

The Child Who Died From Other Tales

If insane I
So let it be
Who dares to dream
Such dreams but me?

It's impossible to state with any accuracy when the visions started, or when I first noticed that some of the things I heard or saw were not something others that could. I was young, very young - and had not even started school properly. If I dared to ask about this of my elders, whether family or teachers, the response was one of condemnation and denial that such things were possible- the lesson learned was not to mention these things to anyone lest the label of 'idiot' became a permanent one. Such were my early years- a child attempting to comprehend a world that others refused to accept or even speak of , and wondering if I were not , as I was so often told, suffering from some form of mental illness. Yet still the sights and sounds came, as still they do even now.

Each vision brought
With it a cost
What price then
Mine childhood lost?

In books I sought refuge and trees became my sanctuary- especially if they were by a river, and I spent my time reading through books and magazines trying to find an explanation as to what was happening to me. The local library and second hand book shops became my home from home as I scoured their shelves for anything that might give a hint as what was happening- usually this proved to be disappointing for I was either too young to comprehend what was being stated or, as was so often the case, the information contained was based on urban myths which though entertaining offered little in the way of practical help. Confused as I was, and coming to grips with being psychic- even if I had no way to realise it at the time , my childhood was a happy one- of sorts- and if I were lonely in one world I soon came to realise I had friends in another.

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Streetlight halos
Marked the change

With both eyes closed

One did remain

One of my earliest memories is of walking to a local shop with my mother. It was early evening, the month was October and days away from my birthday. I remember marvelling at the mist and the way halos hung from the street lights- everything seemed to be a mixture of grey and sepia, which even now, despite the years that have passed, still give me pleasure when such sights occur. Short though the journey was it took us past a high wall made up of rocks and flint that bordered a playing field and through a gap in it I could see a tree with the moon rising behind it. Not a particularly unusual sight, yet in the mist the tree resembled an ancient and withered hand grasping at the world in search of help as shadows danced about it.

My mother had stopped to talk to a friend and, whilst her attention was directed elsewhere, I took the opportunity to climb the wall and approach the tree. A child's curiosity is a powerful thing- as can be its imagination, and here I will make the point of stating that this was not, as so many tried to tell me, that it was the former and not the latter that drew me on for as I reached the tree the mists cleared and, despite the time of day, a bright sun shone down on a meadow wherein a group of people stood around a tree that was clearly not the one I had seen.

The circle, comprising of both men and women, did not seem surprising to me – albeit I remember wondering at the manner of their dress, which was in truth missing altogether. Naked they stood, in a circle and at their centre sat a figure beneath the tree beating a small drum. Despite my age this seemed perfectly natural to me that they did so even if I could not understand why and the fact that they did so in silence only caused me to become more curious as to what was happening.

Why was this child

Allowed to see?

The world to him-

An oddity

What then the reason, what purpose did they have? Hindsight tells me that they were involved in some ritual, for the memory of them standing without moving signifies that if it had been a celebration they surely would have been more animated? The drummer, or priest continued with his rhythms that wove their spell over his audience - who seemed to be either unwilling or unable to move and though I felt the urge to join them I too was in the same predicament.

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As with most of the visions I have experienced over the years this one came to an end abruptly ,
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and had in all likelihood lasted just a few seconds- if even that , when my mother grabbed my

arm and led me off in the direction of home with some suitable words of chastisement no doubt.

Doubtless to some this may be read as somewhat of an anti-climax, but why embellish the event? The point of writing this, or any of my work, is to share a memory- one of far too many – and it's a cathartic process that helps me to understand why these events occurred.

The Shadow of my Past
Is but one step behind
And waits to take a bite of
Whatever future I may find
And tho' tis a part of me
To fate I'm not resigned
For sometimes I bite back
Both by choice and by design

A more recent event, to wit May 2014, as a contrast to the one above – that I shall recount here purely because I was not the only one present.

Red Orbs

What message now
Impart do thee
Twas this a sight
So meant for me?

Late on a Sunday night, sat on a balcony, looking out to sea and revelling in the sound of waves rolling gently onto the beach below a curious thing happened. Not to say that the event was strange, to me at least, but in that it was witnessed by my wife also which is a rarity in itself. Time wise it was past 10 pm, the sky was clear, full of stars, and as peaceful as could be wished for. The lights of Brixham harbour shimmered in the distance, whilst those along the sea front below us lit the way for those few who were out walking their dogs despite the hour.

To our right sat a train line, for a steam railway, that cut into the hillside only a few hundred yards away, and that is where the first orb appeared. Knowing that the track was unused at that hour of the night, my first reaction was one of curiosity for a bright red light appeared and sat motionless as if waiting for some signal perhaps which, after a minute or so, it may have received for it moved with great speed towards the hill where, rather surprisingly, instead of following the line flew up and above it, rising to some height before moving out across the bay.

Following the flight of the orb it became clear that it was neither a flare nor a 'lantern' of any kind, for the speed at which it moved was far too great, and its size changed as it flew further away or, incredibly, drew nearer which indicated that it was not merely a stationary object playing tricks upon our eyes in the dark. Moving in great arcs, high and low, it drew my attention out towards a lighthouse in the far off crawl of night where, after a few minutes, its colour changed to a golden white before fading to nothing. Intrigued, I called for my wife, Sarah, to join me and explained to her what had occurred.

All that there is
Is questionable
And hardly
Irrefutable
For existence is
So mutable
And the Truth
Is oh so flexible

Within the space of a cigarette another appeared. This time it came from the bay behind the hill we could see, and performed a similar dance, which was fortunate for I had feared my wife would find nothing but the night sky welcomed us with eager arms and kindly allowed us to witness more. Three more to be precise and, although the event lasted no more than perchance thirty minutes or so, we had no idea of what their reason for appearing could be until a short time after the last one had vanished after each individual orb had performed its own ballet in the air. Out in the distance, towards the lighthouse at Berry Head, a red glow appeared.

Now being well aware of the haze still in the air despite the hour, which could be clearly seen across the bay where the lights of Brixham danced the night quite merrily away, we could not explain the orbs, nor the phenomena, taking place out on the horizon which as we sat became a rising moon. Some might, at this point, be thinking, 'anti-climax', but they would be very, very, wrong to do so. This was, without a doubt, the largest moon I have ever seen and, even knowing the red colour was caused by some odd atmospheric condition, the sight was truly amazing.

To what end do I make mention of this event at all? For one very good reason – I believe that for whatever reason the red orbs appeared, and I believe them to be some form of elemental, they seemed to be inviting us to observe their celebrations and the rising of the moon. Even if I am totally wrong and it turned out that they were oblivious to our presence, why should I worry? It was, in truth, one of those sights that I was privileged to witness in the company of another and for that I am more than grateful.

Curiously one more came to visit, but not until the Thursday night. Sat on the balcony staring out to sea, as was our habit, an orb came past at some speed and flew off into the distance. It was, if I had been prepared to attempt such a thing, within reach- so to speak , for it was that close. Had it come to greet us, merely observe us, or just remind us of its existence? Who can say? I have my thoughts, and they are happy ones. And that is all I will say for now.

Spirits,

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I have watched you dance
But was it fate,
Or only chance?

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