

BYE-BYE, BARFLY!

The following story is one of my favorite “living in the matrix” supernatural experiences. (I often refer to it when people ask why I’m single.) Most people don’t understand what I mean by walking between worlds. Facilitating conscious moves between dimensions, like what I did in this story, is astonishing because not only did it affect me, but it also affected the man in the room with me and at least five other people outside our room.

It was a bad day for long hair and lip gloss. The wild winds pulled and whipped my long, flowing red hair, causing it to dance around me like a demented demon on fire. My bright-cherry-red lip gloss became an inkwell for each strand dragged across my juicy lips, painting my alabaster skin with sticky, sweet crimson streaks. Anyone walking by might’ve imagined a stark-raving-mad invisible artist frantically creating a mystical treasure map in blood on my face. What a sight!

My face, neck, chest, and arms welcomed every sweet stroke of my voluminous hair flying in all directions. Wild hair yanking with hot winds caressing the body is quite enchanting. One minute I’m wet from the oppressive, sweltering humidity; the next, I’m invigorated and shivering from the air blasting my skin.

My body was weary and my eyes bleary from driving for ten hours straight, so I was in an altered, expanded state of awareness. That easily happens due to the hypnotic nature of driving for long periods. Both driving and being in nature are always very hypnotic and therapeutic. Every blink, breath, and movement now registered on a deeper level, enhanced my trance, and put me firmly outside of time.

I stood in that small motel parking lot, gazing toward the entire property’s tree line. Clouds dreamily drifted by as the slow-setting sun created a surreal, swirling canvas of vibrant, otherworldly colors. I understand why humans have always considered dusk and dawn magickal times when the veils between worlds seem to disappear and make anything possible. What a lovely end to a long yet mostly uneventful day (thus far). With the sun now gone, a delicious soul-level peace washed over me, for which I was genuinely grateful. It was time to go inside and get ready for my date. Looking in the mirror, I dissolved into laughter, admiring nature’s abstract artwork all over my face and upper body. Wow! A quick shower was absolutely required.

I was there to rendezvous with my new boyfriend. Unbeknownst to him, this would confirm whether he was worthy or capable of being in a

relationship with someone like me because walking between worlds ain't for sissies! It seems many (secretly or not so secretly) want a redhead until they get one. Legends have paved the way for our much-deserved wild reputation as a handful in many ways, but my unique qualities make me even more wildly unpredictable.

This poor guy had no idea who and what I am or, more importantly, what I am capable of. I already knew he wasn't "the one," but I thought seeing what he's made of might be fun. Neither of us could've ever dreamed what would transpire during this little weekend getaway.

Our room was on the ground floor at the front of the building by the main parking lot near the motel restaurant/bar. This location is essential because when the bar closed at three o'clock, a group of boisterous barflies exited and stopped on the sidewalk right outside our room in front of our window.

I was sleeping like a dead woman until I was startled awake by this loud swarm of barflies—not to be confused with fireflies. Barflies are usually first in and last out of the bar. They come to drink all night, party hard, and hook up. Like an ornery housefly you can't seem to shoo out of your house, they buzz around at closing time in a desperate attempt to keep the party going. I was by the window (on my right) while my boyfriend was on my left, next to the bathroom. I glanced over and fixed my gaze on the five silhouettes (I believe there were only five women, even though they made enough noise for a baker's dozen). Their high heels clonked like Clydesdales on the sidewalk as they stumbled into each other, laughing, singing, and chattering in full party mode, oblivious to everything.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm all for having fun. But after about fifteen minutes of this relentless, thoughtless commotion, it seemed they weren't leaving anytime soon. My redheaded temper fired up, and I felt that familiar rage growing. Extremely agitated, I glanced over at my fella, also wide awake now, and growled, "They've got about sixty seconds to move on . . . or else!"

