

Whispers From Another Life

My awareness started when I was sitting under a rather sorry looking tree that hung over a river that was steadily eroding the ground around the tree roots. My back rested against the tree trunk, and I was settled between the roots. The river was frothy and dirty as it rushed by, carrying junk and bits from people's lives, the aftermath of a storm that rose above its banks. By the looks of the exposed roots, it happened seasonally. If the storm hadn't come through, parts of the river that were used as a dump for the lazy, wouldn't have been cleaned. Mother Nature was cleaning house. Right now, it smelled like rotting life.

A car stopped over the bridge. Someone got out and dumped a trash bag over the railing. It looked heavy. It sunk for a moment, but the pull from the rushing water dragged it to the first obstacle and stopped. I looked up at the person that dumped the bag. He hadn't moved from the bridge. He was watching the bag's progress or lack of.

What was in the bag that he was still watching it? Would he change his mind about dumping it into the river? This would be a great place for a river monster, a guardian of the river, to set up residence. No death threats, but fear is a great motivator. Fear of the unknown. The river fed into a lake thirty minutes away, where the more affluent had their vacation homes. I wondered if he was aware that a new filter was at the end of the river to catch the trash, to prevent the bottom of their lake from becoming too polluted.

We both watched the bag as it shook from the strength of the rushing waters and then, it broke free and slid around to be caught by what could have been a bed in its previous life, then both broke free and moved down the river and out of sight. I looked back at the bridge. The person was still standing, staring. I couldn't tell if he was looking at me or the river, but then, I don't think he could see me.

The person turned and left. The person that dumped the trash wasn't the driver, unless it was an English car on an English road.

I got up and went to see just what was in that plastic bag. I know it wasn't a body. Bodies are heavy. They weren't clothes because they're heavy. My curiosity was piqued. I had nothing better to do so why not.

More healthy trees were further down the river, where it fed into the lake. The lake community were proud of their surroundings, adding plants and small hiking paths that wandered through some places that lovers could neck without being spotted.

There were people gathered around the river filter. It must be that time of the month where a nearby troubled youths home spent their time doing community service, that is picking up trash and hauling out the trash caught in the filter. I peered from behind a tree not wanting to be seen. I wasn't exactly dressed for company. I hadn't brushed my hair this morning. I squinted up through the tree branches to see just what time it was, morning, noon, or early evening. I couldn't see the sun. A fog bank was rolling in. They had better hurry up or the road would disappear in the damp veil.

I looked back down at the river for the bag and didn't see it. One of the youths shouted that he was going up the river a bit to unblock the river where the soggy mattress and bag were caught. Two other youths went to help.

"Hurry up! The fog is coming in!"

"Leave it!" another leader shouted. "Leave it! We've got enough to show we've put our time in."

The three fell in behind their group as they got on the bus. I looked back at the fog that was dropping down through the trees. I didn't think they would make it on time. This fog bank was falling fast.

Once the group was on their way out of the woods, I went down to take a look at the bag I was following. It was ripped and as it broke loose again, its contents were spilling out. The filter wasn't going to keep all of what it had out from the bottom of that nice lake. The bag got caught in the filter but from the water pressure, it was emptied of whatever it contained. I heard voices from above me, so I quickly moved behind one of the boulders that was giving the river boundaries of how far to crest the side of its final leg of its run.

It was the person on the bridge along with another person. They were arguing. They threw the wrong bag away. They had three bags to dispose of and they were numbered. One was to go into the dumpster behind the school. School was out for the summer so no one would see them. The two argued between themselves that it didn't mean anything since the homeless would find it.

They had tossed in error, number three in the dumpster and here was number one that they had to retrieve its contents and then retrieve number three from the school. It was embarrassing. They thought themselves cool with plenty of money and working directly with the boss. On trash duty wasn't their image of their status in the organization.

They blabbed their entire sorry story for me to hear as they moaned, groaned and cursed their way into mud and trash the work crew didn't get to. They tossed it all into the new bags they brought with them, deciding they would sift through it all later. That is, until the diver reminded the passenger that they didn't know what was in the bag in the first place. It was decided to just toss whatever they collected into the school bin. Let the homeless separate the stuff.

I thought to myself, these guys could be leaders of a corporation, sit on a board and make conversation to other board members, sounding as intelligent as the next in getting rid of how they were ripping off the corporation and everyone below them.

Now why was I thinking of a corporation? Just who was I?

While I was pondering the age-old question of life, I heard the noise of a vehicle crashing through the trees. It stopped sideways, and one half resting in the water. The body of the vehicle created a dam on one side where the water built up inside of the vehicle, until it was able to crest it and then over it went, red mixed with the browns of the earth around the sides of the river.

