

AKASHIC RECORDS.

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by S.G.

To the Universe Board of Directors,

When the time comes, I deeply hope you'll judge me with mercy.

S.G

"I've been hurt by women in all imaginable ways; but they've never abandoned me" said Emma out loud to the dark vastness around her.

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"What is this place?" she says. She has no idea, but it is so familiar it doesn't really matter; it's just curiosity. Darkness is absolute; however, what gives her the sense of safety is the total vacuum. Nothing but she occupies this space so she isn't scared at all by blackness. Actually, she has never felt safer. Yet, she has spoken out loud; and not only as a reflex to fill up the emptiness. She knows she has spoken in response to a specific question uttered by somebody else.

"How can it be?" Alone and accompanied at the same time? Weird! She automatically chants an invocation she learnt long ago in order to seek protection from higher realms. She does so anytime she senses strangeness. Most times it's just a stream of words repeated incessantly in her head to distract her mind from fixing on a scary thought; but this time she feels extraordinarily focused. She has invoked the four archangels and asked them to surround her. Concentration expands her beyond her body's boundaries and gives her a full sense of presence. Such a powerful, pleasant sensation makes her daring, irreverent; so she's tempted to challenge the effectiveness of the call. "If you are really here, can you give me any sign of your presence?" she asks into her mind. She expects the voice will answer "yes" and then they'll start a rapport; but she's immediately amused by an unmistakable outer voice which answers at her ear:

— *"What for?"*

"Certainly clever guys!" OK, they're here. That must have been Gabriel because the voice came from her right where he should be according to the invocation; but that doesn't explain who she answered to at first, before the invocation. She waits for a couple of seconds but they don't follow-up. They either want to play it in a cryptic fashion (what would certainly match with the scenery) or they're trying not to freak her out what is much understandable because she's not afraid right now but she might panic in a second.

"Am I dead?" she wonders; but even before finishing the utterance she knows it's a silly question. Being properly dead is impossible if she retains consciousness. She should have asked if she still possessed a body. "Shit! If I'm dead, then this is hell. I'm alone." She enrages. "Fucking, devil! He even took the books away! Fucking, fucking bastard! He must know I can't rely on my imagination to keep me company. I've been too engrossed, too distracted for too long. It's become too erratic." The very fact of finding herself swearing in such circumstances amazes her. "I guess that something really bad happened and now I'm doomed to one of Dante's *inferno* circles. A place without anybody; anything else to interact with." Certainly, death has proven to be as annoying as life used to be. "Well then!" she cries out "I'll give you this: you really know your trade. I'm still lost at the whys though". But somehow, she intuits she's not dead. From everything she's heard about *after-earthly-life*, she'd bet the Tibetans has it more accurately; so if that were the case, she should be facing several different kinds of scary entities and she'd be utterly terrified. She's not.

"Am I in outer space, in some kind of astral trip?" She giggles. "That'll be cool!" She turns around and notices tiny, sparkling lights illuminating the darkness and at a certain distance she recognizes the huge, bright, orange Jupiter rotating majestically. She rejoices because she feels how the lack of gravity suspends her in space. "This is exactly as I imagined it would be like being an astronaut those millions of times I peered the sky as a child." But it takes an instant to understand that something is wrong. Even when the sensation is absolutely true, something in what she sees tells her it's just an image; not real. As soon as she realizes it, everything disappears and it's blackness again.

"Now, that's something!" A slight pang and she's about to start chanting another prayer when she hears the question:

<Who are you?>

Here is when things start getting really complicated to describe

because that was a new voice speaking up. Another voice, extraneous enough to be considered her own; yet, familiar enough to be considered foreign.

