I stopped at the library on my way home and picked up a book on the Civil War. I looked through a number of Civil War books and thought that one I looked at would be the best one of Mr. Catton's books. It was dark by the time I arrived home. I went straight upstairs and took off my coat and tie and heard Kevin talking from the attic.

"Kevin, I'm Home, How ya doin?"

"Okay dad," said Kevin, "I'm up here playing with my friends."

"Okay," I said, "Oh, Kevin, I stopped at the library and got a book on the Civil War. We can look up about that battle you were talking about. Oh, and another thing, when it's ready for dinner, bring your friends to see me before they go. I'd like to meet them."

I had finished changing and didn't really wait for an answer from Kevin and left to go downstairs. I got a cup of coffee and sat down in the front room and began looking through the book on the Civil War. As I began to read a section of the book that I thought might contain the records of the battle. AS I read the book I thought now that I had finished college I would have time to read "Lee's Lt's. I always wanted to read it and I should be able to take the time now.

As I was getting to the chapter on Beauregard, Stuart and the use of Calvary during the war I heard Anne yell, "Dinner's ready." Upon hearing Anne I looked at my watch. I had been reading over an hour. Greg came into the room and I said to him. "Greg, will you go and tell Kevin to come to dinner. He is up in the attic playing with his friends."

"Okay Dad," said Greg as he left the room and I could hear him running up the stairs quickly as I put down my book and straightened the pillow on the couch and stepped ;into the hall. Down the step came Greg and met me there, "Boy," I said, "that was quick. Did you tell his friends to stop and see me?"

"Oh, he was alone Dad. They must have left," Greg replied.

"And I wanted to met them Greg, darn," I said.

"Yeh, Dad, so would I," Greg said.

I remarked, "You haven't seen them either Greg?"

"Not me dad, Kevin is always home way before I get home and he is always up in the attic when I get home. I always go to my room or my workroom and sometimes out to the garage to work on my motors."

While we were talking, Kevin came down the stairs. I stopped him and said, "Kevin, I wanted to meet your friends. Why didn't you bring them to me before they went home?"

"They had to go home because they were late Dad. "Sorry," Said Kevin.

"Well, let's have them to dinner tomorrow so I can meet them. I would like to know your friends, okay Kevin?" I said

"Okay dad, I'll ask them but I know they can't." replied Kevin.

"Well, one way or the other I would like to meet them the next time they are here."

By this time, everyone had made it to the table and we began to eat dinner.

Kevin was very quiet and hardly talked at all. Yesterday he couldn't be shut up and now today he was back to his former self. I thought it might be what I said to him. I didn't want to be too harsh on him but I really wanted to meet his friends. Tonight it was mostly the girls who had something to say. Robin was making a blouse at school and Amy wanted to make one also so they were planning to work together and make Amy one at home. Greg talked to me about getting another model car to make. Anne was as quiet as Kevin was. He must have been upset and remained quiet the rest of the meal, eating but a small amount of the food on his plate. He asked to be excused even before he finished all of it and he went up the center stairs, I guess to his room. I had excused him, knowing he wasn't finished with his food but I felt bad. I ate quickly myself and left the table and went directly to Kevin's room with the idea of talking to him.

I found him sitting on his bed just staring out the window. AS I called to him, he didn't turn around. It was unlike Kevin not to answer me. He was always very well mannered. I could have made him talk but I didn't. I would give him some time and then come back when he had time to think and compose himself. Kevin remained in his room the rest of the night, not going to the attic as he usually did. I would talk to him after school tomorrow.

I left Kevin's room and continued down the hall to my bedroom. The night passed without incident or activity. I had learned to let Anne make the first move for any activity. Anne was unpredictable; one time she would be a raging maniac and one could not reason with her. Other times she would just not care about the same thing she argued about the day before. I had noticed, at times, her voice would change from a small pleasant voice to a harsh; voice during any mating. She went from being extremely frigid to passionate wild moods. At time I could swear she was another person and did not remember taking part in any passionate activity. I couldn't understand how she could be passionate one time and frigid so many days in a row? I began to think that Anne was developing a split personality.

It must have been around 2:00 that night that I was suddenly awakened by a terrible scream. I put on the light and turned to see Anne with her hands beside her head, a look of terror on her face and screaming in a hideous piercing scream.

"Anne, Anne, what's the matter, Stop screaming Anne. What's the matter?" I said.

She continued to scream and I saw all the kids enter the room, hearing the noise so they came to see what the matter was.

“What’s wrong with Mom,” Robin Said. The other saying, “Why is Mom screaming?”

“I don’t know. Please be quiet and let me help your mother. Greg, go get a cold cloth from the bathroom.”

Turing to Anne, who was still creaming, seemingly frightened of something.

“Anne, can you hear me. I’m right here. Don’t be afraid, nothing can hurt you in here. We’re all here.” I said.

Greg came with the cold cloth and I put it on Anne’s forehead. I held her close and rubbed her back. I really felt helpless but in a few minutes Anne stopped and seemed calm. I told the kids to get back to bed. Mom’s just had a bad dream, she’ll be okay. They were reluctant to go but left finally, Kevin coming over and said to me, “I knew it would happen. They warned me that she would do something.” He then left. I wondered what he meant and who warned him.

Anne was now calm down enough for me to ask her what happened.

“Oh Pri, I had a terrible nightmare. It seemed so real.”

“Anne, everything is okay now. Here take this sleeping pill and we’ll talk about it in the morning.”

“No Pri, I want to talk about it now. It will help you understand why I am the way I am. She then related to me a tale that was more terrifying than one can imagine.

“Pri, I dreamt that I was taking part in a ceremony where there was a man in a black robe. There were others too, all taking part in this ceremony. I was in a small room lit with only candles. They were talking in a language that I didn’t recognize. I was lying there naked in an open coffin. I was naked Pri, with all those people around me. One of the men held up some sort of chalice, said a few strange words and

The story she told I can’t write about. It was indecent and horrifying. After hearing the story I found it hard to believe that Anne could even keep living after such a horrible experience. This dream was a satanic ritual. It had to do with Adam’s first wife, Lilith. Enough said. We went back to bed and Anne mercifully fell asleep.

As I lay there I thought of what Kevin had said when he left. What was it, oh yes, he knew it would happen. They warned him that she would do something. What could he have meant and why would he know anything about what happened. He’s only a kid. He isn’t old enough to even notice girls.

I left for work before Anne got up from bed. During the last period of classes I thought that now it’s not only Anne to worry about but how everything will affect the kids, who will have to live with it. I found myself making foolish mistakes and it was with great relief when the dismissal bell rang. I gathered my conductor’s scores and a manuscript into my briefcase, locked the band room and drove home. Arriving home I took off my overcoat, hung it in the hall closet, got a cup of coffee and sat down in the living room. Greg came in and I asked where his mother was and if Kevin was up in the attic. I had almost forgotten that I was going to talk to Kevin about his actions at the dinner table the night before. So

much had happened since then. Greg said his mother was in our bedroom and Kevin was indeed in the attic.

“Okay, “ I said. “First I’ll see how your mother is and then go to have a talk with Kevin. I felt a little bad, I felt like I was neglecting the other kids but I knew they would understand. I climbed the stairs to the bedroom finding Anne in bed reading. She still had her nightgown on. I went straight to her and gave her a gentle loving kiss. She had little reaction to it or me. It was as if she was ignoring me. “How do you feel Anne?” I said, “Did you have a peaceful day?”

She looked up and said, very pugnaciously, “Yes I had a good day. I spent a whole day without any stupid man. After saying a few words I can’t repeat she said, “What’s it to you. You are just like all the others. I also can’t repeat her actions and the tone of voice she said the terrible things coming out of her mouth.

What could I say? I was very shocked and mad and just said to myself, “No Anne no, no, don’t do this.”

I had to leave and went without thinking to the attic. I climbed the stairs slowly thinking about Anne when I realized that Kevin was talking to someone in the attic. His Friends? So much was on my mind it felt like all I had to do was to dial a new station in my brain and I had another problem to face. I reached the top of the stairs, a very narrow, steep stairway up to the attic and I could see Kevin in one of the corners of the attic with his back to me. He hadn’t heard me approach and was talking to someone.

I heard him say, “What can I tell my father about why you can’t come down to dinner?”

A second passed and suddenly Kevin turned around and saw me and quickly turned again with his back to me. I called to him and said, “Kevin would you please come down with me to your room. I would like to talk to you.”

I went down with Kevin following right behind. WE sat down and I began to talk:

“Kevin, I think you are carrying your imagination too far. Pretending you are talking to someone when there isn’t any one there.”

Kevin didn’t react to what I said and I could see where he was really upset.

“Look son, you can tell me. What’s wrong? I just want to help you. I love you. Don’t worry, I’m not going to punish you, not if you talk to me and tell me what’s going on.”

He still said nothing. I tried a different approach.

“Kevin, were you talking to your friends?”

He turned his eyes toward me and I seemed to get a reaction. I continued with another question. “How old is your friend?”

Kevin looked up at me and said, “My friends, Dad?”

“Okay Kevin, how old are your friends and what are their names?”

Kevin smiled and said, “Yes Dad, we do get along very good. I think John is about 10 and joy is around 8.”

“That’s nice; now tell me Kevin, what do you talk about?”
 ”Oh about everything; about what happens each day. They are interested in how I live. Dad, please don’t tell Mom about my friends. You can tell Greg, because

he'll understand but my friends don't want Mom to know. Please Dad, please." I thought his voice sounded sacred.

"Okay Kevin, I promise, but only if you tell me everything, okay?"

"Okay dad, I will and thanks." Kevin said with a feeling of relief." "Now Kevin, let's talk later. I have to take care of your mother. But remember I promise not to tell her of our little talk."

I left the room and went into Anne who was still reading. It was dark now and the girls had dinner ready as I heard Amy yell up to come to dinner. I turned to Anne and she said, "I don't want to come down there tonight. Have Robin bring my dinner up here."

I didn't argue, rather, I felt relieved for now I could be sure that I would have a peaceful dinner.

