

Monomania

The Autobiography of Tom Dory

A novel by Tim Dunn

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Original Copyright © 1984 Tim Dunn

Modern edition Copyright © 2012 Tim Dunn

Cover Art Copyright © 2012 Tim Dunn

www.abidingconcepts.net

All rights reserved.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My dad would always pass along a good book for me to read. Science fiction, fantasy, adventure... always fiction. When I was about twelve years old I told my father that I wanted to write a book someday. That was about the time Tom Dory was born as a fictional character. Ideas about who Tom was or would become as a character resided mainly in my head, but every now and then would be written on note paper. It wasn't until 1984 when I came up with the outline, remaining characters and complete storyline for this book and put pen to paper. It sat unfinished for many years. When I picked it back up again is when I decided to have the main character tell his story in the first person. I didn't realize how different it would be to change the story from being about Tom Dory into a fictional autobiography written by Tom Dory, but it was very fun and I loved the challenge. Thanks to my best friend, my wife, for her encouragement to me to work on this project and see it through to completion. Life is easier knowing she is by my side. My wife and my kids are my favorite people to spend time with. My motivation is to see them smile.

Thank you to my daughters for their curiosity and enthusiasm to listen to my stories over the years, always wanting me to repeat them, and my youngest daughter for leaving me with the belief I could tell a good fable. I lost count of how many times by the campfire she asked me to tell the story of the 'gnarly stick'. Special thanks to my daughters for taking time to critique the material. Thanks to mom for reading with me early in my life, because readers will write. To my bro for looking up to me when I told him about this effort, (or at least pretending to was motivation enough). My hope is to crown him 'The Clairvoyant' after he reads the finished work. Finally, my heartfelt appreciation to my son for his contributions, creative consulting, permission to use Inso Man, and his understanding of me and my ideas. I can't wait for our next collaboration. But most of all, to the one who gave it all, my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

FOR DAD

INTRODUCTION

The events which take place in one's mind are vast in comprehension and variety. To be able to write down a single thought and to keep the idea as effective as it was originally conceived would be approaching the awareness of one's self.

Are we all part of several dimensions or realms of existence, not just one? Are we all spiritual beings and can we interact with other spirits from other dimensions? The schizophrenic at times gets trapped in more than one realm simultaneously, while the sane individual has the capacity to remain in one aspect at a time.

In the event of subconscious phenomena, I have arrived at this concept;

Consider the R.E.M. (Rapid Eye Movement) stage of sleep or the dream stage. During this stage of sleep I find myself in a conversation with another individual. That person was already physically present prior to my sleep. When I awaken, I immediately ask them, "Was I just speaking with you?"

They respond, "no, why?"

Then I ask, "Was I talking in my sleep?"

A curious response of, "No"

Now contemplate stories shared by people that were on their 'death bed'. Some claim that they were looking down at the situation below them, observing the people and things in their surroundings accompanied by other fuzzy details. Afterwards the person comes out of it and lives long enough to share their story. While the event was occurring there was still a connection between the physical and the subconscious reality.

There is more than one dimension and everyone is a part of these multiple realms of existence. Most people get stuck, prefer to stay in or choose to sustain themselves in only one existence. The lunatic gets stuck in a much different fidelity than the sane person and the schizophrenic mind can see images and beings from other dimensions while living in the reality as we know it, this realm you are now in.

When physical death occurs and the physical becomes separate from the other, let's call it spiritual reality, does that reality still exist and remain in such a state that it develops a capacity to roam the universe? Also, if it does exist, does that which remains could take control of or see into the future while guiding itself through the present?

I have recorded my story for those who desire to look beyond the surface of an idea. There is nothing to fear, but fear thyself.

Tom Dory, December 15, 1984

The corner of my mind is where images lay
Are they real or unmyelinated grey?
Extensions of imagination
Words that play
The lines get shorter but the words mean more
Thinking of trees knocked down with time
Purple faces, peach colored hair
People around change the meaning of the lines
The meaning of the words rest in the individual mind
In a crowd of colors
Slanted pages, unclear lines

CHAPTER 1

The faces were stiff, almost frozen, but their eyes followed me as I strolled past them. The colors of the room were dull, faint. Gray flowers wilted in a green tinted vase that rested on a table supported by only three legs. I smelled a strong ammonia odor of stale urine. My gait seemed steady but I wasn't moving. The walls contained pictures that moved past me and slight trails of their images followed closely behind.

The carpet moved under my feet and I gasped in response to a burning sensation that tasted like sour milk crawling up my throat. The sounds of crickets chirping rang louder with each step I took. The hallway was uniform and infinite. There were sconces at eyelevel that moved past me illuminating a flicker of their light one after another. There were doors spaced evenly down the hallway, all closed with no other person in sight. It was like looking into two mirrors where everything goes on forever, yet I did not see my own reflection. All of a sudden there was an opening and I turned a corner and there I was. It was as if every time I blinked I entered a new scene.

I stopped when I noticed my reflection in a mirror. I stared deeply into my own eyes and started to look into my own mind feeling a rush of acceleration while traveling deep within myself. The farther I went down this tunnel the more my body tingled and goose bumps covered my flesh. I could feel a force pulling me closer to my inner embodiment and warm air rushed past me

making it difficult to breathe. I blinked so the sensation would stop and I continued moving along

Quickly I looked up to determine the status of my consciousness. Above me clouds were sliding mechanically along a deep blue sky. There was a misty odor like rain in the air. Once again I focused my attention on what was in front of me. I was back in the building.