I waited, thinking if someone was in there, they would be wanting to get out. But no, no one escaped that I could see.

Curses came from the road, but by then the fog was too thick for me to see who was making all the noise.

Four people came down the slope, a dog was leading the way. A dog? I watched the dog as it went directly to where the vehicle was blocking the river, that was now a trickle. I looked back up the slope and there was no fog. Flowers were sprouting everywhere. There was a season change and I missed it.

A lot of effort was made to drag the vehicle out of the river. I was impressed with all the damage they caused just to take possession of a rusty heap of metal, that was past repair. Once the vehicle was removed, I waited to admire how the river made new inroads over the riverbed and hid what could be someone's lucky find in the water.

Another group arrived, and by the uniforms, cadets of some sort. They started at the bridge. I watched them from one of the branches. One of them was going to get poison ivy. They were city kids. I hopped down from my perch to test my new skill of being able to be heard by some creatures. I told him about the poison ivy. He ran screaming, back through a large patch. A real city kid.

If he stayed longer, I would have told him that there was something important in the middle of the poison ivy patch. The person that tossed it there saw it as the ideal place to hide her secret. One of the leaders must have heard me because she was very careful about locating the plastic that the ivy grew over. It was to commit another crime.

Yes, that's what all this was about. I was a witness to different crime coverups. This one, she would not get accolades from her commanding officers, but it would get a new politician elected. Corruption would have a dent in this town. I tried to see more of the woman's future, but she didn't want me nosing into her life. It's not like I was going to follow her home. I just thought she would need some guidance in getting past her commanding officers who wanted her to quit. I could tell her how the new mayor will fire the entire force and recruit from outside of the town.

Well, I would find it hard to fit the time and other details in the right sequence. Should I just mention she'll be the new police chief? I've been warned to stop there.

I moved back to the lake. The people that once coveted their elite status to own such nice homes on the lake were now intermixed with renters of various classes and cultures. There was a casino that attracted all sorts of people and the bad reputation of the bridge, for being a good place to dump secrets, was not all that a favorite anymore. I learned how to whisper in the right people's ears, the secrets.

People also changed their clothing and hair styles. I think I would like to get back into that wacky world of solids to see if I could do better for myself.

Whoa!

"It's a girl!"

"I wanted a boy!"

"Oh, it's twins. There you have one of each."

The energy from the ultrasound was withdrawn and I in the amniotic fluid changed places with my companion. We both thought it funny that they mistook us for twins and one of each sex. Did I want to be in a body that many would consider a freak?

Did my companion?

But mother wanted us. Daddy, thirty years older than mommy, he wanted perfection in his offspring. Silly old man. His sperm was defected.

Am I going to be able to hear other people's thoughts and talk to them in spirit? I would like to keep some of those skills. My companion wanted them too.

We didn't last nine months. My companion had enough of the arguing and chaos going around us. We were conjoint. I wanted to stick it out. Mother had some skills she didn't know about, and I could help her.

After surgery, where my companion was removed from me, and I spent some lone time in an incubator, I was able to connect to my companion and mother with either of them in physical presence.

Mother didn't dare tell daddy that she talked to their dead son, because he was already acting crazy. Older men with too much power, who don't get the perfection they want, live in allusions to make up for their imperfections.

Mother wasn't worried. She had been to a psychic and was given three paths available to her. I chose number two, but mother took number one. She wanted everything to live with daddy. I kept by mother, telling her that she can do all this fortune teller stuff and sticking by daddy until his death wasn't a good idea.

In the end, Fate chooses number three. Daddy divorced mother for another. He did give us a good severance package. Daddy and his new wife had an accident a while later. Daddy's other children were impatient for their share of daddy's wealth. Out of fear for our lives, mother took on a new life as a boardwalk fortune teller. I was able to add to the show.

After a while mother died, heart attack. I took over the corner but lost interest as time wore on and sold it to another. I sat in my living room, living off mother's severance package with mother and daddy's spirits watching television. I did psychic readings over the internet. I had mommy and daddy to verify my readings, just in case I said too much to the person. My conjoint twin had moved on when we went into the boardwalk job. We weren't as close as he and mother and mother thought it would be good for him to move on. She was getting into arguments with him, so it was better.

As an old lady, I didn't move too well. When the fire was set, I saw the smoke, and the owner of the apartments leaving quickly. He bought the apartments to knock them down and build new ones for more money. He couldn't raise my rent, so this was his way out. The funny part of this is that the owner was daddy's no-good-son who was into shady deals.

I could see he would end up in prison, but who cares. I'm off to another adventure. I think, this next time, it will be on another planet. Perhaps I can move into a four-dimensional world. Didn't I do much better in this three-dimensional life?

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