Dinner was fun. Kevin wasn't very talkative but Greg started to tell us about what happened in school and had us all laughing. It seems as if Greg's voice was changing and he had to sing a solo in music class, along with all the other boys and Greg was imitating the weird sound that came from some of the boys – first singing in a lower voice and without warning their voice would change and sound like a girl. It must have been really funny in school for it was very funny the way Greg related it to us.

After dinner and the usual routine, I went into the living room and watched TV with the kids and when they went to bed I read until it was time to go to bed myself. I didn't want to face Anne any sooner than I had to. I went upstairs, into the bathroom and washed up for bed. I then went into the bedroom where Anne was still reading. When I was putting on my pajamas Anne called to me with that passionate look. I was not in the mood for any of her actions and said, "I can't take these changing moods of yours. How can you be so passionate one time and the next time curse me? She acted like she didn't even hear me and repeated her statements. She began yelling for me to come to her and I finally yelled myself, "I will not do what you say you want. As I lay down the covers began to strangle me. It was not a very good experience and it left me with a feeling that what had just happened was not love but something else with someone else, not the Anne I knew.

This scene was repeated most every day in the next few weeks and I was becoming a physical and mental wreck. Anne had become a paradox: quiet or furious, passionate or frigid, saint or sinner, her moods were getting hard to cope with. I was trying to understand what made her this way – was it the low blood sugar and the effect of the prescription drugs like valium?

After some time in the house the girls were cooking dinner almost every night and it fell to me to keep up the running of the house. I tried to get her to the doctors but she refused. And I also had Kevin to be concerned with. During one passionate session I saw the far wall shake. This action proved to be of much importance to me at a later date.

* * * * * 8

Because of an early dismissal I arrived home early Friday afternoon. It was great to have the afternoon off and it was only one week to the Christmas

Holidays and another two weeks off. I liked teaching and found conducting music very exciting, but, I would be glad to finish rehearsing the Christmas music and have the concert band get started on the more classical and serious music after the vacation. My school was in a different district than the kid's school and that meant that they would not be home for another 3 hours. I pulled up to the side door and noticed that it began to snow as I entered. I thought, how nice and on the weekend. The area around the house would look beautiful as it snowed and I wouldn't have to drive the next day and could enjoy it on the weekend. I entered the door to the dining room and took off my overcoat and hung it in the closet. I shouted, "I'm home Anne." No answer. I laid down the new score I had brought home on the table in the front room and continued up to the bedroom. I went there expecting to find Anne in bed reading. She wasn't there. An open book was lying on the table on her side, open to the place where I guessed she must have stopped reading. I left the room and entered the girl's room, then entered Greg's room, No Anne. The bathroom door was open and empty. I went downstairs and into the living room- empty. I continued into the kitchen and into my den – still no Anne. Anne was not in the house. She seldom went out and when she was a bit worried. I then went up the stairs again into the bedroom. As I put on my smoking jacket I remembered – the attic. I didn't look in the attic. I turned quickly and ran up the attic stairs shouting, "Anne, Anne, are you up here?" No answer.

I reached the top of the stairs and looked around the attic. Looking around under the eaves I saw, under the eave to the far side of the attic something lying on the floor. I moved quickly over there and saw that indeed there was something lying there. I bent under the eaves and saw that it was Anne. I shouted, "Anne, can you hear me. " No answer. I grabbed her arm and pulled. Getting her to where I could stand up, I pushed Anne's body so that I could talk to her face. She didn't answer me. I lifted Anne into my arms and carried her downstairs with much difficulty as the stairway was very steep and narrow. I entered the bedroom and laid Anne on the bed. She was still unconscious. I didn't really know what to do but I went to the bathroom and got a wash cloth and found the first aid kit. I saw an ammonia tablet and I brought it with me into the bedroom I broke the tablet and put it under Anne's nose. In a fraction of a second she moved, then turned her head and finally opened her eyes and pulled away from the ammonia tablet. I picked up the cold cloth and put it on Anne's forehead. "Pri, Pri, came a soft low voice, from Anne "Pri, she did it to me."

"Who did this to you Anne?" I said softly.

"She did. She hates me. She's jealous of me because of my children. She destroys every woman that lives in this house."

"Anne, please tell me what you're talking about," I said.

"Pri, I don't know who but just why, and I'm not sure of why either. Pri, I'm feeling better but I'm scared," Anne replied. "I know that I've needed help before especially when we first married and I've been trying to feel better and I'm trying to understand my feelings but there is someone here and this someone is a woman trying to make me do and say things. I don't want to do what she wants. I keep having this dream. In this dream I see a woman and two little children. They

are sacred of her, their mother and they begin screaming. And then I find out that things are being done to me I don't remember doing."

"Anne, don't get excited by what I'm going to ask you but, do you have any dreams about making love to me?"

Pri, my dreams are like nightmares. I wish I could have dreams like that. No Pri, I never dream of those things, sorry. Why do you ask?"

"Oh it's nothing, I just wondered. Pri I'm scared. There's something I want to tell you that makes me scared. It's just one thing that has happened to me that I don't remember.

I became a little scared myself. It's the unknown that has always frightened me. I've always had a level head and I was able to cope with both ups and downs. I think I'd rather face something I can see than cope with the unknown. But I started thinking of something I had read who said, "What is essential is invisible to the eye." The mind had always fascinated me but also scared me. What was happening to Anne was something of the mind, invisible. I must find out what was happening. Anne's behavior after the experience today made me think of the problems we had when we first married. Was she slipping back to the experiences she had in the convent? Anne still had refused to go to church. I didn't know what was in her mind. Her moods were getting hard to understand and to handle. She was either quiet or very antagonistic. Very passionate or frigid. The problem, I thought, was getting too big for me to handle or understand or try to solve. I must see someone who can help.

When the kids came home from school I didn't say anything about what had happened. I told the girls that they would be fixing dinner and that everybody would help. The kids took it well as they were used to doing it since we were in this house. We had macaroni and cheese with hotdogs and everybody, except Anne, were happy with it. Anne wanted something else so I fixed a small steak and French fries and of course her diet-rite. Anne's mood was not rather antagonistic and I knew it best that she be left alone. The kids and I watched TV and I worked some on my music scores and it was near time for the 11:00 news when I looked at the time. I put down my score of a Clifton Williams Band Suite and waited for the commercials before the news to be over I felt the floor shake a little. Along with the floor, the wall adjacent to the fire place also began to shake. Could it be an earthquake? In Maryland? I then thought I heard something. I got up and turned down the TV. The sound, while muffled and soft, seemed to come from the attic. The suddenly it stopped and the vibrations also stopped. I didn't worry too much, with it stopping, so I paid little attention to it. I turned up the TV and listened to the news. The whole experienc³ lasted only a few seconds, maybe about 25 seconds in all. During the commercial in the news I got up to get a cup of coffee and noticed the inner wall, which I had painted upon fixing the house up prior to moving in the furniture. There was a line, like a little crack going from the bottom to the top, showing the white paint which was painted over by the yellow of the present décor.

I finished the coffee and the news and turned off the TV and went up to bed. Anne was reading and I asked her how she was? "I'm, okay Pri," she said," a little tired. I'm ready to go to sleep." I said "I am too." I got into bed and Anne

turned to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, “Goodnight Pri, I love you.” With that she laid her head back down and I heard nothing more before I heard her breathing ;become regular and I knew she was asleep. I laid there in bed thinking. First, why couldn’t she be like that all the time? Her kiss had made me think of what a normal relationship might be like. I thought that I would call a doctor in the morning. Anne’s personality was ever changing and she must be a schizoid, a split personality. I started thinking about the different Anne’s’ There was the first Anne, the one I met in the park. A shy, rather normal person. Then there was the Anne that was in the Convent, an Anne I didn’t know but a very pious person. Then the Anne that would be antagonistic, an Anne I never wanted to be with. Finally the passionate Anne Of them all I liked the Anne that just kissed me lovingly and gone to sleep. It was with that thought that I fell asleep thinking about.

The next morning I awoke early and quietly stepped from bed, put on my robe, and lit a cigarette from a pack on the dresser. I heard Anne move from the bed. I turned and met the passionate Anne. I spoke first, “Anne I’m going down and bring up some coffee for us, and then we can see how the day goes. She didn’t want me to go but to come back to bed. She spoke in that horrible voice and cursed me.

I was now mad and proceeded down to the kitchen. When I took out an egg to cook the yellow part was red. I quickly went to the sink and dumped it. I decided to skip any breakfast. I did pour a cup of coffee. When I cooked some sausage and began to eat it I saw worms in the sausage. I thought that every time I refused Anne something unusual like this happens. I was sure that I some way Anne was responsible for these happenings. I went back up to the bedroom and Anne began a rage about me leaving her. Won’t you ever learn. You can’t refuse me. Anne’s eyes were glazed and her breathing began to be irregular. She put her hand to her forehead and let out a scream, then became motionless. I ran to her and tried to make her wake up. She was unconscious. Her forehead was very hot. I rang and got the cold cloth and put it on her forehead. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and looked at me. “What happened Pri?” she said. She felt the cloth and then pulled the covers from her chest.’

“It’s okay Anne, you are okay now,” I said. I bent down to hold her. She pulled away. I said nothing except that I was sorry and that I was going to work in the yard before the football game on TV.

The kids were up after I had been working for about two hours. I asked what they were going to do with their Saturdays? The girls didn’t have any plans, but Kevin said if it was okay with me, he wanted to go with Greg to Mary’s Hill and dig for relics. I said humoring him “okay but be home before dark.”

Finishing up in the yard I went inside. The girls had gone to a friend’s house and Kevin had indeed talked Greg into going with him to climb the hill and dig for treasure. Anne had not come down from the bedroom and when I went up to clean up and change clothes to watch the game she was still in bed, with her night robe on reading a novel.

