

EXCERPT PASSAGE:

His voice had faded into a soothing whisper that I heard in my mind. I was still conscious of my present reality, but I began to feel my mind—and even my soul—drift into an out-of-body experience.

"Visualize yourself in that exact moment that you want to travel back in time to and allow the feeling of that moment to bring you back to the time it first started."

His voice became an echo in my mind, reiterating the words: "Relax... relax... relax..."

And—with the snap of a finger—I went into a trance. I no longer felt the electric bed I had been strapped to. I no longer felt weight or motion. I felt my consciousness moving, my soul pulling away from my body. I felt a sense of buoyancy, a sensation of relief as my mind drifted through space and time.

I traveled through a never ending void of darkness that stretched to an eternity. I saw my essence and consciousness flowing through a vortex of exploding stars and particles. Cosmic clouds engulfed my mind, and I stood alone, in a dimensional space filled with streaming lights and gray clouds.

It felt as if I was in an ethereal state, in a dream similar to the one of my mother's murder.

A smothering fog obscured the world's sights from my mind's eye. I heard the professor's voice in my head telling me to relax. With each light step my consciousness took, I perceived his voice dwindling into whispers. Until... it wasn't there in my head anymore.

I felt an otherworldly sensation encompass the world I was in. I felt misplaced, as if I had been dropped off in the middle of nowhere.

I began to feel the tangible ambiances of the world around me. I felt the pavement of a sidewalk, and looked down at my feet to see concrete—a sidewalk, as it became visible from the dispelling mist. I saw the shoes I was wearing: Vince Camuto women's Helayn blue Gladiator sandal shoes. An 80s fashion trend.

I wore the same padded shoulder blazer from my dreams with pin-striped jeans tight around my waist and thighs. I felt the weight of drop dangle earrings in my ears and makeup smeared across my face.

I looked up and began to see children running through the fog as it continued to dissipate. The children were wearing costumes and carrying orange jack-o'-lantern treat buckets. They ran through the street and toward homes, shouting, "Trick or treat!"

One of them ran into me, and I *felt* the impact of her body slamming into mine. As she ran off, I began to see the neighborhood through the thinning haze.

Modest Victorian homes along a tree lined street of colorful autumn leaves. Dim streetlights that cast shadows across the dark asphalt. Cars in every driveway. I knew the Midwestern ambiance surrounding me. I knew it well. I grew up here.

I made it into my past.