Whatever it is; wherever it comes from; it's been the most challenging one so far and she doesn't like that feeling coming into her vacuum. <Who are you?> She plays the question back in her mind. The irony of that question being asked in this setting doesn't escape her and it hurts. She feels the outrage and retaliates with what she thinks is an equal amount of irony. "Jeez! I've become one with the nothingness and that's your welcome line? Not very hospitable, let me say. Do you really want to know who I am? I'm the Irish beggar in Bradbury's tale and me ending as he did is up to you making the right choices, isn't it? I'd start by asking less and listening more." But she knows she's spoken out of soul soreness and it doesn't seem fair. After the outbursts, it never seems fair to blame people no matter what. Then, she sees how the darkness becomes alight by a huge *WHO* written in shining lights in a very Broadway fashion. "You won't give up, will you? I'm your white whale."

She repeats the question to herself, "Who am I?" She feels the electric shock brought by the answer and hisses "I haven't got a damned idea! There! Are you pleased now?" One more time, she's as quick to enrage as to subside. The discharge lets her be herself again. "Will it do if I tell you *HOW* I am instead? I can do it with much accuracy. I spent most of my time on Earth figuring it out. Now, regarding *WHO*, I'm afraid I never came to find out. Not that I didn't asked it to myself a lot. I just couldn't find an answer that'd ring true". She's started to enjoy this stream of thought and gives it a little more. "However, if you insist in the *WHO* thing, I could tell you who I think I *WAS*. I gave that line of inquiring some thought too. It seemed easier at the time because you can't help to fantasize. Maybe that'll suffice for the moment." She shrieks and it's then that she sees a face over the black canvass. It's smiling and talking; it's telling Emma that she can fly if she wants to. Emma recognizes that face and all the image that is building up around it; it's a memory and it's real.

"Once I met a shaman. She told me that she had walked through my ethereal field and she had found my energetic fabric all ragged up, pretty much as a very, very old and unraveled rug. She told me she had had to kind of glue all the pieces together, like with a broken plate. I remember her telling me so one afternoon while we were sat down on a sofa in her Boyton Beach living room. I remember I couldn't much focused my attention on what she was presently saying because at the same time she was talking, I had started remembering watching her telling me exactly the same but within that very ethereal dimension the night before. I could see her laughing and telling me that now I could fly if I wanted; and I remember myself flying. I remember how amused I felt by the experience because at one point, both realities superposed and I could see them both rolling simultaneously. That happened twelve years ago and since then, I haven't been able to stop worrying about my energetic structure. Why was it that damaged? Was that repair enough? Can it *un*-glue again? Would I be able to prevent it? How?"

The recalling ends and she's brought back to the present void. "Why do I keep on speaking out loud like if I were talking with someone?"

Silence, blackness.

"Anyway! I guess that explains my innate lack of stamina. Any tiny interaction requires so much effort that most of them are just unthinkable! As when I play a game. Even when I REALLY CARE about winning, there's something inside me which always recedes. I lack the determination, the vigor of the winner. I can't play people up. I'm too certain I won't win at the end. It wouldn't be that bad if I weren't such a bad loser. And if I do win, I can't help worrying about how bad the others feel after losing."

She makes an effort to linger into the memory of that face. It's not the face what interests her; but how she sees it; how she saw it in the twilight zone the first time. The features are distinctly the same she saw in flesh and bone at Boyton Beach, but they're traced in amber

light filaments as everything else around her. She shifts from the face to the image she saw when the shaman told her about her worn out self. A tattered gauze woven with loose, thin, amber threads. What could have slashed her so badly? How many lives are needed to produce such weariness? How strong an event must be to produce such decay in one single life?

"Let's recap. I must be a very ancient traveler. I guess so because of my bones. Bones are the ultimate relic of the material Universe. They're the oldest diaries one can find. Study one and you'll know everything about the subject: what it ate, how it lived and died; everything leaves a mark. Mine hurt all the time; as if the information they've been carrying from life to life has become too much to hold. It's been like that forever. My skeleton has always felt too dense inside my flesh. My knees and wrists ached all my childhood long. Now it's the knees plus the sciatica plus osteoarthritis in the hips: the fabric disintegrating."