I asked her about coming down but she just said she was reading her book and would stay there in the bed. She did ask me to get her a diet-rite. I did this and

then went to the front room and turned on the TV. It was a calm day and I welcomed it. The game was about over when I heard the two boys returning. They were really dirty and I told Kevin to leave the shovel on the porch and go up with Greg and clean up.

The girls returned home and we all set out to cook dinner. Anne refused to cook, she didn't want to get out of bed, nothing unusual for the girls and I most always ended up fixing dinner with them. As usual Robin brought Anne's dinner up to her and of course her diet-rite. Kevin had wanted to talk to them and when Greg started to tell me about their adventure on Mary's Hill but Kevin told him that he wanted to tell me. I'll tell you after dinner Dad.

We finished eating and Kevin right away asked me to come up to the attic with him. The girls and Greg said to go on up and that they would clean up and straighten out the table and kitchen. I followed Kevin up to the attic, taking along a cup of coffee.

"Dad, I want to show me something." Kevin said.

"Okay Kevin, what is it." I said

{Here Dad, look," he said. He handed me an old dirty pistol. I looked at the small pistol with much surprise and said, "You found this on Mary's Hill?"

"Yes Dad, I found it on the hill when Greg and I went digging today. There has to be more things buried Dad," he said.

"Well Kevin, I guess you're right. Finding that pistol up there shows there are things that happened up there. I'll tell you what, tomorrow Greg, You and I will take some shovels and go up to Mary's Hill and dig around."

Kevin got a smile on his face and said, "Thanks Dad, I knew you would want to go with us to find the other things buried there."

"Kevin, you go clean that pistol off and put it on my dresser. Monday I'll take it to the gun shop and see if they can tell me anything about it."

I left him in the attic and went downstairs to my bedroom. Anne was still there reading and began speaking to me as I entered, "Where have you been Pri?"

"Oh, Kevin found this old pistol up on Mary's Hill and he wanted to show it to me."

Anne announced to me that she was pregnant. What a shock. I said, "I thought we agreed not to have another child. Anne remarked, "But how did I get pregnant as we have not been passionate for months." I looked at her and could tell she had no idea that we made love last night.

Anne began to get excited and almost became historical, "It's her, I know. She is doing this to me."

This was the last straw. In the morning I would call a doctor and put Anne in the hospital for observation. She seemed to read my mind. Pri, I want you. I love you. Pri love me, Love Me (saying the word me very strongly and with that hoarse voice as if it was a different person in front of me. Again she spoke, "Anne doesn't love you. I love you." Love Me." Who was this? It wasn't Anne.

I was brief but I managed to say, "Who are you?"

"My name is Ruth, with the words coming out of Anne's mouth.

"I really was scared but I managed to say, "Yes Ruth, I love you, but who are you?" (Trying to humor her for information)

Just as suddenly Anne's eyes opened again and looked up at me. She spoke, "What is happening? What are you doing?"

I quickly left the room got into my pajamas, crawled into bed and was relieved that Anne was asleep.

As I was driving to the doctor's house I knew there was something more involved with the house with Anne that I could understand or help her with. I was thinking of all the past incidents and the admissions of last night. I said to myself, I wonder if she is possessed by Ruth. The word just slipped out. I probably don't need a doctor but someone to help; me with the spirit world, a priest/exorcist. By the time I had reached the doctor's office I had convinced myself that Anne was begin possessed. Perhaps being possessed explains those statements and how Anne mood changed so quickly. I'd never heard of a schizoid that was possessed. But, who was this Ruth. Doctor Parker was very understanding as I told him of some of the experiences that I had with Anne. He was very interested and fascinated by my story and of my analysis about a split personality and a spirit. He advised me to find someone quick. He gave me the name of a psychiatrist that was also interested in the occult. He wrote the name of Doctor Davis who was a professor of medicine at a University in Washington, D. C. Doc Parker said, "You tell him what you told me. I'll call him to tell him you are coming. He is very interested in cases like yours.

I arrived at the college in about 20 minutes. Dr. Davis was a tall man, gray hair, about in his mid 50s and lived alone in a house that reminded me of an old English mahogany paneled town house. My story excited him and he told me, "Mr. King, I have investigated many cases of schizoid and even spirit possession and each time it was either one of the other, never both. If this is true it will be the first case I have ever heard like it. I think that we have a dangerous case here and it should be handled very carefully. I am very glad you have come to me about it. If what you say is true we must work together quickly before Anne's mind goes into a permanent decline and she will not be able to control the possession. Now, Mr. King, I want you to go back home, try to keep calm and try not to excite Anne, in fact try to avoid her as much as possible. I will start calling some people that can cover my classes tomorrow. I shall come to the house tomorrow morning, say about 10:00 I would like to talk to Kevin also. Would you make some excuse to that Kevin will be home tomorrow. Say he is a little sick and can't go to school. I think that Kevin knows much more than he has ever said and if I guess correctly he might hold the key to what is happening. The doctor asked me if anything like this happened before you moved into your present house. I thought for a minute and then realized that nothing like this had happened before we moved into the house.

"Doc, is it the house?"

"I don't know for sure, but it could be," he said,"Good Lord," I said, "It's the house. I know it's the house."

I told Dr. Davis about the sounds and the vibrations I heard.

He remarked, "That is also interesting."

I felt better having told someone what was happening to me. He told me to try and not take any conclusions about anything. That is was best to examine the

facts and the information before making any conclusions. I left the Doc feeling better but very uncertain. I didn't know what to say to Anne when I arrived home but I told her I had to see a doctor as I had a pain in my back. She didn't question at all. I had to tell the boys that we had to postpone the trip to Mary's Hill but that the next weekend we would go for sure. In fact, school was closing for the Christmas Holidays on Tuesday. We could go then.

I never believed in spirits before, mostly because I didn't have any interest in them. But it was different now. I was scared, thinking that all spirits are evil. All that afternoon I sat in the front room thinking, being interrupted many times by the kids but just had to tell them to leave me alone and that Dad had to think alone. After a while they didn't question it and left me alone. I thought – Are spirits evil? Did the spirit of the wife still love the husband? After death does love go on? But what really scared me was that if everything was as it seemed to be and there was a spirit possessing Anne and this spirit loved me like it said that was scary. I was very tense when I went to bed that night. I turned out the light with Anne sleeping and not saying anything to her. The silence was nerve racking. I woke up the next morning at 8:30 and Anne was still sleeping.

I got a phone call from Dr. Davis and he was unable to find anyone to take his classes and that he would come that night around 7:00. I called the boys and told them there was a change in plans and that we could go to Mary's Hill today. After breakfast we grabbed the shovels and went up Mary's Hill. The weather was a bit chilly but we finally reached the top.

“Okay Kevin, where do we start digging?” I said.

“Gee Dad, how about starting here. He pointed to a small mound to the left of us. Greg was the first to begin digging and we joined in after I took a look around. Kevin and Greg were digging as I began to use my shovel. After a while, and a few feet deep, the boys rested for a while and began walking around the hill looking around. The hill was higher than the surrounding hills and one could see the surrounding area. If one climbed the big trees on the top he could see even further around the area. I thought what a great place to use as a lookout. I asked Kevin where he found the pistol. He took us to a place where the ground had been dug before. I had found out that the pistol was an old Civil War officer's revolver. Kevin and I began digging there when Greg shouted, “Hey Dad, Kevin, come here quick. Look what I've found.” We ran to Greg and he said he had found something metal. WE all began digging there and the metal object turned out to be a canteen. It had writing on the side and we would have to clean it to read what it said. Kevin kept digging and soon hit another metal object. He pulled it out and it was an old sword. But suddenly Kevin screamed and turned backward away from the hole. There in the hole was a human skull. It turned out to be a full skeleton still dressed; in an army uniform the kind and style worn by the south during the Civil War. By the insignia on the shoulder of his coat the uniform was that of an officer. Carefully the boys and I lifted the skeleton out of the ground and laid it on the side of the hole. The uniform was somewhat decomposed but it still was in good condition around the pickets. I decided to check the pockets and proceeded to open the one back pocket in the pants. There was a wallet with a number of items in it. First I took out some folded pieces of paper. I unfolded the

first one and upon examining it, it turned out to be an official order. The next was a bill receipt for supplies and finally the third was a map of the surrounding area. Going back to the wallet, I took out an I.D. card. The card read - Lt. James Carver. The address given was Napoleonville, Louisiana. I knew of the town mentioned. It was about 50 miles northeast of New Orleans. I even had an aunt and uncle living there now. I also remembered that I knew of a feed and grain store that had the name Carver. I put the papers and I.D. back in the wallet and carefully put the wallet, along with the canteen into one of the burlap sacks we had brought along. I searched the other pockets and put what I found into another sack. The boys began digging again in other places. They did find other items: some tools, a broken rifle and other smaller things, all of them going into the sacks for later examination.

We thought we had dug enough for the day and began to go down the hill as we were tired from digging for some hours. I told the boys I would write my aunt and ask if she knew anyone by that name. I wondered how Kevin knew we would find what we did. I told Greg and Kevin to begin cleaning the items and that we were having a visitor around 7:00 tonight. I was anxious to look over the relics we found but I was also very concerned about the visit of Dr. Davis. The girls had prepared a light dinner of soup and sandwiches. Anne was in bed all day reading another one of her Gothic novels. I had told her that a friend of mine was coming over to talk over the band festival coming up next month. I suggested that after we talked about the festival that she would come down and met him. The door bell rang and I went to the door and welcomed Dr. Davis. I took 'Jeff' into the front room where I introduced him to the kids, especially Kevin. I told the kids to find something to do as we had things to talk about. I had Amy get us a cup of coffee. We had thought to have Dr. Davis' girl friend come later in the night and Anne was glad to hear she was coming as they both had an interest in the fashion industry. Anne came down and went to the kitchen and fixed us some cookies to have with our coffee. I felt uneasy but Dr. Davis was able to get Anne to talk.

"Pri tells me you are interested in fashion Anne," said Jeff.

"Well, I'm interested but I'm not sure I know enough about the fashion field. I've made some clothes and have designed a jumpsuit that I'm wearing."

