

From Birth Until Death: The Journey of One Persons Life.

(Is it fact or is it fiction...Only you can decide!)

What is this strangeness that surrounds me? It's so very close here, and so very dark. In that closeness, that darkness there is a distinct feeling of safety though. Of warmth. A feeling that as long as I'm here nothing can go wrong for me.

What is this! Turmoil, everything closing in on me! My world is being turned upside down! What is happening? Oh the sudden pain of it all! Why is someone pulling on me? Stop! Let go of my head! The light...so bright and blinding! Oh stop...please stop, your hurting me...I can't breath. No, no...what is that you are sticking down my throat, why can't I breath. Please please, let me go...put me back where I was.

Oh that's better. At least I can breath now, but it is still so uncomfortable. So bright, so cold. The safety and warmth of my home is gone. My eyes are open and yet I cannot see anything. Only faded images of people handling me which I don't like at all. What has happened to me?

How long? How long have I been laying here. I hear myself screaming and yet I don't know why. Why am I screaming? Wait...what is this? Someone is picking me up and wrapping something around me. They're holding me close. This is good. At least it feels good. I like being warm and cozy like this, it almost reminds me of my previous home.

Wait...what's this? I'm being handed to someone else. NO! No, don't let go of me like that! Oh, wait. There I'm being held close again. Mmmm, this feels good. Hey! What's this? Mmmm, I don't know but whatever it is it sure taste good! Mmmm, a delicious warm liquid going down my throat to my tummy. Wow, the more of this I drink the better I feel.

HEY! What's this waking me up again? I don't like it so I'm going to scream for awhile until you make me feel comfortable again. Wait, where are we going now? Oh, it must be ok, that person who keeps feeding me is taking me. Oh look, we're going somewhere. Oh boy, a trip! I've never been on a trip. I don't even know what a trip is, but that's what she just told me we were doing...going on a trip.

She must be Mommy, because she just keeps smiling at me saying Mommy loves her little baby boy. Hey! Who is that strange blurry face? Oh it's Daddy. So what's a Mommy and a Daddy? Whatever they are they seem really nice so far and they make me feel good. I think I'll sleep now.