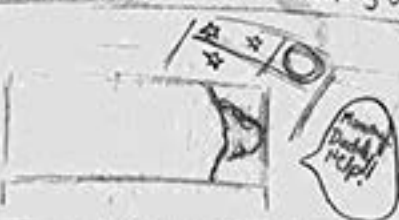


Lowell



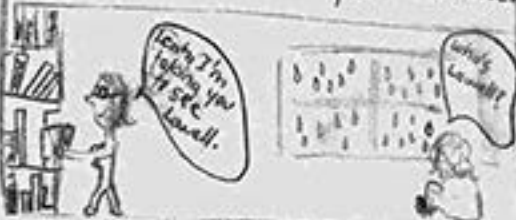
When I was around three years old, I had a hard time sleeping at night.



I used to see bubbles floating in the air around me in my bed, even when I shut my eyes.



I would cry so often, wishing the bubbles away, that my mom finally took initiative.



Lowell was a friend of my mother's. He also was a psychic.



He sat me down and explained many things to me.



He told me I could see spirits called 'forbs'. They were what appeared to be the bubbles to me.



He told my brother that he used to be a German comic book writer in a past life.



And a medieval warlord.



He told me about the cat that played music and the pig who danced on the clock in my room.



Then, the oddest thing of all happened.



He held out his hand and made several balls of light appear. He asked me to count them.



We still have the tape recording of the session.



He prayed over me that the bubbles would leave.



and so they did.

Bye-bye!!



That was so long ago and now I wish to see the bubbles again. I want that sensitivity back. I want to see what cannot be seen.



I didn't realize that maybe one day I would miss the abilities that once were my own.

Leah Pollack