I had been so worried I hadn't noticed what Anne was wearing. She had on a bright orange jumpsuit. She had made the locked room a sewing room and while I was at school she would sew part of the day. I really didn't know she was doing this as it was when I was not home.

Dr. Davis spoke, "Anne," said Dr. Davis, "How do you like this new house?"

"I like the house sometimes and, other times it scares me. At times I feel real comfortable in it and other times, well, I seem not to remember certain moments."

Anne seemed to drift off into some sort of a trance. The doctor became very attentive to what was happening and leaned forward to speak to Anne, "Anne are you thinking about the house?" Anne looked at me, smiled and said, "Pri you desired me and I came."

Anne looked around, saw the doctor and said, "Who are you?" Why are you here?" Turning to Pri, she said, "Why did you desire me now? You are not alone. You don't desire me when others are present."

The doctor spoke up quickly, "Anne, please excuse me I didn't mean to stay. I meant to leave before you arrived." I looked at Anne, who was now Ruth and said, "Ruth, can't you wait. I have company. We can be together later."

Ruth spoke in her own voice, "Haven't you learnt yet? You looked at me in my jumpsuit and desired me so I came."

The doctor was closely taking notice of what was happening. Suddenly Ruth or Anne fell on the floor. A knock on the door was heard and Jean entered the room. Soon Anne came too and didn't remember anything that had happened. When Anne was okay I introduced her to Jean and they at once began talking about fashions and the industry. When Anne and Jean had gone to the kitchen for more drinks I asked the Doc what he thought. He began: "I think I can make a preliminary diagnosis Pri I have worked with other cases with schizoids and dual personalities. Anne falls into that category. Now that is just a quick diagnosis. Whether there are spirits connected to this case is something that will take more investigating. To actually make a final decision at this time I can't say. Usually schizoids don't usually begin with a trance but go directly to their new personality. I would suggest the next time Ruth comes that you try and find out as much as you can about who she is. When she comes or how you can make her come. I don't think that it is dangerous except if you don't do what Ruth says. Just remember that you are helping Anne out when you talk to Ruth. Try and bring Anne to the hospital for some tests."

"Okay doc, I' try and do what you suggest."

Jean and Anne came back into the room just as I had finished talking and we spent the next half-four talking. It turned out to be a very enjoyable evening. Jean had really like Anne's jumpsuit.

While Jean and Anne were talking the Doc and I went to see Kevin. It was late and Kevin was already in bed. The Doc said that he could talk to him at another time.

In the morning Anne had fixed breakfast and after went straight to her sewing room... the boys and I began cleaning the relics we had found.

The sword was a find and would sell for a lot of money. Greg had done a good job at shining it. Kevin showed me the second revolver he had found. Among the items were insignias, old tools, canteens, leather pouches and an old saddle. I thought that what we had found might rewrite the history of the Civil War in Maryland.

I thought this would be a good time to talk to Kevin. He had related to me a number of stories that he said were told to him by his friends. He kept relating stories of the Civil War that he couldn't have learned in school. One story that Kevin told me was about the passing of the southern Calvary and how they passed through the area prior to the battle of Gettysburg. No one had known what route some of the troops had taken. This troop had been commanded by General Jeb Stuart. This was not told in any history book when a northern patrol came upon some of the southern troops but no battle is mentioned.

The orders found in Lt. Carver's pocket did mention a date and they were for General Lee. Perhaps if these orders were delivered it might have changed the outcome of the war.

Kevin told me the story that he knew:

"One night a stranger came to the house. Kevin's two friends had just gone to bed. They had heard a knock on the front door and had sneaked to the top of the stairs to watch who had come. It was unusual for them to have a visitor as seldom did anyone come to the house during the night. As the stranger was let in the two kids quietly hide at the top of the stairs. They could see and hear what was happening. They heard a man's voice and then heard footsteps into the dining room. A man had entered dressed in a black cape and seemed to be limping badly. Their mother spoke, "You'll be safe here in the house for awhile. Most people don't even know there is a house here. Where are the others?"

"They're scattered. We're to meet at 4 mile crossing and from there try to get to Carolina," said the man's voice.

You'll have to get this leg fixed or you won't make it another mile," said the mother. Continuing, "There are a lot of southern sympathizers around here. You should stop and get this leg looked at. There's a doctor about 2 miles from here. I'll bandage it up. It should hold you until the doctor can take a look at it. I wouldn't tell the doctor your real name. The less he knows the better. Now, listen carefully – you head north on the road then turn right at the first cross road you come to. Go about a half mile and the doctor's house will be on the left."

With that, there was a pause in the talking and the mother left and returned carrying some coffee and rolls.

"Try some of this coffee and rolls while I fix your leg."

Most of the rest of the conversation was bits of talk and of no interest Kevin had said. Finally the mother said, "Okay, I think that will control the bleeding. Now hurry, on your way and go see that doctor I told you about or you'll bleed to death. Good luck."

The man came into the hallway and left only saying, "Thank you for your help. I shall remember it always." It sounded a little mellow dramatic and rather theatrical I thought.

About an hour later the kids heard another knock on the door. The kids again hid at the top of the stairs and saw three gentlemen enter into the hallway and asked the mother if anyone had seen a man hereabouts. A man with perhaps a broken leg. The mother said that she had not seen anyone and strangers seldom came to the house this time of night. One of the men then said, "If you have any information please conduct the local police. The man is wanted for murder, he has shot President Lincoln."

After hearing Kevin's account of this incident there could be no doubt that the doctor that worked on this man was not involved in any conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln. Doctor Mudd, the doctor who was accused of helping John Wilkes Booth escape had no part in the attempt. From the conversation Booth did not know of the doctor before the mother had told him. If only these facts were known during Dr. Mudd's life. He wouldn't have been sent to prison. He had nothing to do with the plot of assassination.

It was one snowy evening those events that shook me took place. I was in the front room, the fire was burning brightly and I was sitting close enough to it to feel the warmth and I was enjoying, watching through the open curtains, the snow coming down. I had in my hand a warm cup of eggnog and I picked up a book I had finally gotten from the library entitled, "Lee's Lt's. Kevin's stories had renewed my interests in the Civil War. I was interested in military strategy. This interest had come from the research I did on my Master's Thesis on the musical history of the March. I had researched early bands which were mostly military and in reading how some of the bands took part in the plans of military leaders I found an interest in how military campaigns were planned and how military strategy worked.

The snow was pilling up on the edge of the window sills and it was indeed cozy to be inside and still see the pleasant snowfall. The reflection of the fire hit the glass and the snow flakes and the heat from inside caused each small window pane to have its own shape when the snow melted. The darkness of the night made a perfect background. The calm night was suddenly interrupted by a loud scraping sound, the same sound I had heard before. As it was very quiet the sound was very distinguishable. After about a minute I noticed the inner wall was beginning to shake. I ran outside in the snow and looked at the roof. The weather vane was still visible in the moonlight. The vane was turning very rapidly and was making a humming sound as it turned. It suddenly stopped and began turning the other way just as fast. The vane was old and it couldn't take the strain of moving so fast. With a loud metallic crunch it came falling down. I had to jump back as it bounced off the roof and landed right on the spot that I just moved from. I went outside perhaps to see if there was an earthquake. As I didn't feel the ground moving I returned to the house and went into the front room. The wall was still vibrating. Then just as suddenly the sound stopped and the wall stood still. There was a large crack running from the floor to the ceiling. The sound had come from the highest point of the house.

The next few weeks followed the same pattern as before. We found more relics on the hill, Kevin had more stories to tell and Anne was as unpredictable as ever. She spent her time during the day in the sewing room. On occasion she would go out and get material. Ruth still made an appearance on and off. Anne still had her temper tantrums

* * * * *

It was the night of the fall equinox and they were assembled in secret on the top of Hill's Mountain. They were from the early covenant, the earliest one, the one descending from the old world Welsh covenant. While the altar was old it would still serve the purpose intended for that night. The year was 1785. The area below the mountain was now inhabited by a few farm houses and a town had been settled and populated about 7 miles to the south. The town was called "Glentower and when entering it one cold almost feel as if they were in one of the quaint old Welsh towns of old Wales.

It was a strange town, the town's people seemingly normal but after staying in the town more than one night, tourists never wanted to return and spend any more time here. Outward appearances would seem to everyone quite normal but on Sundays any tourists that wanted to go to church were not welcomed. All the town's churches had closed membership and accepted no new members except the town's own populace. The doors of the churches were locked and one of the members would be outside to let in any members but no one else.

The signs in the front lawns of the churches read. "1st Baptist, Lutheran, St. Mark's Catholic Church, but inside the Christian religion was not practiced. There were no crosses, no holy statues. One the platform, at the front of the church was an altar, but, before it was a big circle and in the circle was a 5 point star.

Anyone entering the town on this September morning would find the town completely deserted. All the stores were closed, the houses empty. The streets entering the town had detour signs. No traffic came and no traffic left. The town was isolated from interference from any tourists or human in habitants. If one looked up to the north a strange green light could be seen in the sky. It looked like the northern lights in the sky but seldom were they seen this far south, and never except in the dead of winter and it was now barely fall.

AS one approached the top of the mountain the green smoke has thinned only remaining thick along the banks of the lake. Vegetation was growing and the air was clear and breathable. The trees and undergrowth still leaned toward the center of the lake as it grew. The smoke still drifted in strange pattern. It also moved toward the center of the lake, directly to the center of a whirlpool and then bent upward floating toward the sky to be spread by the high winds in all directions.

Beta stood at the head of the altar surrounded by hundreds of people holding green burning torches. On the altar was a figure of a young girl, lying on a stone slab that was the one to be sacrificed. But she was not. Beta then took a knife and took blood from her, then clothed her in a big green robe while the congregation chanted "Blessed is the covenant." Then there was a long line of people carrying green torches marched down the mountain and the town came to life again.

* * * * *

I was trying to understand all the things that have been happening. I believe the beginning of my understanding came when Greg came home from school one day and told me that his class was studying the history of the area and that they had talked about the past history of the house he lived in. I thought to myself, "That's what I should have done. Found out about the history of the house."