The fierce look in my eyes and ferociousness in my voice made him understandably nervous. He feared I was actually going to go out there and confront these obnoxious drunk chicks (probably resulting in an all-out, girls-gone-wild type of fisticuffs). Cautiously, he tried to calm me down by assuring me they'd soon move on, and he timidly asked me to please stay inside. Getting out of bed and going outside to deal with this wasn't what I meant—oh, not by a long shot!

After what seemed like a long time but was probably only a few minutes, they were still lollygagging in front of our window. Lying on my back, staring at the ugly popcorn ceiling, and listening to these loud

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broads, I firmly proclaimed for God and anybody else to hear, “That’s it!” I’d hit “Fuck it,” and I’d hit it hard. (And everyone knows fireworks follow when I hit “Fuck it!”) I decided to take matters firmly into my own hands (so to speak), and that’s when things got . . . super weird.

In a dramatically sweeping motion, I threw the covers off my body to free my arms. I raised both hands in front of my chest as I scanned for what I was searching for—a version of reality without them in it. I held my left hand in place while gracefully gliding my right through the air until it stopped at the exact nodal point. These images below give a rough visual idea about multiple dimensions and scanning using your hands as you’re searching for what you want.



To anyone watching without understanding what was actually

happening, it would look like I was staring, unfocused, off into space while gently waving my hands in the air as if in a trance—perhaps like I was feeling a gentle breeze, slowly swimming underwater, or cautiously feeling around in the dark (like when you’re searching for the light switch in a dark room). Or like people wearing virtual reality headsets waving their hands around and moving invisible things only they can see.

My intention was clearly set, and I felt the shift when I connected to that nodal point I’d been searching for. We were quantumly entangled, and with the slightest gesture (an almost imperceptible flick of my right hand), I connected the two zero points and collapsed the wave. A quantum shift in my version of reality happened far too fast to consciously register in real time. Mind you, physical gestures and talking aren’t necessary. In fact, they actually slow down and can ultimately hinder my process. Looking back, I guess my gesturing was more for his benefit. He’d heard what I said and had been closely monitoring the girls at the window while also watching me. He saw my minuscule hand gesture and eventually linked it to the subsequent consequences.

“There! Bye-bye, barfly!” I giddily proclaimed, as I knew my process was complete. Wow, that was breathtaking! Instantaneous silence. We both looked at the window, straining to see or hear anything. Silence, and no more silhouettes on the window. Nothing . . . a whole lot of nothing.

He asked, “What just happened?” Quite pleased—yet a wee bit surprised—with myself, I jubilantly exclaimed, “They’re gone! Bye-bye, barfly!” He threw off the covers, leaped out of bed, ran to the window, and pulled back the curtains, searching for those women. I again proclaimed, “They’re gone!” He opened the door to get a better view of the surrounding area. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the doorframe to hold himself up. He didn’t know what to think or do. He cautiously looked over his shoulder at me with a wide-eyed, shocked expression and softly said, “There’s no one out there! They’re gone! There are no cars driving away, nothing! It’s completely dead out there.” I was grinning like the Cheshire Cat and said, “Yep! I know! I already said they’re G-O-N-E!”

After several minutes of frantic, strained searching for any signs of life, he reluctantly closed the door and slowly walked back inside. He sat on the edge of his side of the bed, shaking his head in shock and disbelief. He repeatedly asked what happened. Knowing he wouldn’t stop until he better grasped the situation (he’d never understand, but I needed to tell him something), I searched for the best way to explain it.

Now wide awake from the adrenaline rush (and quite tickled with myself), I sat up in bed and said, “Look, I’m going to make this as simple

as possible. I held my desired outcome, set my intention, and without trying to control the outcome, I became quantumly entangled with them and the Akashic field as I commanded my intended outcome to manifest. The wave collapsed when I found the right nodal point and connected, and then the process was complete. My intention manifested. One of two things happened: I sent them to a parallel universe where we aren't. Or, I sent us to a parallel universe where they aren't."

