

Light at the End of the Tunnel

A Love Story

Bill Smith©

It was dark; totally without light of any kind, I could not see anything not even the hand in front of my face, if even I had a hand. I was awake and aware but could not feel anything. Was I alive, I don't know, how does one judge that in the absence of all senses. How long have I been here, a few minutes, a few hours, a few weeks, I really didn't know. I was not frightened, lonely or happy, I did have my memories.

I had the memories of you; of holding you in my arms, being lost in your eyes, kissing your sweet lips and your body from top to bottom. I smiled, or at least I thought I did. Then suddenly I felt the loss of you and I have never felt that empty in all my life. Was I to spend the rest of..., the rest of eternity longing for you?

Do I look at what I no longer have or do I remember what I had with you. My choice, heaven or hell? I had with you the happiest time of my life. I remember seeing you for the first time, your eyes stole my spirit pulling it right out of my body to dance with yours. I was dumbstruck by everything about you, once again a bumbling teenage, at my age it was ridiculous and embarrassing. But you knew and you said later that is what brought you closer to me, made you bold to take what you wanted..., and needed.

My life with you was like a miracle told in biblical proportions; words like huge, unbounded, never ending, angelic, heaven on earth..., in all my years before you they were just words, but you, you made them take life and breathe. Thousands of times we must have kissed, but each

kiss was a new adventure, a new taste, a new hope. Yes, I can take on an eternity just based upon memories of your lips. You! You..., you..., you, what you did to me, for me; eternity is not enough time to give you the thanks that you deserve.

Something is different now. I can't describe what is different or how I know something is different, but nevertheless it is! I see something, a little tiny dot of light; like a small star, light years away that must have been dead for centuries yet its light continues to travel without anything behind it to find me. Well the light is not important enough to pull me away from my thoughts of you.

At your side I saw the world as beautiful; what man has done to it, to each other I could no longer see, it did not go away but you taught me to see the beauty that remained. You taught me that organized religion was nothing but lies created by men to control others, but you gave me hope through the love of a Goddess that love could not be controlled by anyone or anything. You taught me love, and so many other things that my second childhood was truly like being born again. I miss you so, so many things still left unsaid but I tried my best, and you knew that I loved you like no other before you. I want to cry but again it is my choice heaven or hell.

I remember you in bed, so beautiful, so radiant. You were ageless; you were a siren of old calling out to sailors about delights that set their souls on fire making them willing to risk their lives on the rocks to reach you, but you were no danger to me. And the delights, sweet Goddess, they were beyond anything that I knew of, I never knew such love existed. And you, you taught me to please you, in a way that gave me pleasure beyond anything I ever experienced before meeting you.

Damn eternity, I have so many wonderful memories of you, and didn't I, didn't I tell you that I would love you forever..., I do and I will!

Damn that infernal light, it pulls me away from you, it drags me unwillingly away from you and I hate it! But it is closer. Why is it closer, I do not feel any movement yet it is getting larger? It is like being on a train as it emerges from its cave..., I be damn, is it the light at the end of the tunnel? I laugh at the thought but what else could it be?

In a flash of light I am pulled from total darkness into total light. The light is warm, caressing me in wondrous ways and giving me nourishment, I just want more of it. I look at what I think is upwards and the light is so bright yet it does me no harm as I stare at it. I stare at it forever, till I feel a nudge at my side and somehow I turn to see an orb of light, bright, warm and that somehow I know this entity.

I could hear it communicating to me, yet there was no sound. The more I listen the more I could understand. It was trying to welcome me to here..., I think.

I could hear..., her, "It is a bit overwhelming when you first arrive."

"Is this heaven," I butted in. I mean I really wanted to know.

Beautiful laughter filled me, the being simply said, "Van, you were always a dreamer, dreaming of different things. I am surprised that you would think of that."

Van, very few people know me by my middle name. Very few.

"McGregor, is that you," I ask. She laughs again; it is a laugh that you

can only hear in people who have smoke thousands of cigarettes over a life time, but here it is beautiful.

"You asked me to be here when you arrived, so here I am," simply stated from a woman I deeply respected even though she was my secretary when she was alive.