There was a room that must have been the central lounge where a television set displayed a news channel with cartoon character correspondents and an undecipherable ticker running at the bottom of the screen. The sounds coming from the set were muffled giggles like the sound of coyotes celebrating the capture of a jack rabbit.

A man with white hair and brown liver spots covering his face was resting in a wheelchair. There were sores on his nose oozing yellow puss and the stench of dying skin and fresh stool emanated from him. There was a woman next to him in a chair. Her chin was on her chest and she snored sound of an old lawnmower, with the sputters and misfire as drool pooled in her lap.

I turned away and in the distance were a very old man and woman. He was wearing a plaid shirt underneath a bib and she was sporting a red hat and gold rimmed glasses. The man's nametag said Oliver. It looked like Oliver was attempting to eat some food that looked like mud. The pasty substance was surrounding the man's mouth and stuck to his hands. He trembled as he attempted to move more food from the plate to his mouth. The mud-like paste slowly dripped off his spoon and smoke puffed upwards as each drip landed on the table.

The woman looked up at me. I smiled and waved. Her eyes caught mine and she smiled. Her hand, with twisted stiff fingers and blue wrinkled streaks returned the salute. She turned and choked out a deep and raspy smokers cough.

"Oh let me in, please let me in" she cried. "Don't forget me. I am the same as I've always been. Every day it's a different face in this same old place." She displayed the eyes of a child, lost in the midst of the sun.

Blink, I was standing in a room with no doors. Light was shining in the room through a window and I could feel the warmth of sunshine as I passed through it. The furniture was mahogany with pearled cloth clipped to its edges. The walls were painted in oil colors that faded and brightened with each pulse in my chest. Through the window I noticed a man in a black top hat and yellow raincoat walking around aimlessly with his dog. The dog's hair was brown and matted from the wetness of a fresh rain, yet the sun was shining. The man was looking up as he circled three pine trees while his dog tugged at his trousers. The man turned toward me and waved as if to someone beyond me.

I looked behind me and seven people were seated at a round table. I could not tell if they were men or women as the setting was lit only by the candles on the table. Everyone synchronously turned and started pointing at me. The room went cold and dark and the sound of water dripping in a metal sink rang out around me. Beyond this room was a door with an emergency exit sign that blinked.

Unexpectedly I was in a chair watching a four man band play an off tempo big band era song. The three piece drum set sounded like the clip clop of a Clydesdale on a wooden street. The guitarist flashed me a toothless smile as he broke into an off key solo. I wanted to leave, but felt glued to the chair. The room was filled with craggy people all clapping their hands to different beats.

I blinked and entered the final scene. In this latest episode there was a desk with papers scattered everywhere and behind it was a panel of lights. One light was blinking and each blink produced a beeping sound. It was relentless. Looking around it became obvious that no one heard it but me. Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep.

A nurse's aide in blue scrubs was walking toward me slow and resolute. She was wearing rubber gloves and carried a tiny paper cup with various colored pills. Her featureless face mouthed 'hello' and her auburn hair wavered in the air from a brisk wind coming from an open window. The smell of burning leaves and

pine emanated through the building during that encounter. When our eyes met I could not pull away from staring into her diamond shaped pupils. There was a dance of blue light inside of them. Red light began to stream from my eyes towards hers. The exchange stopped sharply when she pointed to a back corner room where the people in C wing would dine. I knew she was directing me toward Grandma.

I was not moving, yet the hallway turned a corner past me and I saw Grandma sitting motionless, smiling. She was wrinkled and gray. Her pasty pale skin showed the effects of many years of gravity, sun and wind. Her milky blue eyes were bloodshot with tinges of yellow around the edge. Cataracts had all but blinded her. Thick and stale breath with the mustiness of a hay barn in summer seeped through her yellow teeth.

Behind Grandma was a large picture window that displayed clouds converging on a rising moon against a colorless sky. The sound of reggae music echoed and swirled from above. Grandma said, “Follow me” as she stood up into her walker and moved down a dark corridor.

I could hear distant shrills and screams and I began to sweat from the heat before me. In the distance was a fiery gate with flames of red, orange and blue on all four sides. Beyond the gate was a world colored in bright orange and yellow. The scenes depicted through the gate were like giant cinema screens flashing images of war and pestilence. In the world beyond the gate, flying manlike beings hovered above dashing about with sword like objects in their grasp.

Above it all was an army, anticipating a flurry of bombs to be dropped. Everyone was wondering what would happen when the bombs fell upon them. The first explosion hit a capitol city. There were flashes and mushroom clouds bursting across the land. People were running everywhere looking for safety and shelter. A militia armed with rifles and knives were chasing them and there was no escape. People covered in dirt and ragged clothing ran and fell and stood up and ran again.

Approaching the gate without entering, for fear I would never return, I quickly turned away only to see nothing but

darkness. Frozen in time and trapped in the moment I heard a baby crying in the darkness. A voice whispered, “As life cries, death smiles.”

Grandma’s voice called out, “See.” Everything rotated around me and she was lying before me. I looked into her eyes and they were dark, black, deep and soul less. She raised her head, cackled a high pitched screech and began to laugh hysterically. My mind drifted into the emptiness of her eyes and went still for a moment. I thought to myself, “Grandma is not alive.” At that moment, Grandma frowned and said, “Take me with you.”

That is when I realized, Grandma doesn’t live here anymore.