"I don't think I was anybody historically remarkable" she says. If there's one advantage to this imposed monologue, it's that she doesn't need to *prologue* everything she says in order to give it a comprehensible order. She's just connecting thinking which is perfectly logical for some smart part of her mind and if whoever it is asking gets lost, well: it better shows up for further clarification or just fucks off. "If so, I wouldn't be so thirsty for glory in this present life. I'm pretty sure I was a slave though. There's no other way of explaining my absolute lack of power in front of anybody who represents any authority; and I'm not talking of not being able to rebuke. I'm talking about the kind of power that lets you hold command of yourself. I'm talking about autonomy. Slavery makes you dumb in front of alternatives and decisions. You're trained to just don't trust, don't believe in yourself; so you *grow in need of a master*".

"And I have this vision in my head that have been coming to my conscience now and then since I can't remember when, so vivid! of a gaunt, dry black man sat at the porch of a hut with an ear of grass in his mouth. His feet graze the water as he hums in a deep voice. I can

feel the water freshness and the dampness of the air every time I see it in my mind, as with any present powerful memory; but it's the reverberation it produces on my chest what vouches for its veracity."

"That man I know fully. Cotton fields oozed all the vital fluids out of his body until they made him into a petrified twig; that's why he hardly speaks and moves so slowly and only when it's absolutely necessary. I know he is an emancipated slave, but he'll never free his soul from weakness. From his former life, he just keeps a few things: loss, wreck and the *Spirituals*. In his new life, poverty and deaf desperation are eating him up. He watches the river and finds some comfort in its beauty. Brutality hasn't been able to blind him completely. He sometimes gathers with others of his kind. They get together and can't help their bodies remember because some things just can't be beaten out of you. They now drink and play and sing and dance until the blue demons are summoned. These are the spirits the whites gave them instead of their heathen African gods."

Only when the reminiscence is over she becomes aware of the changes in the blackness. Up to two seconds ago she might have sworn she was watching a full image. She still recalls the reflection of the gray sky upon the water, but now she realizes she hasn't been watching at all; at least in the sense one understands watching. There hasn't been any visible light involved. It was a different kind of wave that has expanded from her to the void. She's vibrated the memory and now she feels the residual static all over herself. She can hear the buzz of the energy field around her. If she stays still, she might be aware of the atoms oscillating inside the boundaries of her skin. "What skin?" she asks herself with an annoying tone. "What body? What is this all about?" Then, there's a flash and she's there in full body and there's an up and a down, a left and a right, and there's depth too. And he's there looking at her from his emaciated body; but he's somehow so powerful. She walks towards him full of tenderness and affection. "Oh my dear, dear friend!" she says. She stretches her hand and swiftly touches his forearm. That one gesture is enough to convey all her feelings for him. All of a sudden she understands that it is vital that she remembers him; that she keeps on remembering him because that

remembrance finally gives his ultimate question a most waited answer: All the absurdity, all the injustice, all the loneliness of his life weren't in vain just because she *knows*.

She sees his face and body turning to amber light and the buzz around intensifies. "Rest now; I'll always remember." She's now at his porch, the rotten wooden planks crackling under her slight sway. The silver river runs at her side and she can smell the dampness. Everything is there but he. He's gone, but his singing is present. It hangs in the air. She closes her eyes and lets that deep voice in until it becomes her own. "Bye and welcome Moses. At least, we got the music out of all this. You know that anybody who hadn't been black at one point in eternity can truly feel rhythm. Such a wonderful thing must have a high price."

When she opens her eyes again she's back in her blackness. The buzz remains, but softer. "Here we are again..." she sings recalling a verse from a song. "I wish I could sleep" she says out loud. "I'd welcome the blackout. I'm tired of consciously ignoring you and your stupid question. Nobody, and for obvious reasons I explicitly leave holy beings out of this, has been able to answer it; so, why do you keep on plaguing me?" The buzz remains without change. She sighs. "OK, let's see... Apparently, I'm a recaller."

— *"Good, but not enough."*