

952

Maybe Pamela was the love-child of Batman and Cat woman. Before you think that's comic fanboy talk, recall what my life was like at that moment. Tests ensued. The staff decided that Havenstone employed a bunch of quacks and snake charmers. Two hours later, they found out they were wrong. Larger battery of tests – same results. I was the second coming of Christ – back from the dead... or a zombie living in a convincing state of denial. Some folks wouldn't let that go.

Pamela had proved to be prophetic. Her pet gizmo finally provided a new picture of what my neural pathways were up to. If there is any doubt, 'I've never seen that before' is not what you want to hear one of North America's experts in the field of neuroscience say. The first educated opinion was that I suffered from chronic traumatic encephalopathy – that meant I was hit in the head a lot. Normally that diagnosis comes in the midst of an autopsy~~Ww.Noveľ@oRm.côM~~

I was having paralytic seizures. They had me juggle a squeeze-ball, then two and finally three. My perfect performance frustrated them. Women find relatively simple carnival tricks to be seductive. Pluck a card from a girl's bra gets you both to some dark corner, hungrily looking for the rest of the deck – I speak from experience.

Next up at bat: 'I was possessed'... I shit you not. Holistic medicine was right on board with the team. Was I influenced by a supernatural power? Yes I was. So claimed the majority of people on Earth. Did I receive specific instructions? Yes, and so did practitioners of Voodoo/Vodun on three continents. I added that I attempted to evade said instructions when I could.

Did I have 'evil' impulses to hurt myself, or others? Huh? For starters, my matron goddess was more of a 'fucker' than a 'fighter' and her instructions were always suitably vague... the same way a Philosophy professor would give you a ten word pointless sentence on Friday and expect you to have a 250 page doctrine on Monday morning.

That hit home. Too many normally smart people take a philosophy class in college hoping for an easy-A. Some teachers love dissolving those delusion, sitting back and watching your hopes and dreams of task-free weekends go down the drain. The more obscure the discipline, the more perverse the desire. That is why you always pick a teacher of the opposite gender (if in doubt, use a gay/lesbian test) and keep 'sex for grades' on the menu.

Was I suffering from optical illusions, or phantom noises? Straight to the point – yes, I saw and talked with ghosts. So did the Long Island Medium, the casts of Ghost Hunters, Paranormal Witness plus George Anderson and Chip Coffey. To my credit, I didn't do it for profit, or in order to influence people.

Was I seeing ghosts now? I was in hospital, so odds weren't bad. I had every non-ghost raise their left hand. No ghosts. Was my paranormal dementia pre- or post-brain trauma? Did seeing a college student being called before his class and successfully accused of plagiarism on his senior thesis, turning him into one of the Restless Dead count? No? My 'disputed' abilities were all post-college employment, thank you very much.

Did the ghosts possess me/tell me to do things? I was not possessed and, discounting sexual bondage and my current work venue, had never been possessed. From my limited exposure, ghosts wanted to not be alone in the afterlife – to be guided to a final resting place with others of their kind/family/friends. None had taught me languages, asked me to steal something, or kill anyone.

Had any done so, I would have denied them. Such actions were immoral and I could still freely differentiate between right and wrong. I preferred to commit wrong on my own initiative and making me do good was a chore most sane people abandoned after a few days. I took a Rorschach test. The results were predictable because I had taken old 'R' several times before.

Just like every other time, I'd mixed up sexual innuendo with a psychological test to seduce the test-giver ... everything reminded me of intercourse. I changed it up with this girl. I gave her numbers. Sometime after I was long gone, they were going to figure out the ink blots were numbered after whichever erotic positions from the Kama Sutra I was reminded of at the time. I knew that wasn't being helpful and I was certain I wasn't a brain specialist. I also knew Rorschach wasn't the key to solving my woes.

Final remaining hypothesis – I was utilizing 30 % of my brain capacity with three independent patterns emerging, not the usual 5 %. For that to work, my brain had to be oozing out my ears because brains generate a terrific amount of heat. My temperature was a steady 37. 3 C (99 F) and my ear channels were free of obstruction. Hey man, cleaning your ears is quick and easy. Don't risk turning off a date with misfortunately located ear-hair and wax.