"McGregor where in the hell is here," I boldly ask her than thought, 'oh shit' am I going be hit with a bolt of lightning for my impertinence.

I thought she was shaking her head, but she didn't have a head. Let me try to explain what I saw was McGregor; she was a sphere of indeterminate height and breadth not of a physical sense but of energy. I could not tell you how big she was because there was nothing here that I could identify, that I could compare her to. She was bright and beautiful, I don't know how I knew that but I knew. She was not as bright as the light above us, but as I looked I could see "others," around us of varying brightness, some duller and some brighter.

"You have always been a being of energy. On that plane of existence you called Earth you were encapsulated in a physical body. When that physical body stopped functioning your energy self journeyed here to be with others of its kind. It is just another level of existence, our goal here is to become like that above us."

"We can be like that?"

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Van, Van, Van. The best that I can do is to show you. You will just need to trust me."

Well I knew McGregor for years and if she liked you, she liked you. But if she did not like you, well it made me wonder about a heaven and hell as I don't think that she would have made it to heaven.

"I need you to just relax," she instructed.

"How in the hell can I relax as I don't know anything about what I am."

She did not say anything but she started merging with me. Talk about electrifying, this felt wonderful so wonderful that try as I might I could not stop her and I can't explain it. When we were fully merged we slowly stopped being separate entities, we truly became one. I knew everything about her when she was alive..., on Earth and everything she was now. I mean I was her, her entire history was mine. I knew that she loved me when we were both on Earth and she knew me as well..., that I loved her too. There was not a McGregor or a Van, we were a totally different being combined. Then somehow we started to separate, we were that same being as when we were combined but we were two. Slowly my personality came to the forefront but I was different, all that McGregor was was now me too. And McGregor, well she was brighter than she was before and I knew why!

The combining made each entity stronger, wiser and that reflected in their brightness. Why didn't they just merge all of the time? It was a time of reflection of what had just transpired, as Robert A. Heinlein stated in his great book, 'Stranger In A Strange Land,' one had to grok it before moving on to the next merging.

McGregor rubbed up next to me and then she was gone, a beautiful sun among other beautiful suns. I was lucky that it was she that was

waiting for me to arrive; she had merged with a multitude of others before I arrived and now they were all part of me.

I understood what I was. I could see all of the others around me, some were very bright, some were not as bright as I was, and there were others. The others were not brighter than what I was when I first crossed the portal; in fact they were dull and did not interact with others. For a great many dullards they had been great on Earth and did not like the idea of starting on the bottom of things, that moving upwards required they accept others as equals, for now they would not allow themselves to do that. Just a few of the dullards were there because of suicide yet they were the first of that group to seek merging. Not all suicides refused to merge on their arrival.

It was amazing, all of the individuals here were the same, the only difference was how many times they had merged. The more they had merged or shared with others, the brighter they became. Some were almost as bright as what I could see above me, but they had not moved upwards just yet and I knew they were waiting for that loved one to cross over the portal - that person who arrived had a major head start on the other arrivals and it was good.

Then I thought of you. I can't explain what happened but every entity around me knew that I was thinking of you. I was not ashamed or alarmed for my love for you was true. And here everyone fully and truly understood love, but I think for a youngster such as I it was unheard of.

I noticed, and everyone around me did too, that it was getting brighter. Not like someone had just turned a light on in a dark room, it was like a million exploding atomic bombs that just kept getting brighter. Those

around me started moving away making room for the bright one above to be beside me. The bright one was no larger than the rest of us but she was so bright that I felt like a black hole next to her. She partially merged with me and said, "Your love for her is strong and true. It is rare for us here to reach that point but you were there while still a physical being. We are all awed by that love.

"You would give up all of this to go back to her?"

"Yes."

"Even though you will start over again when you arrive here."

"Yes."

"So be it, but know that I will be awaiting you when you arrive as I want to know more about this love, this love you have for her."

I awake in a hospital room. You are asleep with your head upon my hand. I can feel your warmth and I smile. I remembered where I had just been but it is starting to fade and in its place the pain from my injuries was starting to make itself known. I didn't care I was with you.

You feel my presence and waken. "I thought you left me," you whisper.

Looking into your eyes I whisper back, "I could never leave you."

The End..., or is it another beginning.

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