Greg began to tell me about the house's history:

"Dad, this house was built in 1800 by a family named Jointer. The family lived in it through the Civil War. During that time the grandson of the first builder lived here with his wife and two kids. Somehow the father died, I think it was in

the war, and the children were brutally murdered by somebody and the wife went insane. The facts our teacher said, were not well known and little information was available. He said that probably the library would have more information on about what happened but he was just going by information presented in a story in one of the magazines he had found. The house was vacant for many, many years until really about 40 years ago.”

I listened with much interest and found his story very fascinating. But did he have the facts correctly. He was just repeating what he had read. I had to know for sure. I said to Greg, “I’m going to try and find out more about the details of the history of the house. I hope I can fill in the missing parts. Tomorrow we’ll go to the library and the county courthouse. They probably will have some information about the house. WE might find out the real-estate deals and the names of previous owners.

Greg and I did go to the library the next morning. It took most of the day to look through the old records and the librarians suggested we go to the larger county library for more material. We did go to the county library the next morning. What we found out was very, very interesting.

The house was built, as Greg had said, in 1800 by J. B. Jointer, a farmer from South Carolina. After some years his son Dean was married and built a house for his new bride further down the road, much like the Jointer House with the exception the kitchen and the dining room were switched around. There was no further reference until the year 1848, at which time the grandson moved into the house with the new bride Anne. His name was Mark. Next was a newspaper clipping dated June 11th, 1864. Mark and Anne had had two children named Joy and Mark Jr. Joy was born in the year 1852 and Mark in 1854. In 1862 the father had gone to fight for the south in the Civil War, leaving his wife Anne alone with the duties of the house and to continue to raise the two kids.

In the archives I found a letter written by the father to his wife. It read: “My dearest Anne, going to war is never easy. My love for you and the children is very strong but you know I must go. I am writing this instead of saying it to you as I know I would not be able to say all the things needed to be said to you face to face. I am leaving the things that I love the most. I will carry with me the memories of our love, our two children and of our life. Tell Mark to keep studying about his generals (that boy knows more about the war than some of these generals.) And Joy, my sweet daughter, a joy in my life – and finally our peaceful, comfortable house. You know I must do this. A man must fight for his way of life if he is a man. I will return. This war will be over soon. Love, forever, Your loving husband Mark”

It was an emotional reaction I had reading this letter and I felt my eyes get a little watery.

Next I came across other papers that told of what happened to the family and the house after the father left.

The war had taken its toll as all wars do – on all things that one loves. The father would never know what happened to his family and of the house while he was away. The house was situated between the border of the north and the south battle lines. Soldiers from both sides would be seen passing in the valley below.

Too frequently soldiers from both sides would try and use the house as a shelter or a source of food or even as a lookout post and headquarters.

At first Anne was friendly to both sides but that changed with a few bad experiences and incidents caused by soldier of both sides. These incidents made Anne bitter against all soldier and as a result most soldiers were ordered to stay clear of the house and its occupants. She began to resent Mark's leaving to go to war more and more and couldn't understand how he could leave her and the kids. She hated the war, and one experience probably became the final blow.

One day a group of soldiers were passing, seemingly journeying to catch up with their unit and decided to make camp near the house. It was near dusk and the four soldiers drinking became uncontrollable. They saw Mrs. Jointer hanging out clothes and they approached her. They took advantage of Anne as drunken soldiers might do but she managed to escape and ran to the house. She could hear them follow her and trying the doors and windows to get inside the house. Running out of whiskey they thought that there may be some inside the house. They banged on the door and the door began to buckle. As they stepped back to again hit the door, it slowly opened, startling them but their monetary motionless bodies were greeted by a loud and burning sound of a double barreled shot gun. Three of the four were instantly killed. The fourth quickly turned and ran from the porch, leaving part of his left arm behind him. The story would have never been found out except for the accidental passing of a soldier seeing three graves and not remembering them the last time he past the field near the house. He had heard rumors and gossip about how three soldiers were killed near the house by an encounter with an enemy patrol. This was reported by the son of a wounded soldier. There were rumors that the house was haunted and most of the soldiers avoided close contact with the house. After officer approached the house he heard a voice "Keep off our property and get away from my house." Returning he issued orders for no one to go near the house. It was posted and both sides honored the voice request and the house was left alone.

Life around the Jointer House was boring for its three occupants. The only excitement was when Mark, noticing troop movements back and forth pass the valley below the house. First one side and then the other. The house was situated such that he could see the area below it for miles and he would sit in the highest part of the house, the top of the roof and look around. He had binoculars and would gaze for hours with hopes of catching a glimpse of any troop movement. He kept a diary of every military encounter and became a trained observer of all troop movements in the surrounding area. Now and then he would see a small skirmish or a chase. He could, now and then, hear gun fire and explosions when he couldn't see anything.

In contrast Joy would spend most of her time helping her mother in the kitchen and other parts of the house.

They all missed their father very much but they tried to live the life they now had as content and calm as they could until the day that the father returned home from the war.

The most terrifying occurrence happened in a dark night in June. The moon was behind a cloud with the moonlight very dim and the air was warm and

somewhat moist. At around 10:30 P.M. a knock on the front door broke the silence of the night. The children were in bed and Anne was in the kitchen cutting some meat for the next day's meal. She wiped her hands on her apron and went to the front door.

"Who's there?" said asked. She waited for an answer for a few second then repeated, "Who is there please?" Again she waited. No answer. She moved to the window beside the door and looked out. She could see no one. She then went back into the kitchen and continued her work, cutting the meat with a butcher knife. A short time passed, really only a few seconds when she again heard the side door rattle and a strange scratching sound came from the outside of the door. She had dismissed the first knock as being caused by the wind but this sound couldn't be the wind. It must be some kind of animal. In the surrounding woods there are bobcats, even an occasional bear, and many small animals such as woodchucks, beavers, possum and even porcupines. Anne again went to the door and shouted, "Who's there?" No one answered. She was sure she had heard something or someone at the door. She yelled again, "Who is it? Why don't you answer me?" Her voice having presented a tone that quivered slightly making it sound a bit worried and scared. No one answered. She became a little bothered and on her way back to the kitchen and passing the closet, she reached in and brought out the shot gun. She took it with her when returning to the kitchen placing it in the corner near to where she was working. No sooner did she put the gun down when she heard a loud pounding on the door that led into the room that was called the study. She went and picked up the gun and said, "Okay, whoever you are, go away." She waited a moment. No answer. She then bravely but perhaps foolishly opened the door of the study. The gun was pointed straight into the door opening where nothing could hope to enter without being hit by the blast of the shotgun. "Okay, whoever you are, go away," she said as she slowly stepped into the doorway and looked at the surrounding area. There was no answer and she observed no movement in the area around the door and in the patio surrounding the old well. She shouted again but got no reply. Whatever caused the noise at the door was no longer there. She moved outside onto the patio and moved around the well, keeping the shotgun cocked and ready to fire if anything moved. Circling the well she again approached the doorway. She stepped back in turning to once again look around but saw nothing. She closed the door and locked it and returned to the kitchen hoping to finish her work without further interruption. Getting back to work she told herself that it had to be an animal or it could be the wind - or both. She felt safe with the shotgun. Her meditation was interrupted again by the same scratching, knocking sound. This time it was at the back door. Whatever it was, it was trying all the doors to see if there was a way into the house. The pounding developed into a rattling and shaking of the door. Anne took the shotgun and went straight to the door and called out, "Who is there?" Again there was no answer. She tried looking out the window of the door but detected no movement. She once again returned to the kitchen this time with hesitation and listening for any other sounds. She didn't have to wait long but this time it wasn't the knocking on a door but the breaking of glass. It came from the front room and probably the sound was the breaking of the glass in the bay

window. Backing up through the doorway to the front hallway the object came toward her. In a split second Anne fired. Her shot didn't hit the object but it slumped to the floor and lay still. Hearing the sound of the shotgun Mark came down stairs holding a candle. Together they approached the object on the floor. It was a body. It was the body of a soldier with one arm gone, torn clothes, dirt and blood all over his body. They turned the head and suddenly Anne screamed – it was her husband. He had been wounded and tried to come back to her but his strength had not lasted. It was no her shot that killed him but the loss of blood and energy. Anne began hitting the floor with the butt of the shotgun. Joy came down and joined the two. Anne was in a rage and couldn't control any of her actions. The kids were in danger of her rage....There the story ends. No one knew what happened to the two children but it was suspected that they died that night. Anne was completely insane and it was thought that she was put into an insane asylum.

After this incident the house was boarded up and remained vacant for years. No one wanted to live in the house. The companion House built by a relative was also boarded up and also remained vacant. As with old houses strange stories began to circulate and gossip was heard about the happening of the houses. Strange stories about how if anyone spent the night in the house they were never seen again. Some said the house was haunted with ghosts moving around at night. Others said that the house itself was evil and did not welcome intruders. Some wanted the house torn down. There were reports of a green light being seen on certain nights. This light was reported to be seen moving from room to room, finally disappearing with the arrival of dawn. The police investigated but found no evidence of anyone in the house.

The mystery of the green light came to a climax on the night of January 11th, 1895 at about 11:00 P.M. Early that night the police received a report again about the green light. At first they ignored the report but when the same person called again at 10:00 there appeared a deviant incident, the green light was not moving as previously green lights but was now stationary and had remained so for two hours staying in the same room of the house. The police arrived at the house around 4 A.M. As they approached the house, driven up the twisting driveway, they too could see the green light shining, not moving, but remaining in the same window of the same room. After taking down the boards of the front door, they entered the house. The chief of police had been the one that had investigated the tragedy of Mrs. Jointer and now returned to the house to check on the latest trouble.