How was my brain shedding the heat? Their solution – let's do a Spinal Tap. No way. I'd seen that band and they were all extremely fucked up, even for old guys. I wasn't going down that road. They insisted. I suggested that I consent to the procedure with the condition that I received no pain killers/sedatives of any kind and I got to grab and hold onto the testicles of my two – current – least favorite doctors.

When they realized I was deadly serious and immovable on the issue, they came up with a new plan – no Spinal Tap. Gutless sissies. Into this vacuum of information, a brainstorm emerged (besides my inexplicable one). They would talk to me... no more interrogations – an actual verbal exchange. They couldn't come over and start flapping their gums like some punk rock band with no talent. They were suddenly worried about 'concerning' me and 'agitating my unstable state'.

I pray to Goddess Ishara that one day soon they play back the tapes of their early hours working on me and pay close attention to my facial expressions of shock, horror, fear and depression as they clearly and openly talked about me as if I was the Fiji Mermaid. But hey, a few of them were kinda cute, so in the final analysis all that emotional trauma worked its way out.

Hospital highlights:(w)Ww.noveľW(o)Rm.côM

(Understand, I was lying on a table while various specialists prodded and talked about me as if I wasn't there. To strike back at reality, I throbbd my penis every time this cute Parasitologist looked at it. Finally...)

Female Chief of Neurosurgery: "Did anyone think to study changes in is body's nervous system?"

(Guilty looks all around)

CoN: "What are all these needle marks?"

Havenstone Medico – "Those are muscle stimuli insertion sites. They kept his musculature from atrophying while he was in a coma."

CoN: "Let me get this straight. This man had a lightning bolt go off in his head and part of your healthcare regimen was to run a constant current of electricity throughout the rest of his body."

(Scathing looks at the Medico from everyone else – jackals)

HM: "He has retained excellent muscle tone."

CoN: "Have you even taken the Hippocratic Oath?"

HM: (offended) "Of course not, he's Greek."

CoN: "What does my patient being Greek have to do with anything?"

HM: "Not him (pointing at me). Hippocrates – he was a Greek. Cáel is Magyar/Irish Gaelic."

CoN: "Helpful – that's not. He seems to have a great deal of bruises and scarring – some of it certainly received over an extensive period of time. Is this your work?"

HM: (in a positive note) "No. It has not been my pleasure to spar with Cáel yet."

CoN: "Isn't he a bit... big for you?"

HM: (looked straight at my crotch) "Not at all. I think it would fit nicely." (Coughing around the room)

CoN: (to me) "Can you provide any insight?"

Me: "I have a bad habit of walking into people who want to hurt me."

CoN: "These are multiple wounds."

Me: "I piss off multiple people."

CoN: "What do you attribute that too?"

Me: "I'm a reincarnated Amazon warrior bent on saving my sisters from global destruction. It is a surprisingly unpopular life path I have chosen."

CoN made eye contact with the Psychologist... he shrugged. "Amazons are female warriors. Has your condition destabilized your gender identity?"

Me: "Let me check." To Parasitologist – "Are you married?" I could see her wedding band through her glove.

Para: (key note of hesitation): "Yes."

Me: "Happily?"

Para: "He's overseas."

Me: "That has to be tough on you both. If I can get out of here, would you like to go out with me for a late dinner, or an early breakfast, and talk about your specialty?"

Para: "Ummm... in a purely professional capacity it would be okay." Yummy.

Me: (to CoN): "I'm good."

CoN: (girlish smirk): "Thank you for establishing that for us, Mr. Nylas."

Endocrinologist: "Have you noted an increase in your sex drive?"

Rachel (from the far side of the room): (fearfully): "Goddess help us all."

Me: "Hard to say. I've only been awake for a few hours. I'm feeling pretty sure that nine more orgasms and I'm done for the day aka normal for me."

(Various people looked to the Psychologist – who shrugged again. That guy was always bending over backwards and taking career-ending risks on my behalf - really.)

CoN: "You believe you are a male Amazon that can ejaculate nine times a day?"~~wWw.n©ô/Vo(r).M.côM~~

Me: "Ten. I've already had sex once today, but it was with two women. One ejaculation. As for being a male Amazon – welcome to my Hell. How about this? Call my boss, Katrina Love. She will confirm that I believe I am an Amazon, it does not impact my abysmal work performance and she has medical evidence that I can, in fact, ejaculate ten times a day. This does not make me a freak. I love women, fully support the condom industry and I shall not apologize for

either."~~wWw.nOVEľW.Rm.côM~~