Although those two may sound the same, they're different. I observed his body language and energy field, knowing he was freaked out and struggling to comprehend (and accept) this. He sat in complete silence, trying to make sense of what I'd said as well as what happened—not only to all those people outside our window but to him in that bed right beside me. He'd watched the entire scene play out. This was completely outside his belief system, so he'd never encountered anything like it. Plus, it happened so fast, he couldn't consciously process, in the blink of an eye, those people disappearing from this reality.

I went to the bathroom, leaving him with his thoughts. When I returned, he hadn't moved. Placing a cold bottle of water on his bedside table, I climbed back into bed. He thanked me as he slowly sipped at the water. After much contemplation, he timidly asked me to explain once more. He apologized for not understanding, and I assured him I completely understood.

My adrenaline rush had subsided, and after basking in the glorious dénouement, I was fading fast because I was exhausted and needed sleep. I knew sleep wouldn't come if I didn't deal with him. I posed this series of questions to help him rule out "commonsense" possibilities or false conclusions most people would automatically jump to but, in fact, weren't the case:

Did you hear footsteps as they walked away in those loud, clunky shoes?

Did you hear them call anyone to pick them up?

Did you hear car keys jingling, car alarms, car doors opening or closing, engines starting, or cars pulling up or driving away?

Did you hear a motel room door open or close?

How does it go from a loud crowd casting shadows on the window to no shadows and complete silence quicker than a split second—in an amount of time that's too short for anyone to move an inch, let alone walk or drive away?

Can I prove they were zapped into a parallel universe?

Can you prove they weren't?

I looked at him and said, "The bottom line is it went from loud to silent in half a heartbeat, and the silhouettes on the window instantly disappeared because they're no longer *here*. They're gone!" His knee-jerk reaction was wondering how I could be so calm and cavalier about this. Almost in tears, he asked, "How can you be so glib about killing all those people? How are you not totally freaked out right now?" I assured him that no one had been killed. They were simply not there. They were somewhere or "somewhen" else—call it a parallel dimension or alternate universe—and as alive as us; we were simply in different places. I said there was no way to further explain this at four in the morning.

"Look, I always use my 'paranormal' abilities, so it's 'normal' to me. I don't believe in magick because I know and live in a reality where what you call magick, miracles, and the supernatural are the rule rather than the exception. I'm in a constant state of awe, reverence, joy, curiosity, love, and enthusiasm with regard to all things metaphysical and live my life accordingly. We can get more into all this after breakfast because I'm going to sleep now."

After several awkward moments of pregnant silence, he finally mustered up the courage to ask me what he really wanted to know. He timidly squeaked out, "You won't do that to me, will you?" Ah, now we'd gotten to the crux of it! I did my best to contain myself and not belly laugh because I understood he was quite distressed and bewildered. Contemplating all the freaky things I could say to mess with him, I took a beat to find the right words to make my point and, more importantly, end this line of questioning at this ridiculous hour.

I wanted to be nice. However, given this evening's monumentally victorious real-time quantumly entangled manipulation of reality involving at least seven people, I felt more sassy than usual. I dramatically looked him straight in the eye, grinned my wickedest grin, paused for effect, then slowly purred, "Not if you behave! [wink] Good night!"

Like an electrocuted jackrabbit, he hopped off the bed and into a chair across the room. There was an incredibly long pause as we silently stared at each other, sizing up this situation. Poor thing! He didn't know whether to shit or go blind as he sat there trying hard to wrap his befuddled brain around all of it. He was also trying to decide if he should grab his suitcase and bolt out the door, never to look back. Meanwhile, I was enjoying playing in the matrix, as well as having a little fun at his expense.

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I wished him good night again and rolled over to go to sleep. He eventually (and cautiously) climbed back into bed and pulled the covers up under his chin, and when last I checked, he was staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. The combination of excitement, shock, curiosity, and full-blown heebie-jeebies kept him from getting any more sleep that night.

I shook his world in more ways than one with this undeniable reality game changer. As you may have guessed, this budding romance didn't last. And in case you're curious, I didn't zap him into a parallel universe; we simply went our separate ways. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it!