They climbed the stairway and reached the head of the stairs next to the room. They could see the reflection of the light coming from the room through the roof, the light was moving within the room. Somebody was in there, moving the light back and forth. Just as in the past, the chief pushed open the door, it wasn't locked. The light shone brightly. In the middle of the room was a rocking chair. In the chair was the body of a human, holding a lantern with a green light. The light was burning brightly and the rocking chair was moving back and forth. Beside the chair was an old shotgun. The chief moved to the front of the rocking chair and said to his deputy, "Meet Mrs. Jointer." The mystery of the green light was solved but now existed the question of Mrs. Jointer.

Two years after Mrs. Jinter had entered the asylum she and another inmate had escaped. After leaving the grounds they had flagged down a carriage and drove away. A short distance, about 12 miles from the asylum there was a horrible carriage crash. The police found two badly mutilated bodies. The two bodies were identified by their rings and physical characteristics. They were identified as the two inmates that had escaped. It became obvious now that one of the bodies was not that of Mrs. Jinter. Mrs. Jinter must have taken a ring off one of the lady passengers of the carriage so that she would be mistaken for her. Mrs. Jinter then must have returned to her house and lived there for the remaining years of her life. The green light was her moving from room to room. When investigating the house she was never found. The chief thought that there must be some kind of hiding place when anyone came into the house.

After the funeral of Mrs. Jinter, the house remained boarded up. No one wanted to live in the house. The next 70 years the stories about the house grew in notoriety and persisted and of course were exaggerated. It was now believed that the house was haunted.

In 1930 the house and land was sold at auction and a new owner finally moved in, unaware of the past history of the house. Since that date the house was never occupied by a tenant for any length of time. It changed owners many times, much of the time it was left vacant. It was sold, resold, reoccupied and the resold. The house did not welcome anyone. The owners who left, gave no reason, no one ever bothered to find out why no one tenant stayed very long. Upon reading the story of Mrs. Jinter most of the women living in the house did not like to live there.

After reading the many stories about the house it was with some hesitation that we returned home. I thought the next thing to do is to talk to Kevin about his friends. Then I wanted to find out why the family we bought the house from moved.

After a late dinner Anne retired to the bedroom to read and I sat down to watch the news on TV. Suddenly the noise was heard. It was a loud scraping sound. I turned down the TV and listened very closely. It was coming from the upstairs part of the house. This time I was determined to find out what was making the sound. I went directly to the kitchen, got a flashlight and started up the stairs. I was startled by a figure on the stairway. I turned the flashlight to it. It was with a sigh of relieve that it turned out to be Greg. He said to me, "I heard it too Dad. I was coming down to tell you about it."

"Okay," I said, "Let's go up and see this time what it is." Each time I heard the sound it was about a month apart. "I continued, "After we look in the attic to see what it is I' going to sit down and try and figure out the exact time I always hear that stupid sound."

We were now at the bottom of the attic stairs and the strange noise was still being heard. As we got closer to the top of the stairs the noise seemed to drift further away getting a little softer as we climbed the stairs. AS we reached the floor of the attic the sound appeared to be coming from the room below, the sewing room, or as Kevin called it "The Hot Room." With the sound coming from that room it brought back to me that it was the room that they had found Mrs.

Jointer in the rocking chair. We climbed down the stairs and approached the sewing room. The noise 'was' coming from that room. I turned the key in the door and turned the door knob with my left hand. The door pushed open. I shone my flashlight around the room, not thinking to put the light on. As I flashed the light around I noticed the light switch and turned it on. The sound stopped. The room was very; not, it was like walking into a furnace. We looked around but nothing was there. I had Greg open a window to try and cool the room

Before I thought nothing of some of the old furniture we found in the house but now, some of the furniture took on a more interesting attraction, especially the old rocking chair rocking in the center of the room.

"Rocking?"

Greg and I turned to the chair. It was still rocking. In the stillness of the night, a low soft moaning laugh was heard, seemingly coming from the unoccupied rocking chair. Then the rocker stopped moving. The room suddenly became cold. I motioned to Greg to get out of the room and I followed quickly, closing the door and turning the key to lock the door.

It was over. The noise had stopped. Nothing had been damaged. Nobody hurt. There was nothing to do but go to bed. I sent Greg to bed and told him to keep his door open. I would be in my bedroom with the door open so I could hear if anything happened. But, for tonight, it was over. After thinking in bed I decided to go down to the den to figure out the dates I had heard the noise. The first was around the Christmas Holidays. I had gotten down to the bottom of the center stairs and decided to get my clipboard I had left on the coffee table. On the floor by the back wall I saw a pile of plaster. The wall had cracked very badly and a large scar appeared from the top to the bottom. I thought of the first time I had heard the noise that the wall showed a crack. Somehow the noise and the crack had to be related. After much figuring I discovered that the noise happened on the 11th of each month. In the library all the events seemed to happen on the 11th of a month. There had to be a reason for this. This was the date of the tragedy of Mrs. Jointer. And the time was 11:00, the same time as it was earlier when the sound happened tonight.

It was the next day that I had heard from a school in California that I had gotten the band job that I had applied for. If I accepted the new job we would be moving to California and leaving the house. When I told the family everyone but Kevin loved the idea of moving to California. Kevin said he didn't want to leave his friends. Anne didn't react one way or the other. She was indifferent to moving.

I was approaching the house in the car after an exasperating day at school I was met by Kevin who appeared very anxious to talk to me.

"Dad, can I talk to you, alone." Kevin said.

"Sure Kevin, just let me go up to the bedroom and have a chance to take my coat off. Why don't you go up to your room and I'll come and we'll talk in there, Okay?" I said.

When I entered Kevin's room he was sitting on his bed waiting.

He said, "Dad, I told my friends that we are going to leave and go to California. They want to do to. Can they Dad?"

“Oh great,” I thought to myself, the spirits will go with us.”

“Well Kevin, I don’t believe so but I’ll think about it.” Kevin looked very worried when he heard my answer. I thought that maybe I would humor him and just say yes, but I didn’t.

Soon it was the 11th day of the month and Dr. Davis was coming over to investigate the phenomenon. It should be a very interesting night. I soon heard his car coming up the driveway. He got out of his car with a strange woman. He introduced me to a Ms. Barbara Hopkins. De explained that Ms. Hopkins was a psychic. I thought it might be beneficial to have her here.

Ms. Hopkins was a very pretty woman, straight black hair and a certain charisma about herself. I found out that her father was America and her mother Chinese. Dr. Davis said that Barbara had amazing success with her psychic powers. Immediately when she entered the house she stopped suddenly and her face twisted and I noticed her left eye twitched. She closed her eyes, and as if she was fighting something she became limp. I caught her just as she began to fall. I carried her into the front room and laid her on the couch. The Doctor immediately knew what to do and I just stood there, somewhat in a daze.

Soon she came too and began to talk, “There are spirits in this house, some good and some bad-evil. When I passed through your door, a spirit tried to enter me but I fought it away. I didn’t know what to think. Looking at Ms. Hopkins I thought that she and Jean were the only two women that had entered this house.

After realizing that perhaps any woman that entered this house might be in danger I asked Dr. Davis about having Barbara leave but after talking with her he said that she wanted to help and this house needed help. She said she was able to fight off the spirit that tried to possess her upon entering the house but was more afraid of the others. Something in the chemistry between Ms. Hopkins and me seemed to jell. She had been told the history of the house and she replied that there was even more history to be discovered. She felt that the land on which the house had been built was hallowed ground and haunted by dark spirits.

It was now near 11:00. If nothing happened I would feel like a fool. But I was more scared if something did happen.

Barbara was the first to react, a few seconds before anyone else. “Listen, it is here. Do you feel it, I do,” said Barbara.

Then it started, at first slowly vibrating, softly sounding but it didn’t take long to gaining momentum. I saw my hard work from last month be destroyed in a matter of seconds. The inner wall was vibrating faster and more violent than I had ever seen before and a huge crack appeared in the same place, splitting the wall from ceiling to floor. One could feel the vibrations even in the floor of the front room. “It’s here, the evil one,” Barbara voice shouted with rhythms of terror.

“Quick Pri, the attic,” Dr. Davis shouted. We both ran toward the stairs. Greg was right behind us. We were accompanied by Ms. Hopkins. The sound was extremely loud. The narrow, steep stairway to the attic could only hold one at a time. Dr. Dave was the first up, then Greg then me and a trembling Ms. Hopkins. The sound was coming from the far end of the attic near one of the windows. The attic was dark, as previously stated there were no electric outlets. We only had our flashlight to use as a light source. Nothing could be seen in the beams of light

when flashed on the source of the sound. All around the walls, ceiling and floor our lights shone but showed nothing.

Ms. Hopkins spoke, "There is something there – a spirit, no not something, some things, more than one spirit. I can't tell how many"

Just as she finished talking, Greg yelled, "Dad, look at the floor."

We shined our lights simultaneously onto the floor where Greg's light was. What we saw scared us, especially Dr. Davis and Barbara, for they knew what it meant.

What we saw were huge scratches - marks on the floor, running from one side to the other. As we stood there looking at the floor the sound became louder and was coming toward us. Dr. Davis told me to take Ms. Hopkins down and then said, "Greg, get down from there quickly, we are in great danger."

We quickly hurried down the steep stairway, followed by Dr. Davis. The sound seemed to come to the top of the stairs and stopped there. We were all now down. I stood at the bottom of the stairs pointing my light toward the top and the sound, its beam shaking from my excitement. As I pointed the light the sound stopped. There was silence – except for a low, moaning, laughing sound that faded away with time. We all went down into the front room. It was Dr. Davis who began: "There is real danger here. It is one thing when spirits are heard, felt within the mind, but when a spirit breaks out of the spirit world and is manifested in solid form as those scratches indicate, then the spirit is capable of inflicting tangible evidence of itself on human beings. In other words, now there is danger of bodily harm."

Barbara then spoke, "This spirit has found the door to the real world and she is a tormented spirit. In real life she would be classified as a troubled person, perhaps even insane. But there is also danger in other spirits. This house contains many spirits. There is something special about this house, this area, this PLACE. When a spirit becomes of this world, it is most difficult and dangerous to reverse the action and return a spirit to his own world. There is trouble among the spirits in this house. It must be one of the few vortexes in the world. A place where spirits have gathered to escape their world. We must find out all about the past of this place in order to know what and how to control these spirits. I can only assume that this is consecrated ground. There must have been things happening in the past on this ground that cannot be reversed. There is strong, energy and magic here." The girls came down after being awakened by the noise.

