

I wonder...way back when, did our ancestors somehow choose how Time would be (come) a part of their lives, and by their decision(s), allow evolution to carve what appears a straight line?...

This is the First Chapter

They were there as i came around a jumbled stack of black as black colored boulders, black colored boulders sitting quietly in the cold white noon day sun...

a pack of white as white wolves...
my tracks stood still...
baying in unison,
a pack of alabaster wolves,
thick white coats standing out against the rugged porphyritic black volcanic rock,
holding their ground atop the ledges and shelving of a newly formed rock wall, each
member on high alert, necks craned, eyes closed, howling from some place so deep it was
connected to the rocks they stood upon. and beyond the sound issuing from their throats,
not another muscle moved, neither muscle nor sinew, balled up energy prepared to pounce
at the first command.

Out of nowhere it was upon me snarling as it fishtailed about the grass seeking
an angle of attack, several paws forward, then side-stepping while i stood flat footed,
caught totally unaware and absolutely unprepared, heart pounding like a big bass drum
—paaaaa poom—echoing across the high Ethiopian plain. somehow i had the presence of
mind to pick up a large and hefty enough limb lying close by. in a denuded landscape it
was my good fortune. i began moving as the dog moved, wondering why it had not
already pounced, but i suppose it wasn't absolutely certain i was not a capable warrior.
our cat and mouse continued for an eternity, another thirty seconds at least, as the gap
steadily closed and then, as hope drained, from the distance, a call, and the hackles on
the dog relaxed, and its snarling snout softened. one final growl and the wolf like
creature turned and gamboled across the emptiness back to its owner whom i could see in
the distance now that i could focus on something beyond the canine's face circling me,
and then...

i issued a hefty breath of relief as my body turned to jelly and i had
to sit, oh my god, and compose myself. i was still breathing. i was a very fortunate
young man...

I had inadvertently entered their homeland. stock still, as though i had been
turned to stone, i nervously scanned the pack trying to locate their leader, wishing i
could run, get the hell outta Dodge, 'why did i ever change dimensions', when i noticed
something strange at the rear, so i moved sideways—ever so slightly—to my right so as
not to startle the wolves, raising my arms nice and slowly...above my head so i would
appear taller, even as my knees shook uncontrollably. the pack turned as well...as though
we were engaged in a choreography, a wild, undomesticated ballet, a pas de bourrée, the
hunter and the prey, like the famous scene from I Love Lucy, Harpo and Lucy moving
mirror like in consort, the pack and i moving so, as i attempted to identify what i
thought...yes, there was no doubt...

Slightly behind the pack of white wolves standing upon rock ledges before the
mouth of a carved out cave, a small naked olive skinned boy of about four or five,
sniping like the others, stood on all fours, standing out against the thick coats of the
wolves, and the craggy black rock of the mountain. aside the boy was the statuesque
female leader of the group warily taking it all in, watching my every move, while
maintaining absolute control of her troop.

Arms raised...i began to speak, first in a whisper to draw their attention, then increasingly louder, a simple sentence stated again and again...

"I am from another dimension and i have come to witness and understand what disaster has occurred here..."

louder and louder, again and again...

"I am from another dimension and i have come to witness and understand what disaster has occurred here..."

As i stood listening to the sound of my voice reverberating, watching for a reaction from the pack, i was reminded of the Lobo Wolf Girl of Devil's River, a story i'd read years and years ago. the wolf girl was an orphan whose mother had died during childbirth. the girl was adopted by lobo wolves near the Mexican border. this was around 1835. not that far from the border, ten years later, a young boy saw a girl in the midst of a pack of wolves attacking a herd of goats. in the village of San Felipe, a few months afterwards, a Mexican woman noticed two large wolves and a girl eating the meat of a freshly killed goat and saw the girl run off, first in four-legged fashion, and then on two. the Wolf Girl was captured three days later and locked up but managed to escape with the help of her lupine companions. she was spotted again years later, in 1852, by a group of cowboys on the road to El Paso. they witnessed her suckling two wolf cubs by the Río Grande, then suddenly and for no apparent reason, she ran off with them. she was never seen again. according to the historian Serge Aroles, the Lobo Girl of Devil's River is nothing more than a hoax, a fascinating legend, a myth. is that what i was witnessing, a fascinating legend?

"I am from another dimension and i have come to witness and understand what disaster has occurred here..."

Before and after began to dissolve. separate events seemed to precede and succeed one another.