Barbara suddenly tightened up and looked toward the doorway and then smiled. Just at that moment Kevin came through the door into the front room. When Kevin got into the room he and Barbara turned and saw the appearance of Anne in the doorway. We quickly realized that this was not Anne but the spirit within her. The spirit spoke, "You will never come back to this house or I will destroy you.

All of you want to destroy me. Beware, and heed this only warning." It then turned to Barbara and Kevin and said pointing to Kevin, "You, be careful. I do not want to hurt you." Pointing to Barbara, "You be careful. There are things that you do not understand that are dangerous, but you can protect him, (suddenly pointing to me) if you do the right things.

“Me, why me?” I said, “Why me, Ruth?”

“Ruth, you call me Ruth?” She turned around with the sound of soft laughter she climbed the stairs and we heard footsteps into the bedroom. Then silence.

Stunned we all just stood frozen not moving. Kevin was the first to speak and he looked at Barbara and said, “It was her, the mother.”

“Yes, I think it was,” said Barbara.

“It was who Kevin?” I said as I moved to Kevin’s side and was holding him by his shoulders. Dr. Davis tried to calm me.

“Dad, it was Mrs. Jointer. It was her I know her. My friends told me to be careful of her.”

“Why didn’t you tell me” I shouted at Kevin.

”But I did Dad. I told you about my friends.”

”Pri, said Dr. Davis, why don’t you send the kids to bed. They’ll be okay. Barbara confirmed what he had said, “There’s no danger right now. It should be over for tonight. It’s always hard when a spirit enters one’s body.

Dr. Davis and Barbara then left after telling us not to worry. Barbara turned when going out the door and told Kevin, “You are a special little boy.”

I finally got Ruth to talk about who she was after a romantic session.

My name is Ruth Armstrong. I was a living person once. In the spirit world there are no devils or Gods but good and evil. The spirit world is made up of those that were once alive and they keep their personalities when they become spirits. The ‘pure’ spirits are the ones that control the spirit world. A second chance is found when a spirit possesses a new born child. It is a reincarnation. There are certain places on earth that can attract and hold spirits and this house is the place. This house is built on a vortex.

I was born in Seattle and I died there. Then Ruth stopped and I saw Anne slip into sleep.

When Anne was out of the house to attend a meeting about her jumpsuit I called Barbara to ask her to come over to talk. I told her about what I had found out about Ruth. It was not long that Pri noticed the change in Barbara and quickly he realized that Ruth had taken over Barbara. Quickly left the room and went outside. It was dangerous for any women to enter the house when I was there.

* * * * *

Joan Toms was her name. She was sent by the real estate firm. She asked about coming over tomorrow night to sign the papers for the sale of the house. I had taken the job in CA and we had to sell the house. After what happened between Barbara and me when we were alone, I told Miss Toms that she could come Thursday night. Anne would be home then. My hesitation was understandable. When Joan arrived Anne was still not home and she found it strange that I didn’t ask her in but signed the papers on the hood of her car. With incident she drove off with the signed papers.

When Anne arrived home she was excited about the possibilities of selling the jumpsuit for a good profit.

After dinner when we were in bed Ruth came again but not as an evil spirit. She immediately put my mind at each and told me about the pure spirit that wanted to come back and that I must prevent it from doing so. This is the only the second time I have entered Anne's body. The other times it was an evil pure spirit, a spirit that we must stop from entering your world.

We were leaving the house in the morning and had only to spend one last night in the house. But that night became a terrible troubled night and a complete disaster. When I was sitting in the front room the house began to shake. Anne came into the room but was possessed not by Ruth but Mrs. Jointer. She spoke: "You'll never leave this house with my children." Suddenly Kevin came into the room and through him another spirit spoke: "No Mrs. Jointer. You will not hurt anybody else. Be gone in the name of Bal." Kevin's spirit seemed to have more power and Anne's body sank to the floor. The wall began to crack open, the house shook and it was coming apart. Sparks from the fire sprang out and caught the drapes on fire. I broke the glass in the bay window, pushed out the two boys and lifted Anne and dropped her to the boys and then climbed out myself. The house was now in total flames and would be lost.

* * * * *

Keta had been running for hours it seemed. He reached the river and jumped in and swam across. There was a town near and he entered the river again and began drifting down stream on a log. He floated past the town and when the town was long gone he swam to the river bank. He had hoped the river had thrown off his sent to the barking dogs. He now needed to rest and he instinctively went to a high hill where he could see any people approaching.

Keta had now spent 3 weeks on the plateau, occasionally climbing one of the high trees to survey the area for any activity of his pursuers. One night he saw a line of green lights coming up the hill. He hid in a tree and from there he watched what he thought was a voodoo ceremony with a young girl and robed priests. After this Keta knew he had to leave this place as it was a hallowed place.

Before he left Keta invoked his God Bzili to bless this hallowed ground and then left to go north to freedom.

* * * * *

Bob Seymour lived in the companion house. As I drove up to it I thought I was seeing the Jointer house again. As we entered I noticed that the inside was in a different pattern than the Jointer house. Bob was glad to put us up for the night. He had heard about the fire. After the kids were in bed Anne and the kids were staying with Jean. The next morning the 2 boys and I would go back to see the ruins of Jointer house.

The Jointer house was in ruins. The ashes by the late morning had cooled. I wondered if the fire had gotten rid of the spirits.

"Dad," said Kevin, I still feel some spirits around."

“Well Kevin,” I said, “I guess we’ll never know.”

We walked around the ruins. There was hardly a piece of wood left. It was totally burnt down. “Well,” I said, “we better go back. I need to call up the insurance company.”

I thought that someday in the future someone may build an apartment house on the ruins.

We then went back to Bob’s house and met the girls and Anne there. After dinner I sat down in the front room and relaxed. I thought that this would be the first time I could spend a night out of Jointer house. I was looking forward to a good night’s sleep. The kids were in their beds and after a nice night with the Seymour’s Anne and I went to bed. No sooner did I lay down I was asleep. I don’t know how long I slept but I was awakened by screams. I turned to Anne but she was not there. I heard the kids screaming.

“Dad, it’s mom,” Greg said. “She’s acting wild.”

“It’s the spirit of Mrs. Jointer, Dad,” said Kevin. “She tried to hurt us, especially Me Dad. Because of my friends Kevin said.

Suddenly there were loud footsteps running past the door and down the stairs. I ran just in time to see Anne at the bottom of the stairs. She turned into the front room. Kevin, Greg and I began to follow her. The only way out was through the door to the kitchen. We went there but she was nowhere to be found. She had vanished.

I called the police. I think Anne was really in danger now. The girls were so shook that I had them go to the hospital and stay there for the night.

“Dad,” said Kevin, “I think we should go back to the house tomorrow. I have a feeling.”

I remarked, “I think that’s a good idea Kevin. We can’t just sit around here. Not with your mother missing. But you two go to bed.

We know there are still spirits here Dad,” said Kevin, as he walked through the ashes. We each had a long stick and were poking around the ashes. Suddenly Kevin yelled, “Dad, Greg, over here.”

We both ran over to Kevin. He was standing where the downstairs bath would be between the kitchen and the den.

“Look,” said Kevin, a trap door. In the space between the bath and the den, the area of the floor that was always covered by a rug, was a trap door. Many times I had walked over this trap door and never once did I even think of there being one there. No one had said anything about a trap door.

I sent Greg to the car to get some flashlights and upon his return we began to climb down the stairs to a large room. In the room we found some lanterns and I lit one of them. It gave off a strange green light. I thought that Mrs. Jointer must have hid down here when anyone came to look for her. I lit the other lanterns and from the light we looked around. On our left there was a short tunnel, going into a dug-out part that was about 20 feet square. There were other short tunnels with other dug-out parts but, there was one tunnel that did not seem to have an ending. It was a passage way, but to where? The cellar seemed to be a center point for many tunnels in every direction from the center. It was like the catacombs of Rome.

In the first dug-out were a lot of old pots and tools, most of which I figured were for farming. There were also stacks of lumber. In a corner were 7 jars still containing preserved foods. A stamp on them said, 1860-61.

We went back to the entrance and took the next tunnel to another dug-out portion. There were shelves around the walls with more jars of preserved foods. On the floor in one corner was a large pile of broken jars. In the center was a little table and chair. It contained some old dishes with rotten food still in them, molded from age. I thought the signs were pretty plain. It was obvious that we had solved the mystery of Mrs. Jointer. She had lived down here for years and went upstairs probably only to get water and then only at night. She used the lanterns we found to light her way. The mystery of the green light and the disappearance of Mrs. Jointer was solved and no longer a mystery.

We returned to the entrance and took still another tunnel. We took the one next in line. We ended up in a similar dug-out. This room contained a bed, dresser, a desk, chair and a bookcase. On the shelves were many books and other interesting things. There was a book left on the desk. I blew off the dust and opened it, browsing through it quickly. It was Mrs. Jointer's diary. I put it under my arm and while I really wanted to stay and look around with more attention, there were still a number of tunnels left.

Greg called me over to look at what was a stone lined tunnel marked with what Kevin said was a Druid symbol. We walked about 20 yards with no end. The passage way turned a little to the left. Another 50 yards and still no end. There was a small stream that came from the wall and disappeared underground in the direction of the other wall of the tunnel. I stopped here and said, "I figure we must be somewhere beyond the road now."

We walked for 10 minutes and when I lifted the lantern in front of me I spotted a ladder. We gathered around the bottom and I was the first to climb up. The top had a trap door which I pushed open. As I began to go through the trap door I noticed movement on my right and as I quickly ducked an axe passed near my head. The sudden movement caused me to fall and the two kids sort of caught me and broke my fall. Someone up there tried to kill me. I told the kids that we should go back from where we came and call the police and then come back to discover where the trap door led.

The police chief and two men climbed down the trap door in the ruins and Greg, Kevin and I lit lanterns for them. We began walking through the passage way to the other trap door. Just as the passage way turned to the left, the first policeman, before anyone could prevent it, was hit on the head by what looked like a shovel. His lantern dropped as he fell to the ground. Whatever it was it began running away down the tunnel toward the other trap door. The other police were quickly at the side of the injured man. He was not hurt badly, just a bump. He said he could go on. Quietly then, we continued down the tunnel. Whatever it was, we were gaining on it. Our lantern light caught a figure climbing the ladder through the trap door. We arrived and one of the policemen climbed the ladder. Everyone finally climbed through the trap door. I was just reaching the room when the police were holding a figure. The figure spoke, "You will never take my children, I'll kill everyone first."

The figure went through a series of contortions and transfigurations that made its body anything but human. No human would be able to bend his arm, neck, etc. in such a way. The face puffed up, the muscles rippled up and down. It wasn't human. The figure then went limp. It was dressed in torn old clothes but then a human form returned. I look and my heart left my body. It was Anne. A loud scraping sound began and a screaming/laughing sound traveled down the ladder and was heard traveling down the passage way. I didn't follow but went to Anne. She was unconscious. I asked the chief to call an ambulance, this is my wife.

Then I thought "where are we?"

We were in a room and I resumed a house, but what house?

Anne regained consciousness but didn't recognize me. Her mind had snapped. She was in bad shape mentally. I went through a door and the recognized the room. It was the kitchen of the Seymour house. The two houses were connected by the underground passage way. There were more questions to be asked about the strange history of Jointer house. This experience answered something – Mrs. Jointer's spirit was still in the area of the house. After the ambulance took Anne away I spoke to Greg and Kevin saying "We are going after that spirit and destroy it. There has to be a way and I think I know where the answer lies."

The boys followed me down the ladder and through the tunnel. I felt the dairy in my belt and I believed that it held the clue to destroying the spirit. We got to the ruins but no evidence of the spirit. We returned to the Seymour house but I decided to have everyone stay at a motel that night. I picked up the girls and we went to visit Anne but she didn't recognize any of us. After getting settled in the motel I began to read the dairy.

The first entry was on the 12th of November.

"I am in another world. I know I'm not dead, but I am away from life as I knew it. All people are now my enemy. I will not let them find me. I will hide. The cellar---no one knows about the cellar. I will be safe down here. I was told about the cellar by the spirit."

The writing was hard to read but I continued to do my best. It continued: "I live here now, in the cellar and I can move about in the two houses anytime I want to. I feel there are others present."

I turned the page and a folded up piece of paper dropped out of the dairy. It was a copy of a very old newsprint. I opened it and read it carefully. The headline read: "Two sisters are dual suicides." It was dated Nov.11, 1911 and read:

"On Nov. 11, at around 11:00 twin sister committed suicide by hanging themselves out of the attic of Jointer house, one on each side of the attic out the two windows adjacent to each other. The two sisters, Carol and Jody were identical twins and the only difference was one was much darker in skin color than the other. The reason for this dual suicide was the note left that stated "because my baby died, I cannot live in this world."

IN information received from the hospital at the time of birth we have gathered the following biographical information about the twins.

Both the twins were in love with Ablemal, a farmer in the area. Each had an affair with this man and became pregnant. At the exact time they both gave birth to a baby girl. Through an error in the hospital it was not known when one of the babies died, which mother's baby lived? The baby that lived was claimed by both mothers. They shared everything in life, until this time. From then on they would compete for everything the rest of their short lives. Each thought that it was their baby that lived. This caused the love that was once shared into a feeling of hate for each other. The big question came in who would be declared the legal mother. The hospital couldn't decide which the mother was. The two babies had been almost exact in looks, size, etc. Their recommendation was that the two shares the baby much like a divorced couple would do with their children. The father didn't want any part of taking the responsibility of a father. And, the day the baby and its mothers returned from the hospital the father came to the house and because of an incident that was classified as an accident, was killed when he was in the attic and fell down the steep attic steps and broke his neck and back. No one was in the attic at the time. No one knew what he was doing up there.

Three weeks after the baby was brought home he was found dead in his crib. No one could find out why the baby died and each twin blamed the other for being careless with the baby. The deaths of the sisters took place that very night. While no one could really know the true story of what happened in the attic that night speculation is that one sister killed the other and then committed suicide. Who did what will never be known.

In interviews with people knowing the twins we have the following information. The various woman who acted as governesses to the twins seldom lasted more than a few weeks. The sisters were cruel to them. When one twin was reprimanded the other would also show aggression against authority. When one of the twins did something wrong both would get punished. Some didn't last but a few days.

I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up I was still in the chair with the dairy on my lap. The kids were still sleeping. I decided to leave them a note to meet me later at the ruins of the old house.

I had to go to the hospital to check on Anne. Then I planned to call Barbara and bring her to the tunnels to see what else she could find out or help us find out.

I got to the hospital around 9:00. I saw the doctor and checked on Anne's condition. It was not good. It seems that Anne had physical damage to her brain and her vital functions were far from normal. I didn't really expect anything would be wrong physically. He also said that he would never think that she would be the same. She was fighting for her very life. I saw Anne in her room strapped down. I didn't recognize her as her appearance was so different. I then left the hospital and traveled to the ruins of Jointer house.

Barbara had arrived there and the kids were having breakfast and the boys would join me after with the girls staying in the motel.

So Barbara and I descended the steps to the tunnels below. We lit the lanterns and I led her to each of the tunnel's endings. She was picking up many vibrations that they were hard to separate.

In the first room, the one with the various pots and jars, Barbara was feeling impressions when we arrived in this section of the tunnel. She said, "Pri, some of these clay jars are what are called Gowi. They are used in Voodoo ceremonies. They contain the souls of many spirits. They are all in good shape except this one. The spirit loose in the house could have come from it."

The next tunnel located more in the center of the wheels. She was receiving impressions from spirits of many years ago. It was here that sacrifices must have taken Place. Barbara said, "Did you notice all the walls were covered by big stones. This place was once a Druid holy place. That explains the Druid priests that possessed Kevin. This room is the center of the Druid circle, the outer edge is surrounded by giant stones.

We walked into the next room, the room with the table, chair and bookshelves. We took down the books and found that they were all on the occult. Someone was into the occult and at one time used this space as a library.

Barbara suddenly went into a trance. She closed her eyes then opened them.

"Hello Pri, I'm so glad you've come back."

It was Ruth. "Ruth, you're still here."

"Yes Pri, I am still here."

"Ruth," I said, "Anne is near death."

I tried to bring Barbara back but Ruth controlled her mind now. While I could I asked Ruth to explain more details about her life. She began to talk:

"I was once a real person. My full name was R. L. Armstrong. There are some books in this room that you should read, especially in the places I have marked. The ceremony will enable you to communicate with me and be able to help me come into the real world."

With these words Barbara began to wake up. I told her about what had happened. We both were anxious to find out about everything. We found two very old books that had pages marked. We took them and met the boys on their way up the stairs. I told them that we were going to the library to read the books. They decided to go down and explore other aspects of the tunnels. I told them to come to the motel after they had finished.

I then called the hospital and it was then I found out that Anne had died. She had choughed to death on some chicken she had eaten. This hit me very hard but a feeling of relieve for Anne. She would not have to suffer anymore. I didn't know how I was going to bring her death to the kids but I would have to soon as I saw then next.

I was able to find some material on this Ruth Louise Armstrong. She was born in the year 1825 in Salem, Mass. As an adult Ruth was a tall, slender, black haired and fair skinned lady who had went to Seattle in the 1850s. She was 25 at the time she left Salem, considered a high, spirited, independent woman who was fascinated by the new frontier and the town of Seattle. With her family (mother, father & sister) she arrived in Seattle in May of 1850. The family moved into a

house at 5th & N Pike. Household chores kept Ruth busy. She was the older of the girls. Her mother died after a month leaving her father and her sister. Ruth never married. She was very intelligent but had been born deformed. She had been well educated and became one of the main figures in the female movement led by Susan B. Anthony. When her father died she suffered a nervous breakdown, not only from her father's death but of the breakup with the love of her life who turned out to be a married man. She had a long history of political activities and causes of many other groups like the Chinese laborers. She eventually became a recluse and after a visit to a Chinese priest, nothing more was heard from her. She disappeared from the Seattle area on a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The last place that had evidence of her was her hotel in Baltimore. Barbara had found out some other facts:

“There are two ceremonies that Ruth wants to have performed. The first is so that she can become a human and get out of the spirit world. The second is her will to cleanse the world of evil. We must find a way to find out if Ruth is who she claims to be.”

I told Barbara that I'd have to think about things. She left and I went down into the tunnel. There I found a group of papers rapped up on the top of the table. They were not there before. I untied the knots and opened them up. Wrapped up in the papers were some other papers and a photograph. The picture was strange to look at, especially when I read the inscription at the bottom. Ruth L. Armstrong, 1900. Good Lord, a picture of Ruth. There were pictures of Ruth when she was born that showed her deformity, one when Ruth was 25 when moving from Salem, and one from Seattle. There was also some hand written notes that were about her view on philosophy and on religion. She described this view as the “Faith of Truths,” based on love and truth. She claimed to know the secret of life and death and her secret was how two people could become one in mind and in body. She had sayings that she observed one of which was: “The gods of the old religion always become the devils of the new.” Ruth also had some diagrams on how life developed. After reading her papers I really did want to help Ruth.

I left the tunnel and went back to the motel. The children were there. I greeted them and tried to tell them about their mother, they had been through so much. I finally got the courage to tell them as gently as possible. They took it hard but they knew that they had to face reality and accept the fact that their mother is better off then when she was alive.

I hope that this is the end of the story. I am now married to Barbara and teaching in California and so far my life is back on the positive road. I pray for Anne every night and glad that her suffering is over. Sincerely, Pri King

